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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 38.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY VICTOR RUGO.

I had not thought of love and Rose: Rose walked among the woods with me; Of this and that we spoke, who knows How idle words may be?

I seemed as cold as stone; and still With boyish, listless step I went; I spake of trees, flowers—what you will, Iler sweet eyes wondered what I meant.

The dow had gifts to give of pearls, The chestnut tree had lenfy vails; I listened to the mocking meries, Rose listened to the nightingales.

Sixtoen was I, with sullen air, Twenty was she, with shining eyes; The nightingales made songs of her— Of me the merles made meckeries.

Rose, as an arrow straight was she, If or fair arms quivered in the light, Plucking a blossom from a true: I did not see the flower was white.

A little stream through velvet mess A shining silver channel made; Nature and meantide, amorous, Were sleeping in the silent shade.

Rose took her sandal off. and set-I see her innecent shy air— Her fair feet mid the mosses wet; I did not mark her foot was fair

I had no word to say the while I followed through the woods, but I Noted her lips a moment smile, A moment open to a sigh.

Until we left that quiet place, I did not know that she was sweet; "We'll think no more of it," she says Ah! now I always think of it.

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THE BEAD WITNESS or,

LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER XVI.

ATHERTON PARK.

The carriage sent by Mrs. Atherton for Margaret Tremaine bore the latter rapidly on her way to Atherton Park, and it was with no small amount of trepidation and inward misgiving that the shy, timid girl passed under its broad portal, and followed the gorgeously apparrolled footman up a broad tesselated staircase. The stately splendour of the mansion and its belongings, the scarlet and orange glories of the imposing looking men-servants who lounged in the hall, the glimpses of suites of rooms, brilliant to Marguret's unsophisticated eyes as visions of fairy land, added to her shrinking embarrassment, and as she remembered that she was about to face the mistress of all this splendour, she almost wished herself garet Tremaine bore the latter rapidly on her all this splendour, she almost wished herself back again in the bare dreary chambers of Tre-

The man ushered her into a drawing-room, which, at first sight, appeared a wilderness of gorgeous furniture, gleaming white statuettes, and fragrant hot-house flowers in costly porcelain vases. Whilst she was advancing painful halting effort up the room, a side door opened, and a tall, florid-looking woman, in a magnificent purple silk, and cap decorated with

ses, and long blonde streamers, entered. Of course this must be the lady of the house and, with a timid bow and hesitating voice Margaret introduced herself, and "hoped Mrs Atherton was well."

The portly lady smiled graciously. "Yes,

Mrs. Atherton was well, and would be ready to receive her guest presently. She—the portly lady—was not Mrs. Atherton, but Mrs. Fennel, the housekeeper, in short, Mrs. Atherton's re-presentative, manager and companion. She would now bring Miss Tremaine to her own room and help her to undress."

More surprises for Margaret in the passing glimpses she obtained of splendid bedrooms and ichly-carpeted corridors, a surprise crowned by the sight of her own room, which was a perfe wonder of rich and graceful adornment.

"When you want anything, Miss Tremaine please touch this bell, as I am doing, and Hes ter, the girl who walts on these rooms, will be entirely at your disposal. She is a good, smart creature, and I hope you will like her. Now, will you have a glass of wine or a cup of tea? You must take one or the other, for Mrs. Atherton ordered it, and her wishes must be obey-

"A cup of tea then," rejoined Margaret, afraid to refus

Hester, smiling and tidy, here made her ap pearance, and on the visitor's hastily declaring she wanted no assistance whatever, asked some mestion of Mrs. Fennel in an undertone, and then left the apartment. She soon re-appeared with a tray containing some biscuits and a small though superbly chased silver tea service Mrs. Fennel, with magnificent condescension augared and creamed Margaret's tea, informing her at the same time how many years she had lived with the family, and how entirely the management of the immense household fell on her shoulders.

"None but a woman of strong and superior mind could be equal to it, Miss Tremaine, and if you knew the trouble I have merely with those two lazy, hulking footmen of ours, to make thom wear their full livery at all times and seasons, you'd pity me. They say it's all



MRS. ATHERTON CAME FORWARD. AND TAKING MARGARET'S TWO HANDS IN HERS. AFFECTIONATELY KISSED HER

that it's not necessary to be so ceremonious here. But knowing what is due to our family, I am as firm as iron, and insist on keeping up the same style as if the house were crowded with company. No more tea, Miss Tremaine? Well, we'll go to Mrs. Atherton now; she's in her own parlor.

Down through long corridors and halis, past open windows, some filled with hanging plants, till at last they paused before a closed door, at which Mrs. Fennel lightly knocked. They entered, and a slight, fragile old lady, dressed with great neatness and simplicity, rose to

"This is Miss Tremaine, ma'am," said the housekeeper respectfully, as she placed a chair for the guest and then disappeared.

Kindly Mrs. Atherton came forward, and taking Margaret's two hands in her's, affectionately kissed her.
"You are most welcome, my dear young

friend! My only fear is that you may some-times find us dull here, but in your present deep mourning you would, perhaps, have scarcely wished it otherwise."

whether now nor at any other time, Mrs. therton. Independently that the strict seciu Atherton. sion in which I have been brought up has ren dered me shy and embarrassed, so much so that in the presence of strangers I feel wrotchedly ill at ease, an affection of the hip, from which I have suffered since childhood, not only ince pacitates me from joining in the amusements or exercises of girls of my age, but renders me at times a miserable invalid. Ab, Mrs. Atherton, it is you who will find me dull, and I won der now at my venturing to accept your invitation, kindly and pressingly as it was word

A gentle pressure of the hand was the encour aging reply, and Mrs. Atherton's soft voice whispered:

"God must love you very dearly since, young as you are, he has tried you so severely. Much more suited to my feelings and thoughts will be the companionship of one like yourself, who has known sorrow, than that of some bright, gay girl who would find my presence a wearisome restraint on her merriment and joyous spirits. But does your sister, the secret of whose disappearance my son is determined on

fathoming, at all resemble you?"
"Not in the slightest. Beautiful as I am plain; healthy, gifted, joyous, as I am sickly, seasons, you'd pity me. They say it's all slow and dull, a more perfect contrast could not well when Mrs. Atherton is in Loudon, but | be imagined."

of course, your unjust self-depreciation, that the account given me by Neville is correct. How I would like to behold this regal young beauty, about whom my usually reticent son grows ele-

Mrs. Atherton, I am determined on finding her.

"And so is Neville. Willingly I promise my feeble help; lot us hope that our united efforts may prove successful! But here comes Col. Atherton himself."

The reception tendered by the latter to Margaret was most cordial, and as he alluded to their relationship, and the mutual claims it established between them, his manner savored more of the kindliness of a brother than of a

mere acquaintance. ... With a rapidity which the young girl could scarcely have hoped for, she found herself on the most familiar footing with her new friends, and in that stately mansion, whose magnifi-cence had at first overwhelmed her with awe, more truly at home than she had over done in Tremaine Court. Quickly, too, she gave her confidence to the gentle lady, who listened with such tender sympathy to the history of her young life's troubles, the recital of which brought

tears to those eyes that rarely wept.

After a time Margaret overcame sufficiently her habitual shyness to talk more unrestrained ly in Colonol Atherton's presence, and to repeat her simple tale, which she did entirely with the view of justifying Lillian's sudden flight from home; and deeply his dark cheek flushed, and angrily his eyes lit up as he listened to that narrative of wrong and injustice. One evening that the three were scaled in the deepening twilight, Margaret recounted the stormy inter-view between Lillian, her father and Mrs. Stukely, as told to her by her sister herself, and which had led to the latter's sentence of expatriation from home. Neville Atherton sprung to his feet and puced up and down the room,

evidently much moved. "Brave, noble-minded girl!" he at length ejaculated; "her heart and mind are worthy of her rare beauty. Oh, that some inspiration would whisper us where to seek her! Miss Tremaine, as you already know the carefully-word-ed advertisements I have inserted in every paper in the county have been of no avail, and I would advise you to drive to Chester Junction to-morrow, put up at the hotel where she was last seen, and make all possible enquiries about her. I have been already there myself, and

"I see from your description, setting aside, | could learn nothing; but a woman's proverbial wit may succeed where that of a man has falled. The landlady seems a sort of half-stupid creature, unusually reticent, but with you she may prove more communicative, especially if alone. I have another project in view

if this full, but will not reveal it till later." Colonel Atherton did not wish to harrow his listeners' feelings by revealing more fully to them his second design, which was to make sure perquisitions, no matter at what cost, in two or three private lunatic asylums, and as certain thus if Lillian, by some vile trickery or bribery, had not been placed in one of them. This thought was suggested by the knowledge that Mrs. Stukely had a daughter in one these abodes for the insane, as well as by the remembrance of Mr. Tremaine's death-bed as urance that Lillian still lived, an assurance al ready repeated to him by Margaret. had also mentioned the housekeeper's ouger and successful efforts to prevent any further in ourse between father and daughter

"I think it better, Neville, that you should remain at home till Miss Tremaine returns. She may bring news of pressing importance."
"You are quite right, dear mother, I will so, and now I must be away. The post is in by

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. ATHERTON'S CONFESSION.

