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THE HEARTHSTONE

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No. 3.



GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.—See page 4.

IT SNOWS.

BY MRS. HALE.

"It snows!" cries the school-boy—"Hurrah!" and his shout
Is rising through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of the swallow he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call.
It makes the heart warm but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that burns in the blood of the boy.
As he gathers his treasures of snow:
Then lay out the trappings of gold on chine heirs,
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" says the imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate:
And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushion'd chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
He drinks a chill puff of the snow-buried air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" shouts the Traveller—"Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace.
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face:
For bright through the dark storm his own home appears:
Though leagues intervened, he can see
The clear glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife, with their babes on her knee!
Lord! how it lightens the dreary hour
To know that our dear ones are safe from its power.

"It snows!" says the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!"
and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall:
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek
glows.
While nesting on sleigh-ride and hall:
And visions of conquest, and splendor and mirth,
Flout over each drear winter's day;
But the linkings of Hope, on the snow-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes away for brand,
Till, turn thou to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,
That world has a fountain no'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"O God!" and her sigh
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
It's a burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek pale with fasting and care,
Tis a night—and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food!"
And she hopes, till her dark hearth adds horror to
dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood,
Poor widow! That sorrow thy (and only knows
Tis a pitiful lot to be poor when it snows.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK. A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENDALE."

CHAPTER IV.

WAYS AND MEANS.

By the time Mr. Robinson's remains had been transported to England, and the funeral obsequies performed, every one knew the contents of his last will. It was worded with the closest regard to technicalities, so that it would have been very difficult for any one to find a flaw in it. There were legacies to a few personal friends as well as the servants who were with him at the time of his death, and some liberal bequests to various charities, in which he had taken a living interest. These were to be paid at once; and then all of his immense property, not already disposed of, was left in trust to three gentlemen, whose names followed, to accumulate until his natural heiress, the only daughter of his deceased sister, should marry; at which time she was entitled to claim it.

This clause of the will struck all who heard it with surprise, for neither Mr. Mellis nor the solicitor entrusted to draw up the document had ever heard the testator speak of the relative whom he had made his heiress. Who was she? Where was she? It might naturally be concluded, from the allusion to her marriage, that she was youthful. If so, under whose protection was she residing? or where was she receiving the education necessary to fit her for the position her wealth would entitle her to assume? Questions these which every one asked, and no one was able to answer.

Mr. Robinson, though always cheerful and social in his habits, had been a reserved man, who never made any allusions to his own affairs. It was supposed, on tolerably good grounds, that he went to India, when very young, and by industry, combined with remarkable business talents and energy, had worked his way up till his wealth grew to an enormous sum.

He had always shown himself hospitable and generously ready to assist any of his fellow-countrymen whose efforts were less successful than his own had been. But not one amongst the young men to whom, during his residence in India, he had lent a helping hand, nor either of his few personal friends, could recall any person who claimed relationship with the nabob, or who had known him in his earlier life.

In this dilemma, Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, was referred to. She had resided with him for many years, and was supposed to be the only personage ever honoured with his confidence. Her unflinching attentions to her master during his last illness had thrown her on a bed of sickness, and Mr. Mellis, learning that it might be some weeks before she could travel, went to Pau to interrogate her. He came back none the wiser for his journey. The old woman had little or nothing to tell. She testified a blind faith in the rectitude of all her master's proceedings; hardly averring that he had a right to make his will and bequeath his money just as he liked best. For her own little annuity of twenty-five

THE HEARTHSTONE.

pounds she was very grateful, and never tired of telling of Mr. Robinson's goodness to her. But she threw no light on the mystery surrounding the heiress. Her master had never received visits from a lady, either young or old; nor, as far as she was aware, had he been in the habit of visiting any one beyond the acquaintances he had made at Park. He had appeared extremely anxious for the arrival of Frank Dalton, saying more than once that when the young man came he must be left alone with him, for there was something to be explained!

As this was a proof that he had not intended any deliberate slight or injustice, Frank was comforted; for an uneasy feeling had possessed him that the youthful follies he had committed had been reported with exaggerations to Mr. Robinson, and injured his sister's prospects as well as his own. Still matters remained in the same case. The heiress—how were they to find her?

But Mr. Melliss ridiculed the idea of there being any real difficulty in this. "The lady is sure to be in her claimant's hands, even though she may have been—as appears probable—quite estranged from her eccentric relative."

For once, however, the astute lawyer proved at fault. Weeks went by, and the lady gave no signs of having become cognizant of Mr. Robinson's death and her own accession to fortune. Mr. Melliss inserted advertisements in the daily papers, notifying the facts, and requesting her to call upon him. But these notices, though they were repeated again and again, and brought numberless applicants to torment the lawyer with their legends and false claims, received no reply. The solicitor who drew up the testamentary will created so much perplexity, as to perceive that his warmth of manner was gradually cooling down, and that for a long time they had not been welcome guests to his lady."

"In fact, dear Rosie," said her brother, as lightly as he could,—"In fact, dear, we are already finding out that it is the way of the world to look coldly upon the unfortunate."

"Our true friends will not desert us, Frank."

He laughed a little bitterly. "Where are they, dear? Yesterday, in the Park, I met Lady Mountbarr and her daughter. The Countess was barely civil, and Laura was too busy flirting with a fellow who drove a smart, or a look for me. And yet a month ago—"

He gnawed his lip, and checked himself; the subject was too painful to be dilated upon.

"You feel these fancied slights too keenly," said Rosamond, tenderly. "You are still an officer and a gentleman. We have no cause to be ashamed of our poverty, Frank."

"I know it, dear; and as you regard the matter so bravely, let us decide at once upon our plans for the future. We must leave here, that is certain. I don't care to accept any more favours from Mr. Melliss. We will eat at our own table, Rosamond, even though we can only afford to pay for it."

"I am ready to do anything you propose, but I must not be a burden to you, Frank. I was thinking of writing to Madame Fellypa, and asking her to try and procure me a situation as governess."

"I'll not let you do anything of the kind, Rosamond," was the impetuous reply. "I know too well the dreary life you would have to lead. No, no, little sister; we will face our fate together, and you shall not work for your living while I can earn it for you."

"But, Frank, dear, I have always heard that an officer's pay does not suffice to meet his own expenses. How, then, would you, with the most rigid economy—"

But here Frank interrupted her, his handsome face clouded with vexation and shame.

"Darling Rosie say no more. I have an ugly confession to make. I shall be obliged to sell my commission, for I have been dreadfully extravagant, and my debts must be paid. When this has been done, I fear that I shall not have more than a hundred or two left."

Rosamond, who had begun to look very serious, smiled again.

"With two hundred pounds we may do a great deal; for if we do to your housekeeper, sir, I shall be very economical. But what do you propose doing?"

"Making use of my talents, Rosamond. I have always had a passion for art, and have painted, as you know, several pictures which have been warmly commended. Two or three artists with whom I am acquainted, approve my intention. We must rent a cottage just out of town, and while you make the puddings, and keep the weekly accounts, I will work for fame and for you!"

Young, hopeful, and enthusiastic, they set about carrying their scheme into immediate execution. Mr. Melliss shook his head at it, and proposed that he should endeavour to procure a clerkship for Frank, instead, but his offer was rather disdainfully rejected.

"I have thought of this already," Frank said, "and made inquiries. But I find that, as a junior clerk, I shall only receive a very small salary, Rosamond, and I cannot starve on fifty pounds a-year."

"Some men of my acquaintance—good and clever men, too—contribute to support large families on as small a sum," responded the solicitor, astutely.

"Poor fellows, I pity them!" said Frank, lightly. "I'll try to avoid the drudgery of the desk if I can, eh, Rosamond?"

She gave him back smile for smile, and the next day saw the brother and sister domiciled in a tiny cottage at Holloway, chosen because it contained a room that would serve admirably as a studio for the young artist.

CHAPTER V. THE BARONET IN TOWN.

ONE of Major Colby's favourite lounges when in town, was at the rooms of a celebrated picture dealer, and here Sir Charles Trevelian found him one morning, soon after the latter had recovered sufficiently from the effects of the railway accident to resume his usual habits.

The Major was sitting in front of a well-designed but somewhat crude study in water colours of a bit of woodland scenery, contemplating it in different lights, and so absorbed in his occupation that the Baronet had to stand on his shoulder before he heard his approach.

"Good morning, Colby. I shouldn't have imagined that such a veritable sketch from Nature would please you, who profess to like nothing so well as the steady side of Pall Mall. Are you thinking of purchasing?"

The Major smiled his eyebrows.

"Don't be absurd, my dear fellow! Did you ever know me commit the extravagance of buying anything that would be of no use to me?"

The price of that picture would keep me in gloves for six months."

"Sir Charles threw himself into a chair, yawning and sighing as if tired of the day already.

"Poor boy!" said the Major, glancing at him over his shoulder. "Your benevolent impulses are too much for you."

"My mind?"

"Don't forget ignorance, Charlie! What could it be but pure benevolence that kept you playing billiards till three o'clock this morning with a sharper, who was bent on fleecing you?"

"Please remember that the said sharper was introduced to me by you!" was the sulky retort.

"Do I wish to forget? I did not guarantee his honesty; I only told you that he was amusing and ingenious."

"And left me to discover for myself that his ingenuity consisted in cheating flats."

The Major smiled provokingly. "You foolish youth; to have warned you would have been to insinuate that you are one of the simpletons he preys upon; and I hate saying rude things. Do you want to drive me to Greenwich, Charlie, and give me a white-hot dinner? I see your capriole is at the door."

"I don't think my good impulses are strong enough to carry me to Greenwich solely to oblige you," said Sir Charles, testily.

"Would you prefer my going alone, and sending you the bill?" Major Colby asked, in his lazy, drawing-room accents. "I should decidedly like your society better than solitude, but I'll not force you into going merely for my sake."

The Baronet's irritability was vanquished at last.

"On my word, Colby, your impudence would be unbearable if it were not so amusing. But if I must pay for a dinner, I may as well share it; and I cannot be more amused with you than without you. So come along."

"Would it be impertinent to ask the last news from the Court of Love?" Major Colby asked, as seated behind the Baronet's blood mare, they were dashing through the streets of London.

"If you mean, am I still wasting my money on that pretty, fickle demagogue, I answer no. There are but two classes of women, the silly and the cunning, and I am sick of both."

"The lady-killer turned misanthrope at last! I say, Charlie, how long will this mood last? Till another pretty face attracts you, eh? Apropos, I saw one of your old flames this morning."

"You might have seen a dozen for all I care," Sir Charles answered, as he touched the spirited mare with his whip, and made her prance and curvet.

"The dear boy is positively ill-tempered," was the Major's comment. "I thought my Charlie would have been pleased to hear that she is found; but I suppose that fancy, like many others, has passed away."

"Who are you talking about, Colby?" asked his friend, beginning to testify a little interest.

"Who but the rose of the railway-station—the Dalton rose—the peerless flower that Charlie Trevelian raved about for three weeks, two days, and an odd hour?"

Sir Charles was aroused now, and turned eagerly towards him.

"Miss Dalton? You have seen her? Where?"

"When you have kindly permitted your animal to walk on four legs, as Nature designed her to do, I'll tell you. Think—that's decidedly an improvement! My life's precious to me, my friend, though you don't seem to think so."

"If you would but cease your foolery, and tell me where you saw her!" exclaimed the Baronet, his small stock of forbearance already exhausted.

"I shall have the greatest pleasure in satisfying both your requirements," the Major blandly replied. "I saw Miss Dalton at the rooms of Monsieur Gall, standing precisely in the spot where you found me about an hour after she vanished. Could anything be more explicit than this statement?"

"You are sure you have made no mistake? Did she see you? Did you speak to her?"

"And risk being given in charge as the ruffian who had insulted her on a previous occasion? No, no; I victimised myself for you once, but I have not the courage to volunteer such a martyrdom again. I don't like pretty women to frown at me."

"But you tell me nothing about her. How did she look? Who was she with? Where is she living?"

The Major sighed.

"What an cross-examination to inflict on a poor fellow! Have you no mercy? Firstly, she was pale, and her dress was shabby; gloves mended, skirts flimsy with much wearing. Secondly, she was slow; and thirdly I don't know."

"And this is all you can tell me?"

"Not quite; for I overheard enough to know that her errand at Gall's was to ascertain whether the picture you saw me admiring has found a customer."

"In it her? If so, I will buy it."

"She claims a partnership in it, I dare say," answered the Major, "although she is certainly not the artist."

Sir Charles's eager looks suddenly fell.

"I understand you—she is married; I might have guessed as much; and married badly, my sweet, delicate blossom!"

Major Colby put his hand on the reins just in time to prevent their running into a chaise cart.

"Really, my clever friend, your romance quite blinds you to the reality of the dangers we are incurring. For my part, I had rather Miss Dalton committed bigamy, than have my neck broke. However, her marriage is an invention of your own; I never implied anything of the kind. The painter of that picture—you ought to make me a present of it, as a token of your grateful sense of the trouble you are giving me. The artist, who has aroused your jealousy, is only a brother."

Sir Charles stopped his horse, put the reins into the Major's hand, and leaped out of the cabriolet.

"Excuse me if I leave you. Give me Miss Dalton's address, and enjoy yourself at Greenwich. If I do not join you presently, you must conclude that the claims of love are stronger than those of friendship."

But, oh, most amiable and impetuous youth! his friend exclaimed; "I cannot tell you where your charmer lives, simply because, I don't know." Perhaps Gall can give you 'this much information."

"Thanks; I will apply to him at once. Adieu!"

But Major Colby wheeled the cab round, and kept by the side of the Baronet, who was striking back to town.

"One last remark, my Charles. Before calling on Miss Dalton, would it not be as well to be prepared with replies to the questions of her brother? Artists are inquisitive sometimes, and Mr. Dalton might wish to know your intentions in renewing your acquaintance with his pretty sister. If I might suggest—"

"No!" said the Baronet, abruptly. "I had rather you did not insinuate the easiest way of compassing the misery of an innocent girl. I must and will see her. I cannot deny myself that gratification; but I'll not do anything of which I shall have cause to be ashamed hereafter."

Major Colby smiled.

"As you please; but it is very certain that you cannot present yourself at the Daltons' without some valid excuse, and must, therefore, postpone your interview with the lady till she comes to Gall's, which she will do to-morrow."

"Are you sure of this?" Sir Charles demanded.

"Quite. Gall has a purchaser in view—for the picture, I mean, not for himself—and she is to call in the morning. As you cannot see her till then, why not dine with me as you originally intended?"

"But, for once, his persuasions were not successful. He went to Greenwich alone, and Sir Charles, in a hired cab, rode to Gall's, to ascertain the residence of the Daltons. He was informed that it was in Holloway, and to Holloway proceeded the Baronet, and reconnoitred the neighbourhood, feeling himself repaid by catching a glimpse of Rosamond as she arranged the curtains of the windows to shield the eyes of her brother."

Little dreaming whose gaze had so lately been upon her, Rosamond entered Mr. Gall's rooms on the following morning, with fluttering heart. Frank, at the very moment that he was growing hopeful of success, had been seized with illness, the result of excessive toil and anxiety. With all their care, their little stock of cash had diminished rapidly; and the young man, haunted by a dread of seeing Rosamond suffer from absolute want, had told till his eyes grew hollow and his strength broke down. Even now that sister saw that it was impeded by his mental sufferings. Irritable and restless, he would insist upon having his colours and pencils; then, as the nervous hand refused to carry out his conceptions, he would fling himself back on his couch, with a despairing groan, and it needed all her tender sympathy to soothe him into tranquillity.

