Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

TERMS, \ \\$2.00 PER ANNUM. \\ \\$ingle Copies, 5 CENTE

No. 45.

THE EDITOR'S WOOING.

We love thee, Ann Maria Smith, And in thy condescension We see a future full of joys "Too numerous to mention."

There's Cupid's arrow in thy glance, That by pure love's coercion thas reached our very heart of hearts And " asked for an insertion."

With joy we feel the blissful pain. And ere our passion ranges We freely place thy love upon The "list of our exchanges."

There's music in thy lowest tone, And silver in thy laughter. And truth—but "we will give the full Particulars bereafter."

Oh! we would tell thee of our plans All obstacles to shatter. But we are full just now, and have "A press of other matter."

Then let us marry, Queen of Smiths, Without more hesitation. The very thought-doth give our blood "A larger circulation."

MONKSHOLM.

A Love Story.

CHAPTER I.

Eve Winter would never get the holly-wreath round the reading-desk finished, some one de-clared, if she did not stop talking to Graham Moore, and show a little interest in what she was about; and young Mr. Chorlake—the Squire, as he was called—who had been looking exceed-ingly fidgetty while the conversation alluded to ingly fidgetty while the conversation alluded to had been going on, seemed to agree with the opinion thus expressed, and went over hastily to the offending couple, with some trivial question about their work. "Very nearly finished," the young fedy said it was, holding up a long garland of glossy leaves and berries, and letting it trail over her graceful arms. Miss Winter appeared just a little relieved by the Squire's approach. Mr. Moore's face told nothing.

He went on quietly with the final disposal of the holly-wrenth round the dark oak desk—as quietly as though he were insensible to the beauty of the fair hand that sometimes touched his, in the fastening, and patting, and re-arrang-

his, in the fastening, and patting, and re-arrang-ing that were found necessary to produce the true artistic effect; or of the frank, lucid eyes, and round lips, that looked at him and spoke to

him smilingly the while.

Any one who was not in love with Eve Winter, would, at that moment, unhesitatingly have ter, would at that moment, unnestatingly have pronounced her a dangerous young coquette; but then it was such arch and pretty coquetry, and it was such good fun to see the disgusted faces of the other young ladies of Monksholm, who had been working hard and pricking their fingers all day, without arriving at any such agreeable result as Eve's idleness had brought that the shear of so much assistance and about, in the shape of so much assistance and attention from Mr. Chorlake.

It was a shame for her to go on so with him,

they decided amongst themselves. What on earth could be see in her? What, indeed! Only a charming, intelligent face, and a lithe figure of infinite gracefulness—only a curly mass tive bands, that were rarely quiet

Idle hands they were, too, the ladies of Monks-holm knew very well; capable of playing a "Song without Words," no doubt, or of making the most of those glittering locks; but were those the qualifications the young Squire would need in a wife? Where were the dignity and calm self-possession which ought to distinguish the lady of The Beeches?—where the energy and active usefulness which a position like hers would demand? Contrast that fair-handed Eve Winter with the three Miss Massingberds for instance : amiable and excellently up girls, with three Roman noses, and one idea divided amongst them-that idea being pro priety, as connected with possible matrime

chances.
Or, if Mr. Chorlake were absurd enough to wish for mere beauty in a wife, look at Laure Beresford, the acknowledged belle of the town; a girl educated at the most expensive boardingschools, who would do him some credit: but that little flirting Eve Winter!---It was a pity the poor young man had not some one to advise

And, meanwhile, the "poor young man" was looking, with serious anxiety, at one of Miss Winter's little hands, on which a wound had been inflicted, in spite of the responsible-look ing gloves she had worn—a soratch at least an eighth of an inch long—so that Mr. Chorlake felt called upon to sympathize with the suffere in a few low words, which did not reach Graham Moore's ears,—though, no doubt, his quietly observant eyes were not unconscious of the answering expression they called up in the young lady's mobile face.

Eve Winter was one of those very tantalizing and fascinating women, whom few men can help petting on the smallest provocation. She even liked to be spoken to, occasionally, as they ould speak to a rather spoiled child; and wa in consequence, declared silly and affected by

her lady friends But, under that laughing, pouting, wilful face lay something which redeemed her from that charge, with those that knew her; a latent capacity for deep and true emotion, which no man, who had himself any depth of character, failed to discover, running through all the graceful triding of her arch, coquettish manner, like a still stream, hidden by flower-blooms from

Careless eyes Eve might be made a good, asshe was already



GRAHAM MOORE AND HIS PUPILS.

a loveable and utterly charming, little woman, in strong and tender hands but the moor child was certainly, very much spoiled,—her aunt, who had given her a home when she was left alone in the world, being very proud of this graceful girl, in her own placid way; so that Eve, encouraged in her little vanities, and herself of a decidedly pleasure-loving nature, revelled in the consciousness of her fresh young beauty, which she chose, occasionally, to set off with the most audacious tolleties, taking a mischievous delight in "cutting out" the mortified belies of the country town, attracting the titled belies of the country town, attracting the best men to her side, and keeping them there, too—thus making herself an object of dislike and envy to her fair friends, who had not even the poor consolation of copying her dresses, as they never looked the same on any one else.

And yet, the greatest joy of all, Eve was be-ginning to think, would be denied to her smooth-flowing life. For sometimes she would, con-trary, as it may appear to the usual wont of maidenhood, dream of love, and all she had read about it, wondering if it would ever dawn upon her careless heart, and flush all her days with rosy light, such as coloured the pages of Tennyson, and Owen Meredith, and Coventry Patmore, whose poetry she feasted on when-over she could escape from her monotonous little round of galeties and triumphs. And once, during these delicious musings. Eve had wondered whether it was really true what people said about Mr. Moore, the master of the Monksholm School of Art—that he had been engaged, and that the lady of his love had died; and that he would never, never marry as long as he lived? And having wondered, Eve tlush-

ed as rosily as her own dreamings.

I think most of us have read stories enough to enable us to translate the pretty language of that blush for ourselves; and we will agree that if the young lady's deepening cheek and disturbed heart, told the truth, and Graham Moore's voice or step had such wonderful power over both, it was time for Eve to cease all those saucy little wiles that were, day by day, tang-ling poor Hal Chorlake's honest heart in a golden web, and to let one or other of these gentlemen go free.

But, all this time, we have left the young Squire inspecting that terrible scratch on Miss Winter's band, and Graham Moore watching quietly for the pleasure of seeing her safe into the little pony-cerriage which was waiting at the church-gate in the early December twilight

At the same moment, the three Miss Mass At the same moment, the three sins ansi-ingbords made a simultaneous swoop on the shining-haired coquette, who was awaking the most intense anxiety in their correct bosoms, and expressed their intention of taking her home with them.

Eve smiled her very prettiest smile, whether for the gratification of the ladies or the gentle-men, I cannot determine, but—"Poor Aunt Lucy was not very well; she must not be left

Then there was a moment's pause glanco at the dark face near the reading-deskan arch peep into Mr. Chorlake's beaming, impatient, urgent blue eyes, and a quickly smother ed sigh as Miss Winter said good-bye to Mr. Graham Moore, and the three Roman-nosed sisters, and allowed Mr. Chorlake to take her to the little carriage — giving him permission moreover, as he attended anxiously to the disposal of her many furs and wraps, to call that evening, and ask after Aunt Lucy's cold. Mr. Graham Moore went home alone.

*Home, to him, meant an old-fashioned and rather gloomy-looking house, in which he had taken lodgings, principally for the sake of an ated, straggling garden attached to it, brightened up the dull street, and reantiquated. minded him of the days when he had really had a home, and those who cared to watch for

I don't think there had been any such love-passage in 's life as hed by, a about red to 16by the lair gossips of Monkelon and best had once been his amusement; and walls he was once been his amusement; and waile he was still trifling with it, and dreaming of what he would one day achieve, came the reverse of fortune which left him without a home, and with only one means of geining a livelihood—the art with which he had filled up his idle time, and which, henceforth, was to earn for him his bread-and-butter. So, in course of time, he came to be master of the Monksholm School of Art, and tolive in the old-lashioned house aforesuid, where he was waited on and taken care of suid, where he was waited on and taken care of by a kind-hearted woman, who was a martyr to low spirits—melancholy having marked her

Mr. Moore found a cheerful fire awaiting him Mr. Moore found a cheerful fire awaiting him on this particular evening; the table, with the tea-things, had been brought close of it, and his arm-chair and slippers had been put in their proper places by the Martyr's own land. The curtains were drawn; an appetizing odour of hot cakes was wafted baimly from the kitchen; the kettle was singing industriously; but the master was ungrateful enough to consider the master was ungrateful enough to consider the comfortable room lonely and cheerless, and wanting in something which he did not dare to

define.
But he went and looked up at a smiling face, wreathed about with ivy, that hung above the mantelpiece, in the flaming firelight; and as he

It was a little crayon head of a girl, with shining hair and tormenting eyes; a portrait, in tact, of that young beauty, Miss Winter, in a slouched riding-hat, with dark, talling plume as the artist had seen her once at a pic-nic in the autumn gone by, and when, in a gracious mood, she had let him draw her picture. And the lonely man stood and looked till the tantalizing face seemed to grow into life, till he almost jeit the breath from those bright lips or his cheek-those lips! He sank back into his chair, and covered his enger eyes with trembling hands. "Ah, child, child!" he thought. "If it is to make me love you more madly, more en-tirely, no need for all this doubt—this daily tor-ture and suspense! Eve! with your sweet, wayward temper, your intense nature, dare I ask you to give up case and wealth for love, to come

and soul for yours in return? Evo! little Evo! little darling of my heart!" And in the meantime, Eve was sitting with Aunt Lucy and Mr. Chorlake in the pretty drawing-room of Lea, singing ballads in the sul dued light, with her radiant violet dress display-ing her milk white shoulders, and her golden nair knotted up in a curly mass, and all her in

my poor home, and take my body

finite grace and beauty deepening under the ex-citement of the Squire's whispered compliments; while Graham Moore dreamed of her, and longed for fashioned lodgings. and longed for her, by his solitary fire in the old-

CHAPTER- II.

Monksholm was a very sleepy little town Beyond few dinner parties, somewhat ponderous in style and a bazaar once a-year, in aid of the church schools, the inhabitants were not given to much excitement.

The young ladies, however, did not complain the sameness of their existence. All who could sing were members of the choir of St. Mark's; those who could not, devoted their energies to the schools I have spoken of; and in both cases Mr. Augustus Maunsell, the pale curate, was the centre of attraction.

For eligible men were painfully scarce in Monksholm; and, in consequence, this slightly consumptive young divine had a very pleasant time of it, having amassed more black currant jelly and embroidered slippers than he could wear out in a lifetime.

One or two of the more aspiring female minds

had, it is true, reflected that The Beeches was a very precty place, and that Mr. Chorinke must, somer or later, desire to settle; but the young Squire was so often away—finding the house dull, nodoubt, since the death of his mother, who had been his last surviving relative—that the idea had hitherto been a very vague one, until the appearance of a possible rival in the quiet little town forced the young hadyhood of Monksholm to look to its laurels; foreseeing, as it did, a total cellipse of all its laborious little fascinations at the caraless hands of this giet with the tions at the careless bands of this girl with the arch, blonde lace, who was so different to anything it had seen before.

Eve, by no means unconscious of her victory used to hugh over the discomfiture of her fair enemies in a most charming manner, and to amuse Mrs. Erroll with some capital imitations of their harmless little peculiarities as soon as her victims were fairly out of hearing.

"Poor Mr. Chorlake!" she would say, with a

sbrug of her white shoulders, "No wonder he shuns these dreadful bores, and finds a long stay at The Beeches—or has, till now, found it, as no

From which it would appear that Miss Winter had already met the young Squire, which was, indeed, the case. And a very pleasant, kind-hearted fellow he was, she assured her aunt, on being questioned; awfully fond of dancing, and not a bit like that a "Squire" is popularly supposed to be, his greatest delicht consisting. posed to be, his greatest delight consisting in the production of innumerable burlesques, want-

ing in no essential except fun and grammar.
"But he is very good-natured!" Miss Winter would add, relenting; "and we have always been very good friends."

The judicious reader will not be surprised—

though the young ladies of Monksholm were, and uneasy too—to hear that Mr. Chorlake made his appearance in the town two days after Miss Winter's arrival, taking up his quarters at the lonely Manor House, with an evident inten-tion of making himself as comfortable as passi-

ble during a long stay.

And being, in truth, what Miss Winter had represented him—a cheery young fellow, with a large, warm heart—he set about trying to make every one else as pleased with the world and everything in it as he was himself. He organized plc-nics and grand balls at The Becches, at which Mrs. Erroll did the honours, and her golden-haired niece dazzled the eyes of the little town ith her brilliant beauty, and her white tulle ball-dress, fresh from Paris.

In fact, never had Monksholm been so gay, nd never before had Mr. Chorlake made so It was he, good-natured fellow, who told Miss

Winter that the Master of the School of Art, who had once taught his, Mr. Chorlake's, consins in London, was a "capital sort," and ought to be taken some notice of. People down here are too snobbish to look

at him, you know," the young Squire asserted, "just because he's down on his luck, and all that sort of thing; but he's a gentleman, and he's painting a picture, by Jove, that would astonish you, Miss Winter, I mean to buy it. 'Savourneen Deelish' he's called it. You can count every blade of grass on the girl's grave, and you feel obliged to guess how much a yard the fringe cost that the Irish lover's coat is made of! Wonderful, give you my word!" "I daresay; but you are so easily astonished,

Mr. Chorlake." Miss Winter had answered, latily taking her cup of tea from the Squire. However, Aunt Lucy will think about it; won't you, Auntie?"

Mrs. Erroll smiled, and said she would. So, from that time forth, Mr. Graham Moore mjoyed the inestimable privilege of being ad mitted into the select society of the little town a privilege which I am afraid he did not sufficiently value, except in so far as those happy five o'clock cups of tea, drank in the pretty drawing-room of Lea, gave him an excuse, rather too often, for wasting a few hours at Eve Winter's side.

Eve had brought this fashion of ton-drinking from London with her, and, of course, it was eagerly followed by her fair friends, who at once detected its peculiar adaptability to the interests of that matrimoulal struggle which made up

their life. But, as a rule, they drank their tea by them-selves, unless they were so fortunate as to make one of the party at tea by chance; for the young men found the drawing-room there so young men round the unawing-roun there so pleasant, and so cool in those hot, dreamy July days, and Mrs. Erroll and her pretty niece such charming company, that it became a regular thing with them to dropholduring the afternoon. Especially with Mr. Chorlake, whom you might have been sure of seeing any day between five and six humother in Mrs. Ferrill's consist chairand six, banging in Mrs. Erroll's ensiest chair— and they were all easy—and enjoying Miss Win-ter's graceful impertinence, which she displayed in fuller force for his benefit, he declared, thun for any other fellow's, and which he took ac-cordingty in the soothing light of a compliment, finding it an agreeable contrast to the insidd umfability which most ladies (hought it pro-dent to cylince towards the master of The

As often as he could spare time, and oftener, I am afraid, Mr. Moore, too, joined Eve's little court, remembering to the day of his death the fleeting many-coloured hours he spent in that shidy room, whose windows opened on the lawn, where the roses were reddening in the July sun, and the evening light shone greenly through a tangled trellis of leaves, on Eve in her white misty dress—irresistibly pretty and bewitching, no matter what her mood might be -and she had many; singing to them sometimes, sometimes teasing them, charming them always. And about this time it was Miss Winter's particular caprice to resolve on attending the morning-class at the School of Art, of which Mr. Moore was master, as we know. Miss Win-ter's caprices were invariably indulged, and the young lady persevered as earnestly as if she had had a real talent for drawing, which she cer-tainly had not.

Of all Mr. Moore's pupils, she was the least

of all arc alongs pupils, she was the least satisfactory, the most troublesome, the lilest; and, perhaps, it was for this reason that the young noister lingered longest at her side,— finding, doubtless, a great deal to correct in the work which got on so slowly. So the reses reddened and withered, and the

trees at Lea began to change colour, and the leaves to full on the lawn, and in the garden walks; and, at last, Chrismus drew near, and the snow was on the ground.

And still Miss Winter was impertment to the Squire, who was more flattered than ever; still Graham Moore was wosting his time; and the young ladies of Monksholm cultivated the pale curate with renewed energy—the despairing energy of a forform hope.

HAPTER III.

On the morning after Mr. Moore had droumed such sweet dreams about a certain wilful

young lady, he awoke early.
Sobered by the lenden grayness of a snowy sky—by the chill whiteness upon which he looked out—his visions of the past night, being recalled, filled him with anger at himself—with a hopeless sense of his own folly.

When did such dreams as his over bear the strengthen of deallers of any look when he had not about he had not ha

strong glare of daylight, and not shrink back, frightened at their own shadows?

"She will not come to me to-day, through all this snow," he thought; and he tried to feel dis-dainful as he remembered her dainty little feet, her delicate ways; but, instead, a strange yearning filled his heart. He pictured her face whining on him, like some radiant flower that had outlived the frost and involuntarily he stretched his strong hands towards the road by which she would come, drawing them back the next moment, with an impatient strug of the shoulders. "I am easily befooled?" he said to

blimself bitterly, as he went down stairs.

The dingy pariour was filled with the blazing of a cheery fire, that shone so good-humouredly on the shabby room and the simple appointments of his breakfast-table, that it would been ungracious not to have brightened up in his company; and so truth compels me to state that Graham rang the bell, and ordered break-fast, and seemed, in spite of the little sentimental disturbance he was suffering, to enjoy the clear brown smoking-hot coffee which the Martyr presently brought in, and, worse still, a very black-looking pipe with which he supplemented the repust sitting luxuriously with his slippers basking in the warmth, and indulging in an occasional comfortable shudder at the dreary prospect out of doors.

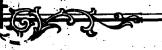
ere had not chanced to be in the garden a sturdy holly-tree that grew close to the windows, and was all affame with red berries, he might have enjoyed this morning pipe the more; for, somehow, when his eyes fell on it, the scene of last night came back with painful distinctness: and the Squire's handsome head, bending over two little busy hands with a green prickly wreath, came between him and the blazing fire, so that all the room seemed

chili and dark.

I don't see why he should have suddenly started up at that moment, and begun to fling some drawing materials on the table, with angry energy; but, for the next two hours, pipe in mouth, he worked with them, until the glock said ten minutes to ten, and then it was time to think of the class which awaited him at the School of Art.

There was a smile, and not altogether an miable one, on Mr. Moore's dark face, as he walked quickly along the snowy streets; and in the portfolio, which he carried, was the sketch in water-colours on which he had spent his morning hours of leisure.

It was such a severe day, that he was not surprised to find only a very few of his pupils at work in the cheerless room, looking particularly bare and cold that morning, with its white cast



and empty benches; but his heart gave an unmistakable leap when he distinguished one amongst them, and saw that Miss Winter was in her usual place at the extreme end of the long room, and close to the fire.

Miss Winter, in a coquottishly simple gray dress, trimmed with delicate far, was warning her hands at the blaze, and, as usual, neglecting her easel, on which stood a very imperfect remeasuration in chalk of a classic head crownand empty benches; but his heart gave an un

representation in chalk of a classic head crown-

ed with acanthus leaves.
She looked up demurely when the master approached, returning his quiet, "Good morning, ladies," with a greeting even more carefully guarded from any particular expression, but she did not move from the fire.

"And how have you got on to-day, Miss Winter?" Mr. Moore asked, gravely, as he paused

before the neglected casel.

"It is so cold to-day," was the young lady's reply, with a little shiver, and a swift upward glame from under her bright hair.

glauce from under her bright hair.

"That is not an answer to my question," Mr. Moore observed, endeavouring to concentrate his attention on the head in chalk.

"I am sure it is, or would be, Mr. Moore, if you were not so enthently practical. It means that, being so cold, my fingers were naturally stiff; so that when I began to touch up lacehus, or whenever he may be I only gays him too. or whoever he may be, I only gave him too much eyebrow. That's all I've done to-day,

"I thought as much. Now let me see how industrious you can be, and what progress you can make before I return. Your fingers must be warm now, so come from the fire."

Eve obeyed in silence, and the master lieft

and went cheerfully through his duties, a word of encouragement and kindly criticism for each pupil.

As I have said, they were few in number to-day; principally red-checked school-girls, who fluttered a little, and nudged each other vaguely, when Mr. Moore approached; but whose sensi bilities were not too much excited by the unde-niable admiration they feel for this quiet and rather languid young man, to allow them, after he had passed on, and was once more at Miss Winter's side, to continue the crunching of bonbons, with which they were sweetening their labours.

Eve was incorrigibly idle this morning, and

instead of trying to improve the personal ap-pearance of the injured god, she had been drawing little sketches from a rare scarlet flower, which she had brought from the conservatory at Lea.

Mr. Moore, seeing this, took the flower from her hand, and desired her to attend to her

work.
Miss Winter obeyed again, and for five minutes she appeared to be extremely busy. Then she threw down her crayon-holder, and exclaimed, softly, "Do be kind this morning, Mr. Moore; never mind faccious and his eyebrow; but tell me something about pictures, or painters or show me something about pictures, or painters or show me something about pictures, or painters or show me something about pictures, or painters. ers, or show me something pretty, as you used to do, on rainy days, when there were so few to attend to. I confess I am idle to-day."

"And that is so unusual in Miss Winter, that I am to indulge her in consequence?" The master's tone was severe; but his eyes were smiling down on the changing face, uplifted eagerly to them. "Well, what shall I show you?" he asked, relentingly. And as he thought of the sketch in the portfolio, he thought, with strange satisfaction, "She has brought it on

"Whatever you think I shall like to see," Eve answered, still softly, as though she feared to attract the attention of the other rupils, who were uncounclously crunching their innocent bon-bons with their backs turned on this ro-

mance of real life.
So Mr. Moore proceeded to amuse Miss Winter, and to that end, opened a portfolio full of his own drawings, handing them, one by one, into Eve's white hand, and listening to her little chattering comment upon each, as she knelt down by the fire to look at them, glancing up asionally at the tall figure that stood beside

her.

"Ashy-Dene! Oh, how pretty! Do you remember what a pleasant pic-nic we had there? Yes; there is the waterfall, and the great ches-What a lovely little sketch! Oh, Miss Beresford, with her hair dressed to death, as usual. Poor Laura! she ought to be flattered, I'm sure, Mr. Moore, that you remember her face so well; or did she sit to you? No? Well, it is a capital likeness. Of course, you think her pretty? I thought so; most men do admire rosy cheeks and black eyes. Is that our garden-walk at Lea, with the fountain? What charming little bits you make out of the most common-place materials! What is that in your hand? It is the last, I see."
"Perhaps you had better not look at this one,

Miss Winter," the artist said, a dark flush rising to his broad forehend

young lady's answer, as she took it from his hand, smiling, and looked at it. But the smile died from her lips as she look-

A litti

ed, and she grew yery pale.

It was a picture of young Laurence and Lady Clara Vere de Vere ; and on the heartless beauty's breast, as she stood looking down carelessly on her rustic lover's despair, there gleamed a bunch of holly-berries, and dark shin-

Carelessly as it was done, Eve knew the face in the picture for her own, and read, with a beating heart, the few words scrawled under the

"I know you, Clara Vere de Vere!"
With a trembling hand, she gave it back, and tried to speak, but she broke down; and with a piteous look luto Graham's cold face, she waited to hear what he would say. Without appearing to notice her emotion, Mr.