After his departure silence fell on the two women sitting there in the darkening twilight which was broken by the eldest softly saying : "How heartly I pray your sister's retreat may be discovered! Old, feeble as I am, I would undergo any amount of fatigue to ensure

A murniured expression of gratitude from Margaret, and Mrs. Athorton resumed:

"Fifteen years ago, Noville, now so reserved, calm, I had almost said indifferent, was warm and enthusiastic in character, frank and up-right too as any mother's heart could have desired. He had an elder brother, heir to the es-tate, of course, but far inferior to himself in physical and mental gifts, and Neville was my favorite, my idol. Alas! my love showed itself not so much in that deep abnegation and devo-tion that seem the distinctive characteristics of most mothers, as in overweening pride and boundless ambition which led me to desire for

him a spiendid matrimonial alliance

which I would deem worthy of him.

Fortune seemed to favor my wishes. An hetress, young and well-born, bestowed on him ministakenble tokens of preference, and a female relative gave mo to understand that his suit would be favorably received. Enraptured with this success, for it was an alliance to which few younger sons could have dured aspire, I sought Neville and trium plantly communicated

the intelligence to him.

O He heard me to the end, then gently regreting his inability to tall into my yiews, informed me that his affections were already engaged, ed me that his affections were already engaged, the object a hundsome, gifted girl, but poor, and living in the family of a wealthy relative, partly as dependent, partly as governess. Oh, the humiliation, the bitter disappointment inflicted by that revolution! It seemed to humble me to the dust. At length I asked from what finne this finery datest. Since many months, Itls affection was fully reciprocated, and the four of incurring my disapprobation in the matter of his choice had alone prevented by speaking to me about 11 at an earlier date. his speaking to me about it at an earlier date. Of course I expressed the indignant disapproba-tion I felt at the idea of such an unequal allition I felt at the idea of such an unequal alliance. To his questions regarding my opinions
of her moral worth and intellectual gifts, I
could say nothing but what was commendatory,
as I had often conversed with her, and noted
her modesty and diguity, whilst visiting at the
house of which she was an innate.

• Earnestly he pleaded with me, alleging
that his brother, who was heir to the honors of
the house, had just made a wealthy and aristoeratic marriage, and that he might surely be
permitted to follow the wishes of his heart, and
mate with the woman he so massionately lovel.

mate with the woman he so passionately loved. He reminded me how he had never through the long years of his youth caused me sorrow or the long years of his youth caused me sorrow or anxiety—never refused me any request, and he called on me now to render him a return by listening to his prayer, picturing how he and his wife would worship, love and honor me. Alast he pleaded to a heart hard as marble. I could not, would not sacrifice my ambitious dreams and hopes so utterly. My reply, how-ever, was guarded, for I knew well the deep, enracest mature I had to deal with, and that Neville Atherton was not one likely to take up a new love as soon as chance might sever him a new love as soon as chance might sever him

a new love as soon as chance might sover him from the old.

"Great management was necessary to quietly bring about a parting between himself and the object of his affections, for more than I had found necessary for ensuring him a wealthy and high-born bride. In a few cold words I expressed my disapprobation, but declined discussing the subject farther that day. Hoping probably that time and reflection would aid his cause, he said no more: but that afternoon, when he had said no more; but that afternoon, when he had started on a short shooting expedition with a party of friends, I drove overto Cresswell House and had an interview with Gertrude Eills, Neville's love. The meeting was not long, but it proved decisive. I represented to her that my sen had no fortune of his own, and that he must make up for that circumstance by contracting a wealthy and powerful alliance; that marriage with her would drag him down and chain him to life-long poverty and obscurity. The girl was generous, high-spirited, well worthly of the deep love lavished on her by Neville, and after she had listened in silence to all I had and had an interview with Gertrude Ellis, and after she had listened in silence to all I had to say, she replied with an outward calmness, contradicted, however, by her pallid face and

quivering lips:

"Do not fear, Mrs. Atherton. I love Neville Atherton too well to injure him, or to stop between him and the brilliant destiny you have danned for his future.

"Some words of thanks, of admiration, I would have uttered, but she swept from the room, worthy in nobility of soul and bearing of room, worthy in nomity of som and boaring of being the bride of any man, however high his social standing. I returned home ill at case and anxious. Three days after one of the family Cresswell House entled and casually informed me that Miss Ellis, with only a day's notice to her friends, had left with a neighboring family for the Continent, as governess to

their three children. "It was most ungrateful on her part,' warmly added old Miss Cresswell, 'we had always been both kind and considerate to her, never losing sight that she was a relative. Quite inexplicable too, for the duties of her new place o fur more arduous than they were with us Howaver, she was bitten, perhaps, by that sudden manin for travelling and sight-seeing which

so often attacks young people."
"I listened in guilty silence, relieved at one moment, almost regretting my interference at the next, and already dreading my son's re-turn. It soon came. Four days after he enter-ed my dressing room, so deeply agitated that voice, expression, look seemed changed, and

voice, tapeasan, not some times, and handing me an open letter, abruptly said:

"Do you know anything about this?"

Silently I took and read it. It contained but a few lines, stating that it was expedient for them both that they should part. He would do better to seek a mate from among his own quals, whilst she would probably never marry. The letter contained no allusion to my visit or to outside interference of any sort, and con-cluded by assuring him that all farther attempts at correspondence or intercourse on his part would be useless, as she was resolved on never seeing him agulu.

Though free from all accusation, there was yet a guilty consciousness in my very slience, in my troubled countenance, that bore testi-mony against me, and with a look of unutterable grief and bittorness he turned from the That evening he started for London room. That evening he started for London, though not to plunge, as I had at first feared, into its dissipation and folly. Arrived there, his earliest step, as I learned long months afterwards, was to write again to Miss Eilis, but

his letter was returned unopened.

Before these events he had resided almost entirely here with me in Atherton Park, but after, he spent like his elder brother, the chief part of his time in London. This separation



become accustomed since your residence in

in this speech, and merely answered that at Athorton Park, as in Tremaine Court, she waited

with a tray containing a cup of the weakest passible ten and a plate of stale bread and butter.

Margaret would not notice the sneer implied

Mrs. Stukely then brought in lights, together

That astate diplomatist had no intention o

Atherton Park.'

on herself.

BY ANNIE KERLY.

WEARY OF LIFE.

[One of the claimants to the authorship of "Beau tiful Snow."} "I am become miserable, and bowed down ever to the end; I go sorrowful all the day long."—Psalm iii: v. 6.

Weary of life and weary of sin.
The conscless strife and worldly din,
struggling ever to act a part.
Voiling my soul and shrouding my heart,
linting the world and longing to be
Alone, at rest, untrammeled and free, Straggling over in endless strife— Father in Heaven, I'm weary of life.

Weary of life that once was fair,
That procious gem. that jewel rare;
Life, with its changing sumy hours,
Its goldon smules and wealth of flowers;
Life of · y infant, childish years.
With its rippling smiles and sparkling tears;
Years that knew nought of anger and strife—
Father in Heaven, I'm weary of hie. Weary of life that once was so bright.

With its rainbow hoes of dazzing light,
The light of my grilhood's early days.
With the gorgeous glare of its noon-day blaze
Ah! decaning my life but one endless day,
Nor counting the hours that passed away,
flours with joy and pleasure once rife—
Yet, Father in Heaven, I'm weary of life.

Weary of life, its sin and its crime.
Its poisoned breath and its noisone slime.
Oh, sin! oh, crime! how bitter to taste
The tempting fruit of the desert waste!
That fruit so fair and bright to the eye
On the lips will fade, and in ashes die,
Filling the heart with wee and str.fe.
Ill, Father in Heaven, we weary of life.

Weary of life that has grown so dark, Weiry of the that his grown so dark, Plining away in this prisoned ark. Wonry, dear Lord, as the captive dove, Longing to sour to the light above, Seeking some spot where my foot may rest From the doluge of sin in the human breast, Battling ever in care and strife — Father in Heaven, I'm weary of life.