It was now that the hitherto untired girl showed a horse-like brave and resolute. Although the daily meal could only be procured by the sale of some cherished ornament, Rosamond never murmured, nor openly desponded. She was always so cheerful and energetic, that Frank would fondly call her his sunbeam, and wonder what he should have done without her.

"The picture is sold," said Monsieur Gall, brusquely, as she entered his rooms, and half hopeful, half afraid, bent an inquiring look upon him; "and the purchaser wishes to have a companion sketch. But he is here; he will give you his own ideas concerning it."

He moved aside to make way for the gentleman who was pressing forward to accept Rosamond. He did not know what a weight his words had lifted from her thankful heart; though even that scarcely sufficed to explain the start, the blush, the sudden trembling that assailed her when she found her hand clasped in Sir Charles Trevelian's.

She had thought of him too much and too often for her own peace; but in the last few months she had been learning self-control, and there was a gentle dignity in her manner that kept the Baronet's transports in check. It was evident that she was not to be addressed in the huckster terms of flattery and impertinent familiarity.

"It has been hard to find myself forgotten," he said, gazing at her reproachfully. "Day after day, while I lay unable to see you, I hoped that, should you kindly inquire after my fate, but always to be disappointed."

Rosamond had now rallied her spirits. "Have you seemed unwell? Forgive us. Circumstances have occurred which rendered it impossible for Frank to thank you personally for your kindness to me. The newspaper kept us informed of your progress towards recovery."

"Then you have thought of me sometimes?" the Baronet demanded, tenderly.

"Oh, yes; and of the unfortunate who were killed, and all our companions on that memorable journey."

"That you suffered, but not of one especially. This is an advertisement which mortifies my vanity terribly, Miss Dalton."

"Why should it, sir?" she asked, gravely. "I cannot suppose that you rated your services so highly as to expect some tangible proof of my brother's gratitude."

"You are right; but still I hoped to be thought of with some of the deep and abiding feeling your image awakes in my own heart, said Sir Charles, with a glance into her face that made Rosamond colour more vividly than before, though she answered quietly enough.

"You are very polite, sir, but I am too inexperienced in the usages of society to know how to gauge the worth of such complimentary speeches."

"Then you think me insincere; you do not believe that I have been longing to behold you? Unkind!" Is this your meaning?"

"I think I would rather hear you when Frank is with me, and can help me to frame my replies," said the young lady, so demurely that Sir Charles felt himself foiled, and bit his lip. He abruptly changed the subject.

"You must be proud of your relationship to such a clever artist. Will Mr. Dalton oblige me by painting a companion picture to the gem I have just secured?"

"Frank will be very glad to do so," answered Rosamond, herself forgotten in her loving anxiety to please her brother's interests. "He has been ill; but to learn that his works are appreciated will do him so much good! He will commence the picture you wish to have as soon as he is able. Do you leave the choice of the subject to him?"

"Or to you," answered Sir Charles, who was admiring the lovely bloom that had risen into her cheek while she was speaking. "Pray do not let Mr. Dalton hurry himself; but at the same time, will you kindly hint to him that he is at liberty to draw upon me whenever it suits him."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—In the course of an address to the Young Men's Christian Association, delivered lately by the Bishop of Manchester, his lordship said:

"Some people think a gentleman means a man of independent fortune—a man who fares sumptuously every day; a man who need not work hard for his daily bread. None of these things make a gentleman; nor one of them; nor all of them together. I have known men who were brought closer in connection with war, than from my changed position, I am brought now, I have known men of the roughest exterior, who had been accustomed all their lives to follow the plow and to look after horses, as thorough gentlemen in heart as any nobleman that ever wore a dual coronet. I mean I have known them as unselfish, I have known them as truthful, I have known them as sympathising; and all these qualities go to make up what I understand by the term 'a gentleman.' It is a noble privilege which has been sadly prostituted, and what I want to tell you is that the humblest man in Leeds who has the lowest work to do, yet, if his heart be tender and true, can be, in the most emphatic sense of the word, 'a gentleman.'"

M. BROWN-SQUARD experimented upon the stiffened arm of an executed criminal, by injecting warm blood into it; the muscles regained their contractility, and their nerves their irritability. As the cutting of the blood is paralysis of nerve elements, so deficiency of blood is a cause of degeneration of nerve elements. Follows Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will assist in the formation of healthy blood, and consequently increase nervous power, induce vital activity in debilitated constitutions, and tone all the organs dependent for health on muscular or nervous strength.

HIS WIFE'S MOTHER.

He stood on his head on the wild sea-shore, And danced on his hands a jig; In all his emotions, as never before, A madly hilarious gig.

And why? In the vessel which left the bay His mother-in-law had sailed. To a fruitful country some distance away, Where tigers and serpents prevailed.

He knew she had gone to recruit her health, And doctor her rasping cough, But waged himself a profession of wealth That something would carry her off.

Oh, now he might look for a quiet life, And even be happy yet, Though owing no end of neurological wife, And up to his collar in debt.

For she of the specs and curled false front, And black alpaca robe, Must pick out a sailor to suffer the brunt, Or her next daily trial of Job.

He watched while the vessel cut the sea, And busily up and down, And thought if already she quailed could be He'd consider the edifice crowned.

He'd borne the old lady through thick and thin, Till she lectured him out of breath; And now, as he gazed at the ship she was in, He bowed for her violent death—

Till over the azure horizon's edge, The bark had retired from view, When he leaped to the crest of a chalky ledge, And pranced like a kangaroo.

And many a jubilant peal he sent, Over the waves which had made him free, Then cut a last caper ecstatic, and went, Turning successively homeward to tea.

CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN PORT," &c., &c.

BOOK III.
CHAPTER IV.

VISITORS.

ALTHOUGH her mind was sufficiently made up as to the course which she would pursue, Madge thought it would be advisable to take counsel with Mr. Drage, and accordingly early the next morning she set off for the rectory. She intended to tell Mr. Drage that Phillip Vane was coming to Wheatcroft on a matter of business, but did not think it necessary to explain what that business was, nor to acquaint the rector with the information which she had gleaned by unravelling the mysteries of the cipher telegram. It would be sufficient, she thought, to tell Mr. Drage that she intended to keep herself concealed during the time her husband was at Wheatcroft; and, by every means in her power to prevent him and his slightest idea of her connexion with Sir Geoffrey's establishment.

She found the rector taking his morning walk round the garden, with little Bertha trotting by his side. Directly she caught sight of Madge, the child rushed towards her, putting up her face to be kissed, and clinging to Madge's gown with both hands.

"We were talking about you just now, Mrs. Pickering," said the child. "I was asking papa why you did not come back and live here. We should like it so much, pa, and I would, and it would be so much more cheerful for you than staying with that cross old gentleman at Wheatcroft."

"My dear Bertha," said Madge, with a grave smile, "I should like to be with you very much, but I cannot come."

"So papa said," cried the child, turning to Mr. Drage, who had just come up. "I suppose as papa cannot have you here, that is the reason he has bought a portrait of you?"

"A portrait of me!" cried Madge, looking towards the rector with uplifted eyebrows.

"Bertha, my darling, how can you be so ridiculous," said the rector. "The fact is, Mrs. Pickering, that when at Breoster the other day, I saw in a shop window a print of a saint's head, by some German artist, and I was so struck with it, that I could not resist purchasing it."

"Yes, and he has had it nailed up over the mantelpiece in his bedroom, Mrs. Pickering; and when I told him the other day that I thought it was like you, his face grew quite red. Didn't it, papa?"

"Now run away, darling, and don't talk nonsense," said the rector, whose cheeks were burning; then as the child darted off, he turned to his visitor and said, "Have you any news, Mrs. Pickering, as you are away from home so early?"

"I have indeed," she replied, "and strange news. Phillip Vane is coming to Wheatcroft!"

"Good heavens!" cried the rector. "That woman has told him of your visit to her?"

"Oh, no," said Madge, with a smile. "She has not told him; she will not tell him. She has determined to play the game out in her own way, and to run the risk of whatever future revelation may bring forth. No, Mr. Vane is coming with another gentleman from London to see Sir Geoffrey on business."

The rector gave a sudden start, and a bright engor look crossed his face, but died away immediately.

"He will be at Wheatcroft then some little time?" he said.

"He will pass one night there," replied Madge. "The distance from London is too great for them to return the same day; besides they have business to discuss with Sir Geoffrey which will probably take some hours."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I intend asking Sir Geoffrey's permission to remain in my room. In the ordinary course of events, a person in my position would not be brought into contact with company remaining for so short a period in the house; and it is only through Sir Geoffrey's courtesy and consideration that I take a more prominent place in the household. I shall retire to my room when they arrive, and remain there until after their departure. The name of Mrs. Pickering, the housekeeper, will doubtless be mentioned occasionally, but in no way which Mr. Vane has never heard of in connexion with me, and will convey to his mind no idea of me whatever. Do you approve of what I propose doing?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Drage, with a strangely nervous and excited air. "It is most important that your husband should not know of your presence in this place. You feel tolerably certain that Mrs. Bendish has not acquainted him with your visit to her?"

"I feel quite certain of it," said Madge. "Her last words to me were conveying on that point."

"Then Mr. Vane will stay over the night at Wheatcroft. Who is the other gentleman who is coming down with him?"

"The chairman of the company of which Mr. Vane is the general manager."

"The chairman! Oh, then it is through him that the business will principally be conducted, and Mr. Vane is probably only coming down to be referred to on points of detail. Is he a man likely to walk out much while he is here?"

"What an extraordinary question!" said Madge. "I can scarcely understand what you mean."

"I meant was he fond of exercise? Some men whose lives are passed in the City are delighted at every chance of getting into the fresh air. However, I only asked for the sake of something to say. I think you are perfectly right in what you propose, my dear Mrs. Pickering, and I would recommend you to take every precaution that your intentions are not frustrated."

He spoke in a nervous, jerky manner, quite foreign to his nature, and half put forth his hand, as though about to wish her good-bye. It was evident that he was anxious for her departure, so Madge, wondering much what could have so strangely moved her friend, took her leave. The rector accompanied her to the gate, and then, returning to his study, turned the key in the lock, and, falling upon his knees, prayed long and fervently.

When Madge arrived at Wheatcroft she found Sir Geoffrey in a state of great excitement.

"I have received a letter from these gentlemen, Mrs. Pickering," he said, "and they will be here at midday to-morrow. Very luxurious fellows for men of business they seem to be. To complete the journey in one day; they must start at Breoster for sooth. Not a sort of man to lead a forced march through a jungled country, with the thermometer at fever heat. Doubtless easy style this Mr. Delabole writes in too; says he has no doubt that, after I have perused the private papers which he intends bringing with him, and listened to all he has to say, I shall be convinced of the excellence of the underlarking, and that he shall carry away the deed of — duly inscribed with my name. He speaks so confidently that the investment which he proposes must be a very sound one, or else he must have but a poor opinion of my business qualifications. I dare say he thinks it will be easy enough, with specious words and cooked accounts, to get over an old Indian soldier; however, that will remain to be proved. You will be quite ready for the reception of these gentlemen, Mrs. Pickering, and will make them comfortable, I am sure."

"You may depend upon their being made perfectly comfortable, Sir Geoffrey," said Madge. "There will, I presume, be no occasion for my being in attendance when they are here?"

"None in the world," said Sir Geoffrey, promptly.

"I mean that I shall not be called upon to see them, and that I may keep to my room during their stay?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Sir Geoffrey. "But you know, Mrs. Pickering, that I am rather proud of you, and—"

"I am a little over-fatigued by my journey, and am in such a nervous hysterical state that I dread any introduction to strangers, fearing I might absolutely break down. I—"

"Don't say another word about it; you shall do exactly as you please, and no stress shall be laid upon you. Sensitive woman that," said the old general to himself, looking after Madge's retreating figure. "High-spirited, and all that kind of thing. Does not mind the people about here, but doesn't like strangers. Is afraid, I suppose, of meeting people who knew her in better days, and who would be assumed of recognizing her in her present position. Now I must once more look through the papers which Irving sent me, and coach myself up in readiness to meet these gentlemen from the City."

Punctual to its time, the train containing the two gentlemen arrived at the Springside station the following morning, and Mr. Delabole, hopping briskly out, called a fly, then turned back to assist his companion in extricating the luggage from the carriage. There were a few persons on the platform, for it was an early and fashionable train; but amongst them was a tall, thin man, of stooping figure, dressed in a long elegant's coat, who hovered round the two strangers, and seemed to take particular notice of them—such particular notice as to attract Mr. Vane's attention, and induce him to inquire jocularly of Mr. Delabole "Who was his friend?" whereupon Mr. Delabole stared with easy assurance at the tall gentleman, and told Mr. Vane "that their friend was probably a person who had got wind of the right marriage. Mr. Vane was about to make, and had come there to draw him a little money for the local charities."

They drove straight to Wheatcroft, and on their arrival were received with much formality and politeness by Sir Geoffrey, who told them that luncheon was awaiting them. During the discussion of this meal, at which the three gentlemen alone were present, the conversation was entirely of a social character; Springside, its natural beauties and its mineral waters; the style of persons frequenting it; the differences between a town and country life, were all lightly touched upon. The talk then drifted into a discussion on the speculative mania which had recently laid such hold upon English society, then altering off into a narrow channel of admiration for Mr. Irving and his Midas-like power, working back into the broad stream of joint-stock companies and rapid fortune-making, and finally settled down upon the Terra del Fuego mine. During this conversation, Sir Geoffrey, as was his natural instinct, had given utterance to various caustic remarks, and what he imagined were unpleasant truths, all of which, though somewhat chafed at by Mr. Vane, were received by Mr. Delabole, who evidently acted as spokesman for himself and his friend, with the greatest suavity, and wore replied to with the politest and good temper. The promptitude which his companion displayed in seizing upon every word uttered by their host as a personal matter was not without its effect upon Mr. Delabole. When Sir Geoffrey pushed his chair back from the table and suggested that they should adjourn to the library, there to discuss the object of their visit, Mr. Delabole said:

"If you have no objection, Sir Geoffrey, I think that this question will be more likely to be brought to a speedy conclusion if it is left to you and I. My friend Mr. Vane is invaluable in all matters of detail, and when we come to them we can request him to favour us with his presence; for the old saying of 'two being better than three holds good in business discussions as well as in social life, and if you have no objection, I think the basis of any agreements which are to be made between our friend Irving, represented by you, and the company represented by me, could better be settled by us alone."

Sir Geoffrey bowed stiffly enough. "Whatever Mr. Delabole thought he should be happy to agree to. From the position which Mr. Delabole held in the City, it was quite evident that in such a talk as they proposed to have, he, by himself, would be more than a match for an old retired Indian officer."

Mr. Delabole smiled at this speech. "There was, he hoped, no question of brains or ingenuity in it. If the stability and excellence of this investment did not by themselves persuade Sir Geoffrey to advise his friend to embark in it, he hoped to embark in it a little himself—no handicrafts of his should be brought forward

to bring about that end. It was simply a question of confidence and figures, not by listening to compliments and flattery. He would willingly retire with the general into the library, while his good friend, Mr. Vane, would perhaps stroll about the grounds, taking care to be within call if his valuable services were required.

The good friend Mr. Vane, who during luncheon had been paying particular attention to some old and remarkable Madeira which was on the table, did not seem at all to relish the plan thus sketched out. At the first, he seemed inclined to make some strong and open remonstrance, but a glance from underneath Mr. Delabole's bushy eyebrows dissuaded him therefrom, and he contented himself by shrugging his shoulders and indulging in other mild pantomimic signs of dissent and objection. Previously to retiring with Mr. Delabole, Sir Geoffrey, with punctilious courtesy, accompanied Mr. Vane to the hall-door; pointed out to him where were the pleasantest walks in the grounds, how best to reach the spots from whence the favorite views were to be obtained, and handed him the keys of the conservatory and the gates opening into the home park. Mr. Vane received all this politeness very coolly, inwardly determining to take the very first opportunity of revenging himself on Mr. Delabole for the unceremonious treatment received at that gentleman's hands.