Moore began to gather up the drawings, and put them back into the portfolio, observing quietly, as he did so, "You don't like the last one,

Something in his unconcerned mannerah! how much it cost him to assume that manner—stung Eve into replying as coolly. The hot flush faded from her cheek. She rose, and stood

"Ah, yes; it is very good !" she said. "But I am afraid all my sympathics are with Lady Clara, that queen of coquettes. Very improper, I know; but, I dare say, young Laurence be-came so insufferably stupid, after a time, that she was obliged to give him his congé."

slie was obliged to give him his congé."

"Or, perhaps, she took fright at his thek boots and hard hands—poverty! That is too much to endure for the truest love—is it not?"

"Men are so fond of insisting on it, in that amiably sarcastic tone, that I begin to think it is true—at least, in their case. It is they who fear it most, after all. They dare ask a woman to share her life with them — to give her best self into their keeping: but to endure a little privation, they are not noble enough—they do not credit her with nobility enough—they do not credit her with nobility enough for that! Though, in-leed, few men would be worth the sacrifice!"

Pale and agitated, Miss Winter turned away, and began to put on her gloves; all pleasure was over for that morning.

Graham's face had lost all its affectation of

indifference; eager and glowing, he followed her impetuous movements with passionate eyes.
What hopes, and fours had not that scornful little arrange younged within him. seh roused within him ! One kind word | lessly.

would have decided his fate; but he was not wise to ask for it just then.

"But you would have turned young Laurence

away, Miss Winter ?" he asked breathlessly. She turned, and looked into his face for a short moment. Decidedly the young lady's temper had been ruffled; for though a sharp pang thrilled through her heart at his wistful, imploring expression, she replied carelessly, "Ah tho doubt I should! I dislike thick boots! Good morn-

ing, Mr. Moore!"
And so she went away ; and the master going to the window, watched her down the street, until her golden head and violet petticont were lost in the distance; then he returned to his

The searlet flower that Eve Winter had worn lay on her easel still. Mr. Moore took it up, and carried it home, and put it in a glass of water, whence it shone, in his lonely parlour, a spot of warm, living colour throughout the dark December day, looking as strange and its shably surroundings, Graham thought, bitterly, as the young lady might have done who had carried it on hor breast for a little time.

CHAPTER IV.

So the red hot-house flower became the text of a long sermon to Graham Moore. For the first time since he had begun tolove Evo Winter, he dared to look soberly into his own heart, and think of what he saw there.

" I will waste no more time indangling after a practised coquette," he said to himself, in the course of that dreary afternoon. "I cannot af-ford to give her so much of my time, though she

values it and me at so little.

"And I have been debdling myself, like a miserable fool, with the idea that I could rival handsome Hal Chorlake, with als London-made clothes, and unlimited supply of pule-coloured gloves, and his great house and fortune. I, a disappointed man, whose pictures don't sell, and who will never be anything better than a badly-paid teacher of drawing as long as I live! What t lively fancy remains to me after my two-andthirty years !

"I have invested considerably myself in pale coloured gloves during the last six months, bocause, forsooth, I must appear better off than 1 am. I had better have spent the money on those objectionable thick-boots: they would carry me comfortably through the rain and the snow, to my pupils That is the life to which I must accustom myself, and I will begin from this hour. I will shut the eyes of my heart on that little drawing room, rosy, and glancing with firelight, where she is nestling now, no doubt—that pretty, graceful indolence envelopingher like a mist very desirable attribute in the wife of a struga very desirable attribute in the wife of a strug-gling man! What have I to do with a little exotic like her? And Chorlake—of course he will be there to-night, hanging over her as she sings, breathing in that vague scent that always clings about her shining hair—looking into her eyes! Oh, my darling!" And here the unhappy cycs; (ii), my daring: And nere the unhappy young man broke down with something like a sob. "You will give yourself to him, though you belong to me. Oh, Eve!—my Eve!— my wilful love! If I did not know that you loved me, I could resign you to that kindly heart without a single selfish regret. But, now, he will give you shining gowns, and diamonds for your pretty throat, and pleasant scents and sounds; but he will not make you happy with them, my poor child! He cannot; for, within the last few months, you have become conscious of a deeper want thun these can satisfy. Oh, if I dared—" The master's eye fell on the scarlet flower at

that moment, and the sentence remained unfi-Naturally enough, Miss Winter, too, had been thinking matters over that dreary afternoon. When she left the school in the morning she

was decidedly angry, whether with herself or with Graham Moore the young haly could not decide: so, instead of going straight home, she wandered along a crooked old lane which would bring her to the sea, she knew, though after many windings, in order to have a little time to herself for reflection. The snow lay deep along the road, and on the

bare hedges and trees by the way, and the sharp frosty wind blew keenly in her face, making two great blush-roses of her checks; yet, she lingered over her cheerless walk, absorbed by her

gered over her cheerless walk, absorbed by her own thoughts, and heedless of the cold. "I wonder how he dared show me that sketch!" she was saying to herself. "And yet I liked him better this morning than I have ever done, and Aunt Erroll would be shocked if she knew how much that meant! But I deny, I utterly deny that I have ever trifled with him, as my charming sisterhood in Monksholm would say. I have been careful to avoid coquetry with him, whatever I may have done with poo Hal Chorlake. I have shown Mr. Moore, more respect, I know-been more deferential, and so forth; but he is so poor, and so sad, how could I help it? And the respect I have been silently good girl—avail yourself of that poculiar influence of the poor in the property was the exercise over the property was the exercise. paying to his poverty and his disappointed life, he has interpreted as the wiful manceuvre of

an lille coquette.

"How clear-sighted these men are! Is it worth our while, I wonder, to try to be better than they think us! And how long am I to go on retusing my poor Hal, who does love me, for a man of whom I have been weak enough to think a great deal too often; just because he has a melancholy face, and magnificent languidlooking eyes, I suppose—for what do I know of him besides, except that he evidently thinks very lightly of me? Well, it must soon come to an end, this doubt and suspense. I don't think I am romantic, but I notice that of late I have heard the hours strike during the night a great many times—my sleep is restless—I wake tired and fretful. Mr. Moore's triumph over me would be complete, indeed, if he could guess the reason of all this; but he does not know of it, and he never shall.

"I duresny he thinks my life a pandles from morning till night: he does not know that I am dependent on Aunt Lucy's bounty for the pretty dresses, and bonnets, and gloves I wear; and that she, kind as she is, fully expects me to make a 'good match' in return for her patron-

age and shelter. "Ah! how Graham Moore would despise me if he knew that I only came down here to tantalize Hal Chorlake, and make him follow me, and lead him on to a proposal! I did; but then

I did not love any one. Now—"
A heavy sigh ended the reverie, and Miss
Winter, looking at her tiny toy of a watch, all
blue enamel and brilliants, quickoned her pace; for Mrs. Erroll did not like to be kept waiting for

The rosy glow of the fire looked very friendly when Eve reached home after her long walk, and the comfortably spread table was not a thing to be despised; so she submitted with a smile to being gently scolded by Aunt Lucy's well-bred voice, and to having her wraps removed by Aunt Lucy's plump white hands.

"Naughty child!" that hady said; "you must be starved. I shall certainly forbid your going to that dreadful school again. As for me, I am famished. Luncheon directly, Sto.hens. Where have you been, dear? But there! you must when Eve reached home after her long walk

have you been, dear? But there! you must have a little wine before you tell me. What pretty pink cheeks your walks has given you, too; and Mr. Chorlake has only just missed see

ing them, poor fellow !"
"He has been here, then ?" Eve asked, care-

"My darling, he has been here all the morning. He declares—a little fowl, dear ?—that you promised to see him."

"I believe I did, auntie; but I forgot all about

him, and my promise too."

offit temper has been something diabolical in consequence. He has divided his spleon be-tween poor Fie and me; but I think I have had the worst of it."

the worst of it."
"Poor Auntle!" Eve laughed; "and poor Flo! There's a kiss for the principal victim, and a merry-thought for the other. But what has Mr. Chorlake been doing that is so very Mrs. Erroll sighed. Flo, being only a fat, white

positic, with very pink eyes, contented herself with a pensive attack on the merry-thought. Eve finished her sherry, and went back to the

fire, "Relieve your mind, Aunt Lauy," she said, gaily; "you may be sure of my deepest sympathy."

"My dear Eve, I don't know where to begin: he has tauried every skein of silk and every reel of cotton in my work-basket; he has pulled at least a handful of wool off poor Flo's morlanding back; he has played the most frightful dis-cords on the plane; and when two o'clock came, and there was still no sign of you, he looked so dangerously inclined to cat me, that I thought it prodent to offer him some luncheon; but that he evidently looked upon as a serious personal affront, for he rushed off like a whirlwind, to my

unspeakable relief."

(Poor Hal!" Eve exclaimed, with a silvery, little laugh. "We shall see him to-night at Mrs. Beresford's, and then I will make my

peace."
"I shall not be surprised if you have some news to tell me, when we return," Mrs. Erroll said significantly, with a gentle pat on Eve's curly head. "And Eve, doar, of course you are not going to be foolish; there is no time to be lost, remember. I am so weary of this place, that directly you are settled, I shall join your Aunt Emily in Paris—I need some change; so be a good girl, and put Mr. Chorlake out of his pain at once."

" Will It be putting him out of pain to marry him when I am just a little fonder of him than you are of Flo, Aunt Lucy ?" Eve spoke seri-

ously, looking up with anxious, beautiful eyes into Mrs. Erroll's caim face.

"My darling Eve," that lady replied, with a becoming studder; "don't be gushing, I implore of you! Leave that to the girls who have no other resource. You are a very charming woman, my love, and you have just enough. woman, my love, and you have just enough heart to give tone and colour to your charms. Pray don't let it interfere needlessly with your advancement in life. Sentiment is like rouge: it heightens beauty only when judiciously employed, and in small quantities."

Eve laughed, and her aunt went on, encouraged.

"You have played your cards very well, Eve, like a thorough little woman of the world, and you don't want to resign Mr. Chorlake and The Beeches now that they are at your feet, to the tender mercles of these dowdy Monksholm girls. No! you will take your place above them all—the place to which your beauty and tast entitle you. You would be very much out of your element in a sphere that would suit them exactly—in the curate's shabby parlour, for in-stance or presiding over a one o'clock dinner as little Dr. Golstone's wife. But, indeed, your own childish experience must have taught you the folly of an improvident mar-

"It has, is deed signification, for, surely, all our misery, "il sales to keep, was the result of pov-erty. I cannot think of my mother's sufferings now, without crying over them."

Mrs. Erroll nestled comfortably in the cush-lons of her easy chair. "Your mother married for love, Eve," she

said, drily. "And, yot," Eve wont on, "I don't think being poor is so very dreadful to itself, auntle : I eatld marry a poor man, if I thought he would not get to love me less when I wore the same dress very often, and looked anxious, and was sometimes cross because, in spite of mysolf, I sometimes cross operating, in spine of mysoli, it could not help missing my old comforts — my baths, and my silk dresses, and my little pony-carriage. Oh, Aunt Lucy, it is not we, but the men, who chafe under the change; and then they cease to care for us, because, for their sake, we have lost the smile, and the colour. and the roundness, and gatety that had at first charmed them into all they could feel of love !

" Little cynic !" Mrs. Erroll auswered, fondly. "My Eve is not going to lose any of her pretti-ness utall. That gray slik dress is very becoming, dear. I, for my part, have no desire to see it changed for a russet gown, such as we used to read of in sentimental novels, when I was a girl, or those very dimpled elbows reddened by attention to domestic details. No; be a ence you seem to exercise over every man fate throws in your way; say 'Yes,' to-night, and ask Aunt Lucy to come and pay you a pleasant visit, when you are Mrs. Chorlake, of The

"Dear Aunt Lucy !" Eve answered, absently. She was looking wistfully into the fire; her heart was beating with a strange trouble.

A vague sonse of triumph at Mr. Chorlake's

evident subjection-of regret, almost remorac for Graham Moore's disappointment that morn-ing—seemed blent with a feverish conclousness that her aunt's careless words as to her influence

over the feelings of most men, were true.
Two strong hearts lay in her weak little hand;
others might yield as these had done—life might have some strange remance in store for her, some joys and sorrows deeper than those of the women she met, every day, contented with the monotony of their unventual lives. She guessed wonderingly at the capabilities of her own nature for suffering or for delight, looking into her heart's future with calm eyes, as though at something apart from herself—something to be written about in passionate snatches of verse—something to give colour to her refined and symmathatic playing, and ferrour to the beliefer she have some strange remance in store for her.

patietic playing, and fervour to the ballads she sang with so much artistic feeling.

"Better to suffer, than to stagnate," she thought. And here, her meditations were interrupted by a feeble remonstrance from the poolic, which began to consider itself neglected; as kilowes lifted into Aunt Laurely sortioned by so Flowas lifted into Aunt Luoy's perfumed lap, and caressed by two pairs of pretty white hands, until her usual amiability was restored.

> (To be continued.) WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

There is searcely anything in itself so absolutely trivial as the friendship which in a cortain class of society one woman forms for an tain class of society one woman forms for another, at the shortest possible notice, and as quickly repudiates. Guaged by fervency of outward demonstration, these states or phases of mutual liking are well worthy of the name of friendship, but they fall when tested by a more abiding standard. Satire despises so in-significant a target. The habit (for it is nothing more) is by most women soon outgrown, and is so entirely barren of results for good or for ovil,

mote watch these ebbs and flows of affection do not interfore, recognizing at once their felly and their harmlessness. It is possible, however, that in tracing back these effects to their cause, we may find some more definite plece of useless ness, which can at least be marked for de-struction. If only this earth were trencher-shaped, as some long-headed man has tried in our time to show, staking money on his opinion, it would then be easy to cart away many nui-sances and sheer absurdities of long standing, and tip them over the edge, leaving those who mourned their loss to follow them; but gravity nots alike on the useful and the useless. The wiser plan is to lay our finger with what precision we can on the unsound tree, and trust to some strong woodman of a future generation to pass that way with his axe. To retur.: to our subject, the ephomoral nature of what are known as "women's friendships." They are seldom unworthly formed; the two women who, for an infinitely small space of their life's path are twinned in thought and tustes, are in general equally matched, and it is rare for the union to be severed by the discovery of base ness on one side. On the other hand, we re-member the case of a man who received the wintsh" of a University aducation failing in with an American on the Continent, and, after an acquaintance of exactly four days, bringing him home to stop at his mother's house. They arrived late at night, after the lady of the house had retired to bed; but when in the morning she expected to make the acquaintance of her son's friend, it was found that he and the spoons had vanished in the night. Such hastily-coment-ed fri indships are, however, rare between men. The characteristic features of these brief flashes of friendships, cases in a desert of com-monplace, as some young ladies would call them, are the gush and fervour with which they are sustained, and the quiet way in which they die a natural death. "How is Surah Jones?" de a nitural death. "How is Strill Joins?" "Oh," says Miss Smith, "I haven't heard anything of her for months," "But you used to write to her every week"—(very stilly). "Miss Jones and I used to correspond." It would seem that there is one common root from which career. This shallowness, like every other tion of female education which, until lately, has prevailed.

By nature impulsive, the girl is taught that the main object of her life is to make herself a showy and agreeable companion. She learns her stock of little arts and accomplishments with no idea of benefiting or improving herself, but merely to compel the admiration of others. Thus, the honest metal of her heart is overlaid with a coat of gliding, the more dazzling the better. As she grows up she discovers, or she is soon told, that these arts and blandishments must not be brought to bear directly on the op-posite sex. Society will not allow any open use of the weapons with which she has armed her maiden warriors. They must not, however, he suffered to rust; so, by the way of practice, as well as to awe the male foe by the sight of their skill, these young ladies set them selves to fight a way into each other's affections. In this battle she wins who is most demonstrative, and so the two become fast friends, amid kisses and means of victory. Before long the quick female wit sees exactly how much of this amiability has been put on. Both sides had been carried away with the belief, half felgmed and half real, that two such sympathizing natures had never met before, that here was the genesis of a life-long friendship; in cooler moments, the artificiality of the whole thing dawns upon them, and by mutual agreement it is suffered to drop. Such, we think, is the history of many of those friendships; certainly no harm is done by them, but with equal certainty no good. Why should a girl be taught that her happiness is measured by her power of amusing others, and the amount of shallow affection which upor occasion she can make display? A truer teach ing would tell her to be sincere in word and deed, to make herself attractive indeed to all; but to reserve her deeper regard for those who have some of the steadfastness of purpose and honesty of heart which mark a roal friend. She need not be deficient in those amenities which make the wheel of life run smoothly but, having received from Nature the double gift of a fine instinct, and an impulsive longing for sympathy, she should let the impulse be guided by the instinct, and choose only those for her friends in whom she has discorned under all outward gloss the true metal. We have in all outward gloss the true metal. We have in-dicated the error which underlies those mis-called friendships. In themselves harmless enough they serve to show the source from which spring others loss harmless. It should be no unimportant part of a young girl's education to give her a distinct notion of her calling and position in life. If she is taught to troud firmly the path of independence, she will no longer, by her confidences lightly placed and lightly re moved, cast a slur on that most beautiful and enduring of passions—the love of woman.— Social Review.

THE SELFISHNESS OF HUSBANDS.

No wife thinks herself aggreeved because her husband, instead of a pony-carria to for her and the children, keeps a hunter for himself, or because he has his own private dinner while she shares the family meal. On the contrary, to a certain extent, the English wife likes her lord and master to be selfish, and encourage him in it; she has always been taught that her first duty is to her husband, and she follows out the lesson implicitly, and takes a pleasure in saving shillings that he may waste pounds. The fact is a part of our national character, and is hardly likely ever to be much altered. bourer's wife is rather proud of the first that her husband beats her at times when he is more than usually disposed to realize that patriarchal ideal which is the keynote of the English family. And so the wife of the middle class is also so cretly a little proud of her husband's self-indulgences. She grumbles, perhaps, but she would not for the world have him give up his club, or his annual visit to the Derby and Oaks, or his fine regalias, or his exponsive claret. And for a kind word or two, or a touch of that old tender-ness of which so little now remains, she would, ness of which so little now remains, she would, indeed, endure almost anything without a murmur. Her one pleasure is the usual sea-side trip. And as long as that is secure, she cares very little how dull and naked and cheerless is her life for the other eleven months, or how many petty annoyances have to be endured, and

petty economies practised.

The husband's selfishness, again, is greatly due to the fact that he speads so little of his time in his wife's company. Selfishness such as that of which we speak is not innate; it is rather a bad habit. What a man allows himself once or twice as a trant, be soon come to reonce or twice as a treat, he soon comes to re gard as a matter of course. But he yet may be, gard as a matter of course. But he yet may be, and possibly is, a very generous fellow. The solfish man in esse is, indeed, as often as not the generous man in posse — the link between the two being that very good nature, which when a man is alone, takes self for its object. Men see far too little of their wives. The "club" that in the pauses of the more serious events of is far too important a fact in their life. They life it merely excites a passing smile. Those leave home early and come home late, and the who from a polut of interest nearer or more re— gloom of the English sabbath casts itself over

all their home life. And who can doubt that the indirect cause of all this is that pest of large families with which England labours. It is Mrs. Shindy and "the children" who are waited upon by the girl in pattens. But let a man have one child, or, at the outside two, or, if he be fairly well off, perhaps three, he is almost sure to be a different man. He will go about with his wife, an i spend money upon a hundred little cheap and pleasant amusements. It is assumishing how much originary tle cheap and pleasant amusements. It is astonishing how much enjoyment can be get out of a few shillings judiciously spent. But then, where it is easy enough to take about a wife, or a wife and child, it is difficult, troublesome, and annoying to take about a family of a dozen. A man is in his heart always a little ashamed of playing Darby and Joan. And—in justice to husbands—it must be admitted that there is a wide difference between six boys in bluchers and a wife with an alpace umbrella, and one nicely-dressed little girl and a wife in a sont-skin jacket. It is a little brutal to say so, but the plain truth is that most poor men are more or less ashamed of the appearance of their wives and children—and that not altogether without reason. But and that not altogether without reason. But let a man have a presentable wife and child, and the whole current of his life is ipso facto, changed. He gives up his club, and haunts places like the Crystal Palace and the Botanical Gardens. He takes a pride in his home and its surroundings. And that he should situad drink factour and Leville at the Argener multiple. Latour and Leville at the Arcopagus, while his wife drinks beer at home, would seem to him simply monstrous. Let him have a dozen children instead of one, and the Shindy element in him developes at once. A poor man with a large family is unhappy. And an unhappy man Is always selish. Solishness, indeed, is a man's relief from amoyance. It is a moral callus produced by the light shoe of poverty.

There is some reason to hope that the true secret of life is beginning to be better understood, and that it will not detail to be considered.

secret of the is beginning to be better inaccisions, and that it will one day be seen that the man who had six sons, when he ought to have only one, does all the six an irreparable injury. Monstrous families of twelve and fourteen children are now usually the glory of pure carates, whose views on the matter are, of course, as might have been expected, apt to be tinged by the colour of their profession. It is, indeed, impossible to doubt that sounder ideas on the subject are more prevalent than is generally supposed. It is not of course, a matter property which reselve. It is not, of course, a matter about which people are apt to talk, and the change of public sonti-ment can only be gathered from its effects. But the sheer cost of living becomes day by day so much dearer, while the love of enjoyment and refinement so increases, that to hundreds of people the problem must have long ago assamed a practical aspect. Ten years ago it was a common complaint that young men did not marry. We do not hear this of them now. Marriages are plentiful enough, and a pleasant companionable girl has seldom to wait long for a husband. In the course of another demi-genération we shall fear no more about " the deserted wife," and the English home will shake off its present genteel squator. Social reforms always commence from above.—Econiner.

FANNY'S MUD PIES.

BY BLIZABETH SHILL.

Under the apple tree, spreading and thick. Happy with only a pan and a stick, On the soft grass in the shadow that lies, Our little Fanny is making mud pies.

On her brown apron and bright drooping head Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed: Tied to a branch that seems meant just for that, Dances and flatters her little straw hat.

Gravely she stirs with a serious look,
"Making believe" she's a true pastry cook:
Smalry brown solashes on forchead and eyes
Show that our Fanny is making mud pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play Clean sonp and water will soon wash away: Many a pleasure in daintier guise Leaves darker traces than Panny's mud pies.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day, Z ndously chases the robins away, Barks at the equirrels, or sums at the flies, All the while Fanny is making mud pies.

Sanshine and soft summer breezes astir, While she is busy, are busy with her; Chocks rosy glowing, and bright sparkling eyes, Bring they to Fauny while making mud pies.

Dollies and playthings are all faid away, Not to come out till the next rainy day, Under the blue of those swoot summer skies, Nothing's so pleasant as making mud pies.

of 1868.1

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XLVII.

WILT BANISH TRUTH? IT INJURES NOT THE DEAD.

RICHARD REDMAYNE WAS a prisoner in Maidstone jail. Very wearisome were the examinations and cross-examinations which were necessary before the indictment against the actual sinner was fairly made out, and the in-nocence of Joseph Flood so demonstrated as to admit of his release from custody. Then, with the season of hop-gathering, and the long October nights lit here and there by campfires, came the assizes. Rick Redmayne, of Brierwood Farm, the kindly master, the cheerful open-hearted yeoman and trusty friend of years gone by, stood in the dock to plead guilty

to a midnight assassination. Never was there a profounder silence than that which held the court spell-bound when, after a verdict of guilty and a recommendation to mercy, the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say.
"Yes," answered Richard Redmayne quietly.