Wenry of life, shall one so lost, So tempest-driven, so wildly toss'd, Dare to weep as a Magdalen wept. When in lowly sorrow, a sinner she crept, And knelt at Thy feet in terrs and sighs, And sought but a glance from Thy sucred eyes, The glance that dispelled all sin and strife, When her heart was weary and sick of life.

Weary of life, but ah! in Thylove
I look for a truer life above,
That life that thees not nor passes away,
The dawning sun of eternal day.
The morning that breaks o'er the tempest wave.
And shines through the gloom of the yawning
grave.
Cheering us on through wee and strife,
With the lasting joys of a brighter life.

Wonry of life, and wenry of sin,
This worldly strile and worldly din,
Looking in hope for the promised land,
Watching the veil on its golden strand,
Watching that veil so misty and bright,
Shroading its shores from my yearning sight,
Watching the Hand that shall send it away,
Giving me life and endless day.

—Alorning Star. New Orleans.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDILEY'S SECRET,' MTC.

CHAPTER XXXVII .- (Continued.)

If the day had been wet, if a chill gray sky had lowered on Sir Francis Clevedon and all his preparations for a festival, if a drizzling incessant rain had foreboded the extinction of lamps and fireworks, Mr Redmayne might have smoked his pipe by his desolate hearth in the old farmhouse kitchen, and laughed scornfully at the folly of his race, conjuring up a vision of sodden garments and disappointed faces, rain oozing slowly from the canvas roofs, the gay flag-bedecked tents transformed into gigantic shower-baths. But a misantrophe must have been of a very sour temper who could escape some touch of regret for his own lonely condition, some faint yearning for sympathy with his species, some feeble ghost-like renewal of old feelings, in such a golden noontide, and amidst so fair a landscape as that which lay around the home of Richard Redmayne. Several times had Mrs. Bush repeated her remonstrances, with every variety of rustic eloquence and much implitude of speech, but to no effect. Mr. Redmayne declared most decisively that he would have no share in that day's rejoicings.

"A pretty figure I should cut amongst a pack of fools dancing and capering," he cried contemptuously. "I should seem like a ghost

come from the grave." "Perhaps you might, if you went in that shabby old shooting-jacket as you wear Sundays and work-a-days, which is a disgrace to a gentleman as well to do as you are," replied the plain-spoken Mrs. Bush, who seemed to think that the inhabitants of the spirit world might suffer from a want of good clothing; "but not if you dressed yourself in some of the things you've got hearded up in those two sea-chests of yours, o' purpose for the moths, one 'ud think, to see the way you let 'em lie there." Now, do smarten yourself up a bit, and trim your whiskers, and all that, Mr. Redmayne, and don't be the only person within twenty miles of Clevedon to hang back from going. It looks so pinted. It looks almost as if you'd committed a murder, or somethink dreadful, and was afeard to face the light of day."

This last argument touched him a little, indifferent as he professed to be about the world's esteem. It was not of himself he thought even, in this, but of that dead girl who had made up his world. Was he quite true to her memory in holding himself thus utterly aloof from hi kind? Might he not by that very act have given occasion for slanders, which might never have arisen but for that, or which, at any rate might have been crushed by his putting a bold front on matters, and fluding some answer for every question that could be asked about his

lost girl ?

"Good God!" he said to himself, strangely affected by this random shot of Mrs. Bushe's I may have made people think that things were worse than they really were, by my conduct.

He brooded on this idea a good deal; but it vas scarcely this which influenced him on Sir Francis Clevedon's birthday, when, about an hour and a half after the Bushes had departed, radiant in their Sunday clothes, and with faces varnished by the application of strong yellow soap, he suddenly made up his mind to follow

them and share the pleasures of the day. They could be no pleasures to him. That was out of the question. But he would go among the noise and rlot, and eating and drinking, and hold his own with the merriest, and let the world see that he was Rick Redmayne still, as good a man as he had been six y are ago, before he sailed across the world to redeem his fortunes.

Strange how lonely the house seemed to him that summer day, when Mrs. Bush and her goodman had shut the door behind them, after much scudding to and fro and up and down at the last moment, in quest of forgotten trifles. It was not that he had ever affected Mrs. Bash's company, or that he had ever found her anything but an unmitigated bore. Yet no sooner was she departed than he sorely missed the clatter of her pattens, the cloop of her pails, the noise of her industrious broom sweeping assiduously in massagar where there is the patterns. duously in passages where there had been no footsteps to carry dirt Dreary and empty be-yond all measur: seemed the old nomestend, which had once been so blithe He went in and out of the rooms, without purpose, into that tabernacle of re-pertability the bist parlour, where not so much as the position of a chair had been altered since his wedding day; where the cointz covers, which had beer faded when he peered into the mystic chamber wonderingly, a baby in his mother's arms, were only a little paler and more feeble of tint to-day. Nothing could wear out in a room so seldom te-nanted; it could only moulder unpercentibly with a gradual decay, like furniture in the scal-ed houses of some lava-buried city.

To-day the pale presence of the dead, whereby these rooms were always more or less haunted, smote him with a keener anguish than he could bear. The empty house was in-

supportable with that ghostly company."

"And yet, if she could take a palpable form and come back and smile upon me, God knows that I would welcome her fondly, even though I knew she were dead. Why cannot our dead come back to us sometimes, if only for one sweet solemn hour? Is God so hard that He will not lend them to us? O, Gracey, to have you with me for ever so brief a span, to hear from your own lins that heaven is fair and you are happy among the angels, to tell you how I have missed you! But there only comes the dull shadow, the dreary thought; no dear face,

no gentle loving eyes."

Many and many a time he had sat in the sunshine, in the moonlight, lost in a waking dream, and wondering if Heaven would ever vouchsafe him a vision, suc as men saw of old, when augelic creatures and the spirits of the dead seemed nearer this earth than they are Many a time he had wished that the impalpable air would thicken and shape itself into the form he loved; but the vision never came. The rooms were han ted, but it was with bitter thoughts of the past; his sleep was broken, but only with confused patches of dreaming, in which the image of the beloved dead was entangled in some web of foolishness and bewilderment. Never had she appeared to him as he would have her come, serene and radiant with the radiance of a soul that wanders

down from heaven to comfort an earthly mourner He went out into the garden and smoked a ripe under the cedar, but here too the solitude which had been the habit of his life lately seemed strangely intensified to-day. It might have been that sound of distant joy-bells, or the knowledge that all the little world within a twenty-mile ratius was making merry so near him. It would be difficult to define the cause, but a sense of isolation crept into his mind. He smoked a second pipe, and drank a tumbler of spirits-and-water, that perilous restorer to which he had too frequent recourse of late; sat for

an hour or more under the low-spreading branches which scarcely cleared his head when he stood upright, and then could endure this oppression of silence and loneliness no longer, and resolved to go to the Clevedon fes-"I needn't join their tomfoolery," he said to

himself; "I can look on."

He went up to his room, and dressed himself

in some of those clothes which had lain so long idle in his sea-chest. He was a handsome man even now, in spite of the gloomy look that had become his natural expression; a fine-looking man still, in spite of his bent shoulders; but he was only the wreck of that man he had been before his daughter's death : only the wreck of that man who sailed home from the distant world, fortunate and full of hope, coming back to his only child.

The dinners for the cottagers, farm-servants. gardeners, gamekeepers, and small fry of all kinds was to begin at half-past one; the dinner for the superior tenantry, to which Mr. Redmayne was bidden, at three o'clock. He had plenty of time to walk to Clevedon before the banquet began, if he cared to take his place among the revellers, but he did not care about the ceremony of dining. He meant only to stroll about the park, take a distant view of rejoicings, and walk home again in the twilight. The Busnes did not except to return till midnight, as the fireworks, which were the great feature of the entertainment, were only to begiu at ten ; but Richard Redmayne had no idea of staying to stare at many-coloured sky-rockets. or showers of fulling stars, or catherine wheels or roman candles.

He took the short cut to Clevedon, the path that skirted meadows and cornfields, by those tall hedgerows which had sheltered Grace and her lover in the fatal summer that was gone. Slowly and listlessly he went his way, stopping to lean against a stile and smoke a meditative pipe before his journey was half done; lingering to look at the ripened corn sometimes, with the critical eye of experience, but not with the keen interest of possession. Even if these acres had still been "in hand," it is doubtful whether he would have surveyed them with his old earnestness. The very key-stone of life's arch was gone. He had no motive for wishing to increase his store; hardly any motive for living, except that one undefined idea of a day of reckoning to come sooner or later betwixt him and his child's destroyer.