Left to himself, Mr. Vane strolled idly about the grounds, switching the heads off the flowers with his cane, and cursing Delabole's impudence for having relegated him to the duties of the second fiddle.

Make the best of your time, my good friend," said he, stretching himself upon a bench shaded by the overhanging branches of a large tree, and shaking his legs in the direction of the house, "make the best of your time, to swagger and give yourself airs, and show that you are the head of the concern; while I am, or am supposed to be, only one of its paid officers; for within a week or ten days at the outside, I shall be my own master, and if you attempt anything of that kind with me then, I shall be in a position to tell you my opinion of you in the very plainest language. Don't think I have not noticed of late, how very lightly you have drawn the rope which binds me to you! Telegraph for me when I am away, told to go here and there, to find out this and that, brought down here and shunted on one side, as though I were a mere clerk, whose business it is to make memoranda of what may pass between their excellencies. Oh, my good friend Delabole, you may take your oath I will not forget this. When once my marriage with Mrs. Bendixon is an accomplished fact, and I have the knowledge that I am beyond any harm which you could do me, then you shall taste the back which you have compelled me so frequently of late to swallow. I will put my foot on your neck, as you have put yours on mine, I will—Hullo, who's this coming this way? One of the gardeners, I suppose? No, by Jove! the person who was poking about at the station, and who seemed to take such interest in us and our movements. What can he want? He must be a friend of Sir Geoffrey's and makes his way through the grounds as a short cut from one part of his parish to the other. He will see I am a friend of the general's, and will want to enter into conversation. I hate persons, and shan't take any notice of him."

With this amiable resolve, Mr. Vane curled up his feet beneath him on the bench, pulled out a cigar, and was just about to light it, when, glancing up from under the brim of his hat, he saw the tall figure of the clergyman standing beside him.

Phillip Vane dropped the cigar, and sprang to his feet.

"Who are you?" he cried, "and what are you doing here?"

"There is no occasion for me to disturb yourself," said the new comer, quietly lifting his hat. "My name is Drage, and I am rector of one of the parishes in Springdale. I am speaking to Mr. Vane, I believe?"

"That's my name," said Vane, shortly, and resuming his seat, "though I cannot imagine how you know it, unless you read it off my portmanteau, when you were dodging about the station this morning."

"I knew it before I was dodging about the station, as you are politely pleased to say," said Mr. Drage; "I know a great deal more about you, as you will find out, before this interview is at an end."

"The deuce you do!" said Phillip Vane, with a cynical smile; "I did not know my fame had extended to these parts. And what do you know about me, pray, Mr.—I forget your name."

"My name, I repeat, is Drage!" "Drage? Drage?" muttered Phillip Vane. "Any relation of Drage, of Abchurch-lane?" "His son."

"A most respectable man, holding a leading position in the City. My dear Mr. Drage, I am delighted to make your acquaintance." And he held out his hand.

"I do not think," said Mr. Drage, but otherwise taking no notice of the movement, "I do not think that you will be quite so pleased to make my acquaintance when you have heard all I have to say."

Phillip Vane looked hard at his companion, and toiled with astonishment the beetle flush in his cheeks, the brightness of his eyes, the mobile working of his mouth.

"You may say what you please," he said, shortly; "it is a matter of perfect indifference to me. If you were in the City, your father's clerks could tell you what position I hold there. City men are careful in their representation, and of what they say of each other; but you are a parson, and are privileged I suppose?"

"I am a parson. It was in that capacity I became acquainted with the circumstances, the knowledge of which has induced me to seek you out. You are about to be married, Mr. Vane?"

"The dullest of laymen could have told you that," said Mr. Vane, again with a cynical smile; "the report was in the newspapers."

"Exactly; but the point I am coming to has not yet found its way into the newspapers, though it will probably be published ere long."

"And it is—?"

"It is that you are married already!" As Mr. Drage pronounced these words a chill crept over Phillip Vane, and for an instant he felt as one stupefied and benumbed. But he speedily recovered himself, and looking his companion straight in the face, said:

"Either you have been befooled yourself, or you are trying to make a fool of me. In the latter case a hopeless and dangerous experiment."

"I should not attempt to put my wits in antagonism to yours," said the rector, "but facts have been said to be stubborn things, and the marriage register of Chesham Church, with the signature of Phillip Vane and Margaret Pierpoint in one of its pages, is still extant!" "Who told you of this?" asked Vane, breathing hard and speaking low.

"Your injured and deserted wife!"

"Is the woman who once passed under that name still alive?" asked Vane, anxiously.

"The lady who has the terrible misfortune to hold that position," said the rector, drawing himself up and looking at his companion with infinite disgust, "is alive and well."

"And you come from her?" "No, I am here on her behalf, but not with her knowledge."

There was a momentary silence, broken by Vane, who said: "And what is the object of your seeking this interview with me?" "To warn you that I am cognisant of the position in which you stand; to warn you against the commission of the crime which you contemplate."

"And to ask for a round sum to buy off the opposition of yourself and your interesting accomplice. Is not that it, Mr. Drage?"

"You scoundrel!" said Mr. Drage. "Do you dare to address such language to me—a clergyman?"

"If it comes to a question of language," said Vane, with a laugh, "I believe that 'scoundrel' is scarcely a term much banded about in clerical society. As a matter of fact, I have found many gentlemen of your cloth not less open to a bribe than the rest of the world."

"You shall find one at least who seems to discuss even the possibility of such an arrangement. Let us bring this interview to a close; you will clearly understand my object in seeking it. I came to warn you that if you persevere in carrying out this marriage, I will most assuredly hand you over to the law!"

"And I warn you that if you interfere in my business, I will kill you!" said Phillip Vane, savagely.

"Such a threat has no terrors for me," said the rector.

"Perhaps not," said Vane, with a contemptuous glance at his companion's feeble frame; "however, I will find some decisive means of bringing you and your client to reason."

"Stay," cried Mr. Drage, "I did not come here to bandy threats, but simply to discharge a solemn duty. I will take no answer from you now, irritated as you are by the discovery that your real position is known to me. Think over what I have said, and save yourself from the commission of this great sin. If you have occasion to write to me you know where I am to be found."

Phillip Vane hesitated for a moment, then bowing his head, he said in a low tone: "You are right. Be not think any more of the wild words I uttered in my rage; leave me to think over the circumstances in which I am placed, and the manner in which I can best extricate myself from the danger into which I was about to plunge. Leave me and—Heaven bless you for your kindness!"

Mr. Drage looked at him with brimming eyes, and lifting his hat solely walked off.

"That was the best way of settling him," said Phillip Vane to himself, as he watched the rector down the path. "I must push this marriage through at once, and make some excuse for having it a perfectly quiet one."

(To be continued.)

(For the Hearthstone.)

THE PILBURY PORTFOLIO.

OR, THOUGHTS UPON MEN AND THINGS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY REV. H. F. DARNELL.

PAPER I.—"SPECTACLES."

WHAT THEY ARE.

I have been giving some thought lately to the matter of "spectacles." In doing so, I have regarded them not so much from a philosophic as from a social and moral point of view. I find the subject far more prolific than I had at first supposed. How many things do we imagine that we have safely in our mind's grasp until we begin to analyze them, and find to our shame that we have only the shadow instead of the substance; and how many things do we think we can put into a nutshell until we commence trying to pack them! I find this to be the case! From the common centre, spectacles, my thoughts seem to radiate in every conceivable direction, so that it is positively confusing; whilst before me is the dread possibility that when I have got through my thinking I only may be found to have circled the square instead of squaring the circle. Here we have,—The origin of spectacles; the infinite varieties of spectacles actually in use; what bounds we are set to the "genus spectacles"; the different purposes for which individuals make use of spectacles; what people did in that long and dark period when they were unprovided with spectacles; the advantages and disadvantages arising from the use of spectacles. Then, rising to a higher ground, (the moral aspect of the matter in hand,) we are opposed by a ray of more brilliant problems yet which are invited to tackle. It is essential to spectacles, (designated as they are supposed to be for the purpose of aiding or correcting imperfect vision), that they should themselves be visible and material? Has not anything, be it a passion or a prejudice, which intensifies or softens man's vision, contracts or expands it, as much claim as a pair of silver-mounted plectives to be regarded in the light of "spectacles"? Does not this apply equally to man's mental as to his bodily vision, to his judgment as much as to his observation? Inasmuch as mental delusions and aberrations are more serious than optical, might we not to be even more careful in our selection and use as to the character of the one species of spectacles than of the other?

I do not propose within the narrow limits of this paper to dwell upon all the points which I have here jotted down, nor do I propose even to touch upon them in the order in which they have been presented. I proceed simply to pen down my thoughts in connection with this matter just as they entered into, and were filtered through, my own mind. Whether those into whose hands this paper may chance to fall will be pleased to dignify them by the name of "thoughts," or contemptuously regard them but as the musings of some amiable lunatic who has deluded himself with the idea that he is a thinker, it is of course beyond my power to decide. Let it comfort me, should that be the case, to remember, that even philosophers have sometimes judged of each other, that when they thought they were thinking, they were only thinking they thought.

I have been impelled to the consideration of "spectacles" from my having observed of late how many of my fellow beings are in the enjoyment of what I have heard styled, this "new sense," as well as by the vast number and infinite variety of these popular appendages which are offered for sale. I had often noticed this before in a general kind of way; but I determined at length to devote one leisure hour to a more perfect and practical consideration of the subject. I imagined I could best set about this in two different ways. First, I could recall to mind all those of my friends or acquaintances who were in the habit of wearing spectacles, and note, as far as I was able, the particular kind they wore; and they had in view in wearing them; and how far that end in each case had been gained. Secondly, I could take my stand in a quiet corner of one of our crowded thoroughfares, as if waiting for a friend or a public conveyance, and endeavour thus to arrive at a similar result by carefully studying each spectacled passenger as he passed me by, mingling with the human stream which surged continually through the busy streets of the capital. My observation usually proving more reliable than my memory, I decided upon adopting the latter course. I tremble to think, modest as I am with respect to my personal appearance, upon how many losses I must have been temporarily photographed during that one hour! The following is the result of my observations, and the conclusions to which they led me.

I found the wearers of spectacles to be of every age and sex, and of every rank and condition. In my eagerness to note those who used them, I suppose I became for the time blind to those unhappy ones who possessed them not; for all at once it seemed to break upon me that it was I who was singular in being destitute of them, and not those in wearing them. Had I not been so interested in my observations, I verily believe I must have straightway gone off and purchased a pair, if only to keep me in countenance.

These superior beings, gifted with the "new sense" of gazing through the mystic help of the works of nature and of art, were, I perceived further, confined to neither sex, nor to any period of life; nor did they think for one moment of restricting themselves to any one particular form of this useful implement. The spirit in which it was worn was by no means the same in every instance. Some carried it triumphantly, and others timidly; some modestly, and others audaciously; some apologetically, and some jauntily. In each case, however, I fancied I detected a sort of consciousness of being "spectacled."

It was but natural that the venerable old gentleman of the first passage, the silver-haired but falling sight with the friendly air, the silver hairs that glittered upon his broad, open brow, beneath his smooth and stately hat, suited and sufficiently accounted for, the appendage; as did the wrinkled forehead and feeble gait of that aged char-woman, bending her steps homeward from the scene of toil which called for stronger and younger limbs than hers. But it did not seem natural that they should cast the incongruous shadow of distant age over that graceful girl, whose fair cheek, delicate profile, and light, quick step, spoke rather of seventeen than seventy. This incongruity, however, attained its climax in the instance of a great over-grown, moon-faced lad of sixteen or thereabouts; who, with mouth agape, gazed through the double array of glass presented by the shop window and the large round pines planted upon his own countenance upon the cakes and confectionery within. Query: Did the extent of the aperture displayed by his open mouth represent the degree to which the sweets meant had been individually magnified by the double medium through which he contemplated them?

And now let me attempt to describe some few of the peculiarities which distinguished the different species of spectacles which were presented to my curious gaze, as those actually used, and not by any of my fellow beings. To begin with, there was the richly plated pair, (I think they were hexagonal, borne by the old gentleman before alluded to. The weight of those spectacles, and the amount of workmanship expended upon them, must have been quite amazing. If the nasal organ of the wearer had not been a "noble Roman" that any general officer would have been proud to own, he could never have sustained that burden so patiently and heroically as doubtless he had done the last quarter of a century. Who will say but that the nose did well, (as sung by the poet), to bear all the expense and risk of obligation rather than be robbed of its due by an honest, but perhaps a little too numerous and broad were the plated joints of the spectacles we are contemplating, extending as they did across the bronzed cheek of the veteran far beyond his ear, that I could not but think, as the profile moved past me, how closely it resembled a length of the mahogany flute which lay on a side-table at my chambers, and whose dulcet notes had so often soothed my sadder hours.

Immediately following these, the property of a young and pale-looking individual, probably a clerk in some banking house, came a pair with rings and fastenings of light blue steel; so slender in their make, and so completely obscured by ambrosial locks, that, save for the glittering glance they flashed upon me as they went, I should scarcely have been able to detect them. This variety I discovered to be very prevalent among a certain class of business men. Keen and practical, they simply wanted their spectacles to see with; and had no fancy for carrying a single ounce upon their nose, or indeed upon any other part of their person, beyond what there was actual occasion for. They evidently did not think it necessary to mount a pair of glasses, selecting one such pair in their possession which their fathers or grandfathers had carried before them. I could not but regard this as no small proof of strength of mind and moral courage. It is considered something in these days even to be able to confess to a grand father how much greater the privilege, whilst adjusting these valuable relics of the past upon our patient nose to be able and claim, as if casually and with becoming nonchalance, "By the by, these were my grandfather's spectacles!" May there not be some connection between wearing one's grandfather's spectacles, and viewing with one's grandfather's eyes the things of to-day? Is not he who is content to do the one, quite capable of doing, or likely to do, the other?

The next variety of this universal article to which my attention was drawn differed both in colour and form from any which I had noted in connection with the human visage. I had indeed observed spectacles similar to those exposed for sale in a shop-window which I passed almost daily on my way to the City. I had however regarded them merely as a work of art; a sample of what time and ingenuity could accomplish in that particular line; never supposing for one moment that it was ever seriously intended that they should be worn. In fine I had taken it for granted that this extraordinary achievement in spectacles was to the optician what the crown of the barber's blocks were, to him whom a facetious writer has styled the "Harlot in air"; or at any rate to be in the same category with the far-famed razors, constructed to sell and not to shave. But "incredible dicta" a purchaser had been found. "Ill robur et es triplex circa pectus erat." Moreover he wore them with the air of one who thought he had the best in the bargain, and who was rather proud than otherwise of the decoration. But I must describe them. First, as to their colour. Now I had already remarked some variations in the shade of the glasses which were borne past me; but these were only of a faint and unobtrusive character. The slightest possible tinge only of blue or green detracting from the pure crystal. These on the contrary were a deep, dark green. It was positive cruelty to carry such a pair before me just at a moment when my mind was full of this subject; when I wished to give it the fullest attention; I yet had but a few minutes in which to prosecute my investigations in each particular case. I was at once consumed with the desire to know how the world and its contents looked from behind these extraordinary aids to vision. How did I appear; how did everybody else appear, to this bold individual, who had for as an colouris concerned

thus stepped out of our world into another? If I blushed, (as I sometimes did), would he detect my weakness? If I turned deadly pale, would he note it. Supposing I had the jaundice; or turned positively black through a sudden and violent attack of cholera; how would these phenomena appear to him? It was no use; I grew dizzy with conjecture.