"There is something I should be thankful to say, with your lordship's leave. I should like the world to know why I shot that man."

And then in very plain and simple words, with a singular cleaness and conciseness, be

told Grace's story and his own. His return from Australia, his search, his discovery—only of a grave—his rooted conviction that the revealment of her lover's villany had slain his daughter. He told the judge, in a few rugged powerful sentences, what he felt as he sat in the moonlight watching his enemy's approach, and why he fired straight at that enemy's



"I don't want anybody to say that I was off my head that night," he said in conclusion.

"I mean' to do it. I'd rather speak the truth
and hong for it than be saved by a lie."

All the plausible rheteric of a Thurtell or a

fauntleroy, airing a university education in the dock, would have seemed poor beside that the dock, would have seemed poor beside that unvarnished statement of facts. Already the jury had recommended the guilty man to mercy; the judge strengthened their recommercy; the judge strengthoned that recom-mendation by all the might of his own in-fluence. Thank God, we do not live in hanging days! Of ten men doomed to the gallows six escape their doom, and Richard Redmayne was one of the six. Three days before the date appointed for his execution the jail chaplain informed him that the secretary of state had been pleased to commute his sentence to penal servitude for life.

Richard Redmayne gave a deep sigh of relief when he heard these tidings, but was not wildly clated, like a man for whom the prospect of death had been full of terror.

"I thank you kindly, sir," he said very quietly. "I feel much beholden to you and the other gentlemen for having taken all this trouble to begine off; and I'm very glad for the sake of the good old name that I'm not going to be jerked out of this world by the common hangman. But as far as my own feelings go, I think I'd as lief have ended my troubles even that way. Hard labour and a prison for the rest of one's life isn't a lively prospect for a man to look forward to."

" But it is a mercy for which you have good reason to be grateful, Redmayne," the chaplain answered gravely, "since it will afford you time for penitence. A crime such as yours is not to be wiped out hastily, though we cannot reckon the mercy of God to sinners, or what special dispensation He may reserve for those who lie under the final sentence of the law. You have a great work to do for your soul in the years to come, Richard; for I fear your mind is not yet awakened to the enormity of your offence. Think how great a sin it was to lark waiting for your enemy in the darkness of the night."

"It was broad moonlight," said Richard bluntly; "he might have seen me as well as I

"The act was not the less treacherous," re-joined the chaplain. "Consider how great a sin it is to send a soul unprepared to stand before its Maker. And by your own showing this man had been a sinner; even his sin against your daughter may have been still un-

repented of."
Richard Redmayne stood for a few moments cooking at the ground in thoughtful silence, octore he replied to this suggestion.

"I don't know," he said at last, "but I think somehow that he was sorry;" and then he told the story of his last visit to the churchyard at Hetheridge, and of the garland of snow-white inchouse flowers. "I hardly think he'd have remembered her birthday, and gone yonder to lay that wreath upon her grave, if he hadn't been sorry. It would have been easier for him to forget her. If I'd remembered those flowers upon her grave that night at Clevedon, I don't think I should have shot him." It was the first expression of any feeling

like sorrow or regret which had dropped from Rick Red. sayne's lips. The chaplain, although recognising something noble in the man, had begun to fear he was a hardened sinner; but at this first indication that the stubborn heart could melt, the good man took courage, and grew more hopeful about his spiritual patient. He worked this vein with all his might before the prisoner was transferred to Portland: talked much of the dead girl, and of God's providence, which had snatched her from a world ence, which had snatched her from a world going lad, and seemed to do well wherever he was a voung man he was free from all home-nest. He talked of that mysterious spirit-world, in which the secrets of all hearts are to be made manifest; a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, neither tears nor death, neither sin nor sorrow; where Richard Redmayne and his daughter, and his daughter's lover, might meet, forgiven and forgiving.

His labours were not in vain. It was with a softened spirit that the farmer left Maidstone jail and the country of his birth, with no last took at the stubble fields and busy hop-garden of Brierwood, close guarded with other in a railway van, roughly shipped as if they had been a small herd of cattle sent up to the

But before the removal of this little band of "AND WHEN HE FALLS, HE FALLS LIKE LUCIPER." London market. deligonents to new quarters, Rick Redmayne had an interview with an old friend. John story in the Times—read it with dry eyes, but Wort, the steward, paid him a visit in his cell a bitter and passionate heart. So she had been at Maidstone, on the last day of his residence, there, and bade him a kindly farewell, not without some show of emotion, as sternly held in check as any rough-and-ready gruff-spoken man of business ever held his more tender

amotions. "Thank God they remitted the sentence llick," said the steward. " I daresay it seems hard enough to you to go to Portland. But, tiless my soul, I hear the air is uncommonly healthy, and the diet good; and who knows now soon you may get a tickot-of-leave—if—if you behave well, as of course you will, and attend chapel regular—though I suppose that'll be compulsory—and read your Bible and what not, and make friends with the

Um a lifer," said Richard grimly; "I don't suppose tickets-of-leave are dealt out very free

"O, but there's no knowing. There are exceptional cases, you know. And favouritism goes a good way. You'll start with a good character, and be sure you make friends with the chaplain."

"I'll curry favour with no man," said Rick

"Curry favour! of course not; but you like your Bible, don't you? and you may just as

well read it."

new farm again before I die, and to see what Jim has made of it," said Rick thoughtfully; "else I don't think it much matters whether I'm in jail or out of it. I suppose my work at Portland island will be out of doors, and that[shall have the open sky above my head, and teel the sea wind blowing ever me. I don't care how hard the work may be, so long as t isn't inside four walls."

"But if ever you do get free, Rick, a fev years ahead of us-" "If ever 1 do, I'll sail strait away for Brisbane. I sha'n't come back to Kent, to be pointed at as the first that ever brought disgrace on the name of Redmayne,"

"O, Rick, I don't believe there's a man

tears were in her eyes when she talked to me

"Tender-hearted soul," murmured Richard gently. "I was sorry for her when I thought I'd killed her husband : but I can't for the life of me get to feel friendly towards him, though I know he's never done me any harm, and has even stood my friend since my trial. He's too much like that other. God, God! I couldn't have believed such a likeness was possible between men who were nothing to each other!"

"The likeness was strong, certainly, but hardly so close as you think. You only saw Harcross in the moonlight; if you'd seen both men by broad day, you'd have seen plenty of difference between them. The strangest thing was the accidental likeness in that miniature. an accident that might have cost Sir Francis his life. But they were like each other, there's no denying that, only the resemblance may not be quite so strange as you think."
"What do you mean by that?"

"Come, Rick, I believe you're to be trusted—not a man to blab everything you know, or to talk where talking would be a breach of honour—so I'll tell you a scoret. Those two were something more than casual acquain-tance, though Sir Francis doesn't know it, and is never likely to know it. They were half-

brothers !" "Half-brothers. I'en years before Sir Lucas Clevedon married Miss Agnes Wilder, he ran away with an actress, a pretty woman, and a woman who was, for a few seasons, the rage up in London. She went by the name of Mrs. Mestyn, but whether she had a husband, living or dead, is more than I know; and whether Sir Lucas ever married her is more than I know. But my belief is that he did; for just before she died he sold an estate that his mother had left him, and settled every sixpence of the purchase money in trust for the benefit of the son that had been born some-where in Italy. Lord Dartmoor was one of the Dartmoor made him do it, as I heard drop from him in the course of the business. It was a good lump of money that he parted with this way, and I knew Sir Lucas well enough to know that he wouldn't have sacrificed as much as a twentieth part of the sum for any generous or manly consideration—in plain words, not unless he was obliged. So I have always suspected there was some kind of marriage—if not strictly legal, still strong enough to frighten Sir Lucas—and that the poor lady was persuaded to sell her son's birthright for this settlement. Sir Lucas had just come home from the Continent, and was paying his court to another lady at the time, the only daughter and heiress of a great banker, the only daughter and heiress of a great banker, a young lady who afterwards married a nobleman. That courtship never came to anything. Sir Lucas was going down hill by this time, and his character had got to be pretty well known; so the young lady's father shut the door in his face, and he came down to Clevedon, and shut himself up and sulked like a wounded wild heast. As to his one I don't don't wounded wild beast. As to his son, I don't believe he ever took the trouble to see him after he left him somewhere in foreign parts,

me, won't you, Richard Redmayne? I should never have brought him to Bridrwood, if I He hadn't thought him an honest man." "Ay, uy," said kick gloomily, "you trusted him, I daresay; but the wrong was done for all toat. A stranger was brought into my house while I was away, a stranger who broke my

with the poor mother. If anything was wanted to be done, I did it; and when Lord

of the boy's business till he came of are, when my trusteeship expired. We gave him a first-rate education—there was just enough income

to do that liberally, and leave a small margin

went. As a young man he was free from all his father's vices. I had as much trust and confidence in him as I might have had in my

CHAPTER XLVIII.

daughter's heart.

Mrs. Hardross read Richard Redmayne's the dupe, after all; and all that remorse for her own shortcomings, all that sad yearning for the days of her married life to come back again, that she might be a better wife to the husband of her love—all these pangs of con-science were wasted agony. He had never loved her; his false heart had been given to this country girl; his moody hours of thought and silence had been a tribute to that dead love. He had given to her, his legitimate wife, only the unreal image and semblance of affection, while tender memories and remorseful thoughts were lavished on that lost

In the light of this discovery she remember ed a hundred petty details of the life that was ended; the merest trifles in themselves, indicating so much now that she possessed the key to their meaning. She remembered how much more prone he had been to fits of bsence and gloom after that summer holiday in Kent than he had ever been beforechange which she had ascribed to altered health, and about which, in the proud security that a well-developed organ of esteem gives its possessor, she had troubled herself very little. She drained her cup of bitterness to the dregs, and even went down to Brierwood to see the place where her lover had learned to be false to her. Mrs. Bush was still in charge of the homestead, and quite ready to tell the strange lady all she knew, even without the bribe of a sovereign which Mrs. Harcross gave her. Augusta saw the low old-fashioned rooms, the garden, where a few pale monthly roses were still blooming with a faint perfune that seemed like a memory of vanished sweets. Mrs. Bush pointed out the cedar "under which Mr. Redmayne and his family was so fond of sittin'-Miss Grace, and her aunt and uncle, and all-of a Sunday evenin'," How common it all sounded! And it was for a girl with such surroundings as those that he had been shamefully false to her! For this poor cottage heroine he had forteited his life!

There was a photograph of Grace still lang- . Vallory hirea thoor in the Rue .

among us who doesn't pity you," said the steward carnestly. "Sir Francis was one of those that tried hardest to get the sentence commuted. Lady Clevedon—well, there—the ed Mrs. Bush closely about the dead girl. Was which was unusually severe—in crossing and she prettier than that picture—much prettier? recrossing the channel. The mail-boat that Mrs. Bush replied that she was "pleasing," and could not be induced to venture beyond that cautious epithet. Augusta asked permission to walk round the garden once more, by herself; and having obtained it, went slowly untlagging as a Queen's Messenger, that hap-along the path where Hubert and Grace had less slave of the State, whose perils equal those lingered quoting Romeo and Juliet in the of a famous warrior, and who is, under the summer night; looked drearily into the cheese paring system of our present adminissummer night; looked drearily into the cheesparing system of our present adminis-orchard where they had sat on sultry after-noons, she with some never-to-be-finished the presented biaself every now and then in mayne's feet. Augusti gazed upon this humble scene with tired aching eyes, marvelling strongely, in the midst of her despair, how he, to whom all the glories of the Acropolis-square district were open, could have endured existence in such a scene as this, have endured existence in such a scene even for a week. And then she went back to the fly that had brought her from the station, and made her dismal journey home, there to seclude herself from all companionship, and brood apon this new trouble.

It was a cruel blow, a most humiliating re-velation; for she had loved the traitor, still loved him, holding his memory dearer than any earthly affection. Still more bitter even than the first shock of the discovery was Weston Vallory's visit of condolence, with the Times newspaper in his pocket, and a snug smile of satisfaction lunking at the corners of his cunning mouth.

"It is the fate of noble natures to be deceived,

my dear Augusta," he said with a sympathetic air. "Suffering such as you are called mon to endure is a heritage of sorrow which but too often accompanies nobility of heart,"

Mrs. Harcross was the last of women to brook any sentimental impertinence of this kind. All the cousinship in the world could not, in her eyes, justify such violation of her

"Who taught you to gauge my sorrow?" she cried, with passionate disdain; "or to measure his sins with your petty plumb-line? At his worst he was better and nobler than you ever were or can be. Stick to your office desk, and your copying machine, and your gutta-percha speaking-tubes, Weston, if you please, and do not presume to talk of my troubles."

This was rather a knock-down blow for Weston Vallory, who had funcied the course very smooth and straight before him now that Providence in its wisdom had removed that stumbling-block, Mubert Harcross.

He left his cousin's presence crestfallen, but not despairing. Augusta's words and manner had been contemptuous to an unbearable degree; but then a woman in a passion will say anything; and he had perhaps been somewhat premature in his offers of sympathy. The aspect of things would be different by and by, no doubt. He would resent this outrage a lofty silence, and a dignified withdrawal of his presence; he would hold himself aloof from Augusta for some time to come, until that foolish infatuated woman should discover that the man who had always been useful had perforce of habit become necessary.

He went back to his office desk, as his cousin had bidden him, and worked on steadily, adding brick to brick in that vast edifice the firm of Harcross and Vallory, and looking forward with a hopeful patience to that future day in which Augusta and her fortune should be his, and when the butler and his satellites, and all the household in Mastodon-erescent, should bow down before him, and own him for their master. With such a house and such a wife, supported and sustained by the business in Old Jewry, which must eventually become own son, or I should never have brought him in Old Jewry, which must eventually become across your threshold. You'll believe that of all his own, what more of earth's splendours or fame's laurels could be desire? He would not have exchanged such a lot for the might of Crossus, or Davius, or Alexander, or Hannibal, or Polycrates, or any of those classical "parties," whose works had made the burden of his school-days, who abode in hourly dread of unpleasant oracles, and altogether appeared to be more subject to the fluctuation of fortune, and the malice of the gods, than any modern ad-

to travel on the continent for a year or so

"You can get on very well without me here, Weston," Mr. Vallory observed graciously; "and I really feel it my duty to look after Augusta. This business has been an awful blow. I think she felt that horrid story of Harcross's past life, which came out during that scoundrel Redmayne's trial, almost more than her ausband's death, although she has never admitted as much to me. I am very glad to take her abroad; change of scene and all that kind of thing may do wonders, you know. And I'm very glad she has decided upon selling the lease and furniture in Mastodon-crescent ; she'll but get rid of all melancholy associations, you see,"
the "And sterifice no end of money," said Weshow ton, with a lugubrious look. "She'll realise about as many hundreds as she spent thouconsolation in that to anything as inconsistent

and unreasonable as a woman. "In her present state of mind money is hardly a consideration, Weston," replied Mr.
Vallory, in his pompous way. "When my
daughter returns to England she will reside with me. I have felt my house no home with-Even my cook has fallen off; I rarely get my favorite curries, or the only soup I really care for. Not that Augusta ever inter-fered about such trifles; but there was an in-

fluence, you know—an influence. So Mrs. Harcross departed, and wintered at Rome, whither carriages and horses, and all the paraphernalia of Acropolis-square existence went with her; where she drove daily upon the Corso with her father, gloomily handsome in her widow's weeds, leaning back listlessly in her open carriage, with eyes that seemed to see neither landscape nor people. She stayed here till the end of March, and spent the summer in pottering about from one German bath to another, in quest of the magical elixir which was to cure her father's gout. They cent the following winter in Paris, where Mr.

carried this modern Casar and his fortunes ran foul of a French steamer one blusterous midnight, whereby drowning; but still he held on, dauntless and pounding Shelley's Epipsychidion, and thinking do homage to his cousin Augusta, han an about how sweet it would be to spend the rest of his before dinner, wnitecravated and spotless, how sweet it would be to spend the rest of his before dinner, wnitecravated and spotless. with no odour of steamboat or railway clinging to had his pet chamber, to his garments. He had his pet chamber, No. 333 bis, at Meurice's, and rarely found it occupied whon he required it. By this un-flinching attention—by solicitude that knew no weariness—he did at last contrive to slip back into his old position of usefulness; fetched and carried music and books, and patterns and threads for point-lace work; and felt that he was gaining ground. The star of hope began to shine for him again. The days went on-Mr. Vallory and his daughter came back to England. The Ryde villa and the back to England. The Ryde villa and the yacht had been sold, at Angusta's request; were they not bitter to her soul, being so closely associated with the days of her courtship and married life? So Mr. Valley bought an estate in Warwickshire, seven hundred acres or so, with a huge stucco-fronted mansion, called Copplestoke Manor, a few miles from Leannington, and began a new phase of existence as a country contleman: phase of existence as a country gentleman taking the chair at vestry meetings, and sitting on the bench at petty sessions, and vexing the souls of rural legislators with the

> Hither, too, came Weston Vallory, always eager to be useful; but although Mrs. Harcross tolerated him graciously enough in his capacity of light porter, for him there was no riding by her side in hawthorn alleys, or loitering under star-proof clins in the summer night; or drifting gently on the narrow winding river, with a lazy dip of the oars now and then, and an occasional entanglement among green masses of mazy weed. He felt himself a guest on sufferance, and there were times wher the star of hope grew dim.

abstrusest technicalities of the law.

Mrs. Harcross had been three years a widow but still wore mourning,—resolutely refusing Madame Bouffunte the privilege of making her any dress which was not of the black silk and bugly order,—when the star of hope sank altogether in the blackest darkness. Weston had been unusually busy in Old Jewry during the winter term, and had not seen his cousin, either in London or at Copplestoke Manor, for nearly three months, when he came down to the country house for a brief visit. He arrived at dusk, after a snow-storm, when

the drive from the lodge to the house was like a journey through fairyland, although the idea did not occur to Weston, who, like the famous French Blue-stocking, abhorred the beauties of nature. He fancied the house had a more festive appearance than usual, even while he lingered for a few minutes in the hall, giving directions about some packages he had brought for Augusta. There were more hot-house brighter fires, more lights; the servants had a gayer air, for the mansion had been a somewhat sepulcbral abode, despite its grandeur, hitherto.

"Has my uncle many visitors ?" he asked

the butler carelessly.

"No, sir; not many, sir. Lord Stanmore and Edgware is staying with us, sir, and Captain Purificet; nobody else."

ance," thought Weston, whose only knowledge of that nobleman was obtained from the Peerage and the Morning Post. He had an idea that Sianmore and Edgware was ciderly, and had never done anything to add lustre to his title, except condescend to exist, "Humph!" he said, not displeased to find that he was to hoband-not with a peer, not a horse-racing or in-solvent nobleman, but a respectable landowner. Lord Stanmore has a place near here, I sup-

" No. sir: his lordship's estates are in the venturer.

So Mr. Vallory junior held his soul in pra-tience, and his faith was strong in time; whereby it was something of a shock to him to butter gave a faint cough, not without some learn one fine morning from his unche that kind of significance, which puzzled Weston a Augusta was going to sell off the splendid little. But of course it was only the man's goods and chattels in Mastodon-crescent, and chatten at having ministered so long to the

Weston went up-stairs to dress, and arrayed binself with a little more care than usual; put on his favourite boots, and a shirt with Vaon his favourite boots, and a shirt with lenciennes medallions which he deemed invinciblo; his studs were black enamel skulls with diamond eyes; the parting of his hair was Never had he felt better satisfied with himself, with his arched instep, his moustache, with all his small graces, than as he went down the wide oak staircase, where unwonted parterres of scented geranium and stephanotis regaled his nostrils as he wont.
"Tommy loves a lord," he said to himself

with a cynical grin. "I suppose my poor un-cle is not exempt from that pardonable weakness of humanity!

There were only three persons in the drawingroom, when he entered—his uncle, Augusta, and a tall build-healted man with gray moustachies, who stood with his back to the fireplace. Mrs. Harcross was seated in a low chair opposite the fire, holding a spangled fan between her face and the blaze of the logs piled on the wide old-fashioned hearth. She wore crimson camellies in her hair and in the bosom of her gauzy black dress, the first gleam of colour that Weston had ever seen her wear since her husband's death; and the gentleman with the gray moustachios was bending down to speak to her, with such an air of chivalrous devotion as may have distinguished King Arthur in the days when Guinevere was true, and the serpent had not yet entered the sacred circle of the king's chosen knights.

The attitude, the look, the tone, revealed all to Weston Vallory's rapid comprehension. The star of hope shot downward to abysses unfathomable, never to rise again. Before he went to his comfortable bachelor bedroom in the western wing, he had learnt the worst. His uncle told him everything over a bottle of claret, when the Earl and his satellite Captain Pur-

fleet had left the dining-room, only lingering a tew minutes after Augusta's departure. "It was not a thing I cared to write about,"

said Mr. Vallory. "They have only been' engaged three weeks; but from the day we first met Lord Staumore at a hunting breakfast at Stoneleigh, the business was settled. It was a "case," as you fast young men say. Augusta was very much disinclined to hear of such a thing; but I felt that in an affair of this kind her opposition must be horne down—an estate like Staumore and Edgware, improving in value every year, miles of building frontages on the outskirts of the most populous towns in the North, coal mines, slate quarries, and a man of blameless character,—thirty years or so her senior, I grant; but we know by the experience of mankind that these marriages, founded on a mutual esteem, and-aw, humthe desire to consolidate a vast estate, are often the happiest."

"Yes," cried Weston, breaking in with a bitter laugh; "but if she hal fallen in love with some poor devil of the same age, I won ler what you'd have called it? A vicious infatua-tion, which argues—the sort of thing which lago says of Desdemona, you know; but of course as he's an earl and the estate is all right, it's quite another matter.'

"I don't think that's a very genial way of receiving my communication, Weston; I thought you'd be naturally delight d. The match is really a brilliant one, the sort of marriage I always dreamed of for my daughter, before her unfortunate alliance with poor Harcross. And even you will profit by it; your status will be not a little improved when you can claim consinship with a countess. That sort of thing ought to be worth a thousand a year to a man in your position; to say nothing of the probability that you may get the Stanmore land agency before long, and no end of leases and deeds of agreement."

"I ought to be amazingly grateful, I dare-y," replied Weston, "but the news is rather startling, I thought my cousin was a model widow, wedded to the dead."

"Weston," exclaimed Mr. Vallory, with severity, "I believe you're a radical!"

So Augusta Hardross, in due time and with no unseemly haste, was translated into a lofter sphere, in which she knew not Weston, or only concubered him faintly at half-yearly intervals, when she permitted his name to be in-scribed by some menial han ton one of her invitation cards.

Her husband's private secretary attended to these minor details. He had a book given him, upon whose right-hand pages were inscribed the sheep, or exalted personages, who must be in-vited to all large assemblies, and upon whose left-hand appeared the obscure herd of goats, who were to be bidden once or so in a sea son, if convenient.