To-day, dawdling in the sunshine, amidst that peaceful landscape, going on such a pur-poseless errand, hardly knowing why he went, there was surely nothing further from his thoughts than that the day of reckoning had

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

" OF ALL MEN KLSE I HAVE AVOIDED THES." Perhaps, if a man must throw his money away comehow or other, which appears to be almost

be so, for if she is a sister to you, she would be as a doughter to me. All! how joyfully would I welcome her to this old pile as its mistress, biossing, reverencing her as the precious link that would bind my idolized son again to life tracted whilst out shooting over the moors, and as he left no children, Neville became the sole direct heir. Then, for the first time since months past, I spoke of the necessity of his marrying and perpetuating his ancient mane and race. Firmly but determinedly he answered, "This subject you will oblige me, mother, by avoiding now and henceforth, for no representations or prayers will move me. In all probability I will never marry, at least not unless I meet some woman who can teach me to forget the mast"

pour of rain so heavy and steady that Mrs. Atherton determinedly negatived the idea of Margaret's intended journey, at least for that day, much to the girl's chagrin, as well as that of Colonel Atherton, who sceretly chafed at every obstacle that returded a search in which his heart was so deeply interested.

In the afternoon, however, the watery clouds cleared off, and were replaced by sunshine.

Mrs. Atherton no longer opposed her young uest's departure; and as the latter stepped into the phacton, in which the Colonol had al-ready placed cloak and shawl to guard against a possible return of the rain, carnest though silent prayers went up from all hearts for her

The early part of the drive passed satisfac torily enough, but later, dark clouds commenced to gather on the fur-off horizon, and just as the carriage turned into the narrow, ill-kept road that led past Tremaine Court, a loud peal of thunder broke suddenly over their heads. An-other and another clap followed in quick sucression, accompanied by blinding flashes of

The high mettled horses commenced to plunge and rear with violence, and despite the skilful handling of the coachman, swerved to the side of the road with such force that the carriage came in contact with the trunk of a

large tree, thjuring the axie. The man sprang out, and while he tightly held the terrified animals by the bridle, Margaret, pale and trembling, succeeded in alighting.

"You had best step into Tremaine Court, Miss," he respectfully suggested. "The damage is considerable, and it will take time to set all thlore field ugart." things right again."

"I had rather not stop there, Watkins, but

"I had rather not stop there, Watkins, but proceed on foot, it possible."
"Out of the question, Miss! You couldn't walk so far. This settles the matter," he added, as the dark clouds that now covered the whole sky suddenly poured down their contents. "Indeed, Miss, not only you must seek shelter yonder, but myself and the cattle, too; for Colonel Atherton's awful pertickler about his horses, and he'd be mad at my letting them stand for hours under a pelting storm like this. Please walk on quick, Miss, or you'll be soaked through; and I'll follow on as soon as I get the

carriage shoved under shelter of them beeches and the apron up." Nothing but urgent necessity could have induced Margaret to re-enter her early home whilst Mrs. Stukely was still its inmate, especially as she had heard of Christopher Stukely return, and with steps whose tardiness even the pitiless pelting of the storm could not induce her

to hasten, she proceeded up the weed-grown, neglected avenue leading to the house. The housekeeper opened the door in person, and the icy coldness with which she received her visitor was far from encouraging. Margaret found it necessary to sustain her courage through the ordeal by mentally repeating more than once that she was in reality owner and mistress of Tremaine Court, and that the woman who listened with such repellant frigidity to her gently worded request for shelter till the storm passed over remained in it only on sufforance. "You'll have to step down to the kitchen to

dry yourself," she ungraciously remarked.
"There's no fire elsewhere."
Murgaret thanked her and took her way thi-

ther, followed by her unwilling hostess.
"That wet dress must come off you. Here, put on this morning gown of mine," and she look a culico dress from a recess and handed it

Margaret hesitated and glanced uneasily round. "Mr. Stukely might come in," she at around.

length said.

With a dark frown the woman replied:

"You need not fear that. He lives principally at the Prince's Feather, as is well known

to every one in Brompton."

Thus re-assured, the guest changed her outer garments and spread them to dry before the fire, whilst her companion, becoming gradually more reconciled to the position of things, and remembering that on the whole it was more prudent to propiliate, at least to a certain degree.

ber guest, proceeded after a while to prepare a cup of tea for the latter. The coachman soon arrived, bearing Mar-garet's shawl, which was also extended to dry, and with a storn grimness of aspect that impressed the stordy retainer with secret consternation, Mrs. Stukely indicated to him from the door-step the part of the stables which still remained inhabitable.

After Margaret, with many apologies for the trouble she was giving her, had partaken of the light refreshment set before her, she rose and went to the window; but any hopes of speedy departure that she might have entertained were put to flight by sight of the torrents of rain that still poured down from a sky of leaden gloom.

"It does not look like changing to fair," was Mrs. Stukely's remark. "You had better step into the sitting-room, as that loutish servant will probably be wanting todry himself in here. and the speaker looked as much aggrieved as is a caravan of travellers had suddenly thrus

themselves upon her hospitality. Silently the young girl obeyed, and as she sat down on the old dingy couch, co-oval with her earliest recollections of life, and looked around at objects familiar to her forso many long years memories of the past thronged thickly her, dim, far-off reminiscences of a time when the curtains were less faded, the furniture less dingy and time-worn, and when a fair youn mother had occupied the high-backed eas chair between the windows; and she, a lisping child, had sat on a low footstool at her feet. Then came memories far less pleasant: recol-lections of a gloomy childhood; her father's unloving severity, Mrs. Stukely's tyranny, and, cruclest thought of all, that of the unaccount able disappearance of that beloved companion of her few pleasures and many sorrows, he

beautiful sister.

Deeply pre-occupied, she scarcely noted time? flight, and when the housekeeper entered the room later, abruptly exclaiming: "Provoking, horrible weather!" she became conscious for the Arst time that twilight shadows were mingling with the gloom caused by five still heavily falling rain.
"I suppose you'll have to pass the night

here?" exclaimed the matron, the aggrieved look on her face intensified.
"I fear I will," replied Margaret, with uncor

room is still as you left it, but I cannot promise

scious frankness. "I am sorry to give you so "The trouble will not be much, Your bed-

hadreing her guest to prolong her stay, or renew her visit by providing her with superfluously dainty fare. Margaret did her best, however, to partake of the meagre meal placed before her, and then pleading a heudache—no imaginary allment, for that feeble frame suffered from your visits trule of worthern from any unusual every vicissitude of weather or from any unusua futigue, however slight—begged leave to retire at once to her room. First, however, she hazarded an inquiry as to the fate of the conchman, and learned that supper had been given him in the kitchen, but that he had been in-formed his chances of a night's rest lay between deeping in clean straw in the hay-loft, or returning through rain and mire to Atherton Park, as there were no spare beds in Tremaine

Court. " And what did he say ?" interrogated Mar. garet, fearing that the horses so much prized by Colonel Atherton might, in consquence of the scant ceremony shown their ordinary protector, deprived, at least for that night, of his valuable services

" Just nothing. He stared at me like an owl for a full minute without winking, and then left the kitchen, having scarcely eaten a morsel." Margaret, thinking Watkins would by this

time have ceased to wonder at her unwilling-ness to test the hospitality of Tremaine Court, wished her hostess good night and retreated.

How heavy her heart felt as she entered that room, shared for so many years with her absent sister, and filled so often with her gay, Joyous smile and the sunshine of her warm, girlish love. Placing the candicatick on the table, she looked around, whilst large tears silently coursed down her cheeks. Everything was unchanged, and everything spoke eloquently of the absent Lillian. The dainty baskets made of moss and the cones of the plactrees, by her skilful fingers, the force the land transplanted and tanger. the ferns she had transplanted and tended, drooping now, it is true, but not sufficiently withered yet to be unsightly; her books, writing

and sewing implements.

How inexpressibly gloomy was that large, empty house, with its echoing passages and hollow sounding floors, its darkness and still-

ness, peopled by thoughts and shadows of the dead or those that were as such. Drip, drip, pattered the rain, beating against the casements outside, whilst ever and anon the branches of the oak growing on the terrace beneath struck against the panes, rustling, tapping in a stringe mysterious manner, that seemed almost like a human entreaty for admit-

Margaret felt there would be little sleep for Margaret felt there would be little sleep for her that night, for her delicate nervous organization had been strained to an unusual degree and her head was aching with painful intensity. As her glance rested on her bed ready turned down for use, an unaccountable feeling of aversion took possession of her, and she resolved to rest, for awhile at least, in a low chair beside the window. Hour after hour passed on, bringing no sounds save the plashing of the rain, the walling of the wind, the restless murmuring of walling of the wind, the restless murmuring of the trees, and finally, mid that many voiced dirge, she fell asleep. Then it seemed to her that her father, in the ghastly habiliments of the grave, stool before her, and whispering:
"Come with a yto Lillian," laid on her hand
his own, which was cold with the marble coldness of the grave. Uttering a faint cry she awoke. But what was this? The ice-chill grasp still lay on hers, chilling the very marrow in her bones with fear. The candle was flickering in the socket, and it suddenly emitted a bright flash, revealing that she was perfectly alone, and that one of the hands, whose cramped rectifies hed arrested the directation had arrested the directation of the ed position had arrested the circulation of the

blood, lay across the other, thus giving rise to her painful dream. Her heart still tumultuously throbbing, she rose to her feet as her candle gave its last flash, and looked from the window. The rain had ceased, and the moon, wading through masses of watery clouds, shone forth ever and anon with a faint, glimmering light, most welcome to the pale, fragile girl, that stood there alone in that dark room, trembling with cold and nervous

"Thank God!" she whispered, "for that blessed light."