One benefit however conferred by these marvellous glasses upon their fortunate possessor did not fall presently to strike me. That man must have enjoyed a perpetual spring. He had but to adjust these wonderful lenses before his visage and he was in an Eden of his own creation. The dusty or mud-stained pavements of the City vanished at once. The walls were clad with verdure, and soft green mosses draped the begrimed walls of the temples of Mammon, and transformed them into sylvan palaces. The sky above was green, as seen through an embowering foliage; whilst the birds, as in the blithe days of benevolent Robin and Maid Marian, moved and flew, arrayed in Lincoln green. Clap a good overcoat upon that man's back, place a muffler around his neck, and then set him on the top of the Alps, or send him to winter in Canada, it matters not; you might change his country but not his climate. With those charmed spectacles on his nose, he would mistake even the tweak of Jack Frost for the sting of a mosquito; he could snuff his fingers in the face of the grim lightning of his beard of ice; he would fling him a shilling, as to a "Jack-in-the-green," and bid him fool it at his will.

It is not surprising that these spectacles were as remarkable as the rest, and being windows, allowing the spectator to look out of what I suppose we may term, his front windows, our ingenious friend, the optician, had also provided him with a window on each side by placing an additional piece of glass at each exterior angle, which moved on a hinge, giving altogether a kind of ubiquitous expression to the countenance which was really something more than human. You never seemed to be safe from that man's eye unless you were fairly behind his back. He reminded you of one of those houses which you always pray may not fall into the hand of a paying heightener, which standing at a corner a little in advance of the rest, and being windowed as above, not only commands the street running up directly opposite to it, but also both to the left and right of that in which it is situated. What an invaluable acquisition would these glasses be to the pedagogue! Were he to the luckless half-brothered youngster who presumed to prank on the right or left wing of the waterfall general armed with this terrible implement. Through the side window would the delinquent be at once detected, and bleed and burn as a glorious tribute to the achievements of science. With a pair of spectacles such as these, even the seeing-round-the-corner would seem to be no longer a ludicrous impossibility; and should they come generally into use, might we not look for the avoidance of many collisions a-foot or otherwise which are now of such frequent occurrence at our street-corners.

Time would fail me to dilate upon all the varieties of this useful invention, whose use I witnessed. There was the compromise between the eye-glass and the spectacles. A species of impostor who, when he was off duty, dangled negligently upon the breast of the wearer; but who, when occasion required, suddenly showed himself the double-faced fellow he really was, and in a trice was jerked open and mounted upon his proper seat. In addition to this was a host of eye-glasses of every conceivable form and material, which I rank also under the head of spectacles, from those set massively in gold to those in horn, or (as I saw in one case) consisting of merely a round piece of glass pierced with a hole by which a ribbon or slender guard was attached. Here, then, we have glanced over, only cursorily it is true, the entire field. We have traced the mightiest achievements in science and art, in connection with spectacles, down to the simple lenses, the original and the essence of them all.

But a few words as to why people wear spectacles. "Of course," you say, "to aid their vision. In many cases this may possibly be the case; but unless I am unduly excited, or my knowledge of human nature is sadly at fault, it seems to me that in numerous instances we must look for some other solution yet. "Jerry," (said a postman lately on certain acquaintance who stood at his post waiting for a job) "here's a letter for you from your boy." Jerry took the epistle with much external composure, though his hand trembled visibly, for many miles of sea divide the father and son; but his presence of mind did not desert him. Taking up his spectacles from his pocket and putting them upon his nose, he merely scanned the address carefully, snuffing the letter by with the exclamation, "So it is, poor boy; that's his hand, and no mistake." Now, had I not known exactly how it was with Jerry, that he did not know B from a bull's foot, and that not one syllable of that letter would be comprehended until it was read to him by his wife, I should, of course, have exclaimed, in all sincerity, "What a blessed invention is that of spectacles!" By means of these shabby glasses Jerry, before his little world, was able to hold his own as a man of fair parts; whilst, when driven in a corner, he could find at all times a convenient way of escape, he had mislaid his spectacles.

When, however, I pause to think of the gravity which they impart to the divine; the dignity with which they invest the bench; the air of shrewdness and sagacity they lend even to the naturally obtuse; and the lion-hearted boldness with which they inspire the diffident; I cannot but think that we might with some show of reason place beside the old adage—"None so blind as those who will not see"—a new one that I have ventured to coin for the occasion. "They are not all blind who wear spectacles."

So much for those useful aids by which man's falling vision is preserved to him at seasons when he would otherwise pass his days in a species of intellectual twilight, and be dependent wholly on the sympathy and assistance of others for all the delights of a keen observation, the enjoyment of reading, and the expression of his thoughts in writing; and which, if used at times, (as they doubtless often are) for other ends than those they were intended to subserve, are yet to be reckoned as one of the most blessed and beneficent institutions which have crowned the research and skill of man.

I only offer in addition to the above a few paragraphs as to the moral aspect of the matter. Viewed from this standpoint, who does not wear spectacles? And are they not as various in the colours with which they clothe the individuals or objects on which they gaze, as the tones we have been considering, or as the temperament, disposition, and mental or moral obliquity of those who see through them. When the politician puts on his spectacles (party spirit), and views through them the ranks of his opponents; if found in that unfortunate position a very angel of light would be to him the personification of all that is treacherous and base. When for instance Mr. Bright looks through his at a British nobleman, what does he behold? "A bloated aristocrat," he is a very minnow in contrast with his own well-developed person. "A species of vampire!" "A sucker of the people's blood." And when in turn my Lord Dunsany languidly directs his golden eye-glass to the portly form

of the modern Penn, what is his judgment? "A wassally demagogue! A regular wappull-can, you know?" In vain may we look for a true estimate either of ability or character when prejudice and party-spirit distort and impair the vision. "Call her pretty," says the lady, once young but now passing into the serene and yellow leaf, "why she has a good figure in her face!" Exactly so, my dear; but if you will be good enough to take off your spectacles, which I need scarcely tell you consist of an ill-natural envy of charms no longer your own, you will perceive that the young lady in question has a sweetness of expression and a charm of manner, which those odious glasses would not permit you to see; and which may well account for the exclamation of approval which attracted your indignant scorn.

I might multiply illustrations *ad infinitum*, or *ad nauseam*, but I forbear. It is not essential, however, that these spectacles should always distort and deteriorate our moral vision. One proof to the contrary, and I have done. "My love," said a young husband to his winsome bride, as he conducted her somewhat diffidently to her future home, "I have done my best to make you comfortable. It is but a poor place, but I trust we can live happy in it." "A poor place, darling! Why it is the dearest little home that ever was; and what is better still, it is all our own. I shall be as happy as the day is long!" Dear little loving bride, who has the right kind of spectacles upon her taper little nose. Long may she wear them! And as for you and me, dear reader, whether we be adorned or no with these trifling but oftentimes so useful and ingenious to which I have alluded, may there be no spectacles before our mental vision but those which consist of that spirit of affection which purifies and beautifies all upon whom it looks, and that loftier spirit of charity which "thinketh no evil," and "covereth a multitude of sins."

H. F. D.

THE VIOLATION OF LAW.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Nothing can be more sure than that wrongdoing—that is, the violation of the law infused in the material world, in our bodies and minds, in our social relations, or in society—the cause of suffering and of disturbance in the individual and in the community, and the only cause. If there was no aberration from absolute law, there would be no suffering. Directly or indirectly, all disturbance springs from violation of law. I do not now refer to the subject of responsibility, of blame-worthiness, of transmitted infirmities, with the long retinue of important questions that go along with that subject; I only state the universal fact that disobedience, and suffering as the consequence of it, go together.

It would be an awful thing, universally to be declared, if we could bring peace and wrongdoing into inseparable companionship. It is a benevolent thing that God has made wrongdoing and suffering to be inseparably joined. For if men could violate law in nature, in themselves, in their civil and social relations, in the great spiritual realm, and pass without penalty or pain, good would be at a discount. Virtue would go uncrowned. It would be substantially the abdication of God's government in this world. The sign or token of peace consists in the fears, and puns, and pains that follow wrongdoing. And to make wrong peaceful; to suffer any man to bridge over the chasm, and continue to do wrong, and yet have peace, would be to set aside the divine moral government among men.

All attempts to procure peace in this way are blivious and mischievous. And all the hymns and songs, and various dreams and prophecies, on this subject, are worse than useless, if they leave an impression upon the mind that by and by there is to come, by an evolution no more perceptible than that by which the seasons advance, a period in which God shall, by his own power, fill the world with peace. If there is anything that stands out in the history of the world, it is that men are to achieve peace; by carrying it through righteousness. And yet there is no fact that needs more to be emphasized and cherished from mistakes and error, than this. We find records of the same errors and mistakes in the history of the earliest days of the Christian dispensation. Then there were men that cried, "Peace! peace!" as if peace was a fabric that could be bought at the store and made into garments of any pattern desired; as if it was not a thing that could only be obtained through the outworking of moral conditions. And God said, "No peace shall there be to the wicked." In other words, wickedness is utterly incompatible with a condition of harmony and peace. And all attempts to produce peace in the individual contrary to this truth, taking the whole run of human life, that have their basis upon moral elements, will have the fruit of that life—peace and joy; while they that have not, will not. No device can make it otherwise.

All attempts in society to secure peace by etiquette, by customs, by laws, by expedients and rules of politeness, though they are not useless and are not to be scoffed at, are yet but palliatives of the universal mischief of selfishness. The collisions, the discomforts, the irritations, the pains, the sorrows which belong to men's experience, may be more or less managed and prevented from running to extremities by these expedients of social life; but after all, there is but one cause and one cure. We must learn to produce moderation in communities of men; whatever tends to produce a positive and active state of kindness; whatever tends to produce practical justice and real rectitude, tends to cause a deep and permanent peace. Whatever tends to neglect them, or overthrow them, tends to produce disharmony. When these elements are neglected, or overthrown, no possible substitute for them can be found. Peace must come from natural and moral laws, and not from any artificial societies or inventions of men.

An ingenious method of defrauding their customers, it seems has lately been adopted by certain intelligent tradesmen. Their weights are not "unjust," but their scales are placed on a loping board so that they fall against the purchaser. At the Sessions House at Newington last week, among many tradesmen who were summoned for having unjust weights and measures in their possession, a fruiterer was charged with having his scales in the position referred to, ready for weighing. In reply to the Bench, the inspector stated that the scales were correct when placed in the proper position, and under those circumstances the magistrate said they could not be considered as unjust. There was no doubt the public was defrauded by the position in which the scales were placed, but in such cases the public must look out for themselves. It was not the first time similar cases had been brought under their notice, nor can there be any doubt that it will not be the last; for it is to be feared an immense host of dishonest tradesmen are already bent to adopt a system by which they can freely cheat, without bringing themselves within the pale of the law.

As exchange bills that at twenty years of age I sold and Stanford arrived at California with only one shilling to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has accumulated over ten millions."

The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1872.

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RATHER UNFAIR.

It is rather disheartening when one has set out in what is felt to be the right course, to have some would-be wise critic, either from malice or ignorance, blame us for what we have not done and lay sins to our charge which we have not committed; yet this is what our neighbor the Northern Journal, in a recent article, has done with regard to us. The editor, in the course of an article on a lecture by Mr. David, editor of L'Opinion Publique, says, "We would say to Mr. Desbarats that retelling bad liquor by the glass is better and more Christian business than distributing N. Y. York Ledger's through the country to corrupt and delude the public mind, and especially to mislead the imagination and soil the purity of those who are to be the mothers of the next generation. Let the HEARTHSTONE with its large circulation be lifted up so as to be a blessing rather than a curse, wherever it may go."

Now, if the editor of the Northern Journal had seen a late number of the HEARTHSTONE which we don't think he had; or had read it which we do not believe he did; or had been able to understand it, if he did read it, which is doubtful; he would have seen for himself that what he lays to our charge is just precisely what we are not doing, and that his would-be strictures are, therefore, rather un-called for and unnecessary. We confess that when the HEARTHSTONE was first started there were some objectionable features about it; but since then both the Proprietorship and Editorship have been changed, and we think we can safely assert that the tone and character of the paper have been entirely reconstructed, and very materially "lifted up," as our friend calls it. During the few months we have had the paper, our sole effort has been to furnish good, wholesome, nutritious food for the mind; pleasing and agreeable in its style; pure and unobnoxious in its morality, and elevating in its tendencies. We have steadily and persistently endeavored to provide matter which was proper to be read with profit and advantage by the youngest and most innocent; and for evidence that our efforts have been successful, we can refer to the hundreds of complimentary notices we have received from the Canadian press, and to our subscription list which has increased since we changed the tone of the paper more than the entire circulation of the Northern Journal. We have no doubt that the editor of the Northern Journal is well posted in "retelling bad liquor by the glass," as he speaks of it so glibly and familiarly; and if he cannot show any greater powers of discernment in journalism than to compare us to the trashy American periodicals which we are striving hard to supplant by pure, healthy literature, we would advise him to throw down the pen and return to the glass he seems to know so much about.

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHS.

In the present age when the rage for photographing is so great, and the cost of having a few cartes de visite taken so small, it is quite a rarity to find any person, except amongst the very poorest and lowest, who has not at some time or other been "taken." Almost every town or village boasts its photographer, and nearly every school girl has saved up her pocket money in order to have a dozen vignettes or ferritypes taken. Grim old maids whose soury aspect one might well suppose would turn the stomach of the camera, if it had one to turn, seem to take a fiendish delight in having their features reproduced and distributed amongst their friends; bright-eyed little maidens, staid matrons, venerable dams, erudite lawyers, sapient doctors, learned divines, the steady man of business and the dissipated man of pleasure, all seem to take pleasure in having their features perpetuated on paper, glass, metal, china, or some other of the numerous surfaces on which the perfection of modern photography has made it possible to take a picture. The desire to see one's own face produced in a picture is a very pardonable pride, and is conducive of little, if any, evil; indeed, photography is in very many instances of the greatest use in disclosing crime and bringing the criminal to justice. Having photographs taken amounts to nearly a mania with some people—especially young girls—as collecting them does with others. We knew a young lady in New York who, during her last year at Twelfth Street School, had a photograph taken almost every week, sometimes having a dozen, sometimes more copies taken. These she distributed freely amongst her schoolmates and others, and we venture to say that some of her friends had twenty or thirty different pictures of that young lady; it was a perfect mania with her to have her picture taken—she was rather pretty—and her greatest delight seemed to be that she should be able to say to any friend she met, "I've just had a new photograph taken; do you think it is like?"

Now this young lady was only a sample of a very large class of young ladies, and we are going to preach a stern sermon to them, not very long and not severe. Does anyone ever think what becomes of all the photographs, as well as all the pins, pianos and other things that nobody ever seems to be able to tell what does become of them? It is of course a great comfort to absent friends, or relatives to have "the coun-

terfeit presentment" of those they love or esteem; but the great mass of givers and receivers of photographs care very little about each other, and the photograph receiver frequently carries it about in his pocket for a few days and then consigns it to the waste basket or some spare drawer, where odds and ends are kept; or if he happens to be a smoker, will cut it into thin slips to serve as cigar or pipe lights.