Augustad had prime ministers and royal dukes to dine with her in these latter days, and Weston attended receptions so crowded that he was fain to depart without having so much as caught a " little look across the crowd" from his hostess and kinswoman. But he did in somewise console himself with the blea that he gained in social distinction by his consin's atvancoment, and he received numerous applications from acquaintances of his own who wanted to obtain Lady Stanmore's influence for this or for that. It was a meagre consolution, but it was something. He had his dainty little vitta at Norwood, his well-groomed horses, roses that were He had his dainty little villa at Nornever permitted to suffer from the green ily, and he had all the keen delights of an ever-increasing business in old Jewry.

For some favoured creatures life seems all

sunshine. No shadow has darkened Clevedon Hall since the horror of Hubert Harcross's marder, and some new joys have come to brighten that pleasant home. Little voices sound gaily and little feet patter swiftly in the corridors of Clevedon to-day, and in these lat-ter years there are larger butterflies than "Greeks" or "Projans," Camberwell beau-lies." 6 Paragales! ties," "Peacocks' eyes," or "Painted ladies" to be seen hovering about the flower-beds in the old-fashioned gardens. Sibyl Clevedon has be-come Sibyl Hardwood, and brings her babies from Tunbridge Wells every other day to com-pare Tottie's new tooth with her cousin Lottic's, or to inquire if Migsy's symptoms in the opening stage of measles are as satisfactory as those exhibited by Popsy in the same disease, Happy English households, about which there s so little to tell ! The Colonel exists in a seventh heaven of grand-paternal rapture, which verges on senility. The Bungalow brims over with babies—for are not SibyPs children a kind of left-handed grandchildren of his?-and the quadruped favourites during these irruptions of the invenile nonplation feel themselves more or less at a disadvantage. Pedro suaps or spits his displeasure; the dogs retire under low chairs to growl at the invader; the mungoose disappears from human ken, to be found perhaps at nightfall, by some frightened housemaid, snugly coiled under the Colonel's duvet. The Colonel stuffs the little ones with currebat, and Bombay ducks, which provoke un-wonted thirst in these small epicures, and dried fruits from Affghanistan, and West-Indian preserved ginger, and ministers to their little appetites with all the art he knows; for which reason lengthened visits to the Bungalow are not to result in bilious attacks and the exhibition of doctor's stuff.
Brierwood, forfeited for ever by Richard Red-

mayne's crime, has passed into the hands of the stranger. The deed of gift by which he bestowed Bulrush Meads upon his brother James has preserved the Gippsland farm from the grasp of the law; but the gray old Kentish landscape has gone from the house of Redmayne The day will come perhaps, distant but dimly possible in the future, when Rick Redmayne's bonds may be loosened; when, as a reward for unfilnehing toil and moverying good conduct, the quiet submission of a repent-ant sinner, who feels that his burden can never be 'oo heavy for the measure of his offence, he may go forth from the drear monotony of prison island, an old man, with grizzled hair, and rugged deep-lined countenance, a man whose shoulders are bent with long labour, go forth, free at the last, to that fairer, wider world which his soul longs. Not to Brierwood, the lost home of sad memories, the house haunted by his dead daughter's ghost, the place whose gloomy influence well-nigh drove him mad ; but to the fertile plains and inland seas of Gippsland, to the mountains and the watersheds where tall gum-trees shoot upward un-eer the cloudless blue sky, where the ringing note of the bell-bird sounds keen and clear in the tranquil distance.

TRE END.

'The law is now more merciful: the property is falon is no longer escheated to the grown.



The Mearthstone.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1872.

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

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

of Trumbull's Family Record,
For \$10.00: 6 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872,
and 6 Presentation Plates.
For \$20.00: 12 copies of the Hearthstone for
1872 and 12 Presentation Plates.
For \$40.00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for
1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.
For \$15.00: 6 copies Hearthstone 1871 and 1872,

6 Presentation Plates and 6 Family Records, For \$30.00: 12 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 12 Presentation Plates and 12 Family

For \$60.00: 25 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 25 Presentation Plates and 25 Family

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

exertion you can form a club of 25, get your paper and plate free, and pocket \$8,00 for your trouble.

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS

Address, GEORGE E. DESBARATS,

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

tience. We had a very large response to our sures should be taken to force Steamship Comoffers, receiving upwards of sixty stories of panies carrying passengers to have not only much longer and heavier one than we had an- ke, provided for each vessel, but, also require ticipated. As we are unable to devote our that the crews should go through a fire drill whole time to reading, it will take us some time a two or three times during each voyage, hoistyet to get through, but we think a couple of ing out the boats, provisioning them exactly weeks more will suffice. As soon as the read- as would be done in the event of accident. the stories which have gained prizes, and will ties, and that hopeless confusion which is so communicate with the authors, as well as the authors of stories which do not gain a prize but i the Lake Champlain steamers there is a comwhich we may still wish to use. All rejected manuscript will be kept three months, during which time the author may have it returned highly important that the custom should be by forwarding stamps. In writing to have manuscript returned correspondents will please give the name of the story, together with nom de plune used, if any. Parties who have been writing to the Editor to know the fate of their stories will oblige us by accepting this as a general answer for the present, and may rest assured that we will make the awards with as little loss of time as possible.

THE MISSOURI DISASTER.

The S.S. Missouri, of the Atlantic Steamship Company, was burned at sea on 22nd ult., and only twelve of the passengers and erew saved. The following is a condensed account of the disaster, as taken from the report of the survivors :- When the boat which was saved left the burning ship one boat was seen with lieve in their doctrine at all, and, in contrabottom upward, which had two men in it. vention, will state a fact of our own personal The rescued boat lay for two hours by a swamp- experience. ed boat containing nine men, including the We remember in our early days, when we boat. As there were no seamen in the swamped robberies and fires which were constantly ocbeen seen for two days previous to the fire. the excitement and confusion. The leader o On that day the Missouri was in company with a ship from 9.15 a. m. until 3 p. m. when she had spent the greater portion of his life in gapl, was lost sight of. For forty minutes after the indeed for several years he was never known to rescued left the Missouri they saw the passengers and crew who remained on board crowded on the after-part of the vessel. It is said the fire was first discovered on the floor of the locker in the pantry, and the cry of fire was immediately given; wet carpets were immediately put on the fire by a party of arrival he paid the customary visit to Grenada, men and others. The stewards reported to the passengers that the fire was out; the alarm was given while the passengers were at breakfast, but on receiving the stewards' report that the fire had been extinguished, breakfast was resumed, and the fears of the passengers were the Governor arrived nextday, he heard of this quieted. Within two minutes, however, several persons saw fire issuing from the stokehole; the gaol. There were then about four hundred all was then confusion. Within 20 minutes three boats were launched. In the rescued boat, with the exception of a few pieces of sugar cane, there was neither food nor water, and only two small cars; neither was there any sails, or anything to make them of. It was from 9 o'clock in the morning of the 22nd, until 2 o'clock p. m. of the day following, the to strip the fellow refused, saying he was a free 23rd, before assistance was obtained. At that time the schooner Spy was sighted and rescued, the party pulled vigorously to the Spy, which took the survivers to Hopetown, on Elboy Key, where they arrived about 7 p. m. on the 23rd. Un the 24th a schooner was sent towards the burning ship with charts and full directions where to find her, and with instructions to look for the ship's boats and to skirt the coast. The very quietly, "Now I knows you's a Gubner.

or passengers. The sea was then breaking heavily on the reefs. It is stated that the water was forced through it on the flames from | gaol instead of four hundred. the donkey. The ship's course was never altered, and consequently the flames were carried athwart ships, burning up one life boat on the lee side and making it too hot to get the others off. Only 3 boats were launched, 2 of which were swamped. Not over twenty minutes clapsed after the fire was discovered before three boats were launched. The Missouri's engines were stopped, but her sails were left spread, and a speed of four knots maintained. When last seen Captain Green was working with Purser Hempsted and some of the crew trying to get off the lee boat. Eleven of the survivors say that the boat was never launched.

Judging from the report it would appear that

there was no properly organized effort made to save the passengers and crew; all seems to have been wild confusion and undisciplined Young Ladies! young men! with very little efforts to save life, without accomplishing much. Out of all the boats the Missouri carried only three were launched and two of these were almost immediately swamped. We are not told that a heavy sea was running, and, from the fact of the vessel was only making four knots an hour, it would seem that it was simply owing to clumsiness and want of training in launching the boats that two of them were swamped. The fire apparatus appears to have been out of order, or rendered inoperative in the confusion. The frequent occurrence of We must ask the competitors for the prizes lines at sea of late, and the serious loss of life offered by us for stories to have a little pa- render it highly important that stringent meavarious lengths, making the task of reading a an adequate supply of boats, life-preservers, fatal in the event of fire at sea avoided. On plete fire drill once a week, and we believe the same rule is observed on other lines, but it is made general so as to apply to all vessels carrying passengers.

THE CAT-O'-NINE TAILS.

We have frequently advocated the judicious use of the cat in very flagrant cases of outrage. We believe there is no remedy like it. The subject is now attracting some attention in England, but it is mainly the outcry of a few philanthropic gentlemen who have fallen violently in love with the criminals who are sentenced to corporal punishment. These gentlemen say "criminals should be punished, not tortured," and they get quite pathetic on the subject, and urge very strongly that the use of the cat should be abolished. We do not be-

engineers, firemen, and ship's barber. A bucket were out in the West Indies, that at one time was given to the inmates of the swamped boat the island of Barbadoes got into a terrible conto bail with, there being two in the rescued dition on account of the immense number of boat they were unable to properly manage it, curring. There was a regular gang of thieves and in this condition they were left. It is not | -darkies-who would fire a plantation almost likely any of them were saved. No sails had every night and steal what they could during the gang was an immense burly ruftian who be out of gaol for a longer period than six weeks at any one time. The gaol was crowded almost to suffocation, and a new one had to be built. About that time a new Governor of the island was appointed, Col. Reed, an old soldier and an excellent officer of the Government. After his and on the night before his return to Barbadoes there was a very large fire, and the leader of this gang was caught with some stolen goods on him; he was strongly suspected of setting the fire, but that could not be proved. When new outrage, and drove from the landing to prisoners in the gaol, nearly all for robbery at fires: he caused them all to be collected in the gaol yard, had the old triangle moved from its time-honoured place in a corner of the yard to the centre of the enclosure, and order ed the leader of the gang to be strung up and thirty-nine lashes administered. When ordered man, that flogging was for slaves, &c., and that no one could order him to be flogged. The Governor heard him very quietly, and then ordered a file of soldiers to seize him up, and stood by while the cat-o'-nine-tails was vigorously applied. The man bore his punishment very quietly, and when released walked up to where the Governor was standing, and said

schooner returned about midnight on the 24th, an' I never comes back here no more so long and reported having seen nothing of the boats as you's Gubner of de Island." He kept his word, and during the four years Reed remained Governor he was not once arrested. A few donkey pumps of the steamer were never start. | more of the gang were flogged also, and the reed, one of the passengers asserting that he had | sult was that when Reed went to Malta there hold of the hose for some time, and that no | was scarcely a dozen prisoners for theft in the

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

> For the Harthstone. BROKEN PROMISES.

> > BY MISS L. ANDREWS.

Who can calculate upon the mischlef wrought by a "broken promise." In the first place there are the inconveniences arising from being misled, then the watching and waiting, the torments of suspense, with the alternate hopes and fears to which the "deluded" is the victim, fears to which the "definited" is the victim,—
these are only a few of the evils to which a
"broken promise" gives birth. Take for example the histories every day unveiled in the
annals of the Divorce Court. Do not their painful records afford convincing testimony of the miseries born upon the wings of a "broken pro-

When we consider our shaken faith, and feel ing is completed we will publish the titles of The men would thus be all drilled in their dua fresh disappointment await us, it withers the cone green spot" within our heart, and hope dies out for ever.

Towards young persons, and children espechally, this fault should be guarded against, for is it not a sin to destroy the pure and beautiful faith of the young, which will inevitably follow in the wake of a "broken promise?" The dis-appointment of some trifling pleasure will often cost them many bitter tears, and I think when the trials and troubles of human life (taken as an average) are so well known that it behoves the guardians and fastructors of youth to be careful to keep their path as free from thorns and brier as possible until they have had some little time to enjoy life's roses and are better calculated to endure the sorows and misfortunes which more or less, full to the lot of every son and

"PRINTER WANTED."

We copy the following very sensible article from the Northwest, the editor of which is sound and knows whereof he speaks. If all employers knew as much about their business as the editor of the Northwest, they would add at least 25 per cent. to their earnings, and the art would certainly gain much more in respectability :

"This heading meets our eye every few days. in both city and country exchanges. One comspecification in the country newspaper. There are few such printers to be found. They are not on the trump.' They seldom answer such advertisements, because they have no difficulty in finding work where they are known. A 'good rare animal. A boy of lifteen gets into an office, learns the boxes, and is taught the mystery of 'following copy.' He acquires a little speed, gets the big head, has a fuss with his employer, quits the office and starts on a tramp as a full-fledged journeyman printer. The coun iry is overrun with such fellows. They meet with rebuffs, become discouraged, reckless and dissipated, and thus bring odium not only or themse. es, but the art which they falsely to represent—for one of those roving botches comes in contact with hundreds of people while the stay-at-home, competent we kman is known to but few—and the public have made up their verdict that printers, as a class, are a graceless set of scamps. The fault is as with the employers as the employers. publishers resolve to employ no runaway ap prentices, boys will not run away after a few tramp until they are competent to take charge of an office."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

OPERATIONS have been commenced in Chicago and New York by District Telegraph Com-panies. The object is to connect the offices or residences of subscribers with a district bureau by means of a telegraph wire, so that mosson gers or private police, whom the companies will furnish, can be signalled at any time, and who will respond in from one to three minutes. It is especially designed for the use of business men who cannot always have a trusty messengor at their cibow. It will be a wonderful protection against burglary, and the gentry of that delightful vocation will need all their sharp wit to overcome it. They cannot sharp wit to overcome it. They cannot cut the wires, for the wires will be run underground. At your bedside you will have the electric handle, the turning of which will bring aid almost immediately. Your sumwill bring aid almost immediately. Your sum-mons will be noiseless and support will come to you before the midnight robber knows you nave called for it It will be only necesary to hear him to have him captured.

WE trust that the peace of Europe will not be jeoparded by a question of palace etiquette which has arisen. The Emperor William is about to return the visits of the Emperors of Russia and of Austria. Now, when the Uzar was in Berlin, the Prussian army officers, according to what is said to be a very old custom, were permitted to kiss the imperial right hand.

The Berlin Court thinks that when the Empero The Borlin Court thinks that when the Emperor William arrives at St. Petersburg, the Russian officers, by way of reciprocity, should kiss the Prussian hand; but this they refuse positively to do. It is the gallant custom there to kiss no other hands than those of the Empress Downger and reigning Empress. 'Is a very pretty question as it stands. Let us fervently hope that it may be amicably adjusted.

Does the reader know what small-pox is robably not; and therefore we hasten to inorm him that it is the escape of superfluous albuminous substances into the tissues of the periphery of the body. So says Dr. Carl Both of lioston, who has written a work upon the subject. The escape of the superfluous albuminous substances into the tissues of the periphery, &c., &c., is caused first by want of sait. There foro Dr. Carl Both says that it is necessary to sait the patient. If your blood is properly saited you cannot take the disease. As for vaccination, Dr. Both denounces it flercely, says that it has no scientific basis, and is always dangerous to the health of the person vaccinated.

Ir isn't an agreeable thing to mention, but those who are gathering autumnal leaves for preservation must be careful. The corresponcut of a Providence newspaper specially warns collectors against poison ivy, the bright colors of which render it very attractive. The remedies for poisoning by this leaf are acctate of copper and corrosive sublimate—two beautifully pleasant things to use. Look out also for poison summe or poison dogwood, which is dangerously attractive. It may be distinguished from the common sumac by its light ash-gray stems, the harmless kind presenting an iron brown.

THEY have queer ideas of justice in New York; if a poor man steals a lonf of bread, he is sent to Blackwell's Island for six weeks: tf a is sent to mackwell's Island for six weeks; if a man robs the City, County, or State, he is let off easy. A short time ago charges were made against Judge Brown, of Morrisinia, that he had appropriated to his own use the fines collected in his Court. He pleaded guilty. Then he sent in his resignation. It was accepted. When his trial took place he was fined six cents.

THE celebrated lady dentist of Berlin, Mrs Henrietta Hershfeld, is described as a refined and beautiful woman, with wonderful strength in her small hand. She extracts teeth with unsurpassed dexterity and precision. More-over, she prepares well-written articles for imagazines, in which she instructs mothers in regard to the care of children's teeth—a matter which seems not generally understood in Germany.

HERE is a joke almost good enough for Sheri-Somebody in Kansas attempted to inclose a public road which run through his farm, and somebody else said, "It was one of the plainest cases of highway robbery he ever heard of." In these degenerate days in which wit and humor are supposed to consist mainly in bad spelling, we ought to be thankful for even such a small favor as this.

WHILE a church convention passes resolutions looking towards the breaking up of the habit of profamity, a State Legislature proposes to repeat the law punishing blasphemy. A bill to this effect is before the Vermont House. The common violation of the law is urged as a reason for the repeal. It all laws commonly violated were blotted out, we would need few statute

A FRENCH newspaper having said that M. Gambetta possessed only one wash-basin, and that a cracked one, admiring friends in a very short time sent him seventeen tellet-sets. It would make you smile now to see Gam. per-forming his ablutions out of seventeen washbasins. Gam-betta sell a few sets, we think.

A REPUBLICAN at Sharon, Penn., won on the election \$3,000 in cash, eleven suits of clothes, and two hundred kees of mils. He has not declided whother it is best to become a dealer in ready-made clothing or in hardware.

Miss Marian Emers, of Hamtranck, Mich. aged 86, was married the other day to John A, Hinster, of Van Buren county, aged 87. Neither had ever been married before, and they had known each other for forty years.

SMART youngsters, in Hudson, N. Y., arm themselves with an empty envelope and a pass book, and, pretending to have a telegram for an actor, gain admittance to theatrical entertain-

A Washington paper declares that a Masonic lodge near its office has a funeral every Sunday using a dummy for a corpse when none of its members are ready for burial.

POLAND boasts of a violinist who rejoices in the name of Wienawsky. People who wish to poke fun at him call him Wine and Whiskey.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—Minister Washburn states that the lostal treaty with France will be definitely arranged before long on the basis suggested by the American Government.—The steamship Ohio, the second vosed of the American and Liverpoelling, was successfully launched at Philadelphia on 32th ult.

The death of Mrs. Greeley took place at the residence of Alvin Johnson on 30th ult. Her symptoms inspired some faint hopes of her recovery, but during the night she had two chills, after which sho was very easy until 4 o'clock, when she passed sonce fully away.—The sailing of the Pacific mail stamer Rising Mrs. has been deforred from Nov. Ist to Nov. 5. It is believed the company will infuture only run two steamers a month.—The fees received by the consuls during the past fiscal year amount to \$225,683 in excess of ralaries of the consuls. The excess was only 147,419 during the preceding rose.

The St. Amos Hotel, Hockway, was brined on 1st inst. with all the furniture. Loss. \$100,000.

The St. Amos Hotely the system of black-mailing and another reproducible vays. Stralago also states that Butler was drunk nearly all the time, and was in frequent street rows and lasts. and was under subsidy of some two thousand pounds storting per year from the Khedive.—The stoamer Missonic of the Atlantic Mail Line was burned at soa in a gale, on the 22nd instant, thout 25 miles from Abanca, en route for Havna vi always.

25 miles from Abanca, en route for Havna vi always and hall but one were swamped atoneo. Those romaining on bond was come for the University of States.—The safe of Ormsb

while being raised in the bucket, neglected to step out on the platform, and fell to the bottom, a distance of 75 feet, and was instantly killed.

while being raised in the bucket, neglected to step out on the platform, and fell to the bottom, a distance of 75 feet, and was instantly killed.

CANADA.—It is stated that Mr. W. McKay Wright, M.P., is preparing a measure on law reform for the approaching session of Parliament.—In view of the rapidly increasing requirements of the Marine trade of the Gulf coast, and the necessity for telegraphic stations with the different ports in that vicinity, the Cabinet, on recommendation of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, strongly sustained by Dr. Fortin, has appropriated \$1,000 to establish telegraphic stations at Cape Charte and Cape Magdala. This is a very necessary sten, and one that will be a boon to the whole trade of the St. Lawrence.—Judge Wells, an old resident of East Cornwallis, was found on Sunday lying dead on the road side, about two miles from his home.—Letters were received from Sir George Cartier, by Inst. English mail, by which his friends are given very hopeful assurances of his continued improvement.

The scafaring and shipping classes will be glad to learn that the Department of Marine and Fisheries has succeeded in having a powerful steam-ture whistle placed on St. Paul's Island, the scene of so many fearful wreeks at the entrance to the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.—Through the agency of the Ottawa Valley Immigration Society 250 first-class inmigrants have been settled in this territory during the present season. The society is entitled to \$10 per head from the Ontario government for every man introduced by thom, which will add the sum of \$1500 to their funds. With this assistance, and more complete arrangements for conducting their overviour, the society will do much during the next year towards the settlement of the Ottawa Valley.—The contract for the deep water wharf at Richmond terminus (N.S.) railway, has been awarded to Mr. O'Brien, of Hallax.—The Free Press gives currency to a rumor that Thomas Sponce, now clerk of the Legislative Council for the North-west Territory.—So much lawl

anope for the beneated to this eye signe, when is failing.—The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance in Nova Scotia are in session at Halifax.

France.—Prosident Thiors has informed Princess Clotilde, wife of Prince Napoleon, that she is free to remain in France, without interference by the Government authorities, if she so desires it.—The council tieneral of the Department of the Scine has adopted a resolution in favor of compulsory education and the employment of lady teachers in the public schools, and will petition the Assembly for legislation to that effect.—It is said that one of the Departies from Corsica will resign his seat in the Assembly to make room for Prince Napoleon.—Secretary-General Barthelenist. Illuire in reply to numerous correspondents states that Thiers does and desire to be made President for life.—The German troops have executed Epernary—General Ducrot has issued a proclamation to the troops under his command, exhorting them to remember that never were their duties more imperious and sacred. An army disciplined and powerful in numbers is needed to check the progress of internal enemies, while protecting the country from forcian fors. The General says the time may come when Germany will regret rending hearts and homes, and tearing from France her dearest children.—President Thiers has forbidden the sale of caricatures of the ex-Emperor Napoleon and his family.—The National Assembly, as soon as it reassembled, the protest of Prince Napoleon against his expulsion from France.—The evacuation of the Departments of the Marne and Upper Marne by the Government increasing the pay of the Frence Soldiers one-half.—The comphaints recently made by Communist prisoners of bad treatment by their jailors have been officially refuted.

ENGLAND.—Sir John Duke Coleridge, Attorney-General of Great Britain, delivered an address be-

solders ... In complaints recently made by Communist prisoners of bad treatment by their jailors have been officially refuted.

ENGLAND.—Sir John Duke Coleridge, Attorney-General of Great Britain, delivered an address before the Liberal Association of the City of Exeter lately, in the course of which he said of the result of Geneva. Arbitration. England had got well out of a bad business.—The coal dealers of Cardiff have reduced the price of coal for stoamers' use six shillings per ton, fearing American competition in the trade.