How little she foresaw that a few hours later she would repeat that exclamation of thanksgiving with far greater cause and fervor. Then as her thoughts reverted to her late dream, she passionately exclaimed:

"Oh, would to heaven, father, that you would come and lead me to my sister! Even though flesh and blood should quall, even though I should die with terror in the attempt, still would follow Lillian, my darling, where to-night?"

Again the hot tears gushed forth, and shuddering as the cold damp air, penetrating through the lil-fitting window, struck upon her frame, she drew her shawl more closely around her, and removed her chair to some distance from

Suddenly a bright line of light showed itself beneath the door, ill-fitting like the window. Who or what was it?

Springing to her feet, she softly unclose opening it only a sufficient width to permit of her glancing through the aperture. The sight her glanding through the aperture. The sight that met her gaze was strange and alarming enough.

(To be continued.)

FEMALE Society.—Thackeray, in one of his Round-about Papers, said: "It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the converse tion is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely upon it, are dele-terious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupld, and have gross tustes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; but, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny, or her boy Frank and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from wo man's society is that he is bound to be respect ful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education ful to her. makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for our-selves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselve and our case; and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is boun i to be constantly attentive and respect

terly regretted the ill-judged act that had brought it about. Greater sorrow was, however, in store for me. Henry, my cidest son, was carried off by a sudden and violent illness con-tracted whilst out shooting over the moors, and to forget the past."

How severely was I punished! If, as a younger son, he could have married well, how much greater were his chances now, heir to one of the finest estates in the county; but my lips were scaled, and I was doomed to the mortification of seeing advances that secretly filled me with exultation repulsed or completely ignored by he who was their object. Then came news from abroad. Gertrade Ellis had died in Switzerland of rapid decline, the result of a ne-glected cold. She had always seemed dull and low-spirited since leaving England, added the writer who communicated the intelligence to Mrs. Cresswell, and had shown no interest in self-t-seeing and seenery that would have been so natural at her age. For a day and night after the reception of this news, Neville, who happened to be at Atherton Park at the mo-ment, shut himself up in his room and saw nor spoke to none. Then he briefly informed me he had determined on exchanging into a regi-ment under immediate orders for India, and would start as soon as possible. A day or two

was intensely painful to me, and already I bit-

in London would be long enough to procure his outfit.

"Ah, when that brief announcement fell on my ear, an anguished cry went up to Heaven from my tortured heart, asking inwardly was not my punishment groater than my offence; but there was that in my son's determined, grief-worn face, indicating that prayer or re-

monstrance would prove alike vain.

"More than ten years did be dwell in that terrible country, passing through Jungle and malaria fever, cholora, and the fattl yellow fever, which decimated our troops so frightfully for a time, writing home at regular intervals, affectionately enough, though without a shadow of the loving familiarity and frank confidence of olden days.

Then came a break in the correspondence, a long, long silence, followed by a letter an-nouncing that he had been ill to death, and was nouncing that he had been in o death, and was recommended his matal air by physicians as his only chance of recovery. You may judge how this news moved me; I, who had lived since his departure in the most perfect seclusion, sorrowing with a bitterness that knew nor softening nor alleviation. It was at the time of his departure I had aside the costly toilets I used to want and allowed the scentre of my household. mr. and allowed the sceptre of my household

wont, and allowed the sceptre of my nousehous sovereignty to pass into the hands of Mrs. Ponnel, who has retained it ever since.

"Neville arrived, with shattered health, prostrated spirits; but what cannot a mother's devotion accomplish? A joy, a luxury it was to me to spend days and nights by his sick bed, watching, tending him with a love whose intended the state of the state watching, tending him with a love whose intensity almost terrified myself. Finally he rallied. Then, one quiet afternoon, when I was sitting beside him, his thin and shadowy hand clasped in mine, we spoke of the long-scaled past. With tears of anguish and remorse I recounted

all, and tenderly he whispered:

"Descret mother, what error would not have been blotted out by the loving cares and solicitude with which you have surrounded my bed of sickness! The past is forgotten, and we will ignore it as completely as we have heretofore done. I have only one request to make. It is that you will never mention marriage, or im-

portune me in any manner on the subject.

The prohibition was a painful one, for my anxiety to see him settled in life was stronger than ever, now that domestic happiness and rethan ever, now that domestic happiness and repairs were so necessary to him; whilst I was growing perceptibly weaker day by day. Unhesitatingly, however, I promised compliance, finding solace for that disappointment in the periect affection and confidence that henceforth reigned between us. Yes, Neville loves me now as he did in the long past days of his boyhood, before his earnest, ferrent nature had known another love. Yet oh! how I mourn in sackluth and ashes for the false, mistaken pride another love. Yet oh! how I mourn in sack-cloth and ashes for the false, mistaken pride that led me to stop in between him and happi-ness; how I grieve when I picture to myself the loneliness of this old place when I shall have been laid to reat, and he will drag on the weary tenor of a desolate, aimless life. You can under-stand now, Miss Tremaine, why I long so eagerly that your sister should be found, for hope tells me that she has excited a deeper interest in my son's heart than any woman has ever done since son's heart than any woman has everdone since

Gertrude Ellis reigned there supreme. I re-member well the afternoon on which he entered the house with a brighter, more interested look than I had seen him wear for many a long day. and asked me if I know a family of the name of Tremaine. Of course, I answered in the affirmative, informing him that there existed a dis-tant relationship between ourselves and them, though social intercourse between the families had almost ceased some time previous to the death of Mrs. Tremaine. After that event, Mr. Tremaine had gone on the Continent and re-sided there for several years, but since his return had lived in the strictust seclusion. I had also to add, my doar Margaret, that the presence of the odious woman who ruled so tyrannically in Tremaine Court rendered it impossible for us to make any attempt at friendship with the daughters of the house, who we knew had at-

tained the age of womanhood.

He listened attentively to all I had to tell, much of which had been retailed to me by Mrs. Found in her gossipping moods, and then recounted how, and under what circumstances, he lind made the acquaintance of your sister lian, drawing a charming picture of her perfect patrician beauty, and of her rarely fascinating manners and converse. Later, he asked me to call at Tremaine Court, which I willingly did, but we could not obtain admittance. Then when we heard of Mr. Tremaine's deceuse, i rote you the letter which has procured me the happiness, my dearest Margaret, of having you happiness, my dearest states of introduced with me, a happiness, I hope, which may long he mine. You will not be forced to such a thing, however, by anything like nocessity, for our family lawyer, to whom Neville at ouce entrusted your affairs, taking your permission for such a step as granted, gives hope that you will soon be mistress of an income that will render you perfectly independent of friend or relutive. The property left by your grandmother, three C'Hallorns, to your poor mother, though in a wretched condition, owing to long years of neglect and mismanagement, will in the end

prove valuable. Reantime, you will permit me to be your cashier, as you will soon be sale to Margaret softly expressed her thanks, as well Margaret softly expressed her similes, he well as her satisfaction at the brighter prospects opening before her, adding a passionate wish that her sister, who had shared her days of potentian and suffering, might soon be permitted to participate in the sunshine that had so sud-

participate in the summittee size inset as size in some is some as you set it, out I cannot promise you anything of the sumptious fare and well-trained attendance to which you must have deply illumined her path.



THE HEARTHSTONE.

Jones at sight of Mary Smith's new gown, what a sense of humiliation may depress Mrs. Brown on beholding Mrs Robinson in a n w bonnet, while Brown's scanty wage has not afforded his partner so much as a yard of ribbon to smarten her faded head-gear? Or who shall presume to say that the jealous pangs which gnaw the entrails of some rustic Strephon at sight of his Chloe's flirtation with Damon are not as ficree an agony as the torments of any brilliant dandy in the Household origade distracted by the infidelities of a countess?