Young ladies ought to be very careful about giving their photographs, especially to gentlemen—in our reprobatorial days when we had to visit some queer places and witness some strange sights we have seen photographs of very estimable young ladies in places and under circumstances which would have caused them to cry with shame and vexation had they been aware of the use which was made of their photographs. We remember an extremely strict young lady acquaintance of ours who once gave her photograph—after great persuasion—to a very intimate gentleman friend for his pocket; a few days after it was found lying on the floor of a billiard room, adorned with a huge light moustache, and further embellished with an immense cigar, artistically executed with a pin. The gentleman was not, perhaps, much to blame in this instance as probably the photograph dropped out of his pocket accidentally. Now young ladies, for your little stragglers, have your dear little photos photographed as often as you please, but be extremely careful to whom you give them, even among your lady friends; we have often seen gentlemen sporting photographs of ladies in their lockers, or showing them triumphantly to their friends, the originals of which would have been shocked to know into whose possession their pictures had fallen; of course the young ladies had given them to lady friends who had, in turn, either given them to the gentlemen, or lent them to be copied—a thing very often done by people who are not over-scrupulous in what they consider trifling matters.

ENCOURAGING INDUSTRY.

The people of Portland, Me., have taken a very decided step towards making that city a grand manufacturing center, by passing a By-law in their Common Council exempting from municipal taxation for ten years all approved manufacturing enterprises started there. This is a large premium to offer a manufacturer, and will doubtless attract a great deal of new business to the city, and ultimately increase its wealth and importance very materially. While admiring the enterprise and energy of our sister city, it would be well if some of our Canadian cities followed her example and began laying the foundation stone of a grand manufacturing centre in our own Dominion. The Province of Quebec seems to have been specially intended by nature as the workshop of the world, and it is only want of energy and bad legislation which prevents its being so. Nowhere can be found a place more peculiarly suited for a manufacturing centre than the city of Quebec with its immense water power and its almost boundless supply, within easy distance, of the three grand essentials to manufactures, coal, iron, and wood. But Quebec does not stand alone in this respect, there are dozens of other places throughout the Province similarly, although not quite so bountifully, supplied by nature; and unless the Ancient Capital bestir herself, some more enterprising rival will wrest her opportunity from her. We believe that the era of a grand career of manufacturing prosperity is about to dawn on this Province, and that at no distant day. The short-sighted, narrow policy of the Government cannot much longer resist the force of Public Opinion which is day by day, and hour by hour growing stronger in favour of an equitable protective policy, which will foster our own industry, and raise Canada from the humiliating position she now holds of being the great market for the "cast off," second-hand manufactures of England. In a few years—it may be in less than one—Public Opinion will have compelled its victory over the mistaken Free Trade policy, and the career of this Province as the manufacturing centre for this continent will have commenced, and well will it be for the city who has profited by the example of Portland and offered special and particular advantages to manufacturers for cutting within her limits.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

GRAND BRITAIN.—The health of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales continues to improve and his tenants at Sandringham lately delivered to him a congratulatory address on his recovery.—The carrying of the English and American mail, which has lately been done by the Union line, will probably be restored to the Cunard line; the service has been very unsatisfactory of late.—The English press generally comment at length on the murder of Jim Fink and attribute these frequent cases of lawlessness to the laxity of the Courts and the weakness of public opinion.—An American party of one will shortly be introduced on English railways.—A rich explosion took place in a coal mine at Oakwood Wales on 10th inst. and twelve men were killed.—The London Times has taken advantage of the recent case of the Florida and Lowest to "point a moral" with regard to the difficulty experienced by the British Government during the American war in preventing such vessels as the Alabama from fitting out.—The brig Josie Lowe was found by some French fishermen near Galois on 11th inst. abandoned; it is supposed that there was a mutiny on board and that the mutineers left the vessel in the boats to escape consequences and have been drowned as nothing has been heard of them.—Mr. Millbank M. P. for North Yorkshire has denounced Sir Charles Dilke and promised to call on him to retract in Parliament his declarations with regard to the Crown and the Government.—Small pox is increasing in Dublin.—George Hudson, the English railway king, who a quarter of a century ago, was worth untold millions, and controlled countless lines, died in England on the 16th of

December. In his later years he was supported by a pension from his friends.—The Queen will probably open the next session of Parliament in person, and the House of Lords.—The Queen has presented to the Chicago Library a copy of her books—thanks to the kindly and practical sympathy of Tom Hughes, who has procured for the library a goodly selection of works from living English authors.

UNITED STATES.—John C. Heenan, the ex-pugilist, has returned to New York and demands an investigation into the charges against him with reference to stealing the vouchers from the Comptroller's office.—A singular and fatal accident occurred on 13th inst. at the Long Island Brewery, at Third-ave. and 11th St., Brooklyn. Frank Gilrain and John Quinn were engaged in shaking a barrel of stacked lime, when it suddenly exploded with a loud report. Gilrain was hurled over it at the time, and the head of the barrel struck the chin, completely severing his hand from his body, and killing him instantly. Quinn was blown into the air several feet, and sustained probably fatal internal injuries. The head of the barrel struck the beams in the ceiling nine feet above, and one of them, and then rebounding, went through the floor into the cellar.—The laborers in the ruins of the Pacific Hotel, Chicago, came upon a wooden chest, somewhat moulded, which was broken open, and found to contain \$20,000, in gold, silver, and nickel coin. There was nothing in the shape of paper money in the box; nor anything to prove the identity of the owner.—The official statement shows that the National Bank of Chicago lost by the fire \$1,005,000. They are left, however, in a condition of entire solvency.—A war is being waged between the Schemans of Tammany Hall and the friends of the late Mayor, the latter lately called a meeting in Tammany Hall, but the Schemans outthanked them by cutting off the gas and removing the gas fixtures. Tammany Hall leaders have, however, preferred darkness to light.—Gen. John Cochrane, President of the Board of Aldermen, has become acting Mayor of the City of New York on account of the resignation of Mayor "Hand" of "King" as a matter of fact, he is certainly a strong Tammany man and a few years ago and a great supporter of the "Boss"—Charles P. Perry, a distinguished citizen of Hoboken N. J., who was mayor of the city at the time of the first fire in New York in 1835, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head on 10th inst. Cause domestic infidelity.—Sprague, Colburn, & Co., one of the largest dry goods stores in New York failed on 10th inst. liabilities over \$1,000,000.—Rev. Dr. J. S. Jewell, Rabbi and professor of Hebrew, Metcalf College Montreal, opened the proceedings of the House of Representatives in Washington, by prayer on 9th inst. he is the first foreigner who ever performed this service.—The Thordyke factory for making plastic laces was burned at Lowell, Mass., on 9th inst. loss \$50,000.—Fisk's brain weighed 35 ounces.—The first fire in New York in 1835, shot his mother at Mount Carmel Ill., on 8th inst. while she was quarrelling with his father. He is in prison.—Charles Martin, his wife and two children, died at the centre of the city, there is a large number of trichinae spiralis.—The Grand Duke has gone on a buffalo hunt; and will probably continue his westward course to San Francisco.—Stokes, the author of "The Pick," has a his cell in the Tombs, No. 20, elegantly carpeted, papered and furnished; and fares daintily, but has been refused, but his lawyers keep up the old story of "extenuating circumstances." He is finally offered 100 to 50 that he will not be hanged.—There are at present twenty murderers confined in the Tombs, New York; four of whom have been condemned to death more than six months ago, but the executions have been stayed by local rebelling and will probably never take place.

CANADA.—A project has been started to construct a narrow gauge railroad from Port Burwell northward to Southampton on Lake Huron.—One dollar bills are in circulation.—Mantoloba complete line of irregularities in the mails.—Mr. John W. Haig was killed at Garraquoque on 10th inst. He was engaged at the school house cutting some wood, and saw driven by horse power, the saw suddenly broke and a piece struck Mr. Haig in the breast, causing instant death.—The Governor General, Sir John A. Macdonald, and Sir George Ethier, have been invited to the coronation of the Order of Isabella from the King of Spain, in recognition of their services in repressing the Cuban revolution.—Parliament will not meet until 27th February, and then not for despatch of business.—There were some immense quantities of empty dwellings at present in Paris. It is said that the Bois de Boulogne, which was almost entirely destroyed during the war, will be partially restored by replanting it with forest trees of fifteen years growth. The Bois de Boulogne has been decided to be restored to the sequestrated estates of the Orleans Princes.—The new tariff imposes the following duties: On wool, 50 francs per 100 kilograms; cotton, 4 fr. 50; raw iron to 15 francs; copper, 15 francs; cheese, from 15 to 18 francs; hops, 60 francs.—The Committee of the French Assembly have reported adversely to the proposal to return to Paris.—The cattle disease rages in the departments of the Oise, Calvados, and Eure.

SPAIN.—The meeting of the Cortes has been postponed until the 23rd inst.—Reinforcements continue to be sent to Cuba.—Differences have arisen in the Cabinet as to the policy to be pursued in Cuba and the appointment of Marshal Concha as Captain-General of the island. The departure of the latter from Cadix has consequently been deferred.—The Pope's health is so far again established in Madrid.—The name of the Pope's Nuncio in Spain has not yet transpired.

ITALY.—The Pope is about to send an ultimatum to those Bishops who have not accepted the "Dogma of Infallibility."—An American travelling here attempted to pass himself off as Andy Johnson, ex-President of the United States, and for that he was put in a jail for the space of a calendar month.—The weather at Rome is stated by the journals there to be excessively hot. There, too, we want the sweet fruits produced by the iron shutters; and they are so unsightly that it can be done by no ordinary method. Here, then, is a plan; and the first man who gets ready the papers can secure the patent:—Let plain iron shutters (cast iron of sufficient thickness will answer) be constructed and placed on the brick work, which is to be so laid that the shutters shall slide laterally. Arrange for the construction of a series of shafting while the building is going up, which shall be worked from the engine that is used for hoisting. When the store is closed for the night, the engineer, by the simple action of a lever, draws a solid sheet of iron over every outside window and doorways, save the one by which he leaves the building. Such a building, with a roof of stone, concrete or iron—providing the architect has not loaded the cornice with wood—might be considered nearly proof against fire from the outside.

A CHANCE FOR AN INVENTOR.—The American Builder for December, published by Charles L. Lacey, 100 South Sangamon Street, Chicago, appears on our table as fresh and beautiful as though there had been no fire and no wholesale destruction of the appliances by the aid of which it was formerly issued. This monthly has always been one of the most welcome of our exchanges, and we congratulate its editors upon the vitality of an enterprise that could sustain such a shock and still survive. As a specimen of the many good things in it, we extract the following, under the title given above:—Our inventors seem always happy in getting up new devices for chimneys, washing machines, and the like; but they seldom think about their heads about any improvements in the art of hoisting. Architects never invent. They invariably follow in the path of precedent, and are happy just in the ratio that they succeed in doing things as they have been done by others. If inventors would examine into our present system of building, with a view to making needed improvements, they would put money in their purses. Just now, we need some method for protecting warehouse windows; a system, too, which shall guarantee the closing of iron shutters, and not the leaving of them open one night in the year, and that night the one when the sun comes. Then, too, we want the sweet fruits produced by the iron shutters; and they are so unsightly that it can be done by no ordinary method. Here, then, is a plan; and the first man who gets ready the papers can secure the patent:—Let plain iron shutters (cast iron of sufficient thickness will answer) be constructed and placed on the brick work, which is to be so laid that the shutters shall slide laterally. Arrange for the construction of a series of shafting while the building is going up, which shall be worked from the engine that is used for hoisting. When the store is closed for the night, the engineer, by the simple action of a lever, draws a solid sheet of iron over every outside window and doorways, save the one by which he leaves the building. Such a building, with a roof of stone, concrete or iron—providing the architect has not loaded the cornice with wood—might be considered nearly proof against fire from the outside.

GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.—Studies of children are always pleasant subjects for contemplation, and the engraving which we publish on our first page this week gives a quiet little home picture of great beauty. It is evidently a holiday time and Grandmother is a person of great importance to the juvenile fraternity who associate her visits with visions of toys, sweets and other presents dear to the heart of childhood. Doubtless the expected visit has been thoroughly discussed in the nursery and several shrewd guesses and half-expressed hopes made as to what Grandmother would bring for each. And now she has come, and the children gather round her in glad welcome; while the mother places the old lady's chair comfortably and wheels it near the fire, the oldest girl, intent on the duties of hospitality, is removing her bonnet, and one little fellow, whose anxiety cannot be restrained, has lifted up the edge of the bandbox in which the treasures are known to be, and is already exploring its contents. The picture is homelike in its conception and execution and takes us back to the days of our childhood when we too anxiously awaited Grandmother's visit.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Arrangements have been made to have the HEARTHSTONE delivered in Latin form to subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed. The Agents will also be happy to receive subscriptions. Almonte, James Freig. Bawell, Ont. J. G. H. Brown. Bowmanville, Ont. Yellowlows & Quick. Brantford, Ont. A. Hudson. Brockville, Ont. F. L. Kitchin. Colborne, Ont. J. C. Gilchrist. Collingwood, Ont. A. Morton. Dundas, Ont. J. B. Menahan. Elgin, Ont. Henry Kirkland. Fort, Ont. J. W. Minthorn. Perth, Ont. John Hart. Peterborough, Ont. G. Munroe. Gible's Corners, Ont. N. B. Noble. Goderich, Ont. T. J. Monrohouse. Guelph, Ont. M. A. Bunsley. Hamilton, Ont. R. M. Hamilton. Ingersoll, Ont. R. A. Woodcock. Kinross, Ont. F. A. Barnes. Kingston, Ont. F. E. Sneyce. Leamington, Ont. Wm. Ryce. Monfort, Ont. Thos. Pinckett. Napawan, Ont. Henry Hrus. Orillia, Ont. H. B. Silver. Ottawa, Ont. F. A. Perry. Paisley, Ont. James Kelso. Pembroke, Ont. S. E. Atchell. Port Hope, Ont. R. M. Hamilton. Port Hope, Ont. N. Reynolds. Prescott, Ont. P. Myrno. Quebec, Ont. Etienne Legard. St. Catharines, Ont. W. L. Copeland. St. John, N. B. Rodger Hunter. Tillamook, Ont. W. S. Law. Wardsville, Ont. W. F. Barclay.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Some one writes to us that he is studying at a law school; that, besides knowledge of law, he is desirous of attaining the art of oratory, and he asks that we will give him such advice as our experience may suggest.

We can heartily hope to be of much service to the inquirer. We do not know his temperament, his disposition, his attainments, his habits, all of which would modify any instructions likely to be of benefit. It is personal that peculiar advice that each man needs, and that must be given by some one who knows the circumstances of the applicant.

Some general hints, applicable to all young aspirants for public speaking, may answer a good end. 1. The earlier one begins to practice public speaking the better. For although the gift, in point of fact, develops late in life, it is only in the case of those who have a strong, though it may be, dormant talent for it. No man has learned any art until he can practise it spontaneously, without conscious volition.—If this proves true in music, in drawing, in the dance, or graceful posturing, it is even more apparent in oratory. Parents and teachers should encourage children to narrate, to converse—for storytelling and fluent conversation are essentially of the same nature as oratory.

2. The habit of thinking on one's feet is invaluable. Great orations may be prepared with elaboration and study, not alone in their substance but in form. Such we know to have been the preparation of orations which continue to be read from age to age.

But for the purposes of American life, one must be qualified to speak well without laborious preparation of language, and this can only be done when one can command his thoughts in the face of an audience. The faculty of doing this is greatly helped by an early and persistent practice. Aspirants for oratorical honours, without neglecting the severe preparation of the study for special occasions, should lose no opportunity of speaking off-hand. One should not be downcast at failures. They are often far better for the student than success. He who goes to school to the mistakes, will surpass a first schoolmaster, and will not be likely to become either idle or conceited.