—Mr. Struley will leave England for America on the 19th of November.—The award of the Emperor William in the San Juan case is severely commented on by some of the London journals. The Times snys: The award is unsatisfactory, unclear and undecisive, but we accept it with loyal submissiveness.—The London Banking Association has received four hundred thousand sovereigns from the Bank of Paris, and more is coming.—Hon. Sir Sanuel Marten. Puisne Baron of the Court of Exchequer, will probably succeed the Right. Hon. Lord Penzance as Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce.—The Emperor of Germany has conferred on Mr. Hupworth Dixon the decoration of the Golden Cross.—A letter from on board the British sloop of war Shearmeter reports that Licut. Moore and Gunner Mahoney, of that vessel, on the 25th instant, performed the feat of swimming across the Hellespont, from Abylos to Zedos.—The cholera has appeared at Wexford. Iroland, where one death from the disease has occurred.—The lone Lord Penzance. Judge of the English Court of Probate, has resigned.—The Singhes has issued an address to his constituents of Frome informing them that he will not stand as a candidate of the next election for member of parliament

will not stand as a candidate of the next election for member of parliament

SPAIN.—The Committee of the Federal benches of the Cortes have issued a call for a general meeting of their party in Madrid on the 17th November. In the earli the Deputies explain their course in the Cortes and disapprove of the revolt at Ferrol, and repudints any coalition with the Conservative Republican union or Radical parties.—The Sonate has adopted the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne by a vote of 75 against 19. The address had previously been adopted by the Cortes. The resolution providing for the abolition of capital punishment for political offences has been rejected by a vote of 78 against 58.—Meetines in opposition to the army conscription system continued to be held in the provinces.—The Cortes has resolved by a vote of 124 against 191 to consider articles of impenchment against the mombers of the Sagasta Ministry.—Sonor Mosquera, a member of the Radical party, has been elected Vice President of the Congress, the lower branch of the Cortes, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Sonor Sahnem. The vote was 142 for Sonor Mosquera, against 118 for his opponent. his opponent.

ITALV.—No.

ITALV.—Despatches from Turin report an abatement of the flood caused by the overflow of the Po. Over four thousand men are at work day and night creeting barriers to arrest the further progress of the water. The damage to property and crops in the provinces of Manilan and Forara are beyond calculation. In Forara alone forty thousand persons are homeless. Assistance is being rapidly forwarded lation. In Forrara alone forty thousand persons are homoless. Assistance is being rapidly forwarded from all points to the sufforing people.—The Hierarche Rame makes the following statement with regard to Cardinal Callen's visit to Rome. The mission of His Eminence to the Holy See was to arge the Pope to move in behalf of the Catholic clerky of Galway, who are suffering persecution. The Holy Father, who always consures the excesses of the Irish clerky, percaptorly refused to interfere, saying, the Irish only obeyed the Holy See when they could turn its instructions to good account, and willingly disobuyed it rather than sacrifice their passions.

Oblyed it rather than shoringe their plassions.

Germany.—Mr. George Biancroft, the American Minister to Germany. has received the congratulations of a large number of his countrymen on the decision of the Emperor in the San Juan case.—

Baron Tauchanitz, the publisher, has been appointed Consul General of Great Britain at Lelpsic.—

The cholora has broken out in Gumbennin. a town of Eastern Prussis, 60 miles southeast of Keninberg.

Soveral fatal cases have occurred.

BELGIUM.—A general conference of Jows is in session in Brussels. Delogates from Roumania have laid before it, the condition of their people in the principalities. They propose to potition the Roumanian Chamber for full civil and political rights, and state that their intention of emigrating en masse to America has been abandoned.

AMERICA.—The cholcra is making serious ravages at Buda. Ninety-four cases are reported, of which 27 have proved fatal. Among the eases are those of 20 soldiers who were stricken ill simultaneous, and of whom five died.—The census of the City of Vienna has been completed, and shows a population of 900,000.

DEMERARA.—A tologram from Domarara announces that the Coolies there rose against the planters, and that a serious riot occurred. The police were compelled to interfere, and 15 Coolies were killed before peace was restored.

AUSTRALIA.—Trouble has cocurred with the natives of the Chatham Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, and the whites are threatened with extermination.



THE GAS MAN.

HIR LIFE.

Don't envy the life of a gas man, In spite of his plunder and pelf; Forever blown up by the public, And often blown up by himself.

A common man blesses the sunshine, Delighted with beautiful day; But the blosted and herrible gas man Despises whatever don't pay.

All nature to him is but business— The sun does a gas tank appear: And the very stars nothing but burners, And the moon but a big chandelier.

A satrap, he governs our pockets, Our houses, our shops and our rights; The doctors have charge of our livers, But he must have charge of our lights.

I read, in the life of a gas man, The lessons such people can teach; Prophetic of brimstone and blazes, As plain as a parson can preach.

HIS DEATH.

How dreadful the death of a gas man, Surrounded and haunted by those Whom his plundering charges have swindled, Till conscionce forbids his repose.

Oh! solomn and awful his passage, With the implements gathered around, Wherewith he has ruined his neighbor, And lit his own home under ground.

The coal, and the coke, and the bitumen, The acids, the tar and the steam. The sulphur, the line, and foul odors, All thronging his horrible dream.

Detestable stenches surround him. Fierce deatons in gas pipes appear, False motors rise up and conformd him, And potont jots hiss in his our.

If he kicks, both his feet must remind him Of the feet overcharged in the bill : While the click of the clock, like a meter, Each sound must give him a thrill. HEREAFTER.

At length, when his oxygen fails him, He sinks, with folks of his sort: Whon Satan immediately grabs him, And places him in a retort.

THE DISCARDED WIFE

A Romance of the Affectious.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES."

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER FALSEROOD.

That his wife had told him an intentional, deliberate, and premeditated falsehood, there could be no doubt, and as Edward Jerrold by a score of conflicting feelings all alike painful. walked towards his garden gate, he was agitated

To doubt her truth, were to strike at the very foundation of all love and confidence existing between them; and yet, how was her conduct to be explained?

He felt agitated and angry, and incapable of calmity asking for an explanation of what puzzled him. She was ill, too, and this was not a fitting time to make any inquiries which might

aginate her.

Suppose there was a secret. He folt quite sure now that some secret existed, but suppose it did, could not the secret be innocent enough. Why, then, must be work himself into a rage about it? No, at the proper time he would inquire, and until then, wait with all the patience he could summon to his aid. e could summon to his aid.

ne could summon to his fild.

He did not teel that he was quite calm enough, though, to enter the house, and so, instead, took a stroll down the lane.

He walked on much further than at first he

had intended to, and came at last to a place in which he had very seldom bent his stops upon any previous occasion.

This was where there had once been a brick-field; a dreary desolate spot, where the rains of some shods were scattered about, and where a row of mournful cottages, in various stages of deery, stood out dark and frowning against the lenden sky beyond.

The sun, which a few minutes before had been shiring brightly, had become suddenly overcast. The wind blew blenkly across the deserted swampy land spreading out dearly before him.
It was coming on to rain.
He turned upon his heel to retrace his steps

as rapidly as possible, by the way that he had come, when he recollected that there was a short cut home by the fields, if a been washed away by a flood of the mill stream. when last he heard anything of it, had since been repaired. Only two of the five cottages before him were

apparently inhabited, and he was about to approach the door of one of these for the purpo of making inquiries, when the sound of a which was not unfamiliar to him he fancied. He listened and could hear the sound of sob-

and another voice, low and plaintive, pleading earnestly.

Then the voice that he thought he knew,

plied in a louder tone.

"No, no, I will be no party to the deceit,"
Again there was a low pleading, and then the louder voice in reply.

No, I can never believe it. Get up. Get up, madam, from your knoes. I am very sorry for you, but I cannot help you." Jerrold stood irresolute and uncertain what to

Some unpleasant scone was certainly enact. ing within the cottage, upon which he had no right to intrude.

He did not either think that it was an honourable act to stand there listening to what couldn't be intended for his ears, and he only remained long enough to ascertain this much, before he turned away again, with the idea of appealing to the inhabitants of the other

with round to his remembrance of the woman's voice, as one with which he was acquainted, he could not recall to mind where he d heard it, and did not feel any deep interes in making the discovery.

He was on his way to be second cottage, when carriage turned sharply round the corner of the road, and an elderly gentleman, whom it contained, called loudly to Jerrold by name. The Captain looked up, and recognised an old

friend.
"Why, Jerrold!" cried the gentleman, as the
Captain drow near. "What the dickens are
you doing down in these parts? How long have
Why didn't you come to see you doing down in bless parts? They long tave you been home? Why didn't you come to see me? How are you? How's your wife? How well you're looking !"

fast, and in a loud, cheers voice, and was a jovial, grey-haired man, a large white moustache, the ends of which he

munched between his sentences. "I have not been long back, Colonel," replied "I only returned the day before yes-

terday; and my wife, I am very sorry to say, has been ill. That is why I have not called."

"Well, as long as the excuse is a good one, I don't mind. All I require, you know, is a good excuse. I should have called myself if I had known you had been there. You know, a poor, wretched, lonely old bachelor such as I am is always glad of a little excitement. I'm very sorry to hear about Mrs. Jerrold, though. Nothing serious, I trust?"

"Oh, no. Nothing serious, thank you."

"Abad time of the year, everyboly ill but

"A bad time of the year, everybody ill but me, and I ought to be."

"She wants change of air, I think. I must take her to the sea-side."

"Change of air, eh? That's a sort of physic you sallors get plenty of. Rather too much, sometimes, when it's stormy. But look here, Jerrold, you tell your wife, with my compliments, that it is entirely her fault."

"How so?" asked Jorrokl, smiling.
"How so? Why, because it is. Because she locks herself up like the princess in the story books-because she is never to be seen at home or abroad. That's how it is, and take my word for it, there is no good comes of your ladies mop-ing and fretting, and hiding their good looks

under a bushol, look at me, for instance."
"She] has not been out much lately, I be-

"What on earth does this mean?" he said.

"What on earth does this mean?" he said.
Why did you go out?"
"I thought I should like a walk,"
"But I thought you were too ill?"
"I was not or I should not have gone,"
"But to be out in this rain — was it not very

imprudent."
"It was not raining when I started."
"Have you been far? You are out of breath.
You look half dead with fatigue. How you tremble, too. For heaven's sake, Eleanor, tell me what all this means? What is this mystery?"

Mystory ?" "Yes; what is the meaning of these most unaccountable statements of yours? Why did you say that you had had those trees cut down because they had been struck by lightning? Why did you say that our old servant had gone away to the country? Why do you write letters, and send them by stealth to a man at a public-house? What does it all mean? I ask

public-nouse? What does it all mean? These you, Eleanor, for heaven's sake, explain you conduct or I shall go mad?" She stood perfectly motionless, with a face as white and still as though it had been cut out of

Her eyes were unnaturally large; the pupil

distended and fixed.
Her lips were colourless, and her teeth set.

geance upon Martha. Can you forgive me, Edward, for my falsehood and folly?"

She still remained kneeling at his feet. She raised her beautiful face from her hands, and looked towards him beseechingly through hor

team,
What could be do? He loved her tenderly. He felt that she had acted wrongly in decelving him; but was the crime so very great, and was the motivo a bad one, which had prompted her to the atterance of these falsehoods?

He raised her in his arms, and kissed her tours away. He implored her to think no more

of it—to forgive him for his harshness,

"But how could you think I would be angry
with you?" he asked, reproachfully. "Oh,
hever doubt me again, dearest; but let me
know all your froubles, that I may help and ad-

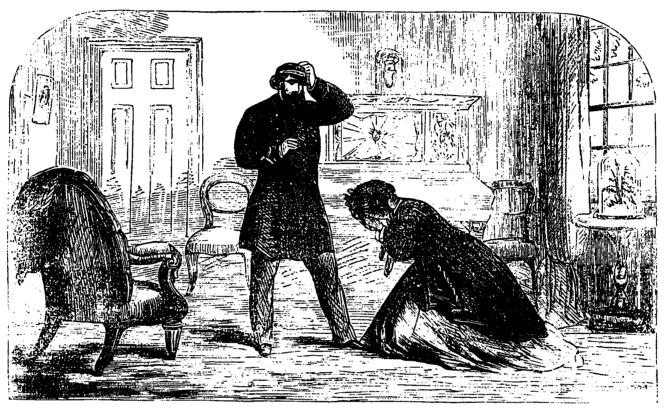
know all your froubles, that I may holp and advise you, if it lies in my power to do so."

He would have known further particulars respecting this adiair of Martha's, but Eleanor seemed anxious to dismiss the subject, and he thought he would talk to her some other time upon the matter.

She looked very ill, too, and complained of her headache, and he could find no time for aught else but the utterance of soothing words and

terms of endearment.

At least an hour passed thus. The subject had



FACE TO FACE.

eith, my dear sir, she goes nowhere. Nobody sees her. Nobody hears of her. For my part, I don't believe in her nt all. It's my opinion she's a myth, and no arguments of yours or hers either can convince me of the contrary, for I'm

a true-born Briton, and have a right to be as pig-headed as I think fit." "Which way are you going, Colonel?" asked Jerrold, when his joylal friend stopped, at last,

for want of breath, and began to plack his moustache with great violence. "Right past your door; so I'll give you a

lift, and drop you down there if you're agree-

"I shall be much obliged to you."

Something must have been the matter, certainly, from the expression of Edward Jerrold's

The Colonel followed the direction of his eyes, and saw that they were directed towards the door of the cottage, inside which the conversa-tion had taken place, that the Captain had been an unwilling listener to

No very alarming object met his eyes, how-

An old woman, in a clean can and anron, with a kind expression of face, was standing upon the threshold of the door, and staring towards the carriage.

But, suddenly, as it appeared, catching sight of Jeriold's face, she withdrew hastily within the house, pushing against some other person, unseen, who stood close behind her,

turning at once all sorts of colours at the sight of this, apparently, very barmless old woman Nothing, except that he recognised in her the nurse, who according to his wife's account, had gone away to her friends in some distant part

of the country.

How was this new mystery to be accounted for? Was this another lie, and if so for what reason had it been told?

Jerrold leant back wearily, and passed his hand over is face.
"It's nothing," he said; "only a pain in the

heart! What were you saying, Colonel?"

They were some time in reaching Jerrold's house by the winding road, for they were com-pelled to take a somewhat circuitous route, and very often to diverge from the direction in which a crow making the journey would probably have

By the time that Jerrold got home, the rain was descending heavily. He bade the Colonel good-bye, and ran across the garden into the

Almost at the same moment, Eleanor entered at the back door, panting and out of breath, her garments saturated, her boots muddy, her hair

streaming wildly. "Has he come back ?" she asked in a whis per of the girl who let her in.

Yes, ma'am.' "When ?"

But ere there was time to exchange another

word with her servant, Eleanor, white and trembling, found horself face to face, with the man whom she would have avoided - her CHAPTER XIII.

"Then I am too late."

For a moment, both stood still without a word ach, perhaps, waiting for the other to speak. It was Jerrold who first broke the silence.

FACE TO FACE.

She did not look at him, nor answer him. Her gaze sought some far-off object in the indscape without, bleared and dreary in the

handscape without, bleared and dreary in the handscape without, bleared and dreary in the heavily-falling rain.

"Eleanor!" he said, after a long pause, which seemed to be of incolorable length to Edward Jerrold, whose strong frame trembled with suppressed emotion; "Eleanor, will you not answer me ?"

She turned her eyes full upon him for a moment, then dropped them to the ground.

Then covering her face with her hands, sank upon her knees at his feet. "I am ashamed to answer," she said, in a low

and quivering voice.
"Ashamed!" he cried, the hot blood rushing upwards in a torrent to his face; "what do you swoon. mean? Get up—get up—in morcy's name, ex-plain yourself!"

"Oh, Edward, you will never forgive me !"
"Forgive you !--for what ?"

"For having deceived you."
"In what way?" he gasped.
He was suffering an agony.
He waited what seemed to him an age for her

At last, in low tremulous tonos, she spoke.
"I know I have done very wrong, Edward,

but you must hear my explanation before you He made as though he would have spoken,

out the words stuck in his throat.

table for support. What was the meaning of her agitation? Did

it signify shame and disgrace : And as the thought passed through his brain, he felt as though he would rather have struck her down dead at his feet than have allowed the

He waited, longing to hear more, but yet dreading that she should speak. But at length, as there is an end to all things, so there came a term to his sufferings.

"Oh, Edward," she said, "you will—you must

forgive me! Although I have told you so many fulsehoods, I did it to screen the fault of one whom you have been very kind to."
"Do you mean Martha?" he asked, with a

"Yes," she replied, talking very fast, but never for a moment raising her eyes to his face —" yes. You will not be angry with her. She has been severely punished by the presence of

her persecutor.' " What persecutor ?" " Her second husband."

"Second hysband ?" "Yes. She married again some time ago. She left me to get married.' "What! An old woman like she is?"

"You know, Edward, old women can be fool ish as well as young ones."
"When did her first husband die, then?"

" He is not dead." "Not dead?"
"No. She told me that he was. I think that

she believed it herself. She formed some con nexion with a man who was stopping at the in - the man I wrote to. She went away to be married. He squandered her small carnings then discovered that her first husband was ally From that time he has been threatening and persecuting her unnercifully, and has extorted money from her upon several occasions, and

"From you ?" "Yes, indirectly. She could not nav the bribe you know, and so I was obliged to do so. It was upon that account that I sold the trees, Edward Can you forgive mo? I was so ashamed of my weakness—I was so frightened lest you should this man, and that he should wreck his ven-

ceased to be discussed, when Jerrold inquired what were the contents of the letter Ellen had written to Slider. "It was to tell him that we should submit to

no more imposition, and that if he persisted in it we should inform you of the circumstance."

"And what effect will that have, do you sup-

"I think he will go away, and leave us in peace. Did you give him the letter ?" "No; I gave it to Hardwicke to deliver to

John ?" Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when shouttered a low, mouning cry, as though she were suffering intense pain, and next moment sank backwards upon the sofa in a death-like

During the course of the afternoon Jerrold came to the determination to lose no time in quitting the neighbourhood, for he felt convinced that his wife's health had been seriously impaired during his absence, and that, in the weak and nervous state to which she had been reduced, any excitement might have the most in-

jurious effects upon her.

The proposition of a trip to the sea-side seemed to afford Elemor the liveliest satisfaction, and she suggested that, if possible they should start next day, or, at the latest, upon the day

His knoes shock in his throng.

His knoes shock under him. He felt as though it would have fallen, had he not clung to the att, and while they were yet debating how they able for support.

What was he going to hear?

But hardly had this conclusion been arrived at, and while they were yet debating how they cape us again so easily. Therefore, to begin with, I histst upon the homour of dancing with you in the next quadrille."

Late into the night the sounds of the merriwith the contents of which the reader is already acquainted

From this moment dated Eleanor's miraculous cure,

nideous truth to pass her lips.

But something stronger than his own will compelled him to remain silent.

He waited, longing to began a compelled by the complete the compelled him to remain silent. with his old friend the Colonel and the invita. lage, anxious to obtain a view of the festivities nd delight, Eleanor proposed that they should go.

> Night had gathered in over the valley some tours when Percy Hardwicke smillingly nicked his way down the hill side towards the Cap-

> tain's little house.
> "How agreeably I shall surprise them !" he thought, as he noiselessly opened the garden But in this he was doomed to disappointment,

> for the servant informed him that her master and mistress had gone out to dinne "How is your mistress this evening - quite recovered

"Yes, sir, thunk you. She has quite recov ered 2" "And they have gone out to spend the even-

ing anywhere near here?" "To Colonel Wycherley's," "Wycherley!" repeated Hardwicke, musingly, and then a triumphant smile filtted across his handsome face.

"Jerrold spoke to me about him, if I do not orget," he said to himself. "He had a brother in India. I'll make his acquaintance. How ry fortunate !" He inquired the way of the Colonel's house,

and rewarded the girl with half a crown, and one of his sweetest smiles, for her information. "Now, my lady," said Hardwicke to himself, as he walked away, "we shall meet at last !"

CHAPTER XIV.

IN HIS POWER.

Through the open windows of Colonel Wycher ley's house the pattering of fury footsteps, and the rustling of rich sliks and gausy drapery, mingled with soft, molodious sounds, and floated far away into the stilly night, across the undulating meadow land, where ruminating kine

pricked up their oars in mild surprise at the unwonted harmony of Charles D'Albert's last new waltz.

A brilliant assemblage of youth and beauty A britiant assembinge of youth and beauty graced the hospitable Colonel's handsome drawing-rooms; for chance had collected upon the spot at least a score more guests than their host had anticipated would have honoured him with had anticipated would have honoured him with hadanticipated would have honoured him with their presence when, in the morning, he pro-posed the visit to Edward Jeroid. Several blooming belies were there, with bright eyes and rusy cheeks, red pouring lips and glittering teeth, with faultiess toliets, eneasing forms of exquisite grace and symmetry.

It would indeed have been a trying ordeal for

any common-place or clumsy woman to have taken her place in the midst of this beyy of beauties, whom one might almost have been led to suppose had been gathered together in rivalry, the fairest to carry of the prize. They were, with the exception of one or two mammas, who were safely stowed out of harm's

mammas, who were safety stowed out of barne's way in the background, all young maidens with disposable hearts and hands, should an eligible partner put in an appearance; and, indeed, there were no lack of partners of the most eli-

there were no lack of partners of the most engible initure.

Some young fox-hunting squires, with great rent-rolls, some tawny-moustached cavalry officers, several young gentlemen, very well-hoking and very well off, who were all very devoted in appearance, and very sincere, as far as could be indeed. be Judged. It seemed that night as though several couples were upon the brink of making a match of it;

were upon the brink of making a match of it; and you may be sure that the old ladies in the background, to whom I have alluded, watched the progress of the several directions, in which their fair young charges were engaged, with no small auxiety—accustonally, too, blended with a considerable amount of gratification.

Indeed, nothing could be more favourable than was the appearance of the matrimonial horizon, when a certain event occurred which tended to throw a damper upon these little bymeneal arrangements; and this, strange to re-

mencal arrangements; and this, strange to relate, was the arrival of a married hely—a nobody, in fact—the wife, if you must have it, of nothing better than a sea captain. That such a person as this could prove a formidable rival to a room full of beautiful young single ladies, must seem to all single ladies, as if does to me, too, both ridentous and improbable; but it is, nevertheless, the last.

From the moment that the vision of a pair and lovely bace, set in a transport dock where

From the moment that the vision of a pale and lovely face, set in a frame of dark, glossy hair, broke in upon the happy fittle assembly, all other beauty faded into insignificance.

Not by degrees, and one by one, did the gatlants fall off from those idels of whom intherto they had been devoted worshippers, but with one accord they seemed drawn powards her. They surrounded her, watched her slightest movement, listoned in and appearing his her. movement, listened in rapt attention to her

smallest word,

A buzz went round of "Who is she?" But no one could be found to answer. Most of the ladles and gentlemen who were there gathered together beneath the Colonel's hospigathered ogether memeath the coming's hospitable roaf, had come from some distance to be present at this gathering, and those who were the hearest neighbours yet knew nothing of her. Since Edward Jerrold had been at sea, ship had lived a most rathed life, are fixed on a the

had lived a most retired life-scenelog, as the Colonel had said, all invitations sent to her by those among the neighbouring gentry who were destrous of her society.

When first she was married to the Captain, who belonged to a very good family, Eleanor, though liftherto moving in an obscure sphere,

had been received at once into society, and her grace and beauty had secured her a good recep-But a few happy months having passed, the sen captain was called away, as we have seen, by his duties: and Electror had closed her doors upon the world, and, in spite of all persuasion and entreaty, refused to show her face to those who, even upon so short an acquaintance, had grown quite eager for her presence at their par-

grown quite eager for her presence at their parties.