Sir Francis Clevedon did not consider the thing so deeply as he looked out on the tents and flags and flowers and fountain's and gailydressed crowd scattered over a vast green amphitheatre under the moontide sun—a cheerful picture framed by a background of old forest rees, amidst whose cool umbrage t e scared deer had fled for sanctuary. He thought that Georgie had hit upon a very pleasant in nacr of fooling away two or targe hundred bounds. whatever Mr. Wort—with a pencil behind his car and an ancient little account-book in his hand-night say to the contrary.

"You're sure you're pleased, then, Frankie?" says Georgie, in her little coaxing way, sidling no to her husband as she stands by him on the terrace-walk before the house, looking down at the crowd. " I should be quite miserable if you didn't like it all. You see, it seems such a dreadful thing for you to marry a girl without sixpence, and for her to begin by spending your money at such a rate; but, then, it's only once n year, and it's all for your sake, so I do hope you're pleased."

"As if I could help being pleased with you in that bonnet," said Frank, surveying the bright face framed in white azaleas and bloude. Georgie is all in white to-day, an airy sylph-like costume, in which she looks scarcely seventeen. Sibyl is near her, also in white, dotted about with little bouquets of forget-me-nots, and with forget-me-nots in her bonnet; and Sibyl is very agreeably occupied in a fliration with her brother's friend, Captain Harwood of the Engineers. The Clevedon guests from outside have not yet begun to arrive; the visitors in the house circulate languidly—looking out of windows, or sauntering up and down the terrace, watching that crowd of creatures of an inferior order from afar, with a kind of mildly curious interest which one might feel about with a jelly-lish or any other invertebrate ani-

I am so glad they have a nice day, poor dear things," said Mrs. Cheviot, who was good-natured, but not of the district-visiting order, who had no personal acquaintance with these belots.

"Yes," drawled Weston, "I suppose we ought to be pleased for their sakes; but it would have been more fun to see them struggling in the rain with umbrellas. I was at York summer meeting the year that Moor-hen was expected to win, but didn't; and the rain was occasant, and I can assure you the people on the shilling stands and places were very good fun. I think we should have more amusement to-day if the weather had been bad; to see the girls dancing in pattens, for instance-a par de pattens-would have been capital.

"I suppose t at's what they mean by a pat-n fair?" said the youngest Miss Stalman; because it always rains in Ireland, you

Mrs. Harcross sat in a garden-chair near this group, and looked listlessly at the people in the park, sauntering to and fro to the music of a local brass land braying out the match from Gounod's Faust, in abominable time, with a kind of staggering sound, as if a regiment of gigantic toy-soldiers were lifting their clumsy wooden-legs to the music. There was a good deal of talk and merriment already among th rural visitors. An Aunt Sally had been set up under the trees, and the lads of the village were pelting the grim old lady's visage; but every one felt that dinner was to be the first great event of the day, and that everything before dinner was merely preliminary and unimportant. The tenants whose appetites had sharpened by a longish drive through the morning air, were rather inclined to envy the peasantry their earlier meal; but, then, there was n satisfaction in knowing that their banquet would be a joy in the present when the plebeian feast was only a memory of the past.

Very bitter were the thoughts of Augusta Harcross as she looked across that festive crowd—the tenants and retainers of her husband. She did not grudge Sir Francis Cleve-don the cheap popularity of to-day; indeed, she considered the whole business a foolish and frivolous waste of money. Not such re-nown as might be won by hogsheads of ale and roasted oxen did she desire for her husband nor would she have valued the commonplace distinction of a Lady Bountiful for herself She thought of what Hubert might have made of these advantages which Sir Francis held to so little purpose. She thought of him not wasting his powers upon the dry-as-dust argu ments of law-courts or committee-rooms, but mounting that splendid ladder of statesman whereby a man achieves that renown which must ever seem the chiefest of earthly glory to the British mind Now he spent his labour for that which profited him naught. since committee-rooms and arbitration cases, though remunerative enough in a sordid sense but with six or seven thousand a year of his own, and the status of landowner, it would have been different. Such an income, augment ed by hers, would have enabled him to hold any position.

"He shall go into parliament next session," she said to herself. "He shall win a name that men will respect. I will not let myself be crushed by this horrid secret. A barrister's fame is so common. I might be proud of him, if he were to distinguish himself in the political world; I might be proud of him, in spite of

It was a strangely blended sentiment of sel- lads as you could see anywheres. They went

an absolute condition in the lives of most men, | fish shame and regretful affection for him. If there is no pleasanter mode of scattering it she had loved him less, she might have felt than upon such a rustic carnival as Georgie her own wrong less bitterly; but she did love Clevedon and her father had organised for the him, and she was sorry for him, and there was celebration of the barone's twenty-ninth birth- | a relenting tenderness in her mind, even in the In that cup of pleasure one would sup- face of that coolness between them, which she pose there can be scarcely one bitter drop, pro-vided always that everybody within a certain to dispel by any word or act of hers. She had distance is invited; that there is no forgotten no fear that their estrangement would be a fairy to mutter her maledictions in the midst matter of very long duration. He would humof the banquet, and invoke misfortune upon the prince or princess of the house. And yet when he had done so, when he had fully rewho can tell, even in that simple world, what pented himself of this tacit rebellion, she would heart-burnings may disturb the joy of Susan receive the prodigal, and propose the seat in parliament and partial cossition from his legal labours. She would remind him of a fact which had been perhaps too much ignored by boththat her fortune was his fortune, and that the renown which he might achieve by a disinter-ested pursuit of fame would be dearer to her than any of those sordid successes which were only estimable by the amount of pounds shillings and pence that they brought with them.
She meant to do all this in good time. She

was not an enthusiast, who, on being inspired by a new idea, runs off flushed and cager to communicate it to the car of sympathy. made up her mind with deliberation, and allowed her purpose to incubate, as it were, in the silent calmness of her soul. She felt that she was taking a generous—nay, even noble—view of her husband's position, and that he could not full to receive her proposition with ready assent and some gratitude.

"there are women who would part from him for ever after such a discovery," she said to herself; and such a parting had indeed been her first thought, strangled in its birth by the consideration of the world's wonder. Mrs. Harcross was a person who could not permit the

world to wonder about her.

Mr. Harcross had his duties as steward and before one o'clock, he and Captain Har-wood, Weston Vallory, and Mr. N'Gall the reviewer were amongst the crowd, duly blueribboned and rose-budded. Weston found his way to Miss Bond, radiant in her pluk dress. She had contrived to slip her moorings from her father's arm; and while that seriouslyminded gentleman was arguing on the subject of justification by faith with another seriouslyminded gentleman, Jane had drifted as far away from him as she could, and was receiving the compliments of rural swains, with all the more freedom on account of the enforced absence of Mr. Flood, who was on duty in the stables at this hour, assisting in the puttingup of wagonettes and whitechapel carts. The barouches and landaus and omnibuses of the gentry were only just beginning to arrive,
Jane welcomed Mr. Vallory with a blush and

a simper. Her rural admirers were very soon made to feel themselves at a disadvantage beside this splendid London dandy, and shambled off with a sense of defeat and discomfiture to console themselves with a "shy" at Aunt Sally,
"How charming you look in that pink gown!"

common objects by the sea-shore, and with said Weston, surveying the damsel with his hardly any more sense of affinity than one has bold stare; "it's the prettiest costume Pvescen to-day "

"I'm glad you like it," the girl answered, "I bought it with your present; but of course I daredn't tell father so. He'd have turned me out of doors, I think, if he'd found out as I'd taken that sovering?

"Then you shall not run the risk of expulsion again, for when I give you another present it shall be a gown of my own choosing."

"O no, nor that wouldn't do neither: least ways, father would be sure to find out I were to get a new gown like that. I had to tell him a fib about this one—that I'd saved up my money to buy it. He does give me a shilling once in a way; but he's dreadful near. I know I didn't ought to have taken that money from you; but I did so want to buy something new for to-day, and it seemed to come so handy

"Sweet simplicity!" said Weston, with his artificial smile. "There are women in London with not half your attractions whose milliners! bills come to five hundred a year; and are some times paid, too."

He strolled by Miss Bond's side under the trees, thinking this the pleasantest part of his stewards ip. Mr. Harcross met them face to face presently, and marked his friend Weston's rustic flirt tion as he went by, in conversation with one of the chief tenants, a stalwart farmer of the genuine Speed-the-I lough type, to whom he had been specially introduced by Sir Francis, and who volunteered to support him as vice-chairman at the dinner-table. The stew the tables at which they were to preside, and Mr. Harcross's lot had fallen on one of the tables at the earlier and humbler banquet.