8. Public speaking means business, or ought to. Although there is a great deal of fancy talking, after-dinner speeches, complimentary speeches and religious exhortations, all of which are meant to fill up time, yet public speaking, in its nobler aspect, is an attempt to gain some definite and important end by the use of reasons and persuasions. When a man seeks his neighbour for a business conversation, he knows just what he wants, and he settles with himself by what method he will get it. This is the very genius of a good preparation for a speech—to know definitely what you wish to gain of an audience, and the means by which you propose to secure it. All true oratory is practical psychology.

4. A man may speak deliberately or even slowly, but no man can succeed who speaks hesitatingly—who goes back on a sentence and begins again. Such a speech is like a shying horse or a balking mule. At all hazards, the young speaker must learn to push on—to keep on moving from beginning to end of his address. If you drop a stitch don't stop to take it up. If you stumble on a word, let it go. Don't go back to it. Keep right on, no matter what comes to the end. Memorization is of more value than verbal accuracy. Of course the best speech is that which is full of good substance, expressed by the best language, and fluently uttered. But while one is learning, he should never let himself be tripped up by a word, or the want of one. Jump the gap; run over the mistake. Keep right on. It will be time enough the next endeavour to profit by the experience of mistakes.

5. If one is slow of thought, dull of feeling, very cautious and secretive in nature, without that latent combativeness, which tends to project one's mind upon another's, or if one be excessively sensitive to the mistakes of others like an infant, it is not likely that he will succeed as a public speaker.

GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.

Studies of children are always pleasant subjects for contemplation, and the engraving which we publish on our first page this week gives a quiet little home picture of great beauty. It is evidently a holiday time and Grandmother is a person of great importance to the juvenile fraternity who associate her visits with visions of toys, sweets and other presents dear to the heart of childhood. Doubtless the expected visit has been thoroughly discussed in the nursery and several shrewd guesses and half-expressed hopes made as to what Grandmother would bring for each. And now she has come, and the children gather round her in glad welcome; while the mother places the old lady's chair comfortably and wheels it near the fire, the oldest girl, intent on the duties of hospitality, is removing her bonnet, and one little fellow, whose anxiety cannot be restrained, has lifted up the edge of the bandbox in which the treasures are known to be, and is already exploring its contents. The picture is homelike in its conception and execution and takes us back to the days of our childhood when we too anxiously awaited Grandmother's visit.

TO-MORROW.

BY ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON.

Out on the beach a maiden sits; With absent eyes and parted lips She watches the waves lapidly up...

Oscar, on his side, seems to like Miss Batchford on better acquaintance. When I first presented him to her, he rather surprised me by changing colour and looking very uneasy.

[Note.—I really must break in here. Her aunt's "grand manner" makes me sick. It is nothing (between ourselves) but a look-nose and a stiff pair of stays.

As soon as my aunt left us together, the first words I said to Oscar, referred (of course) to his letter about Madame Pratulungo.

Allah has been sent back from London to the rectory. The Dimchurch doctor (who attended Oscar, and who might have proved an awkward witness) is settled in India—as you will see, if you will refer to the twenty-second chapter.

September 2nd.—A rainy day. Very little said that is worth recording between Oscar and me.

My aunt, whose spirits are always affected by bad weather, kept me a long time in her sitting-room, amusing herself by making me exercise my sight.

I notice here what a dreadfully difficult thing it is to get back—in such a case as mine—to the exercise of one's sight.

new self, I hope and believe, with time—and that will accustom me to my new impressions of Oscar—and so it may all come right in the end.

I sent my second letter to my father to-day; telling him of Oscar's return from abroad, and asking him to let me have a copy of his postscript.

[Note.—I must trouble you with a copy of what Oscar really did right. It shows why he is not at her out of the room, and closed the envelope before she could come back.

The next day, in Oscar's name and character, to the rectory of Dimchurch. (He would find the imitation of his brother's handwriting no obstacle in his way.)

Dear Mr. Finch.—Lucilla's letter will have told you that I have come to my senses, and that I am again paying my addresses to her as her affianced husband.

Suecunt has behaved nobly. He absolves me from the engagements towards him into which I so rashly entered.

If you favour me with a reply to this, I must warn you to be careful how you write for Lucilla is sure to ask to see your letter.

Still, the subject is a sore one; and the less it is referred to the better.

Unless I add a word of explanation, here, you will hardly appreciate the extraordinary skillfulness with which the deception is continued by means of this postscript.

Written in Oscar's character (and representing Nugent as having done all that he had promised me to do) it designedly omits the customary courtesy of Oscar's style.

But even the cleverest people are not always capable of providing for every emergency. The completed plot generally has its weak place.

The postscript, as you have seen, was a little masterpiece. But it nevertheless exposed the writer to a danger which (as the Journal will tell you) he only appreciated at its true value when it was too late to alter his mind.

Well, I amused my aunt. And what effect did I produce on Oscar?

If I could trust my eyes, I should say I produced exactly the contrary effect on him—I made him melancholy. But I don't trust my eyes.

Or, is it, that he sees and feels something changed in me? I could swear with vengeance and rage against myself. Here is my Oscar—and yet he is not the Oscar I know when I was blind.

September 3rd.—Oscar has (I suppose) forgotten something which he ought to have included in his postscript to my letter.

More than two hours after I have sent it to the post, he asked if the letter had gone. For the moment, he looked annoyed when I said, Yes.

pondence with your father, or your stepmother, while she is out of England?" he asked.

"I will ask him when he comes next." "I said, "But she might correspond with Mrs. Finch."

"How long do you stay here?" he inquired. "It depends on Herr Grosse," I answered.

"Are you tired of Ramsgate already?" I asked. "He came back to me, and took my hand—my cold inexpressible hand that won't feel his touch as it ought."

"Let me be your husband, Lucilla," he whispered; "and I will live at Ramsgate if you like—for your sake!"

After his words as follows: "Why should we not be married before Mademoiselle's return? Can I not be your husband?"

"You forget," I answered, more surprised than ever; "we have my father to think of. It was always arranged that he was to marry us at Dimchurch."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "When we enter on the painful subject of Madame Pratulungo," he replied, "I will tell you. In the meantime, do you think Mr. Finch will answer your letter?"

"I am sure he will!" "The same unpleasant smile showed itself again in his face. He abruptly dropped the conversation, and went to play his piquet with my aunt."

All this happened yesterday evening. I went to bed, sadly dissatisfied with somebody. Was it with Oscar? or with myself? or with both? I fancy with both.

I proposed returning by the sands. Ramsgate is still crowded with visitors; and the animated scene on the beach in the latter part of the day has attractions for me, after my blind life, which it does not (I dare say) possess for people who have always enjoyed the use of their eyes.

There were chairs on the beach. We hired two, and sat down to look about us. All sorts of diversions were going on. Monkeys, organs, girls on stilts, a conjurer, and a troop of negro minstrels, were all at work to amuse the visitors.

But even the cleverest people are not always capable of providing for every emergency. The completed plot generally has its weak place.

Lucilla's turn now.—[R]

September 3rd.—Oscar has (I suppose) forgotten something which he ought to have included in his postscript to my letter.

More than two hours after I have sent it to the post, he asked if the letter had gone. For the moment, he looked annoyed when I said, Yes.

"I tried to spare you," he said. "You have yourself to thank, if that man has frightened you."

"He has not frightened me," I answered—sharply enough.

Oscar looked at me very attentively; and sat down again, without saying a word more.

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1862.)

POOR MISS FINCH: A DOMESTIC STORY.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

PART THE SECOND. CHAPTER XLIII.

LUCILLA'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

September 1st.—I am composed enough to return to my Journal, and to let my mind dwell in a little on all that I have thought and felt since Oscar has been here.

Now that I have lost Madame Pratulungo, I have no friend with whom I can talk over my little secrets. My aunt is all that is kind and good to me; but with a person so much older than I am—who has lived in such a different world, and whose ideas seem to be so far away from mine—how can I talk about my follies and extravagances, and expect sympathies in return!

Well, my dear Journal, how did I feel—after longing for Oscar—when Oscar came to me? It is dreadful to own it; but my book looks up, and my book can be trusted with the truth. I felt ready to cry—I was so unexpectedly, so horribly disappointed.

No. "Disappointed" is not the word. I can't find the word. There was a moment—I hardly care write it; it seems so atrociously wicked—there was a moment when I almost wished myself blind again.

He took me in his arms; he held my hand in his. "In the time when I was blind, how I should have felt it! How the delicious tingle would have run through me when he touched me! Nothing of the kind happened now. He might have been Oscar's brother for all the effect he produced on me. I have myself taken his hand since, and shut my eyes to try and renew my blindness, and put myself back completely as I was in the old time. The same result still. Nothing, nothing, nothing!

I can only account for it in one way. The restoration of my sight has made a new creature of me. I have gained a sense—I am no longer the same woman. This great change must have had some influence over me that I never suspected until Oscar came here. Can the loss of my sense of feeling be the price that I have paid for the recovery of my sense of sight?

In the meanwhile, I have had a second disappointment. He is not nearly so beautiful as I thought he was when I was blind.

On the day when my bandage was taken off for the first time, I could only see indistinctly. When I ran into the room in the rectory, I guessed it was Oscar rather than knew it was Oscar. My father's grey head, and Mrs. Finch's woman's dress, would no doubt have helped anybody in my place to fix as I did on the right man. But this is all different now. I can see his features in detail—and the result is (though I won't own it to any of them) that I find my idea of him in the days of my blindness—oh, so unlike the reality! The one thing that is not a disappointment to me, is his voice. When he cannot see me, I close my eyes, and let my ears feel the old charm again—so far.

What am I writing? I ought to be ashamed of myself! Is it nothing to have had all the beauty of hand and eyes, all the glory of cloud and sunshine, revealed to me? Is it nothing to be able to look at my fellow-creatures—to see the bright faces of children smile at me when I speak to them? Enough of myself! I am unhappy and ungrateful when I think of myself.

My aunt approves of him. She thinks him handsome, and says he has the manners of a gentleman. This last is high praise from Miss Batchford. She despises the present generation of young men. "There is no variety, no distinction among them," she said the other day. "They are all mechanical copies of each other. In my time, I used to see young gentlemen. I only see young animals now; well-fed, well-washed, well-dressed; riding animals, rowing animals, betting animals—nothing more."



HE MADE SO MANY MISTAKES IN PLAYING CARDS WITH MY AUNT, THAT SHE DISMISSED HIM FROM THE GAME IN DISGRACE.

"Why should we spoil the pleasure of our first meeting by talking of her?" he said. "It is so inexpressibly painful to you and to me. Let us return to it in a day or two. Not now, Lucilla—not now!"

His brother was the next subject in my mind. I was not at all sure how he would take my speaking about it. I risked a question however, for all that. He made another sign of entreaty, and looked distressed again.

"My brother and I understand each other, Lucilla. He will remain abroad for the present. Shall we drop that subject too? Let me hear your own news—I want to know what is going on at the rectory. I have heard nothing since you wrote me word that you were here with your aunt, and that Madame Pratulungo had gone abroad to her father. Is Mr. Finch well? Is he coming to Ramsgate to see you?"

"I have not heard from my father since I have been here," I said. "Now you have come back, I can write and announce your return, and get all the news from the rectory."

"He looked at me rather strangely—in a way which led me to fear that he saw some objection to my writing to my father."

"I suppose you would like Mr. Finch to come here?" he said—and then stopped suddenly, and looked at me again.

"There is very little chance of his coming here," I answered.

Oscar seemed to be wonderfully interested about my father. "Very little chance?" he repeated. "Why?"

"As long as I am with Miss Batchford," I said, "it is useless to hope that my father will come here. They are on bad terms; and I am afraid there is no prospect, at present, of their being friends again. Do you object to my writing home to say you have come to Ramsgate?"

"I?" he exclaimed, looking the picture of astonishment. "What could possibly make you think that? Write by all means—and leave a little space for me. I will add a few lines to your letter."

"It is impossible to say how his answer relieved me. It was quite plain that I had stupidly misinterpreted him. Oh, my new eyes! my new eyes! shall I ever be able to depend on you as I could once depend on my touch?"

[Note.—I must intrude myself again. I shall burst with indignation, while I am copying the journal, if I don't relieve my mind at certain places in it. Remark, before you go any farther, how skillfully Nugent contrives to ascertain his exact position at Ramsgate—and see with what a fatal unanimity all the chances of life, personating Oscar, without discovery, declare themselves in his favour! Miss Batchford, as you have seen, is entirely at his mercy. She not only knows nothing herself, but she operates as a check on Mr. Finch—who would otherwise have joined his daughter at Ramsgate, and have instantly exposed the conspiracy. On every side of him, Nugent is to all appearance, safe. I am away in one direction, Oscar is away in another. Mrs. Finch is anchored immovably in her nursery;

We have a cat and a dog in the house. Would it be credited, if I was telling it to the world instead of telling it to my Journal, that I actually mistook one for the other to-day?—after seeing so well, too, as I do now, and being able to write with so few mistakes in making my letters! It is nevertheless true that I did mistake them; having trusted to nothing but my memory to inform my eyes which was which. Instead of helping my memory by my touch, I have now set this right. I caught up puss, and shut my eyes (oh, that habit! when shall I get over it?) and felt her soft fur (so different from a dog's hair!) and opened my eyes again, and associated the feel of it for ever afterwards with the sight of a cat.

To-day's experience has also informed me that I make slow progress in teaching myself to judge correctly of distance.

In spite of this drawback, however, there is nothing I enjoy so much in using my sight as looking at a great wide prospect of any kind—provided I am not asked to judge how far or how near objects may be. It seems like escaping out of prison to look (after having been shut up in my blindness) at the long curve of the beach, and the bold promontory of the pier, and the great sweep of the sea beyond—visible from our windows. The moment my aunt begins to question me about distances, she makes a tail of my pleasure. It is worse still when I am asked about the relative sizes of ships and boats. When I see nothing but a land, I fancy it larger than it is. When I see the boat in comparison with a ship, and then look at the boat, I instantly go to the other end of the scale, and fancy it smaller than it is. The same thing is true of the size of things in general. I saw a man first in a coat from an upper window, and took it for a dog drawing a wheelerbarrow; and then, when I was in the street, I saw the man and the dog, and the dog was not half so large as I had supposed.

Well, I amused my aunt. And what effect did I produce on Oscar?

If I could trust my eyes, I should say I produced exactly the contrary effect on him—I made him melancholy. But I don't trust my eyes. They must be deceiving me when they tell me that he looked, in my company, a mooping, anxious, miserable man.

Or, is it, that he sees and feels something changed in me? I could swear with vengeance and rage against myself. Here is my Oscar—and yet he is not the Oscar I know when I was blind. Contradictory as it seems, I used to understand how he looked at me, when I was unable to see it. Now that I can see, I am unable to see it. Now that I can see, I am unable to see it. Now that I can see, I am unable to see it. Now that I can see, I am unable to see it.

September 3rd.—Oscar has (I suppose) forgotten something which he ought to have included in his postscript to my letter.

More than two hours after I have sent it to the post, he asked if the letter had gone. For the moment, he looked annoyed when I said, Yes.

"Do you think she is likely to be in corre-

quaintance remarked. "But still, it don't matter much after all. There he is as you see, with a fine woman for a wife, and with two lovely children. I know the landlady of the house where they lodge—and a happier family you couldn't lay your hand on in all England. That is my friend's account of them. Even a blue face don't seem such a dreadful misfortune when you look at it in that light—does it, Miss?"

I entirely agreed with the old lady. Our talk seemed, for some incomprehensible reason, to irritate Oscar. He got up again impatiently, and looked at his watch.

"Your aunt will be wondering what has become of us," he said. "Surely you have had enough of the mob on the sands, by this time?"

I had not had enough of it, and I should have been quite content to have made one of the mob for some time longer. But I saw that Oscar would be seriously vexed if I persisted in keeping my place. So I took leave of my nice old lady, and left the pleasant sands—not very willingly.