Her appearance here this evening, then, were all the charm of nevelty! and the fickle youths who awhile ago had been only too happy to be allowed to lay their devotion at the white satin slippers of the blooming maidens who now and then vouchsafed a little mild encouragement, forgot all about their former filtration, and had no eyes or ears for aught else save the pule beauty who came amongst them anexpectedly, like a spirm from the other world.

Who has not seen, at such a gathering one

Who has not seen, at such a gathering, one beauty cellpsing all—throwing all into the shado —reigning supreme and glorious—the queen of all she surveys, before whose magnificence all other beauty fades into nothingness, and retires

without a struggle? "This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure?" said the Colonel, coming forward, radiant with smiles, to welcome his old friend's wife. "I never expected to see you But hardly had this conclusion been arrived you have come, I shall take care you do not es-Late into the night the sounds of the merri-

> pastures without, generally at such an hour dark and still as a desert Isle, from the face of which the sun has gone down beyond the wide and weary waste of waters bemining it in. Could it be that some loiterer from the vilwas lurking about the premises, or were the dogs in the stable-yard rendered more than or-

ment within echood clearly across the ste

dimerity irritable by the unwonted noise, and barked without a cause? Could some powher have selected this parti-cular night as a favourable one for his depreda-Was It some rustle sweetheart of one

of the pretty serving-moids?

Whatever might have been the object of the intruder, it is certain that he took great precau-

tions to avoid detection.

Cantiously, he crept round about the house, keeping in the shadow of the trees, and under the wall-side, watching and listening. Creeping nearer and nearer.

Then, taking alarm, and stealing away again with stealthy footsteps, only to return, after

brief pause, to take up the position which he had deserted. The night was in its midst when a servant an-

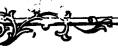
nounced a visitor who was desirous of a few moments' conversation with the Colonel. It was Ferey Hardwicke, who had come with a plausible and well-considered tale, and who, you may be sure, managed so to play his eards that a few minutes afterwards he found his way

to the ball-room.

6 You have a friend of mine here, I fancy," said the smiling gentleman, "unless I mistake that voice," and he turned, as he spoke, towards a card-table, where Edward Jerrold was seated "Ah, and we have Mrs. Jerrold, also!" replied

the host. "Are you acquainted with her, also?"
"I have never had the pleasure of meeting her before," said Percy Hardwicke. "Will you The Colonel led him, as he spoke, towards one end of the room, where a beautiful lady sat in the midst of a gay and laughing circle of ad-

mirors. "My dear Mrs. Jerrold, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Percy Hardwicke."





Did she scream? Did she fall?

There was searcely any change in her face, as she raised her eyes to his; perhaps for a mo-ment the colour faded from her face, and left on it a death-like pallor.

But this might have been fancy. It might be

the effect of the gas.

She met his gaze steadily enough, and he looked at her fixedly, wondering, as he did so, where they could have met before, if ever Never, he thought; for in vain he racked his memory to recall her features.

No, they could not have met before; he could

never have forgotten so beautiful a face, had he

seen it.

He begged the honour of her hand for the next dance, and it almost seemed to him that she manifested a certain amount of eagerness to accept the lavitation, although it was certain that she could stand in no lack of partners, had

Between the figures of the dance he took the

opportunity of asking whether she had recovered from her late indisposition.

"I am much better," she replied, with a smile. "I hope that you have changed your determination of quitting the neighbourhood?"

"No; happily the business which I supposed would have taken me away has been otherwise. would have taken me away has been otherwise

"Then we may hope for the pleasure of a visit from you. I know not how to apologize as it is, for all the inconvenience you have suffered

would have been long ago forgotten in the pleasure of this meeting."

The words were somewhat formal and common-place, but the tone in which they were uttered was one of such cyldent admiration, that she drew back with a deep crimson flush suf-fusing her cheeks.

She raised her eyes to his with a slight frown but he met their gaze, and they drooped again

beneath his.

She is afraid of me," he thought to himself, with one of his sweetest smiles. "And if I only could find the key to her secret. She's very beautiful! Poor little Phobe!"

Never could Percy Hardwicke have shown to greater advantage than he did that night-never had he so tried his energies to be enter-

He was not long before he contrived to render himself a general favourite, amongst the ladies at least; though throughout the evening, however he might be engaged, his gaze never for many moments together wandered from the object upon which it was concentrated—the pale and beautiful face of Eleanor Jerrold.

Perhaps she felt its influence, although she never turned towards him: perhaps she had some other reason for wishing to leave the scene of her triumph.

She took an opportunity of quietly approaching her husband, and whispering in his ear:
"My darling," he cried, reproachfully, "how neglectful of me not to ask you before! Of

course you must be wearied to death. I will go at once and give orders about the carriage, Mr. Jertold's partners were inconsolable when

they heard that she was going away.
So soon, too! they said. Could she not possibly walt for another dance—for a very little

" You must not be so long before you honour me again," said the Colonel, as he led Mrs. Jerrold down stairs. The other gentlemen crowded round to see her

The carriage was waiting without.

But a disturbance suddenly arose-the sound

In the midst of the servants was seen a drunken-looking, dissipated fellow, in a horsey style of dress, who was remonstrating against their rough treatment of him.

"Hands off!" he cried. "What do you take

" For no good," one of the servants answered jeeringly; "else we shouldn't have enught you where we did."

" Hands off, I say, or I shall spoil some of you

or your spiendid livery!" The Colonel, leaving the lady for a while in a place of security, advanced into the passage to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. At sight of him, the servants fell back and allowed him

the man, who, shaking himself after the fushion of a Newfoundland dog, glared angrily at his late

assailants.
"What is the meaning of this?" asked the

"I found the man hanging about the lawn," said one of the gamekeepers. "He said he knew you, sir, and I brought him into the house before taking any steps respecting him."

The Colonel looked at him attentively for a

moment, and then said, "I have never seen you before. What do you want?"
"If I don't know you," retorted the man, "I

know one of your guests. "I am no thief-ask Mrs. Jerrold if I am." " Ask whom ?" inquired the Colonel in sur-

The stranger, rolling a few steps backward with a kind of movement which was half swagger, half stagger, pointed to where Mrs. Jerrold

As he did so, she shrank back as though she would have avoided him.

Her face, at this moment, was deadly white, and she trembled so violently that she could

"That's her!" said the vagabond. "The

Captain's lady, I mean. She knows me and I know her. Don't you, Mrs. Jerrold?"

"Come, come, there's enough of this!" cried the Colonel, angrily. "It anybody knows anything of you, I should think the knowledge can scarcely be to your credit. I have no time to talk to you now; keep him safe, my mon, until I give you further orders."

The men advanced to lay hold of the intruder,

but with a floreo gesture he waved them off.

"Don't dare to lay a finger upon me," he cried, "or you will rue it. I'm no thief, I say,

and I'm as respectable as any of you."
"Why are you found lurking about my grounds, then?" asked the Colonel.

" I was doing no harm."

"What were you doing?"
"That's my business," retorted the man, sui-

"In any case, it will be my business to keep you in custody until I have made a few inquiries about you."

"Ay; and if you turn out the sort of charac ter I strongly suspect, a month in the county gaol will probably—"

" You'd look me up, would you?" cried the

other, in drunken fury. "It's more than you dare. Lock me up, indeed! I'll tell you who I am; tell you who others are, for that matter-I'll tell you!"

Eleanor had stood in one spot during this cene as though her feet had been rooted to the

Some of the gentlemen would have led her upstairs again. Several spoke to her. One offered his arm, but she took no notice of the movement-made no reply-seemed not to comprehend the meaning of the words address

At this moment, however, when the drunken trespasser's words seemed to promise some re-velation, she sprang suddenly forward, and made as though she would have rushed down into the hall below and arrested the half-uttered

words.
But ere she could carry into effect this intention, if such she had, a hand clasped her wrist She looked round quickly, expecting to sec her husband by her side. It was Percy Hardwicke.

The crowd around were all eagerly interested in the scene enacting below, though the exact meaning did not clearly reach their comprohen-

No one at the moment was paying any attention to Mrs. Jerrold. No one saw this move-ment of Hardwicke's, nor the look of surprise and terror which passed over the woman's beautiful face as he bent over her and whispered

In a low tone in her ear.

"Are you mad?" he whispered, "Would you betray yourself?" Leave it to me,"

"What do you menn?" she asked, in choking

accents, scarcely articulate.

6 Leave it all to me. I will secure his release.
Your name shall not come into question." · · But—but why do you?

" nat—out why do you?"
" I have my reasons for befriending you. I will tell you all to-morrow night—in the fields where I met you with him. I will wait where I met you, just by the stile."
She looked at him with a staring face, scarcely

seeming to comprehend. " Will you come?" he asked.

"Will you come?" he asked.
"Yes, yes!" she replied in a low tone, full of deep concentrated anguish. "I will come. But go now and get him away. Let him say nothing—for heaven's sake, let him say nothing!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE APPOINTMENT.

In spite of his loud assertions of respectability, Mr. Slider (for such, of course, was the name of the drunken intruder) would have run a very great risk of being consigned to durance with but little ceremony, had not Percy Hard-

In a few well-chosen words he explained away all that appeared suspicious in Mr. Sli-

Taking the Colonel on one side, he explained that Slider was stopping at the same inn; and that he was a respectable man in his way, and worth a good deal of money, but rather eccentric and perhaps a trifle cracked.

The Colonel, readily accepting this explana-tion, set Slider at liberty, and Hardwicke having whispered in his ear an appointment for that night at the int, turned round to look after

During the explanation, however, she had deher carriage.

He was only just in time to hear the rumble of its wheels as it disappeared into the distance.
"Never mind," said he to himself, as he retraced his steps to the drawing-room above "We shall meet again, I think, and she is in my power.

It was a late hour in the night, or rather an It was a late hour in the night, or rather an early hour in the morning, when the smiling gentleman rang the bell at his inn, on his return from Colonel Wycherley's house.

A very sleepy Boots was making believe to sit up for him, but had fallen so often head first into the lighted candle as to have occasioned a variabland haldness: having a vary singular effect.

into the figured candle as to have occasioned a partial baldness; having a very singular effect somewhat as though he had been shaved for a priest in the wrong place.
" Has Mr. Slider come in ?" asked Hardwicke.

"Ever so long ago, sir."
"Is he gone to bed?"

" No, sir, he's sitting up; though how he car keep awake at this hour caps me! Shall I give you your candle, sir?" No, thank you; I'll light it when I want it."

"Are you going to bed, sir?" asked the Boots, with a long face.
"You need not wait up, friend, in any case.

Here's half a sovereign for your trouble. Leave me, and 171 come to bed when 1'm ready. Where's Mr. Slider?" " In that room, sir."

"Stop.—what are you going to do?"
"To tell him you have come in, sir."
"Did he say you were to do so?"

"Then don't! Good night to you. I will tell him myself.' The "boots" stared as hard as his sleepy eyes would allow, and slowly retreated to his dormi-

But Hardwicke did not stir from the spot where he had been standing when the man left him until he was certain that he could act with-

out molestation, Then, having listened for a moment, he drew

Then, having listened for a moment, he drew from his breast-pocket a tiny pistol, the loading of which he carefully examined. Replacing it in his pocket with a quiet smile, he cautiously turned the handle of the door. He had expected to find Silder seated by the

He had expected to find Sinder seated by the fire; and as he raised his oyes, that he would have met his face standing there at the open door, with a background of pitchy darkness—a sensational effect the value of which he, as a

sensational effect the value of which he, as a consummate actor, could fully estimate.

Such, however, was not the case. Slider was sitting by the fire in an arm-chair, but he was fast asleep, and breathing heavily. The fire burnt low, and the light burnt dimly.

Hardwicke very cautiously closed the door behind him, and advanced towark the steams.

behind him, and advanced towards the sleeper

Stooping over him, then, he set to work to rifle his pockets.

rific his pockets.

One after another, with the dexterity of a professional, Percy Hardwicke invaded all the receptacles which Mr. Slider's apparel afforded for his private property, but without discovering any thing at all calculated to throw a light upon

the mystery of his life.
At length Hardwicke was almost tempted to give the search up as hopeless, when a thought occurred to him.

"Perhaps he has a pocket in the lining of his walstcoat." Wastcoat."

Very cautiously and stealthily he piled his dingers about the pocket of the sleeping man.

The pocket was where he had suspected.

There also, sure enough, were some papers.

Hardwicke drew them forth, and seating himself by the table, begun deliberately to read the contents.

When he had finished, Slider was still fast asleep, and he put them away very quietly into his pocket—not into Silder's pocket, of course

but his own. He perused them as though uncertain whe ther or not he should disturb the sleeper.

Upon second thoughts, he determined that he would not. He therefore very cautiously opened the room door, and crept up to his bedroom, the door of which he locked and boited with

more than his usual care.

Before he went to bed, he looked under the pillow, and found a small note, folded into a shape which was wonderfully ingenious and elaborate.

Mr. Percy Hardwicke yawned as he read it, and yawned afterwards. He did not kiss it, as she would have kissed the letter he had condes cended to write to her.

He burnt it in the candle, and went to bed.

"I should run away with her to-morrow," said Mr. Hardwicke, "if I had not an appointment with the other one. I wonder which is best? I cannot run away with both, I suppose. Howardly sleepy I am."

And so he went to bed, and to sleep, and smiled as sweetly and as innocently in his dreams as though he had been an angel.

The rain fell heavily throughout the day preceding that upon which the event occurred that we described above—a long, dull, inactive day was it, in which, nevertheless, there was some movement of deep import to some of the char-

movement of deep import to some acters moving in this story.

Throughout the lengthy hours composing the morning and afternoon that Percy Hardwicke dreamed away in listless indolence in the particular the little inn. Jabez Rourke's ugly face lour of the little inn, Jabez Rourke's ugly face might have been seen peeping out at intervals from the tap-room window, round the door-posts, into the inner passage, peering from the skittle-ground, flattening his nose against the window

Peeping and prying, peering and spying, in all holes and corners, the two objects of his es-plonage being ever the same—the smiling gentleman, and pretty Phobe, the belle of the vil-

As twillight gathered around the little village the rain ceased, and Percy Hardwicke strolled out to the door, to take an observation of the

While thus employed, his eye fell upon the village blacksmith.

"Come here, my friend," said he, in a patronizing tone; and Jabez approached in his usual

shambling, clumsy fashion.

"What a monster it is," said Percy Hardwicke, half-admiringly.

"Come here, I want to speak to you." "What can I do for you, sir?" asked the

blacksmith.
"I am going to entrust you with an extremely delicate office, my dirty-faced friend," said Hardwicke. "You shall assist me in an elopement. Let us take a walk and talk over the

ment. Let us take a wark and some business quietly."
They walked up the village street, Percy Hardwicke smiling as he talked.
The blacksmith's face was averted, but wore a deeply attentive expression. When they parted this gave way to one of savage and vindictive hate, which was horrible to look upon; dictive hate, which was horrible to look upon; parted this gave way to one or savage and vin-dictive hate, which was horrible to look upon; and as Jabez Rourke strode forward towards his forge, the children he met in his path crept timidly away, avoiding him as they would a

[To be continued.]

THE BRIDE'S STORY.

When I was but a country lass, now fifteen years ago,
I lived where flowed the Overprock, through meadows wide and low;
There first, when skies were bending blue and blossoms blowing free.
I saw the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His homespun cont was frayed and worn, with patches covered o'er, his hat—ah, such a hat as that was never seen before,

The boywand girls, when he first came, they shouted in 1:018 gire.

And jeered the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His father was a laboring man, and mine was highly born;
Our people held both him and his in great contempt and scorn—
They said I should not stoop to own a playmate such as he,
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy who went to school with me.

Yet spite of all the snears around from children better dressed.

My heart went out to meet that heart that beat within his breast;
His look was fond, his voice was low, and strange as it may be. I loved the little ragged boy who went to school with

For years they had forgotten him, but when again we His looks, his voice, his gentle ways remained in memory yet:

They saw alone the man of mark, but I could only The bright-eyed ragged little boy who went to school with me.

He had remembered me, it seemed, as I remembered Nor time, nor honors, in his mind the cherished past could dim! Young love had grown to older love, and so, to-day, you see, I wed the little ragged boy that went to school with

(REGISTEREDIN accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.1

IN AFTER-YEARS: OB,

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

To Mrs. Lindsay the recovery of her son had opened up a new life. The old haggard look, which made people fancy at times that she was the mother of Margaret, and not her sister, had given place to a healthy bloom in the open air life she led with the boy, whose favorite companion she soon became. This was well. Agnes was now so fearful of again losing him that she could not bear him to be a moment from her sight, even during the night rising to go into the room where he slept with his nurse, that she might see he was there safe. All her trouble and anxiety seemed to be centered in the fear she had lest he should again be stolen from her.

Agnes had no idea that the money which they had been possessed of at the time of her husband's departure from the Isle of Wight was gone. She had so long been accustomed to leave everything to Margaret that she had no knowledge of what was needed for their household expenses, and Margaret, dreading the effect which a knowledge of the truth would have on her mind, had always led her to think there was enough and to spare.

Margaret toiled on, scarcely giving herself time for sleep; from dawn till dark she was occupied either in making designs or painting those she had by her. The money obtained This note contained a poor little, simple vil- lage girl's heart, for all that it was written in very bad grammar, and most shamefully spelt. The money obtained ling them:

Colonel Lindsay went to Liverpool at once, fancied might be within a few miles of London, to find a Catchem-like man sitting in a dirty don, they might still deal with the same trades-

ed in steady labour with her pencil or paint brush to enable her to support a family that now numbered six persons.

The girl was becoming weak and weary. In Southampton, although she had hard work teaching, and it was sometimes disagreeable work too, yet at a certain hour it was done and then she could go to see and comfort in her sweet, loving way, those who were poorer than herself. On Saturday she could take Agnes to the woods in the vicinity of the town, there, attended by Adam, if the weather was fine, they would pass the whole day, change of scene and air giving her health and fresh

spirits for renewed labour.

But now ceaseless toll was imperative. She had still the God-given Sabbath, which, if He had not given us, we would not give to ourselves; but on their return from church she was too weary to walk with Agnes and little Willie, and, lying down on the sofa, she would read, or, with eyes fixed on the little white ceiling above her head, dream of a time never to come again, of those she would never more

Margaret had set herself too hard a task for poor human nature—to toil unremittingly with a broken spirit, memories that would not sleep. The girl grew paler and weaker day by day. How often she longed to lay down the brush and pencil with which she toiled on through the weary day and go into the mossy woods, and hiding herself there, to sleep soundly and come back again never.

Adam had been gone three weeks. How long those seemed. She was the old man's darling, and he would come into the apartment where she sat day by day bent over work, bringing her a branch of evergreen, a few ferns, a little flower which, sheltered in some green, sunny nook, had escaped the fate of its race. These were little things, but she

missed them. Agnes had gone out for a long ramble with her son, the bright sunny morning, the crisp, frosty ground, the life-giving clear air, all inviting the sons of toil as well as the man of leisure to go abroad, and under the broad blue sky praise Him who gave them this green

earth to dwell upon.

Margaret accompanied her sister and Willie to the door of the cottage, and stood looking wistfully after them as their forms grew dim in the distance. An almost irresistible desire to go also and spend a few hours in the lanes under the fir trees made her go to look how much money she had still left, and to reckon if she could furnish the order she was busy with in time if she spent that day in the open

her little hoard. She must not lose an hour. She must endeavour, if possible, to finish the drawings she was busy with, so that next day they could be sent to London. The bookseller never failed to send the money immediately on receiving the drawings.

She seated herself, and, taking up her pencil, prepared to begin her task. For the first time the thinness of the almost transparent hand, the thinness of the almost transparent hand,

Alas, two guineas were all that remained of

and this, together with the weakness she had been conscious of for a long time back, sent a chill to her heart as she thought: "What would become of them all if I were away?" She rose hastily, and, going to the mirror, saw there an almost marble white face, large

weary eyes, framed by long undulating waves of shaded pale brown hair, which fell in shining folds adown her neck.

The last time she remembered going to the mirror that she might see if her face was like the face it used to be in the old time, was the day she met Ernest De Vere's eye, so full of pleased surprise, love and admination, as he passed through London in triumph. Then she blushed to see that her face had gained in

beauty; now a pale shadow met her gaze.
From the dressing-case in front of her mirror she took a crushed and faded white rose. The dead flower made her feel like a weed. She pressed it to her lips and brow. Its faded, scentless petals were full of thorns, and mad-her heart bleed.

She was far away in a deep thicket, the purple bloom of the lilac, the laburnum with its golden hair touching her cheek as she passed under their shade, a thrush out on the beech tree singing its vesper song to the slowand over the house-tops and through the crowded streets of London the sweet chime of the church bells cam: floating in the air, and we're very well pleased with." the shimmering light of the moonbeams fell around her like a silver rain.

Two large drops fell on the faded rose.
"He may watch and wait there in the hush of the sweet spring night, but it will never again be for my step or the gleam of my white gar-

The dead rose was laid away in the little drawer so long its own in the dressing-case, and poor Margaret, with her white face and transparent hands, sat down again to her daily

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Lady Hamilton stood on the balcony of old Inchdrewer, looking towards the spire of the mausoleum where her son and daughter lay. The moon and stars were high in the heavens, throwing the long shadows of the pine trees athwart the path.

Lady Hamilton raised her clasped hands and streaming eyes to heaven as she said in solemn accents, "Praise to Him who hath shortened the days of trial; the curse of Haddon hath passed away." That night Lady Hamilton left Inchdrewer

by the mail for London, travelling almost day

and night that she might join Colonel Lindsay and unite her efforts with his for the recovery of her grandchildren. Colonel Lindsay had long before consulted one of the first lawyers in London on the subject, he, in his turn, communicating with other men of business in all parts of England. The

ed in all the leading city, as well as the pro-vincial papers, were fruitful of annoyance and trouble, but naught else. A letter from Liverpool informed Colonel Lindsay that by sending twenty pounds to the writer he would be informed of the where-

advertisements which had for months appear-

abouts of the ladies he sought for, and all other particulars he wished to know concerning them.

Colonel Lindsay went to Liverpool at once,

booking-office, who demanded the twenty pounds before he would put on his hat to acompany his client, as he chose to denominate

Colonel Lindsay.

The money was cheerfully paid, and lawyer to a densely-nonulater and client proceeded to a densely-populated part of the city, whose streets and high dirty smoked brick houses made Arthur Lindsay shudder as he thought of the dire poverty which must have forced Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame to live in such houses, in such a neighbourhood.

Then, after climbing three sets of staircase, he was introduced into a suite of two rooms, occupied by two sisters named Anna and Maria Cumbermere, who had the appearance of being much superior to the place they lived in, and

supported themselves by staymaking.

Poor things, they were the daughters of a Yorkshire elergyman, who died and left his family to fight the battle of life alone, and had buoyed themselves up with the hope that some relative had left money to which they were the heirs.

Colonel Lindsay, sore at heart himself, sympathized perhaps the more with those suffered also, and looking on these old ladies toiling for bread in a garret, a sharp pang stung his heart as he thought how those dear ones he sought for must have suffered these long when, as he was now aware, that the miserable pittance he left with them was

gone.
With characteristic generosity, he insisted on leaving twenty pounds with the youngest and most accessible of the ladies, whose eye and trembling lip thanked him as words could never have done

Another episode: A letter, rather pompously and patronizingly written, came from South-ampton, signed by Amos Porter, and desiring the person interested in Miss Margaret Cuninghame (if this was one of the ladies he sought) to come to Southampton, where, at Lee's Villa, he would obtain the information wanted.