"I'll stand by you, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Holby, the tarmer; "I think I know everybody within ten mile of Kingsbury, man, woman, and child; and all I wish is, that there was enough of 'em to gather my hops without emplying any of these here Irish tramps."

"You belong to Kingsbury, do you, Mr. Holby?"Hubert Harcrossasked, with a thouligtful face, when he had done a good deal of duty talk about corn and hops,

" Higgs's farm, sir, within a mile of Kings bury Church. I've farmed that land of Sir Francis's ever since old Higgs died, which is above seven-and-thirty year ago."

"Higgs's farm; yes, I remember. That's not far from a place called Brierwood, is it?" " Not above two mile. I've walked it many a time between tea and supper, when Richard Redmayne was a pleasanter kind of fellow than he is now, twelve or lifteen year ago, when his daughter that died was only a little lass not higher than that"

He held his sunburnt hand a yard or so from the ground, looking downward fondly as if he could see the fair head of that little lass as he

had seen it years ago.
Who could have thought that it would be so s' arp a pain only to hear of these things? Mr. Harcross felt as if a knife had gone through his neart. It was some moments before he could speak. O God, to think of her a little innocent hild, and that she should have been predestined to love him dearly, and to die broken-hearted

He would have let the subject drop at once, as a theme unspeakably painful, had he not been eager to satisfy himself upon one point. There had been something in the farmer's speech which mystified him not a little.

"You spoke of Richard Redmayne as if you deen him lately," he said; "I understood had seen him lately," he said; the whole family had emigrated."

"Ay, ay," answered the farmer, with ponderous slowness; " the family did emigrate-Jim and his wife, and the two boys, tall well-grown

out to Australia, where Richard had bought a stiflish bit of land, I've heard say, for about a tenth part the price an acre as you'd give in these parts. They went out, Jim, his wife, and boys, soon after Richard's daughter died. She died away from home, you see, sir, and there was a good deal of trouble about it; and I don't believe as anybody hereabouts knows azactually the rights and wrongs of that story; and it's my idea as there was more wrongs than rights

Whereupon Mr. Harcross had to hear the story of Grace Redmayne's death, delivered conjecturally, by Mr. Holby of Higgs's farm, after, a rambling fashion, with much comment-

ary. "It were a sad loss for poor Rick, sir; for she was as sweet a young woman as ever stept," concluded the farmer.

Mr Harcross was compelled to repeat his question.

"I asked you if Mr. Redmayne was still in

Australia," he said,
"Ay, ay, to be sure, to be sure. No, not Rick Redmayne. Jim and his wife and hoys are over yonder, but Richard come home the other day, as changed a man as I ever saw. Him and me used to have many a pleasant hour together of a summer evening, with a pipe of tobacco and a jug of homebrewed. But that's all over now He hasn't been anigh his friends since he come back; and he lets his friends see pretty plain as Le don't want them to go anigh him."

"He is at home, then—at Brierwood?" "Yes. I saw him standing by the gate the night before last, as I drove home from mar-

To say that this intelligence awakened any thing like fear in Hubert Harcross's mind would be to do him injustice. He was not the kind of man to fear the face of his fellow-man. But the knowledge that Richard Redmayne was near at hand filled him with a vague horror nevertheless, "Of all men else I have avoided thee." True that even if they met face to face, there was little chance of his being recognised by Grace's father. That foolish gift, the locket with his likeness in it, had been lost. Grace had told him that during the brief dreamlike railway journey betwixt Tunbridge and London, when she had sat with her hand in his, confessing all the sadness of her life without him. Strange to look back upon it all, and think of himself, almost as if he had been some one clse outside that sorrowful story; to think of himself and all he had hoped for and looked forw rd to that day, when he had deemed it possible to serve two masters, to hold his ap-pointed place in the world, and yet make for himself one sweet and secret sanctuary remote from all worldly influences.

No, that schoolboy love-token, the locket, being happily gone, there was no fear of any recognition on the part of the farmer, even if they were to meet; nor under the name of Har cross could Richard Redmayne suspect the presence of Walgrave. "So, for once in a way, that absurd change of name is an advantage,"

thought Mr. Harcross. The first dinner-bell rang while he was hold. ing this review of the situation, a cheery peal, which brightened the faces of all the diners, Colonel Davenant would fain have fired a cannon as the signal of the feast; b t this idea not being received favourably, was obliged to content himself with the great alarm-bell, which hung in a cupola above the tall, and a line old Indian going which had been brought out upon the lawn, where the Colonel himself officiated, with very much the air of an enterprising showman at a country

fair.

"Now, Harcross," he cried presently, swooping down upon the barrister as he sauntered under the trees beside Mr Holby of Higgs's arm,-" now, Harcross, you know your tent, don't you, old fellow, the one with the blue dags? Your people are pouring in already. You really ought to be in your place, you know

"Be in time," said Mr. Harcross, laughing:

just agoing to begin."

He shook off all thoughts of Grace Redmayne's father, for the moment at least, but not without an effort, and made his way to the blue-flag-bedecked marquee, attended by his esquire, Farmer Holby,
"You must propose almost all the toasts,

Mr. Holby," he said, in his careless way; " for I really haven't a notion of what I am expected

This was hardly fair to Colonel Davenant. who had existed for the last week with a pen-cil in one hand and a pocket-book in the other, and had drawn up claborate plans of the tables, with everybody's appointed place thereat—so that no rural Capulet should find himself scated next his detested Montague, no village Ghi-belline discover a Guelph in his neighbour— and made out lists of all the health-proposing and thanks-giving with as much brown study and mental tard labour as if he had been endeavouring to discover the "differentiate tween the finite and the infinite," which the Yankee lady was lately reported to have hit upon. What pains he had taken to coach Mr. to this!

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS AT A MONKEY SHOW, BY A DEVELOPED APE.

The maxim of the ancient sage was "Know thyself;" and, if Mr. Darwin be right, there can be no readier key to self-knowledge incipient (with a c not with an s) condition of humanity, than a visit to North Woolwich Gardens, where Mr. Holland has been exhibiting a small but select collection of apes. Considering the preponderance of this radimentary element in creation, the wonder is that the muster was not larger. Where are the performing monkeys whom conventionally nasty" organ-grinders exhibit on the top of their dolorous instruments of torture? spicuous by their absence. Where were those of a higher grade, who disport themselves or locomotive tables at the corners of streets? Represented by two undeveloped and one developed monkey, who—the undeveloped ani-mals—play drums, fire pistols, and otherwise imitate the manners and customs of their progressive brethren. Unfortunately the competition was small, and only extended to four or five classes; and Mr. Holland, wisely, as I

prove. The race of apes is not likely to die out, or be over-developed to the extent of eliminating the grand original type. As it is, Mr. Holland deserves our thanks for having brought to the front several distinctive types of humanity, undeveloped, and highly developed—babies, barmaids, cuts, and (last, not least) monkeys,

For, supposing one to be in a meditative n ood, where could fitter object-matter for uch reverie be found than these same monkeys? Look at yonder pair of chimpanzes, male and female, sitting quite in Darly and Joan fishion. The keeper drives a ball into the front of the cage. Notice the imitative way in which the gentleman chimpanzee watches the process and then tries to do the same. Were our ancestors of the "drift" period viser in their generation? In the next cage is a lady chimpanzee. She looks rather old: but chimpanzee ladies have a way of looking more or less passes. They have given her a little monkey which passes muster well enough for a baby. The keeper threatens to take the baby away. See the gesticulations of the putative mother. She clasps the baby to her breast, lays down the law, screams and rampages like a veritable human mamma.