He said nothing more, until we had threaded our way out of the crowd. Then he returned, without any reason for it that I could discover, to the subject of the Indian officer, and to the remembrance which the stranger's complexion must have awakened in me of his brother's face.

"I don't understand your telling me you were not frightened when you saw that man," he said. "You were terribly frightened by my brother, when you first saw him."

"I was terribly frightened by my own imagination, before I saw him," I answered. "After I saw him, I soon got over it."

"So you say?" he rejoined. "There is something excessively provoking—at least, to me—in being told to my face that I have said something which is not worthy of belief. It was not a very becoming act on my part—after what he had told me in his letter about his brother's infatuation—to mention his brother. I ought not to have done it. I did it, for all that."

"I say what I mean," I replied. "Before I knew what you told me about your brother, I was going to propose to you, for your sake and for his, that he should live with us after we were married."

Oscar suddenly stopped. He had given me his arm to lead me through the crowd—he dropped it now.

"You say that because you are angry with me?" he said.

I denied being angry with him; I declared once more that I was only speaking the truth.

"You really mean," he went on, "that you could live comfortably with my brother's blue face before you every hour of the day?"

"Quite comfortably, if he would have been my brother too."

Oscar pointed to the house in which my aunt and I are living—within a few yards of the place on which we stood.

"You are close at home," he said, speaking in an odd muffled voice, with his eyes on the ground. "I want a longer walk. We shall meet at dinner-time."

He left me—without looking up, and without saying a word more. Jealous of his brother! There is something unnatural, something degrading in such jealousy as that. I am ashamed of myself for thinking it of him. And yet what else could his conduct mean?

[Note.—It is for me to answer that question. Give the miserable wretch his due. His conduct meant, in one plain word—remorse. The only excuse left that he could make to his own conscience for the infamous part which he was playing, was this—that his brother's personal disfigurement presented a fatal obstacle in the way of his brother's marriage. And now Lucilla's own words, Lucilla's own actions, had told him that Oscar's face was no obstacle to her seeing Oscar perpetually in the familiar intercourse of domestic life. The torture of self-reproach which this discovery inflicted on him drove him out of her presence. His own lips would have betrayed him if he had spoken a word more to her at that moment. This is no speculation of mine. I know what I am writing to be the truth.—P.]

It is night again. I am in my bed-room—too nervous and too anxious to go to rest yet. Let me employ myself in finishing this private record of the events of the day.

Oscar came a little before dinner-time; haggard and pale, and so absent in mind that he hardly seemed to know what he was talking about. No explanations passed between us. He asked my pardon for the hard things he had said, and the ill-temper he had shown, earlier in the day. I readily accepted his excuses—and did my best to conceal the uneasiness which his vacant, pre-occupied manner caused me. All the time he was speaking to me, he was plainly thinking of something else—he was more unlike the Oscar of my blind remembrances than ever. It was the old voice talking in a new way. I can only describe it to myself in those terms.

As for his manner, I know it used to be always more or less quiet and retiring in the old days; but it was never so hopelessly subdued and depressed as I have seen it to-day? Useless to ask! In the by-gone time, I was not able to see it. My past judgment of him and my present judgment of him, had been arrived at by such totally different means, that it seems useless to compare them. Oh, how I miss Madame Patolungo! What a relief, what a consolation it would have been to have said all this to her, and to have heard what she thought of it in return!

There is, however, a chance of my finding my way out of some of my perplexities, at any rate—if I can only wait till to-morrow.

Oscar seems to have made up his mind at last to enter into the explanations which he has hitherto withheld from me. He has asked me to give him a private interview in the morning. The circumstances which led to his making this request have highly excited my curiosity. Something is evidently going on under the surface, in which my interests are concerned—and, possibly, Oscar's interests too. It all came about in this way.

On returning to the house, after Oscar had left me, I found that a letter from Grosse had arrived by the afternoon post. My dear old surgeon wrote to say that he was coming to see me—and added in a postscript that he would arrive the next day at luncheon-time. Past experience told me that this meant a demand on my aunt's housekeeping for all the good

things that it could produce. (Ah, dear! I thought of Madame Patolungo and the Mayonnaise. Will those times never come again?) Well—at dinner, I announced Grosse's visit; adding significantly, "at luncheon-time."

My aunt looked up from her plate with a little start—not interested, as I was prepared to hear, in the serious question of luncheon, but in the opinion which my medical adviser was likely to give of the state of my health.

"I am anxious to hear what Mr. Grosse says about you to-morrow," the old lady began. "I shall insist on his giving me a far more complete report of you than he gave last time. The recovery of your sight appears to me, my dear, so be quite complete."

"Do you want me to be cured, aunt, because you want to get away?" I asked. "Are you weary of Bamsgate?"

Miss Batchford's quick temper flashed at me out of Miss Batchford's bright old eyes.

"I am weary of keeping a letter of yours," she burst out with a look of disgust.

"A letter of mine?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, a letter which is only to be given to you, when Mr. Grosse pronounces you are quite yourself again."

Oscar—who had not taken the slightest interest in the conversation thus far—suddenly stopped, with his fork half way to his mouth; changed colour; and looked eagerly at my aunt.

"What letter?" I asked. "Who gave it to you? Why am I not to see it until I am quite myself again?"

Miss Batchford obstinately shook her head three times, in answer to those three questions. "I hate secrets and mysteries," she said impatiently. "This is a secret and a mystery—and I long to have done with it. That is all. I have said too much already. I shall say no more."

All my entreaties were of no avail. My aunt's quick temper had evidently led her into committing an imprudence of some sort. Having done that, she was now provokingly determined not to make bad worse. Nothing that I could say would induce her to open her lips on the subject of the mysterious letter. "Wait till Mr. Grosse comes to-morrow." This was the only reply I could get.

As for Oscar, this little incident appeared to have an effect on him which added immensely to the curiosity that my aunt had roused in me.

He listened with breathless attention while I was trying to induce Miss Batchford to answer my questions. When I gave it up, he busied away his plate, and ate no more. On the other hand (though generally the most temperate of men) he drank a great deal of wine, both at dinner and after. In the evening, he made so many mistakes in playing cards with my aunt, that she dismissed him from the game in disgrace. He sat in a corner for the rest of the time, pretending to listen while I was playing the piano—really lost to me and my music; buried fathoms deep in some uneasy thoughts of his own.

When he took his leave, he whispered these words in my ear; anxiously pressing my hand while he spoke:

"I must see you alone to-morrow, before Grosse comes. Can you manage it?"

"Yes."

"At the stairs on the cliff, at eleven o'clock."

On that he left me. But one question has pursued me ever since. Does Oscar know the writer of the mysterious letter? I firmly believe he does. To-morrow will prove whether I am right or wrong. How I long for to-morrow to come!

(To be continued.)

PAPER CLOTHING.—In civilized countries the manufacture of paper into various articles of clothing has only been the business of a few years, but among barbarous people it is an industry that has been cultivated for years. With us the employment still remains in its infancy, and it has taken us many years to master the difficulties attending its introduction. At first, our manufacturers confined their production almost entirely to collars, cuffs, frills, and similar minor articles pertaining to the wardrobe. Prejudice being in a great measure overcome, our inventors extended the area of production to many fabrics of universal use, but requiring greater strength and pliability than those worn about the neck or arms. The garments made by this process failed to answer the requirements of our day, and were not received with general favour. At this juncture of affairs, it remained for an English inventor to solve the difficulty, and give us a really serviceable paper fabric. It is a mixture of various animal and vegetable substances, the former being wool, silk and skins; the latter flax, jute, hemp and cotton. These articles are all reduced to a fine pulp, and blended, and then subjected to a process of appropriate machinery. The mixture of these substances produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and strength. It can be sewed together with a machine as readily as woven fabrics, and makes as strong a seam.

This paper is of a very serviceable nature, and is made into table-cloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, quilts, curtains, shirts, skirts, and various other articles of dress. The pattern of our day, and open-worked shirts display a delicacy of pattern that it would almost be impossible to imitate by any ordinary skill with the needle. Pleasant napkins and shirts for beds, furniture, or curtains are made cheaply. Embossed table-cloths and figured napkins made of felted paper, so closely resemble the genuine damask linen as to be pursued off upon the unsuspecting as the real article.

In Germany, paper napkins have been used for several years. Their cost is but a trifle, and they pay for themselves, before they are required to be cast aside.

Felted paper is capable of being made into lace, fringe and trimmings, and for these several purposes it is unequalled in point of cheapness and durability. Imitation leather is also made from the same material, which is perfectly impervious to water. It is soft and pliable, and is a very useful fabric for covering furniture, making into shoes, for belts, and for many other purposes.

In China and Japan, paper clothing has long been worn by the inhabitants. It is very cheaply produced there, a good paper coat costing only ten cents, while the expense of an entire suit is limited to 25c.

OLD MAIDS.—Old maids are found in clusters in quiet country towns; they are, as a rule, both genial and sociable beings, who, when they are young, they are rich, and are invited to parties which they make pleasant when they are poor, who spend weeks at a time, sometimes even months, in other people's houses, yet save themselves from the reproach of being parasites by rendering services which are far more than the equivalent of the little they consume for their bodily sustenance, and the room they occupy in the mansion. Old maids keep houses for brothers who are widowers, or married sisters who are ill. In short, nature seems to have intended them to be liontants, not having very much to do on their own account, but placed by the very fact of their leisure in a position to render great services on occasions when their help may be required.

The round figures of the railroad interest are easily learned and remembered. The whole length of all the railroads in the world is 120,000 miles. The cost of the same was, in round numbers, ten billions of dollars. Those of Great Britain are the most costly, and those of the United States the least so. The railway system of the world is supposed to give employment to over one million persons.

IN THE TUNNEL.

Riding up from Bangor, On the Pullman train, From a six weeks' shooting In the woods of Maine, Quite extensive whiskers, Beard, mustache as well, In a "stud" follow, Tall, and fine, and well.

Empty seat behind him, No one at his side; To a pleasant station, Not far from Bangor, Enter good couple, Take the hinder seat; Enter gentle maiden, Beautiful, petite.

Blushing she falters: "Is this seat engaged?" (She the aged couple Properly enraged.) Student, quite ecstatic, Sees her ticket "through," Thinks of the long tunnel— Knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter, While the cinders fly, Till that "student fellow" Gets one in his eye; And the scenic maiden Quickly turns about— "May I, if you please, sir, Try to get it out?"

Happy "student fellow" Feels a dainty touch; Hence a gentle whisper— "Does it hurt you much?" Fizz! dine, don't a moment In the tunnel quite, And glorious successes, Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight, Darts the Pullman train; Student's beaver ruffled, Just the necessary, Maiden's hair is uncoiled, And there soon appeared, Cunning little ear-ring, Caught in student's beard.

—Harvard Advocate.

FAMILY FEUDS:

A SEQUEL TO

WILL HE TELL?

Translated and Adapted from the French of Emile Gaborian.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

The priest reflected a moment. "Suppose you were seen," he said at last, "and arrested, for arrested you might be, what explanations could you give to account for your presence at the Reach at that hour of the night? Besides, you would find everything sealed up, and were you to break the seals it would appear as if a robbery were committed. An inquiry would immediately be instituted. Ten to one you would be traced. And then—No, no! you must not do in an entirely different way. Everything you do must be done openly. You were in no way implicated in the rising. Your name is upon none of the lists of proscribed, and your liberty is entirely unrestricted. Your best plan will be to go to-morrow morning to the notary, and openly take possession of your inheritance. Take up your residence at Corcoran's farm, and make no secret of it."

"What, father!" answered Annie, endeavouring to repress a shudder, "live in Corcoran's house all alone?"

"Certainly, my child," returned the priest. "I can only see advantages in your doing so. With a little precaution we can communicate with each other without danger. We will fix beforehand upon a rendezvous, where Farmer Byrne will meet you two or three times a week. And then in a couple of months, when the neighbours have become accustomed to your presence, we will move Mr. Somerville to your house. The change will do him good, for his convalescence is greatly retarded in his present uncomfortable quarters."

"But what will people think of my taking possession of the property of a man who was no relative of mine?"

"What do you care for what they think," said the priest. "And after a pause he added, "In any case, my poor child, it is absolutely necessary for you to leave this house, and to go somewhere where you will be your own mistress—and alone."

At the last words Annie became as white as a sheet. It was evident that Father Mahoney knew her secret. For a moment she was obliged to lean against the wall to prevent herself falling.

The priest took no notice of her embarrassment, and closed the interview by adding, in a decisive tone, "There is no help for it, go you must."

The next day Annie Mosley made her appearance at Portrush, and after going through the necessary forms, was duly installed in Corcoran's house. She found everything exactly in the condition Corcoran had described, and her first care was to remove a portion of the money concealed in the bedroom, and to transmit it by Farmer Byrne to Father Mahoney.

After the months of trouble she had lately gone through, the quiet life at Corcoran's was inexpressibly welcome to Annie. Following Father Mahoney's advice, she lived quite alone, but frequently went out, in order to accustom the people of the village to her presence among them. During the day she occupied herself with the housework and her sewing, and in the evening met Byrne at the rendezvous fixed upon by the priest, where she received news of Mr. Somerville's condition. Could she only have heard from Frederick, she would have been happy. She could not understand his prolonged silence. She would have written to him, had she known where a letter would find him, but since the day she had heard of his departure for St. Malo, she had received no intelligence whatever of his movements. And it was just at this time that she needed some one near to help her in the crisis through which she was about to pass.

In this extremity she bethought herself of the physician who had attended her at Ballinacilly. He had told her to come to him when she was in trouble, and he would do all in his power to help her. To him she wrote, stating her condition and reminding him of his promises.

Four days after Dr. Pitt made his appearance, and for a fortnight remained at Annie's house, closely perched. When he left, one morning he gave daybreak, he took with him, wrapped up in his cloak, a male child, whom he had pledged himself to care for as if it were his own.

Thus the crisis passed, and Annie resumed her ordinary life. Fortunately not one of the neighbours had the slightest suspicion of what had happened.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ALLIANCE.

On leaving St. Killian's Lady Coleraine displayed a calmness that astonished, if it did not even deceive, Lord Scarborough. By an immense effort of will she succeeded in hiding under a dispassionate exterior the fierce rage that was seething within her. Her indomitable pride inspired her with something of the heroism of the gladiator who fell dying in the sand of the arena with a smile on his lips. She had made up her mind that as she must fall, she would at least fall bravely.

"No one shall see a tear in my eye, or hear a complaint from my lips," she said to her father one day. "Cannot you do as much?"

On her return to Shandon she frightened the servants. They had expected to see her worn out, broken down in mind and body. Instead, they found her more imperious and exacting than ever. Her first order after her return was to forbid them speaking of her as Lady Coleraine, under pain of instant dismissal.

One day she overheard an unfortunate housemaid utter the forbidden name. Within an hour the poor girl had left the castle. The servants were all indignant.

"My lady can't expect us," they said, "to forget that she is married, and that her own husband put her in the fix she is in."

How could she expect it of them when she could not forget it herself. Night and day the remembrance of that fatal day haunted her, when she had passed in one short hour from bridehood to widowhood. Still she persevered in her resolution of bearing her troubles bravely. She always appeared richly dressed, and did her best to seem gay and careless. On the Sunday after her return she even made her appearance at church. Then, for the first time, she saw the uselessness of all her efforts to hide her mortification. The last straw will break the horse's back, and the last indignity broke her resolution.

Instead of being received by her acquaintances as she had expected, with looks of mingled surprise and hatred, her appearance was the signal for a general titter that no one took the pains to conceal. She even heard muttered jokes on her condition of maiden-widow that entered like iron into her soul.