In due time Colonel Lindsay presented himself at Lee's Villa, a very pretentious looking place, the house a tremendous affair when viewed in comparison with the small piece of ground surrounding it, which last, however, was made the most of, not an available space being left without flower, or shrub, or fruit tree. He learned from the Jarvey who drove him there that the proprietor was a brewer who had made what he considered quite a fortune, and was now launching into polite society with his wife and daughters.

Colonel Lindsny was shown into a hand-somely furnished drawing-room, where in a few minutes he was joined by a stout gentleman wearing two gold rings, gold studs and sleeve-buttons, and an immensely thick gold watch chain, to which were attached a bunch of scals. A lady accompanied him, most claborately got-up in wine-coloured satin, which swept the floor, and jewellery which a Moorish princess might have envied her the

"Mr. Porter, I presume," said Colonel Lindlaid on the paper to keep it steady, struck her,

say. "I came in reply to your letter promis-ing me information of Miss Cuninghame." "So, so, exactly so; you are the person who wants to know about Miss Cuninghame," spoken in a half-pompous style, as if the assumption cost him an effort. "Sit down, sir. This is Mrs. Porter, sir."

Colonel Lindsay bowed to the lady, who seemed to be perfectly conscious of her own importance.

"Yes, sir," continued Mr. Amos Porter, " Miss Cuninghame was our Matilda's gover-

ness for over a year, sir, and gave perfect satisfaction, sir; we were well pleased with her, sir, and we paid her well, sir. It was not for that we parted with her, sir,—no."

"No," broke in Mrs. Porter, who feared Mr. Amos might, with his usual indiscretion, speak of the reports which had been told him in confidence by one of the Queen's Chaplains (alias Catchem), who was introduced to her by

Guttlesoup, with whom the Queen's Chaplain boarded in Southampton for the benefit of his health; "no, indeed, it was not because she did not teach well, but Matilda has a most wonderful talent for all sorts of music. When she comes 'ome from a ball, a fresco or any-thing like that, she can play all the tunes on her finger ends, and so you see she knew as ly dying day, the fragrance came from the much by the end of the year as Miss Cuning-apple-blossom as it shed its petals in a white hame did herself, and the Reverend Josiah and crimson shower on the daisies at her feet, Dobblenose, one of the Queen's Chaptains, who

"Can you tell me where Miss Cuninghame

"No indeed, that we can't. Mr. Dobblenose wanted to know after they left Southampton, and he could not find out." "She made a good penny of her teaching

here," said Mr. Amos very pompously. "She wouldn't take a penny less than half a crown for every lesson, and a pretty smart sum it came to by the end of the year. Besides the sheet music, which we bought ourselves, I paid her thirty pounds sterling more for her "You're perhaps going to engage her for your own girls?" said Mrs. Porter, who began

to think that the stranger was somewhat more gentlemanly-looking than even the Queen's Chaplain. "No," replied Colonel Lindsay, as he rose to take his leave, "I am Miss Cuninghame's bro-ther-in-law."

Opening his pocket-book, he took from thence a Bank of England note for thirty pounds, and, writing his name on a blank card, laid both on the table, saying: "This money will repay your servant for the trouble he had in showing me in, the card is for your-

The worthy Mr. Amos Porter and his lady were perfectly amazed when, lifting the card, they read, "Sir Arthur Lindsay, Haddon Castle," and lifting up the present for the servant, found that it exactly amounted to the sum Miss Cuninghame had received for their talented darling's music lessons.

self. Good morning."

Colonel Lindsay returned to London only to renew the same round of searching and disap-pointment which had been his lot since his return from abroad.

His anxiety was fully equalled by that of Lady Hamilton, to whom it seemed an impossibility to rest one hour in the house, driving about to every house in the vicinity of Duke Street, where they had last been traced to, in hopes that in their country home, which she fancied might be within a few miles of Lon-





formation should he ever call again.
When the steam vessel in which Adam sailed for Lon ion arrived at Hore's Wharf, he at once made his way to the office in Cheapside from whence the mail started for Eaton-Sut-ton. The mail had gone about twenty minutes previous, but he was told he could go by the stage, which would leave the office in about ours and a half, and arrive in Eaton-Sutton three hours after the mail.

He at once took a place in the stage, and to while away the intervening time went to take a look at the Bank of England, a very favourite resort of his during his residence in Thaives Inn, as being a place he fanced he would be likely to meet Lady Hamilton going to draw her money as he knew the Lairds of Huddon did from the Bank of Scotland in Aberdeen, and it occurred to him that perhaps he might meet her there now. He knew Mrs. Lindsay wished to see her, and he would tell her so.

Standing gazing at the Bank, his arm was grasped by a firm hand, his name pronounced by a well-remembered voice, and, looking round, he found himself face to face with Colonel Lindsay, who was believed by the old man to be lying fathoms deep under the smooth warm billows of the Indian Ocean.

"The master!" exclaimed Adam, "When did ye come home? Is it you? Where have ye been this long time?" Yes, it's me, Adam. Where is Mrs. Lind-

say?"

Down at Eaton-Sutton; I'm just going this time."

Adam, jump into this carriage. We must drive to lady Hamilton's to tell her the good news that I have found you, and through you Mrs. Lindsay.'

"Weel, sir, I am sorry to say no to you, but maybe if I went to Lady Hamilton's it wad leave me ower late for the stage to Eaton-Sutton, and I have to be there the morn right or wrong, to let the ladies ken 'at Sir Richard's de id, and Mr. Waddell has served Mrs. Lindsay heir to Haddon Castle and Miss M rgaret heir to Beldorne Hall. I canna go wi' ye, but I'll tell ye what will please ye better than if the Queen went wi' ye. Master Willie is no' drowned, but safe and sound at Eaton-Sutton

"Willie alive! Oh, Adam, that's the best

"Willie Alive! Oh, Adam, mays the east news I ever heard in all my life. You're sure it's Willie? When was he found?"
"It's sure enough Master Willie. You mind L'Homme de la Chape. It was him 'at stole Master Willie, and him and Catman, the writer that put me in the madhouse, is the He gave Master Willie to a woman down in Eaton-Sutton, and we found him there, -his white hat and his little shirt with his name, and his mole and the mark like a leaf on his arm and everything. He was never drowned at all."

"Come into the carriage, Adam. Lady Hamilton and I will go to Eaton-Sutton with you, so there will be no fear of your being late."

"I would'na be late for a pound note." "You won't be late; come away."
This then was the end of the weary seeking

by day, the hundreds of pounds spent in adver-tising, the restless nights spent by Lady Hamilton, as well as Colonel Lindsay, since her return to London to seek her grandchildren. Adam, after all, was the one who, by teaching the twin sisters to serve the God of Israel in their childhood, in caring for them in their youth, and in his love and service all their days had helped to lighten the curse of Haddon, and now was the means to restore them to their home. Who shall say that he was not the means of removing it also from the head of the guilty man who would have died alone and unattended but for him, and for whose sin the curse first came.

(To be continued.)

AN ORATOR SPOILED.

A rough-looking, but well informed farmer, liv. ing in one of the neighboring towns in Cayuga county, N. Y., was once selected as a party standard-bearer and sent to the Legislature He determined to make his mark, and, if possible, become celebrated in history. In order to do this he must make a speech, so he collected tothis he must make a speech, so he collected to-gether items of history and science and blended them in harmonious concord. This done to his satisfaction, he committed his speech to me-mory, and appeared before the Legislature. As he arose from his seat, another member, not seeing him, commenced talking, whereupon the speaker of the House said: — "The gentleman from Cayuga has the floor." Looking around upon his fellow-legislators, his courage failed, his upon his fellow-legislators, his courage failed, his tongue refused to do the bidding of his intellect. Finally he stammered out, "I only got up to spit," and sat down amid a roar of laughter from all who heard it. The next morning the Albany Switch reported this able speech in full, and the political farmer was never allowed to forget his patriotic attempts to enlighten the law-maker of the Empire State.

CHRONIC SPLENITIS. Physician's Report of a remarkeble Case.
GAGETOWN, N. B., July 22, 1866. Mr. James 1. Fellows, Chemist:

Mr. James 1. Follows, Chemist:

Dear Sir.—Allow me to bear my testimeny in favor of your Compound Syrup of liypophosphites. I have used it myself for Tuberculesis with marked benefit, and have given it to a great number of my patients, with the same results as I experienced from its use. During the last seven years I have devoted myself almost exclusively to the treatment of Consumption, having cases under my care in all parts of the Province; so that I am onabled to speak from experience of the benefits derived from its use.

The mest marked was a case which was under my care in March last. This was a patient who had been under treatment nine months with no beneficial results. When I first saw him he was so feeble that he could not sit up long enough to have his heart and lungs examined. What disease he had been treated for did not appear, but I found him suffering under Chronic Sylanitis. He had a severe Cough, Dyspnear, Pulpitation of the lieart, Impaired Digestion, and consequent general emagiation. I put him mader treatment, and in a few weeks he was able to move about a little, but still the debility continued. I then prescribed your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and after using four bettles he was able to attend to his farm, and is now perfectly well. In March he was given up by four physicians respectively; in May he assisted in ploughing eighteen acres of land, and had run up in fiesh from 136 to 148 pounds weight.

I sond you this for the purpose of making what use you please of it, and wish you all success in your labor for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Strongly recommending the use of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites to all who suffer in any way from diseases or weakness of the Lungs, Bronchial Tabes, or general debility.

J. H. W. SCOTT, M.D.

A QUEER LITTLE FELLOW.

Isn't it a queer little fellow who knows everything as soon as he's born, and builds a house for himself before he's one day old?

Everything about him is curious. To begin with, he lives at the bottom of a pond or river. At first he was nothing but the tiny atom of a green egg, stuck to the stem of some weeds un-

green egg, stuck to the stem of some weeds under the water. After a while the egg burst open, out crawled Mr. Worm, and proceeded at once to look for some building materials. You see, except his head and neck, which is protected by a hard covering, he is a soft little worm, and he wouldn't live long in the same pond with fish and bugs, and spiders, who have nothing to do but to cat, and are always hungry, unless he had a safe home.

No, of course, he goes the first thing to building.

Some of the ablest zoologists look with apprehension upon the probable mischief to result from the success of acclimatization societies in many parts of the world, and notably in the British colonies of Australia. It is feared that animals of doubtful value thus introduced will not only exterminate native species, but so increase as to prove a formidable nuisance to agriculturists.

nuisance to agriculturists.

There is in New Zealand a remarkable bird called the kakape, or owl parrot, which has been fully described in the valuable and costly works on the ornitulology of that country that have lately appeared. Up to the year 1845 its twilight habits seem to have concealed its very existence from explorers; and singularly enough, although furnished with ample wings, it neglects to use them.

Wings, it neglects to use them.

PROPERSOR SHALER, of Cambridge, Mass., writes to the Philosophical Magazine that he has found it possible, with the Harvard University telescope, to see all the principal features in the topography of the dark region of the new moon, when illuminated only by the reflected light proceeding from the sunit carth. He says that the best time for such observations is when the moon is only twenty-four hours old.

hours old.

Parappine On, Lamps.—Mr. John A. Perry, of Liverpool, suggests in Science Gossip the addition of camphor to increase the illuminating power of parafine oil and improve the quality of the light. This is a woll known fast, but hore is Mr. Perry's recipe for those who have never heard of it: "I do not think it is generally known to microscopists that the addition of a little gum camphor to the paraffine oil in the microscope lamps burning that fluid is a very great improvement. About fifteen grains of camphor put into an ordinary-sized lamp, about one hour before using, will cause the lamp to give a far more intense and brilliantly white light than the paraffine oil alone would give."

Figure: Eyes.—The eve in the leaselet and the

and brilliantly white light than the paraline oil alone would give."

Fights: Eyes.—The eye in the lancelet and the hag is of the simplest form, consisting of a nerve termination conted with black pignont and capable only of perceiving the presence of light. In young lampreys, while they remain buried in the sand, the eyes are very minute and undeveloped; but when they reach the adult period these organs are developed to an average size. In the majority of fishes the eyes are admirably adapted to the purposes of vision in water, and in the four-cyed fish of South America not only are the eyes very perfect, but they are also divided into an upper and lower portion, giving them the appearance of two pupils and enabling the fish to pursue its prey when out of as well as when under the water. In the cat-fishes the greatest variety is found in the size and arrangement of the visual organs, from the large eyes on the sides to minute ones placed on the upper surface of the head. In some of the members of this family they are so buried under the skin or ineased in folds of cartilage as to be of little or no use.

FARM ITEMS.

Woon.—If not already done, delay no longer in illing the wood-house with dry wood for winter.

illing the wood-house with dry wood for winter. Hargawisa Whest.—We hope our renders will try the effect of harrowing wheat this month. Let it be done while the weather and soil are dry, so that any weeds that are pulled up will die.

DITCHES.—On low, moist dand, the fall is a good time to out new ditches and clean out and deepen old ones. Underdraining on upland is usually best done in the spring, or late in the fall or early winter, when the ground is saturated with water.

CLEAN Ur.—Pieces of boards, broken rails, barrel-stayes, etc., should be gathered up before they be-come saturated with the fall rains. A few hours' labor in straightoning up would add much to the ap-pearance of many a farm. Nothing pays better than neatness, system and order.

Now, whether he goes to sleep in his comical little house, or what he does, nobody knows; because nobody can peep in, you know. But something goes on there in the dark; for after a while the little prisoner opens the door, comes out of his house, crawis up the stent of some weeds till he is out of water, and then—you'd never guess what happens!

Why, his old skin just splits open, and he pulls himself out,—no longer a miserable little worm, but a georgeous four-winged Caddice-fly, dressed in a neat suit of brown. And he cares no more for the bottom of the pond, and his old straw or shell house. He sails off on the air, a gay, dancing fly.

You know, I told you he was rather greedy when he lived in the little house down under the water. Well, I think he was not so much to blame 197 enting as much as he could, after all; for what he had thon way the leash moughful he evel ate.

You can hardly believe it, but you would in a minute if you could see him with the help of a microscope. For with all his four gausy wings and splendid grey eyes he has no mouth. Of course, he hasn't the least desire to eat. He just flies over the water, and it will then be it for use.

Tomatoes in a New Farmon.—The following methods of preparing tomatoes for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered by one who has made the experimont, is suffered b

cool place.

Another Way.—Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft. Squeuze them through a fine wire slove, and add half a guillon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter pound of allspice, two ounces Cayenne pener, three tablespoonfuls of black pepper, five heads garlie, skinned and separated. Mix together, and boil about three hours, or until reduced to ahout one-half. Then bottle without straining.

half. Then bottle without straining.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Always use those which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them, as most receipt books direct. Lot them lie in strong brine three or four days, then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horse-radish; then your on the vinegar (cold), which should be first spiced as for perpers; let there be a spice has to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully, and set them by in the cellar for a full month before using.

set them by in the center for a thir month below using.

Another Way.—Take small, smooth tonatoes, not very ripe; sendd thom until the skin will slip off casily, and aprinkle salt over them. After they have stood twenty-four hours, drain off the jukes, and pour on a boiling hot pickle, composed of one pound of sugar to every quart of vinegar, and two tonspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves. Drain off the liquid, scald it, and pour it on them again, every two days for a week, and they will require no further care.

scale it, and pour it on them again, every two days for a week, and they will require no further care.

A LA VINAIGRETTE.—This is a sauce much used in Paris for cold viands. Sauce à la vinaigrette is composed of salad oil, vinegar, finely-chopped paraley, and shallots, onions, or chives, with popper and salt to taste. For those who have no objection to oil, this sauce is infinitely superior to mere vinegar, pepper, and salt. It is suitable for any kind of cold meat, and especially for cold calves' head, and is admirable with cold salmon, turbot or indeed any sort of cold fish. Hard-boiled eggs also cat extremely well with sauce à la vinaigrette; so do many kinds of cold vegetables, and especially asparagus; in fact, this is quite as often caten cold as bot in Paris, and always à la vinaigrette. Cold artishokes are also very largely consumed with this sauce. When used with cold meat, and particularly with culvos' head, the addition of a few capers to the sauce is a great improvement; and with cold reast meat a gherkin, out up fine, is excellent. As this is a sauce produced almost entirely out of the cruet-stand, it suits well with our English habits. For rub up the salt and pepper with a little vinegar, then add as much oil as you please, with chopped paraley, saullet, sherkin, or capers, according to convenience or taste.

THE LIFE OF THE BODY is the blood, and the blood is the lover which regulates our spirits and constitution. If we persist in keeping our Blood pure we discharge a debt we owe nature, and are invariably rewarded for our trouble and expense.

It is useless to exposulate on the many advantages of sound health, and if you are now in questof the precious GIR, you are strongly recommended to preceive a supply of the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Fills and take as directed.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

It is calculated that there are about one hundred thousand women named "Marie" in Paris. The only "Welshoam" in the 25rd Regiment—the Welsh Fasiliers—is said to be a goat. Oddly enough, the animal hails from Cashmere.

the animal hails from Cashmere.

Wito ever heard of lovely woman as a horse thief before? The loston newspapers report that Mary J. Morgan, age 50, with a boldness perfect has Saturday, jumped into the wagon and absended with the whole turn-out. She was subsequently arrested and held for trial. We trust that the law will not deal the more harshy with her for being of the softer sex; we hold that a woman has just as much right to stead horses as a man. There may be doubts about the suffrage, but as to the horses, our mind is made up.—A. Y. Tebiane.

UNITED STATES AGRECUTTRAL PRODUCTS. — The

second by a load overline, but is a not like worms and be wouthful the long, in the same point with that on the same point with that on the same point with the same p

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE May of life blooms only once. VULUAR nature alone suffers vainly. CHILDREN are the to-morrow of society. IME is an herb that cures all diseases.

To know how to wait is the secret of success

PATIENCE is the key to contom.

earnost dimentry. To use books rightly, is to go to thom for help; to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of decision have failed; to be led by them into widor sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

solitary and unstable opinion.

If woman dreamed loss of love, and accepted its wide-awake reality, there would be less disappointment and more real happiness. Not until the couple have left off the dream and turned to the loys of real life, do they understand how perfect love may make the heart's peace. Too often the awakening comes after the sprit has flown. Take advice, girls, and if you are fortunate enough to get a steady, homourable man for a hasband, don't spoil your chance of happiness by mistaken views. Look upon "getting married" as only a part of your mission.

There are negrous who querge from course afting

married" as only a part of your mission.

There are persons who emerge from every allietion and trouble and vexation purified like fine gold from out the furnace. There are others—and they are the more numerous—who are embittered and source, and made despondent and apathetic. We think the latter belong to the class who try to stand alone during the storms of life, instead of looking Above for aid. When one can truly say, "He doeth all things well," the sting is taken out of affliction, and courage is given to bear what the future has in store. This, we think, makes the great difference between these two classes.

we think, makes the great difference between these two classes.

False Delicacy.—There are thousands of mothers who will talk with the kindest unreserve to those not bound to them by any tie but that of friendship, who yet feel the most false and foolish delicacy with their own daughters. I know this to be the case. A great many young girls have come to me for information and advice on personal subjects, whom an unnatural reserve kept from applying to their own mothers. I know it again by experience. I found it much harder to do my duty in this respect to my own daughters than to the daughters of others. And yet the duty is an imperative one which requires to be attended to both much earlier and more positively than was necessary in your own case. For, assure yourself of one thing, that the knowledge which came to woman half a century age only as the result of experience, is ready now at overy street-to-orier and in overy kitchen for your little girl, as answer to her first wondering intuition.—Science of Health.

The Daily Noves sooms to be going in for twaddle-graphy. One of its corrospondents, describing the Prince of Wates' visit to Salisbury Cathedral, says:

"The Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Took, arrived at half-past ton at the west door. The beautiful cathedral should sileatly and saleanly on the greensound in the close."

Now, the obstinacy of this cathedral is beyond all pationes. A well-regulated cathedral is should have known better than to have "stond sileatly" in the presence of Royalty. Why did it not say, "How do, your Royal Highness," or bomething courteous? Then, again, why should it stand "on the greensward in the close," on this particular occasion? Why not stop where it was built?—

Horset.

WIT AND HUMOR.

ALWAYS Driving Things-A hammer. Tomers of the Sec -Underpaid curates.

A THEATRICAL Prescription A change of some. The "oldest inhabitant" of Augusta, Ga., is a

PERSONS who never so arbain of α Short Grop s^{α} Barbers.

Tur feast of Imagination -Having no dinner, but reading a cookery book.

A Menckyary Cincinnation has ague, and his teeth rattle so loud that he hires himself out as a pack of fire crackers. A CRESCING citizen shot the studies out of his wife's back-hair which was calmly roposing on the window-sill, and which hotook for a cat.

is this: The chops of mother man's mutton are always like acting.

The BARY AND THE MILE.—An officer attached to the staff of General Custar, having his wife and child with ham, just buffer the celebrated light with the facilians out West, about two years ago, gave those a charge of a triendly Indian to take them beyond the line of the enemy. The Indian produced a mule and started on his lourney. On reaching the beginning, he proposed to the mother to take over the child first, and return for her.

When half way over, the mule suddenly stopped and began slowly to sink, until mule, Indian, and child disappeared. The mother, on reaching New York, met Mr. Bergh, and with tears stronging down her checks, related her sad story.

''O. Mr. Bergh, "She exclaimed, "words cannot convey what I subspread on the occasion, as I shood apon the bank watching my poor child perish within my sight, and unable to render any assistance. Ah I Mr. Bergh, fincy, if you can, what were the foolings of a mother on this bearing, as she saw her darling disappear from the Soght?"

'Yes, said Mr. Bergh, "that's all very well, but, madam, fancy the feelings of the mule."

INSCRACE AGENIS.—It was with after amazement that we read the above does in magning tree.

a microscope. For with all his four gauge with grey cyes he has no mouth. If the service of the male of the part of the service of the male of the part of the service of the male. The part of the service of the male of the part of the service of the male of the part of the service of the male. The part of the male special distribution of the service of the male of the part of the part of the male of the part of the part of the male of the part of

If you take away one-third of me, you will make no twice as long as I was before.

My whole is swift in motion, though without legs or wings; Behead me, and I now am that which cloudy weather

brings: In place of my first two letters put another, and you'll t am borne alike by rich and poor,--in fact by all mankind.

J. B.

252. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

6, 1, 7, is a kind of grain; and my whole is a fine wall-fruit, cultivated in many English gardons, ASNA MARIA

253. REBUS.

An herb: a bird of prey; an implement used in rowing: a French writer of the seventeenth century; a part of speech: a foreign plant: a town in Dovonshire; two letters of the alphabet; a town in Dorset-shire: a man's name: a county in England. The initials, read forwards, and the mads, read backwards, will name two celebrated writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

ANNIE HARTNELL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, &c., 1N No. 43.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, &c., IN No. 43.

242.—Orarette or Decapitations.—I. Silly, silly lily. 2. Match, chat, at. 3. Fowl, owl, low. 4. Shark, hark, ark. (The word "shark," used to describe a low, artful fellow: the Ark referred to is that in which Moses was exposed.).