This last insult was utterly unexpected, and she vowed to take her revenge. Her father was only too ready to back her, and for the first time in their lives father and daughter agreed.

"Yes," said Lord Shandon, when his daughter spoke to him on the subject, "I will teach Lord Scarborough what it is to covet at the expense of a condemned criminal, and then to insult a man in my position. I will ruin him, and bring him humbled to my feet, so if I do not."

Unfortunately for the fruition of his schemes of vengeance Lord Shandon had been losing time. For three days after the scene at St. Killian's he was confined to bed; and three days more were taken up in drawing up a long report which was intended to achieve the humiliation of his quarrelsome ally. This lost time had been well employed by Lord Coleraine and Lord Scarborough, with what result we have already seen.

Lord Scarborough was publicly thanked and rewarded for what Lord Shandon's action was censured by the Home Government, and he himself was stripped of all the public offices he held.

When the news of his rival's triumph and his own humiliation reached him, Lord Shandon nearly went mad with rage and mortification. The thought that he, the skillful schemer, the wary plotter, had been overreached in a matter of such vital importance to himself, was intensely humiliating. That he had been overreached he had no doubt, but by whom? Not Lord Scarborough. He was not capable of such a masterpiece of *fin de siècle*. By whom then?

Lady Mary could have answered that question. Like Annie Mosley she divined at once that Lord Coleraine was the master spirit that directed the course affairs had taken. And knowing the man, understanding his nature, she felt sure that he had some other motive in acting as he had, than the mere satisfaction of humiliating Lord Shandon. What that motive was, her jealousy suggested at once; to please Annie Mosley, and obtain her forgiveness, and that of her friends.

"Ah!" she cried, as the thought flashed upon her, "she can do what she likes with him, and as long as she lives I must hope in vain. But, patience!"

Patience! that meant vengeance. Vengeance she was determined to have, though she knew not yet how it could best be obtained. But she had already in view a man, who, she thought, would be a willing instrument in her hands. This was no other than Ryan.

Since the execution of Mosley and Corcoran, Pat Ryan had taken up his quarters at St. Killian's Abbey. This had been purely a precautionary measure, for his life among Lord Scarborough's servants was none of the most pleasant. But he felt that outside the Abbey grounds his life was not safe. The people of Portrush were, to a man, furious at his betrayal of Mosley, and it would not have required much persuasion to induce them to put out of the way a man who had disgraced himself and the neighbourhood by his countless acts of lawlessness and brutality. Added to this, Geogheghan's threat was still ringing in his ears.

In the Abbey kitchen he was received by the servants as though he brought a contagion with him. His food was given to him as to a dog, and at night he was forced to sleep in an out-house, as the men refused to let him even into the stables. Still he supported all the indignities heaped upon him without a murmur. He even thought himself fortunate in being able to purchase his safety at that price.

At the same time with Lord Shandon, Lord Scarborough, acting on the advice of his son, gave orders that Ryan should be turned out of the house. But the old poacher, on the servants attempting to enforce this command, refused point-blank to go until he received his dismissal from Lord Scarborough in person. His answer was carried to his lordship, who asked to see Ryan immediately. On his making his appearance he was told by the Marquis never again to set foot on the Abbey grounds on any pretext. Money was offered him, which he refused, and gathering together the few duds he possessed, he made up a bundle, and at once left the house.

As he stepped over the threshold he was overheard by one of the servants muttering that if ever he came across a Scarborough after night-fall he'd make cold meat of him.

Expelled from the Abbey, Ryan returned to his own house, where his wife and two sons were still living. Here he spent his time in drinking and sleeping, now and then salting forth to the Abbey or Shandon Castle grounds to indulge in a little clandestine sport. People passing by his cottage towards nightfall would often hear the sound of blows intermingled with cries and curses. It was Mrs. Ryan and the two boys beating Ryan, and endeavouring to get money from him. No one knew, not even his wife and children, what he had done with the blood money he had received as the price of Mosley's betrayal. It was supposed he had buried it somewhere, but no one could say where.

Such was Ryan's history, as Lady Mary heard it from the head gardener at Shandon. This was evidently the man she wanted. The next thing was to get at him without exciting sus-

picion. He hunted in the Shandon grounds. Why not watch for him? A little perseverance and a good deal of pronouncing was all that would be necessary. Sooner or later she must come upon him.

Lady Mary at once decided upon this programme. Day after day for two weeks she patrolled the woods with Miss Macartney, the poor relation already mentioned, who thought that her niece had decidedly lost her reason.

At last she met with success. One fine afternoon towards the end of May she espied the man she wanted sneaking along an open track with his finger on the trigger of his gun. This was a precaution Ryan invariably took when he was out. Not that he was afraid of the keepers, but he seemed to see Geogheghan behind every tree, with his knife raised ready to strike.

On seeing Lady Mary he was about to slip into the thicket when she stopped him.

"Mr. Ryan," she cried.

The poacher hesitated a moment, stopped, and finally grounded his gun.

In the meantime, Miss Macartney, pale with apprehension, began to expostulate with her niece.

"Good gracious! what are you calling that horrid man for?"

"Because I want to speak to him," returned the younger lady, ungraciously enough.

"But, my dear Mary, you do not mean to say that—"

"I must, that is the long and the short of it." "But I cannot allow it. What would your father say?"

"Never mind what my father or any body else would say. It has got to be done. And so, aunt, you will oblige me by keeping watch while I speak to him. If you see any one coming call me at once."

As usual, poor Miss Macartney resigned herself to the will of her imperious niece, and without another word, advanced towards where Ryan was standing.

"Well, Mr. Ryan," she began in her most winning tones, "have you had good luck to-day?"

"What do you want me to?" said Ryan, abruptly. "You want me to do something, I know."

Lady Mary had some difficulty in disguising the disgust with which his coarse manner inspired her.

"Yes," she returned, still smiling sweetly, "I want you to do something for me."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is a very small thing I am going to ask of you. It will give you very little trouble, and you will be well paid."

"That's all very fine," returned the man, "but people don't come to me for little jobs of that kind. Ever since I tried to serve the government as well as I could, and in the way the posters set forth, everybody seems to think they have a right to come to me, money in hand, and ask me to undertake all kinds of villainies. Come now, I know what it costs us poor people to listen to you rich ones. Go your way, and I'll go mine, and if you have any dirty work to do, do it yourself."

So saying he threw his gun over his shoulder, and was walking away, when a sudden inspiration seized Lady Mary.

"Listen," she said, coldly. "My reason for stopping you was that I knew your history. I thought you would be only too glad to serve one who, like yourself, hates the whole Scarborough set."

The new tactics had their effect. The old poacher stopped.

"Yes," he said, "I should think you had reason to hate them, after the trick they have played you. Something like the trick they played me, only in your case you will be reconciled in a matter of months, and then good-bye, Pat Ryan's old address."

"Reconciled?" returned the girl, with an angry stamp of her foot, "never!"

"Well, perhaps not. Suppose I were to do what you want me to, what then?"

"I will give you anything you ask, money, land, a house."

"Much obliged, but it's something else I want."

"What is it? Make your own conditions." Ryan paused a moment, and then began gravely:

"Well, you see I have enemies, one especially. But never mind, I'll tell you the whole thing in half a dozen words. I don't feel safe in my own house. My sons thrall me when I'm drunk, to make me give them money. As for my wife, she's quite capable of poisoning my whiskey any day, and between the three of them I am in mortal fear of losing my money; and my life. I can't live like that. Promise me a home at Shandon Castle after the job is done, and I'll do anything you like. At the Castle I shall be safe, and I can drink as much and as often as I please without being bothered. But, understand, I'm not going to be treated by the servants as I was at St. Killian's."

"Very good," said Lady Mary, "it shall be done."

"I swear it."

The tone in which Lady Mary said this reassured Ryan. Bonding towards her he said, in a hoarse voice:

"Very well. What's the job?"

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

ENGLAND has 32,623 breweries.

THERE are 3,664 languages spoken in the world.

HOLLAND spends more for tobacco than for bread.

COIN starch makes the best paste for scrap-books.

GILBERT, the pen-man, began life as a seasons' gambler.

OF the seventy-four United States Senators, fifty are lawyers.

THE 24 letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,017,733,239,430,360,000 times.

THE first house ever built in Nebraska, is still standing on the banks of the Missouri.

THEY were manufactured in the United States last year over a half million sewing machines.

ONE hundred and twenty-one and three-fourths miles of sidewalk were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

IT is said that 42,500 bales of cotton are used every year by the ladies—to add to their attractive appearance.

DETROITERS say there are \$10,000,000 of counterfeit national bank notes in circulation in the United States.

MORE than 600,000 sets of steel pens are manufactured in Sheffield, England, annually. Over 600 tons of sheet steel is made in that city each year, for this purpose alone.

IN Manila, twenty-five thousand women and girls work at cigar making, averaging wages of seven cents per day. A girl getting ten cents is considered as making a rapid fortune.

ELECTRICITY is employed in some of the French theatres to transmit signals, such as the time of the music, from the leader of the orchestra to musicians stationed behind the scenes out of his view.

THE consumption of spirits in the United States last year was about eighty-five million gallons, or over two hundred and thirty thousand gallons per day; giving an average of two and a half gallons per man to every man, woman, and child in the States. As the women and children don't usually drink, the men must have done their share of the drinking pretty liberally to make the average so heavy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLAR BEAR.—The present Bear of Russia is a totaler. Nemo.—"Owen Meredith" is the nom de plume of Robert Bulwer Lytton, son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, better known in literature as the author of "Barney's Novels".

A RARE CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY! THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

ALL PRIZES! NO BLANKS!! THIS IS A BONA-FIDE OFFER WHICH WILL BE CARRIED OUT.

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

Table with 3 columns: Prizes, Number of Subscribers required at \$2.00, and The CHOICE is given of the two articles described opposite each number. It lists 9 prizes ranging from \$20 to \$70.00, including sewing machines and watches.

When desired, Gentlemen's Watches will be sent instead of Ladies' of the same value and quality. Every one sending us a club of 5 Subscribers at \$2.00, will receive the HEARTHSTONE for one year, and the Presentation Plate, FREE.

THE FOLLOWING GRAND PREMIUMS

- will be given IN ADDITION to the prizes and commissions above mentioned, to the most energetic and successful canvassers. FIRST GRAND PREMIUM.—For the largest number of new subscribers sent by one person before the 15th April 1872.—BE THAT NUMBER, WHAT IT MAY,—ALL HAVE A CHANCE: A Grand Square 7 octave Piano-Forte, rosewood case, rich mouldings, and of the finest tone.....Price, \$400.00

It is evident that one person may, not only win a GRAND PREMIUM and ONE of the prizes on the first list, but SEVERAL of the latter; either by working for them successively, or by taking two or more prizes of less value, equivalent to the one represented by the number of subscriptions sent.

Those who prefer canvassing on CASH TERMS ONLY, and who do not wish to compete for the GRAND PREMIUMS, can take advantage of the club terms offered elsewhere. These offer more immediate profit, but exclude from obtaining prizes, or competing for the GRAND PREMIUMS.

Send in subscriptions as fast as obtained, so that parties may receive the paper at once. Give the correct name and address of every subscriber. Use Bank drafts, Post Office money orders, or register your letters when remitting; otherwise the money is at your risk.

All subscriptions will be reckoned from the 1st January, and the papers so sent, unless otherwise specified.

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

NO ONE WHO SEES THE ENGRAVING CAN REFUSE TO SUBSCRIBE.

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

The money so received will be placed to your credit on account of your future subscribers, and you will have so much less to remit when sending the names. Opposite the names of those to whom you have delivered the Presentation Plate, state the fact.

Each competitor will state when first remitting, whether he or she prefers club terms, cash commission, or a prize; also indicate what prize is aimed at, so that as soon as the number of subscribers required is reached, the prize may be sent.

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

GEO. E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor of The Hearthstone, The Canadian Illustrated News, L'Opinion Publique, and L'Etendard National.—Illustrated Papers. Montreal, January 2, 1872.

G. J. HUBBARD, OPTICIAN.

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MAGIC LANTERNS &c. A Magic Lantern with condenser lamp, and reflector showing a disk of three feet on wall; A box containing one dozen comic slides (38 subjects) sent free to any part of Canada, Price \$2.50. For larger kinds see Catalogue.

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

C. C. CHILDREN'S GERMINE GORDIAL THE MOST APPROVED REMEDY FOR TEETHING PAINS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, CONVULSIONS, LOSS OF SLEEP, RESTLESSNESS, &c.

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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.

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H. C. UXBIDGE wants to know the cause of pimples on the face and a cure for them. Pimples are caused by impurity in the blood, frequently especially when of the face—superinduced by and aggravated by this latter case we recommend as a cure "Take the pledge." In all other cases the only cure we know is to live moderately and temperately and restore the blood to its state of purity by slight doses of such ointment of tartar, or other cooling and purifying medicines.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE. 14th Jan. 1872. The weather during the early part of yesterday was very cold. It afterwards became milder, but this morning the frost is again very sharp. Therm. at 7 a.m. 1° below zero.

Flour.—Only a retail business doing at prices within range of our last quotations. Extra No. 1, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Extra, \$3.25 to \$3.40; Fresh Super (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary Super, Canada Wheat, \$3.05 to \$3.10. Strong Super Flour, \$3.25 to \$3.40. Super Flour from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) nominal. City brands of Super (from Western Wheat) fresh-ground nominal. Canada Super No. 2, \$3.70 to \$3.80. Western Super, No. 1, \$3.60 to \$3.70. Fine Flour, \$3.00 to \$3.10; Middlings, \$1.40 to \$1.50; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.35; Upper Canada Big Flour, \$ 100 lbs. \$2.85 to \$3.00; City brand, (delivered) \$3.10 to \$3.12.

WHEAT. 60 bushel of 60 lbs.—Market quiet. No transactions reported. Corn, 50 bushel of 56 lbs.—Market steady. Retailing at 70¢. Rye, 50 bushel of 56 lbs.—Recent transactions in carloads at 86¢ to 87¢.

Business was dull on 'Change this forenoon; prices of yesterday are obtained as nominally unchanged. There was but a limited demand from the local and city trade, all within range quoted. Receipts reported by G. T. R. nothing.

WANTED.

The "Hearthstone," for 1872. Any person having a copy of THE HEARTHSTONE of Vol. 1, No. 11, is requested to forward the same to Edward de B. Keatin, No. 1 Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal, and a suitable reward will be given for it. THE HEARTHSTONE OFFICE, January, 1872.

A MODERN thinker says that many people will be satisfied with a copy of the HEARTHSTONE if they lay to a scheme to be made angels. Conchs, Colic, and Sore Throat yield to Johnson's Anodyne Linctum, used internally.

The manufacture of Fine Jewellery for the Trade has this season exceeded the products of last year and to supply the ever increasing demands for Fine Work in Gold, Mr. B. Coleman has opened work rooms with a staff of skilled European workmen, at 191 St. James Street, where the Trade are invited to call and examine the workmanship in Diamond, Pearl, and every variety of Fine Gold work in the English and American Styles.—42 m.

Academy for Young Gentlemen. English, Classical, and Mathematical. DALY STREET, OTTAWA CITY, ONT. Revd. C. FREUBRICK STREET, M.A., Principal. ASSISTED BY EXPERIENCED TEACHERS.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organ. The Virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solution. For sale at all Drug Stores. Price 25 cents per bottle and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor. HENRY E. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

NOTICE THIS!!

I WILL send ONE DOZEN of the best Pens in the world, with a neat holder, by mail for twenty-five cents and a three cent stamp for postage. A. ABRAMS, Box 1414, Montreal.