243.—Entema.—I. Black as night. 2. A flower that blooms and dies only at midnight. (There is a very boantiful specimen in the Cambridge Botanie Gardens.) 3. Eternal night.

244.—Charabes.—I. War-den: 2. Life time; 3 Cap-tive: 4. E-pig-ram: 5. Epi-orre.

245.—Quinterte or Cons.—I. The maghty boys for they often go home with wales (whales) on their backs, and boxes on their ears. 2. The club. 3. All-fours. of course. 4. Pompey (in reply): Why, le teader, to be sure. 5. On the beach (beech), or faiding that, I should resort to Deal.



THE LADIES DRESS-A RECEIPT.

[The following curious poem is reprinted from a rare copy of the Connecticut Guarte of June 28, 1778. printed in New London. It certainly proves that the fashions of a century gone were not considered a whit less extravagant then than now, and that feminine apparel, no matter what form it takes, is always held fair game for the wits of the times.]

Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool, Of paste and pomatum a pound; Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck hor sweet skull, And gauze to encompass it round.

Of all the bright colours the rainbow displays Be these ribbons which hang on her head; Be her flounces adapted to make the folks gaze. And above the whole work he they spread.

Let her flaps fly behind for a yard at the least, Let her curls meet just under her chin; Let these curls be supported, to keep up the jest. With one hundred, instead of one pin.

Let her gown be tucked up to the hip on each side; Shoes too high for to walk or to jump; And to dock the sweeterenture completifor a bride, Let the cork-cutter make her a rump.

Thus finished intaste, while on Chlee you gaze, You may take the dear charmer for life; But never undress her-for, out of her stays, You'll find you have lost half your wife.

TOM'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Did you ever hear of my oriental adven-ture?" said Tom, perching himself upon the counting-house desk. " Your oriental adventure ?" asked Ned

amazed.
"Well, it's worth hearing," said Tom, "if it did happen to me. It was whon I was in Da-maseus, a more attache of a grave diplomatic party, a boy of twenty, who night as well have

been left at home, I suppose."

"I should say so," said Ned. "When non belonged to a diplomatic party, and were in Damascus. You...well?"

"I was in a bazaar," said Tom. "Finglish-

men always haunt bazaars when they are in

men always haunt bazars when they are in Damascus."

"Oh," said Ned, "do they ?"

"I had bought eigar cases and smoking caps and tobacco bags, and all sorts of things," said Tom, "I had slippers and scarfs and a shawl for my mother, and a garment of red slik and gold thread of which I did not know the name. And I was buying a pipe of oriental style, with a lung stern and a water buttle for the with a long stem, and a water bottle for the smoke to puss through, when a great puffy bag of black silk which enveloped a lady paused near me, and squatted down before the shop of a young jewel merclaunt, for the purpose of exa-

mining list bracelets.

"Only the eyes of this figure were visible, but they were blacker and more beautiful than these of any heroine of the Arabian Nights' Enter-tainments, and they lit on one once, twice, three times, and sent a sensation through my heart to which it was happily as yet a stran-

ger.

"Behind the figure stood the less carefully veiled person of an old female servant. Some yelled person of an old female servant. Some grey hair struggled over a wrinkled forchead, and the veil even revealed the upper part of her high nose. She was the guardian of the young beauty probably. That it was a young beauty thus hid under the silken balloon I had no doubt. It was like an oriental tule.

"The level merchant was here with this

"The jowel merchant was busy with this wares. The merchant of hubble-Jubbles with his and my money. No one but the old woman saw the beauty make me a little sign with her

saw the beauty make me a little sign with her oxquisite hand; but she did it. The sign seemed to say, 'Wait.' I waited.

"What I waited for I hardly knew. I under-stood the customs of the country well enough to be aware that I could not speak to this dam-sel, or be addressed by her, in the open streets; but I understood young women well enough to know that something was in store for me in the way of an adventure. My repertoire of gesture is not large. No Englishman's is. I nodded a "Yes." It sufficed. As she went away, guarded by her old attendant, she repeated the mostless.

motion.
"" Wait,' it said again.

"'Yes,' replied my nod.
"There was a coffe-house close at hand, open to the street like all the other shops. There, with my hubble-bubbles in my hand, I squatted on a cushion, and sipped and smoked. 'I also eat something. It may have been the conserve of pomegramates without pepper, of which we read in the Arabian Nights. It was sweet; it melted on the palate. It left behind a delicious taste and fragrance. It was oriental to the last

Near me, one smoked something stronger that tobacco-hasheesh, perhaps—that sent him half open, his hands dropped on their backs half shut, against the cushions, the pipe still be

tween his lips.
"Within the coffe shop, a story-teller threw down a little flat basket for contributions, and began his unrrative with, . In the name of Al-

" It was about the genil; but I had little comprehension of the tale, my knowledge of the language being so poor.

"In its midst I saw a figure pass—pause—

make a sign to me.

"It was the old woman, the servant of my

mysterious beauty, I flung a coin to the story-teller, and followed her.
"She went on for a long while, until I began to think that she would never speak to me; but

at last she paused under the shadow of the blank vhite-plaster walls of a house in a quiet part of the city, and suddenly letting down a long wisp of gray hair, took from it a letter — a little crooked thing written on bright paper, and drenched with perfume.

· I tore it open. It was written in queer Eng-

lish.
"I a little English know,' it began. 'My
mother she English. Most beautiful! I wait
for you. Come.'"

"When she said 'most beautiful,' did she mean you?" asked Ned, in amaze.
"Yes," said Tom, "of course."
"What do the gentlemen look like there?"

asked Ned.

"'Where shall I go?" I asked of the old wo-"She beckoned. Again I followed. We

walked on, she going before, I following, until she paused before a white-plastered wall, in which was a narrow door. Unlocking this, she motioned me to enter, and almost treading on my beels in her haste, instantly slipped in after me and relocked it.

"I found myself in the most beautiful gar-den imagination can depict. A fountain played in the centre, and flowers of the most gargeous colors bloomed in the splendid vases and urns that surrounded it. Beyond it was a rose arbor. Obeying the old woman's motions, I entered the

door of this fragrant retreat.

"On the instant, two beautiful arms were east about my neck, and a voice like that of the nightingale softly breathed these words:

"Oh, how long I have waited for you, joy of my soul!"

"Oh, how long I have waited for you, joy of my soul!"

" It was the girl whom I had seen at the bazaar. I knew her eyes and her hands at once, and I knew also that I had met my fate. I loved her on the Instant as well as she seemed to love

ner on the instant as wen as she seemed to avenue."

"Healther," said Ned.
"I can't make you understand that delicious emotion," said Tom, sighing. "There we sat together, talking like lovers who had been partical for years. She slipped a ring upon my finger, I gave her one from mine. I vowed to bear her away to the land where lovers were not the chart there were those and she promised to slaves they were there, and she promised to meet me at the little garden gate at midnight, when, in disguise, I would convey her ton place of safety, precure the protection of our consul, with whom I was intimately acquainted, and marry her that very night."

"Going it fast," said Ned.
Tom sighed.
"Suddenly, as we sat there," said he, "the old woman rushed into the arbor. She whisold woman rushed into the arbor. She whispered a word to my beautiful lady-love, who wrung her hands in terror.

"If Iy for your life!" she said.

"If Allah spaces my life, I will meet you at the gate at midnight. If not, adleu until we meet in Paradise."

"Then the old woman saized me by the arm."

"Then the old woman seized me by the arm, hurried me to the gate, pushed me out, and locked it behind me.

"The garden vanished. I saw my love no more. I sat bewildered upon a rough stone bench. It had been like a story of the Arabian

A SUDDEN SQUALL. Nights thusfar. Thow would it end? I knew | be radical, thorough, and all-pervading. No

talking about.

uv a lap.

this respekt.

world for babys, neither,

leaveneth the whole lump" - cow, milk, and

JOSH BILLINGS ON BABIES.

I hav got grandchildren, and they are wuss

than the fust krop tew rlot amung the feel

If i could have mi way, i would change all the human beings now on the face of the

earth back into babys at once, and keep them

lap, and mi lap ain't the handyest lap in the

Mi lap iz long enuit, but not the widest kind

I am a good deal ov a man, but i konsist of

length principally, and when i make a lap of miself, it iz not a mattrass, but more like a couple ov rails with a jint in them.

I can hold more babys in mi lap at once than

any man in Amerika, without spilling one, but it hurts the babys.

I never saw a baby in mi life that i didn't

want tow kiss; 1 am wuss than an old maid in

I hav seen bubys that I hav refused tow kiss

until they had been washt; but the baby want tew blame for this, neither was i.

There are folks in this world who say they

don't luv babys, but you kan depend upon it, when they war babys sumboddy luved them. Babys luv me, too. I can take them out ov

their mother's arms just az easy az i kan an

PITH FRAMES, ETC.

The white pith of the cocorus stalks is capable

of many beautiful uses. In the spring, when the sap begins to ascend, and the plant is putting forth its carliest leaves the pith may be obtained by pushing it through with a blunt-pointed

atick; or if there is any difficulty in this, the outer cuticle may be peeled carefully off with a penknife until no particle remains. This fine white pith, in its fresh state, is entirely flexible,

unfledged bird out ov hiz nest.

but what i would do for wet nusses i don't kno, nor i don't care.
I would like tew hav fifteen babys now on mi

there, and make this footstool one grand nur

ot. "Don't ask me what I did with myself during the remaining hours of the day. I know nothing "At midnight I sat upon the stone bouch

again, clad in a coarse oriental dress, but with a platel hidden beneath it. I had resolved rather

to die than to allow her to be torn from me. It was love at first sight that I felt, but years could not have made it stronger.

"I waited. The moon arose round and yellow in the sky. The feathery heads of the date palms seemed to not to me. A strange bird uttered a shrill cry. A dog barked. I heard stops within the garden, and shrunk back into the shadow. They were not the steps of women. As I listoned the gate opened, and four black layes bearing a burden, americal therefore.

As the moonlight fell upon them, I saw that

"They marched away toward the river. As I watched them, dreading I knew not what, the

old woman, with her hair dishevelled, rushed

out of the garden, and wringing her hands,

"'Adien! the Caliph has discovered all.

was his wife. The fate of an unfaithful wife in this land is to be sewed up in a bag of lime, and cast into the river. Adieu, forever. NAIDA.'

"With a wild shrick I rushed after the re-

treating slaves, and—awoke."
"Eh?" said Ned; "awoke?"
"Yes," said Tom. "That was when I was down with that bad fever three years ago, and

Sam. had been showing me a Turkish pipe, and my black-haired cousin Belle had read me to sleep with the 'Howadji in Syrin;' and out of

those three things, an oriental pipe, a pretty brunette and an exquisite book, my adventure in Damascus with the beautiful maiden was born."

HOW MILK GETS SPOILED.

Mr. Willard, in his Ohio address, gives much weight to certain causes which effect a deterior

weight to certain causes which due to the pre-sence of dirt and dust in the pail; the inhaling of foul odors by the cows, at pasture and else-where; and the drinking of putrid water. Instances are cited, in which putrifying flesh (as of dead animals) has communicated a taint to the milk in the bar, by simply fainting the

"'What has happened?' I shricked. "She threw into my hand a little note, the counterpart of the one I had received that day.

"I tore it open and read these words:

they held the sides of a great sack.

mud of which adhered to their udders. Particles of dust thus got into the pull at milking, and thus introduced fungi from the slough, which multiplied in the milk, and spoiled the whole of it—giving it the odor of the foul water. Prof. Law, of Cornell University, finding the

Prof. Law, of Cornell University, finding the cream on his milk to be ropy, examined it with a microscope, and found it infosted with living organisms. On investigation he found that the herd from which his supply came, drank the water of "a stagmant pool, located in a muddy swale." The microscope developed organisms in this water in the same sort with those found in the wilk. The annexate when detected on a in the milk. The same were also detected on a microscopic examination of the blood of the cows. That the cows were in a diseased condition was shown by the thermometer test-they being hot and feverish. A little of the same fifthy water was introduced into milk which proper tests had shown to be pure, and in due time "the same filthy organisms multiplied and took possession of it in vast numbers, pro-ducing the same character of milk as that first noticed."

noticed."

This investigation, made by a careful observer, proves conclusively that the germs of disease and of a milk-spoiling forment can be introduced into the blood and into the udder, by simply allowing the cow to drink unsuitable water. It holds out the plainest possible practical lesson to the dairyman, and if he disregards it, and so misses his opportunity for making good cheese and butter, he has only himself to thank. It shows that the cicanliness of a dairy farm must

and may be bent and twisted so as to form either round or square picture-frames for cartes de visite; strips of it may be fastened at the corners with small pins for the rustic style, and knots of the pith can be used as ornaments for top, bottom, and corners. In order to make these frames of suitable thickness, several layers of pith can be gummed togother neatly with white gum-arable. Very pretty ornamental stands are made by taking two small pieces of white risss, either square or oval, and placing between glass, either square or oval, and placing between them some litte photograph of statuary, cut out with sharp selssors so as to have no white paper ground-work left. A little gum on the back of the picture will fasten it to the glass, and the outer edges of the two glasses may be kept together by gumming a strip of white paper or ribbon around over the edges. A little frame of wire, bent so as to form a stand, will enable you to set, it in an unright residion and another wire, bent so as to form a stand, will enable you to set it in an upright position, and another inyer of pith gummed around will entirely conceal it from view.

Beautiful crosses are produced by making first a slender wooden cross of the required height, then covering it with white paper, and afterward with pith, laid as closely as possible together, and gummed fast. If a very small and light one

be required, let the foundation be of two wires, fustened together by finer wire, the lower and being inserted into a small block of wood for a base. By surrounding the wire with several of those pith stalks it will be entirely concealed. Sometimes it may be improved by the addition of a few white wax leaves or flowers entwined around the base. Of course these ernaments of pith, being so very delicate, will require the protection of a glass shade.

Mr. J. B. BARNETT, a Hebrow scholar, writing in the Jewish Chronicie, contends that the Prophet Jeremiah, with the remnant of the tribe of Judah, migrated to Ireland, and was no other than the celebrated Irish reformer and lawgiver, Ollam Fola. The prophet brought with him the Lia Fall, or Stone of Destiny, which was subsequently conveyed by an Irish prince to Scotland for coronation purposes, and centuries afterward removed to Westminster Abov by King Edward the Third, since which bey by King Edward the Third, since which time all the Kings and Queens of England down to Victoria have been crowned upon it. This stone, Mr. Barnett says, was that which was originally kept in the sanctuary of the first temple at Jerusalem, and was known as "Ja-cob's Stone," being none other than the stone directly apostrophized by King David as "the stone which the builders rejected," but which was destined for peculiar honours. Mr. Barnett's essay has at least the merit of boing very curious and very learned.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

There is no particular change to note in the condition of the local flour market. Western advices were a little more favorable to holders, and a steadier feeling prevailed. A moderately active demand existed on 'Change, and about 4.30 barrels were sold at about yesteday's prices. The receipts were 4.500 barrels. Wheat was quiet and prices nominal; a carge of No. 2 Spring was sold, but the torms were not disclosed. Provisions and general produce were quiet and tolerably steady at previous quotations. Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

06t. 28, 100t. 29, 100t. 20, 100t. 2

fithy mud should be allowed to dry into a dust that may foul the pall; no foul odors should taint the undrawn milk; and the drinking water should be free of the "little leaven that

Babys i luv with all mi heart, they are mi sweetmeats; they warm up mi blood like a gin sling; they krawl up into me and nestle by the side of mi soul like a kitten under a cook-stove. I hav raised babys miself, and kno what I am

LARD.-Quiet at 11 to to 11 to per pound.

and may be bent and twisted so as to form either

Oct. 31, 1872.

Flour.—Superior Extra, nominal, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Extra, \$6.50 to \$6.75; Fancy, \$6.20 to \$6.50; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) \$5.90 to \$6.00; Ordinary Supers. (Canada Wheat,) \$5.90 to \$0.00; Ordinary Gweller, \$6.00 to \$6.15; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal (fresh ground) \$9.00 to \$5.90; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$0.00 to \$0.00; Canada Supers, No.2, \$5.70 to \$5.50; Western States, No.2, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Fine, \$5.00 to 5.20; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$4.00; Pollards, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Mour. \$100 lbs. \$2.70 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Mour. \$100 lbs. \$2.70 to \$3.00; City bags, (delivered), \$3.12; to \$3.16.

CHERSE, P 1b.—Market quiet but firm; Factory fine lie to 111c; Finest new 12c to 121c. PORK, per brl. of 200 lbs. — Market dull; New Mess, \$16.75 to \$17.25. Thin Mess, \$15.50 to \$16.00.

ASHES.—Pots quiet. Firsts, at \$6.571 to \$6.65. Pearls quiet. Firsts, \$8.60 to \$8.65.



"Absolutely the best protection against fire."
Used by Railroads,
Stoamboats. Here! roads,
toamboats, Hotels,
Factories, Asylums,
Fire Departments, &c.
Send for "Its Record."
F. W. FARWELL, Secretary,
407 Broadway, New York.

INVEST

YOUR MONEY Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western

RAILWAY EXTENSION FIRST MORTGAGE 7 Per Cent.

GOLD BONDS 10 Per Cent.

MUNICIPAL BONDS. Maps, Pamphlets and Circulars furnished upon application. W. N. COLER & CO., Bankers,

22 Nassau St., New York.

RAY'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 Organs. The virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solution.

tion.

For sale at all Drug Stores, Price 25 cents per bottle, and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor. ottle, and Wholesare and Memory, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St, Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

POSTAL CARDS.

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively in circulation among many of the principal Mercantile Firms of this City in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' Notices to Customers, &c.

We supply them printed, at from 11.50 to \$12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

LEGGO & Co.

219 ST. ANTOINE STREET

and ... 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL. Montreal.

Z TELESCOPES.

The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a fing staff ten, landscapes twenty miles distant; and will define the Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c., &c. This extraordinary cheup and powerful glass is of the best make and possessess achromatic leases, and is equal to one costing \$20.00. No Tourist or Rifleman should be without it. Sont free by Post to any part of the Dominion of Canada on resoip of \$10.00.

MICROSCOPES.

The new Microscope. This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animalcule in water, cels in paste &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achronatic leases. Test object Forceps. Spare Glassos, &c., &c. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, price \$4.00 sont free.

II. SANDERS.

Optician, &c. 120 St. James Street, Montreal. (Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.) MICROSCOPES.

Extra, \$6.50 to \$6.75; Fanony, \$5.20 to \$0.00; Ordinary Supors. (Western Wheat) \$5.90 to \$0.00; Ordinary Supors. (Ganada Wheat) \$5.90 to \$0.00; Strong Bakers', \$6.00 to \$6.15; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Ganai (fresh ground) \$0.00 to \$5.90; Surong Bakers', \$6.00 to \$0.00; Form Western Wheat (Welland Ganai (fresh ground) \$0.00 to \$5.90; Surong Bakers', \$6.00 to \$0.00; Fine, \$5.00 to \$0.00; Ordinary Supors. (Western Wheat), \$0.00 to \$0.00; Ganada Supors, No.2, \$5.70 to \$5.50; Western States, \$0.2 \$0.00 to \$0.00; Fine, \$5.00 to \$0.00; Upper Canada Bag Hour. # 100 lbs. \$2.70 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Hour. # 100 lbs. \$2.70 to \$3.00; City bags, (dolivored), \$3.12} to \$3.16.

Wheat.—Market quiet. A cargo of Western Spring changed hands on private torms.

Oatska, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.75 to \$5.—15 for Upper Canada.

Pkas, # bush of 66 lbs.—Market quiet. Two cargoes changed hands at \$4]c last night.

Oats, # bush of 32 lbs.—Firm at 32c to 34c.

Corn.—Market dull. Nominal quotations are 51c to 52c.

Barley.—Nominal at 50c to 55c, for new.

Butter, per lb.—Market dull. Fair dairy Western 14/2 to 15/2; good to choice do, 18c to 21c; Eastern Townships, nominal.

Cheker, # lb.—Market quiet but firm; Factory fine llc to 11/c; Firest new 12c to 12/2c.

T UNAN'S PULMONIC CANDY, invaluable for COUGHS, COLDS, &c. Retail, all drug-gists have it, 15 and 25 cents per package. Wholesale, EVANS MERCER & CO, 3-44 d Montreal.

THE BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, \$10.

I'S already used successfully in nearly 10,000 families. With it every garment in the house-Is already used successfully in nearly 10,000 families. With it every garment in the house-hold is completely made; also, hemming, tucking, gathering, embroidering, &c., are beautifully done. Hundreds of delighted purchasers write us from all quarters, extelling its merits. As a specimen, we give a brief extract from one written by Wm. P. Townsend, a highly esteemed Quakor of West Chester, Pa., 8th mo., 16th day: "My wife, who is in very delicate health, besides making for herself all necessary garments of different materials, made for me an entire woolen suit—cost, and pants—in a most workmanlike manner, fully equal to any I ever had made in Philadelphia or elsewhere, and she never received any instruction except what came with the machine."

Fully warranted two years. With care it will last twonty years. What more can you ask, when we give so much and sets so little? Sent to any address, with all attachments, on receipt of \$10: or, for 3-ct. stamp, we send 18 pages of circulars and testimonials. Terms to agents invariably cash, with liberal per cent. No discount on single machine.

BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE Co.

BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE Co., 236 St. James Street. P. O. Drawer 422, Montreal.

P. O. Drawor 422, Montreal.

We can confidently recommend the BECKWITH MACHINE to our subscribers. Any one preferring o send us the cash, may do so, and will receive the Machine by Express. The Scientific American and American Agriculturist recommend it highly.

Montreal, October 1872.

3-44 tf \$10 SEWING MACHINE.

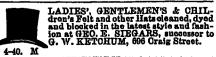
WANTED,—TEN YOUNG MEN AND FIVE YOUNG LADIES to qualify as Telegraph Operators. Situations found for those who study and receive a certificate of professor HEBERT, DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 75 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

JAMES VAUGHAN MORGAN, 3-34if 3-34tf

PARE CHANCE.—All persons out of purious of business or desirous of getting into a better paying one should send \$1.00 for full particulars, instructions and samples whereby they will be enabled to make from \$100 to \$3000 per annum. Address, HENRY F. LEMONT & CO., 236, St. Jameš Street, Montroal.

WANT ENERGETIC AGENTS,

WE WANT ENERGETIC AGENTS, MALE and FEMALE, in every section of the country, who can carn from \$5 to \$10 per day by selling the "Brokwith \$10 Sewing Madhink," which is highly recommended by the Scientific American, N. Y. Independent, Hearth and Home, Phrenological Journal, American Artican, American Agriculturiat, &c., &c., (the latter taking 1,000 as premiums for subscribers), and by the thousands who are now using the machine. Sond \$10 for machine. Circulars of other goods on application, 18 pages of description, testimonials, &c., sent free by addressing the BECK WITH SEWING MACHINE CO., 3-42-d No. 236 St. James Street, Montreal.



THE HEARTHSTONE is printed and published by GEO. E. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.



THE ENCHANTED FLOWER.—At word of command a beautiful flower appears in the button-hole of your cont, and will remain there as long as you please. Sent carriage free for 50 cents. Splendid inducements to agent to make money; can easily make from \$5 to \$20 per day. Send \$2.00 for Agent's outlits and secure territory.

Address,

ALWIN & Co.,
P. O. Drawer 422,
Montrest.