See, here are the pretty little marmozet mon-See, here are the preny frate manifeser non-keys, looking like coy squirrel-eyed girls. If I were a marmozet, I should protest violently against being classed with monkeys at all. As a man, I submit, because, with t ose awfully human-looking chimpanzees full in view I can see exactly what Darwin and Lord Monboddo mean; but I cannot see any apishness about a pretty girl or the gentle marmozet. Talking f girls, there are the bonnet monkeys. When I looked out for them, I expected to see something in the shape of a Sairey Gamp chapeau, decorating the head of each, instead of which there was merely the slightest suspicion of a bonnet on the crown of a very pretty little species of monkey. This is a great fact, both for Darwin and the bonnet makers. The present apology for head-goar is, it appears, the grand original type, worn, no doubt, some geons before your general mother Eve." The lew monkeys, again I carnestly looked out for the Hebrew physiognomy, thinking I might trace the missing link where the monkey became merged in "the grand traditions of an ancient people". I saw nothing of the kind. I heard no marmur of "Old cio!" or "Shixhty per cent.;" but this I did see, a big monkey had watched until a little monkey next door put out his paw and got something nice in it. Down came the fist of the big monkey on that of the little one, and squeezed it until the blood came, and the poor little bit of undeveloped humanity gave up the bonne bouche, whatever it was. Then I fancied I understood the meaning of the nomenclature; and I strongly advised Mr. Holland, who was courteously accompanying me, to have the monkey-houses in the exhibition of the future semi-detached, at all events as far as concerns

It was beautiful to notice the tender care of Mr. Jamrach's man for his prisoned confreres See, he is coming towards us with something his leg besides the inevitable nether gar ments, into which progressive apes have de-generated. He looks as though he had his leg in a muff; but that is an invalid chimpanze whom he is treating to an airing round the tent. It has been sitting in the straw apingwas going to say, without meaning to punthe manners of some developed valetudinarian Poor scion of our common stock! The fatal influence of unchimpanzee-loving England is upon thee. That backing cough is but too like humanity; only then I have heard a sheep cough just like it, when I have been crossing a field in the dead of night, and thought Old Scratch at least was along ide of me and had enught cold from keeping such untimely hours Jamrach's man kisses the chimpanzees, which, with all my fraternal feelings, I own I could not accomplish any more than I could salute a big full-blown male foreigner. It was always a marvel to me when I witnessed leave-takings or effusive meetings, at Boulogue, for instance how those bearded and odoriferous gentlemen stood each other's salutes. Probably they bave not developed so far away from primeval innocence as we inhabitants of a colder clime, Jamrach's man stands meditating by the blue mandrill, and, pointing to their particularly ! ugly jowls, says to me apologetically, "Young, sir; not come to their colour yet."

the Ghetto or Jews' quarters.

I then bethink me of certain blue-checked pencils. the Zoo, and rather youthful specimens better of the two. I have an immense realisation of the fact that Nature does nothing in vain; but I own I cannot fol-low out the artistic skill of that dab of blue colour on the jaws of the mandrill.

There was an arrival during my stay at the show in the person of a black monkey, which Mr. Jamrach's man declared puzzled him; but another gentleman catalogued it for me in a minute, and even spelt the name for me, so that I am not responsible for errors. It was, he said, the "hoolock" npe-1 confess the title looks dubious when written down. It was a large black monkey, lent by a private Harcross in his duties! And it had all come individual, and had this peculiarity, that a thin fringe of white ran round the face as if by way of frame. "Just," said an irreverent bystander of frame. "Just, said an freverent dynamider (and I booked the joke on the spot), "like a Sister of Mercy." I suppose we all have our ancestral types; if so, certainly here was the original of those exceedingly useful and selfdenying ladies, who, it always appeared to m . could be just us useful and us self-denying without that sable habit and framework for their faces. Probably, on account of its semiecclesiastical appearance, this gentleman or lady in black was ranged alongside the capuchin monkeys, of which-or of whom-there was a considerable show, and whom I would recommend as pets to Father Ignatius down at Lianthony. They had a veritable cowl, and looked, if he will pardon me saying so, quite as monastic as that very unfriar-like young clergyman. However, cucultus non fucit monachum, the habit of the cowl does not make the monk out of the monkey, or out of the man.

Monkeys and apes, I think I could in pro-cess of time, get to claim some sort of kinship with, especially with the apes, who lack the caudal appendages which seem to fence off monkeys from mankind, or mankind from monkeys; but I must draw the line at baboons. There were a good many specimens of this class; and one of them delighted the eyes of five classes; and Mr. Holland, wisely, as I think, does not allow anything in the shape of a walk over the course; so that the prize-giving this year will be limited, but this will im-

They seemed to me out of drawing altogether; but then I am not a connaisseur. I never could see the beauty of a thorough-bred bulldog; so it is scarcely to be expected that Jamrach's man and I should be at one on the subject of bahoons. Another of these unsymmetrical animals amused itself idiotically by shaking its cage, until something equivalent to an earthquake seemed inevitable, and the requests of the attendants that he would desist than elegant, according to the estimate of humanity; but I fancy baboons like their langange strong.

There were, alas I no gorillas. I did think

of writing to a lady of my sequaintance who could, I am sure, have walked over the course, and would have appreciated the £5 premium; but I fear d she might not have recognised the compliment. There were plaster casts of the skull and head of one of these inter sting creaskin and head of one of these inter-sting croa-tures, and also a very young specimen dried; but these dried and stuffed articles look so very like "leather and prunella" that I contess, with all due deference to M. Du Chailla, I never have been able to get over a certain burking unbelief as to the existence of gorillas. I know it is very unscientific to say so, and that the same reason for doubt (namely, that I have never seen a specimen) would apply to the Dodo; but honesty is the best policy-1 am unscientific, and also, perhaps, therefore, sceptical. I said just now there were only two performing monkeys. I am wrong. There were only two on the platform, which, alas! would have accommodated two dozen; but there was another in the cage adjoining the infant gorilla. It was a remarkable animal, the body being of bright scarlet and light blue, and the face pure flesh colour At the word of command, and with a little assistance, it would climb up a yellow pole on waich it lived continually, and turn a somersault on the top. The most noticeable feature of this animal is its cheapness. Several organ-grinders, I found, had given one or two pounds for monkeys in the collection for the purpose of illustrating the Old Hundredth Isalin, or some other equally lively metody; but this climbing monkey can be purchased, pole and all, for a a penny at any toyshop. Some wag had sent one of these; and Mr. Holland, entering into

the spirit of the joke, allotted it a cage.

After all, attractive as the monkey-show proper was, there was another exhibition of ages at these gardens, which I do not mean to call improp r (nothing is improper at North Woolwich) but it was an exhibition of developed ap s like myself. From the monkey-show I passed to the dancing platform, and every lingering atom of doubt in Darwin vanished. Here I saw an inane young mandrill whose colour—that is, whose whiskers—had not yet come, disporting himself like a veritable ape. Pretty little children trisked about like marmozets. Lots of old wizen-faced chimpanzees sat under the trees, and looked on idly at the diversions. Yondergoesa real Macoba baboon, done up in the uniform of an artilleryman from South Woolwich; and of the pretty bonnet monkeys, how they tripped it to the sound of the band! I forgot to add that the baloon in the cage chewed tobacco to perfection. So did th artiileryman; and thus far we have retrograded, the baboon did not expectorate-the

utilleryman did Well, Mr. Holland has taught us a lesson which volum s on the development of species would never have done. His lesson is "writ-large," so that he who runs may read it. I tope we shall profit by it. I, for one, say, with the old comedian, "I am a man; I deem nought foreign to me that is human "-not eyen a monkey show at North Woolwich,-Land and Water.

HOW LEAD-PENCILS ARE MADE.

The American *Exchange and Review* gives the following sketch of the manufacture of that onmipresent implement, the pencil,

To start a first-class factory, with improved machinery and stock of well-seasoned wood, re-quires a capital of \$100,000; factory ground hair an acre, chiefly occupied by drying houses for the storage of cedar. The Florida red cedar is mostly used in this country and in Europe some "iben" wood, as the Germans call it, or English yew, is used in Germany, while white pine is used for a common grade of carpenters'

The "lead" of the pencil is the well-known graphite or plumbago; the best of this is the natural, found in a pure state in masses large natural, lound in a pure state in masses large enough to cut into strips. Of this there is but one mane now up to the standard, which is in Asiatic Siberia, and pencils made from this graphite are all one grade, and pay here 50 cents for gross special, and 30 per cent, ad valorem duty. The Cumberland mines, in Eng-land, were the first discovered, but are now almost exhausted. What was formerly refuse in cutting the graphite is now ground, cleaned and refined, and then mixed with a fine clay.

In mixing the clay and graphite, great care must be taken in selecting and cleaning the lay, and getting the proper proportions; the mixture, with water, after being well knewled. is placed in a large receiver and strongly comit the bottom, in the shape of a thread of the thickness and style required—either square, octagon or round. This thread, or lead wire, is ent into bars of the proper length (done by little girls) and then straightened, dried at a moderate heat, and packed in air-light crueibles and placed in the furness; the grade of the lead depends upon the amount of heat it is exposed to, the amount of clay used in mixing, and the quality of the plumbago. The coloring of the lead is by verious pigments.

The wood, after being thoroughly sousoned, is eut in thin strips and dried again, then cut into strips pencil length. These strips are grooved by machinery, then carried on a belt to the glueing room, where the lead is glued in the groove, and then the other half of the pencil is glued on. After being dried under pressure, they are sent to the turning room and rounded and squared, or made octagon, by a very inge-nious little machine, which passes them through three sets of cutters and drops them ready for polishing or coloring—the former is done on lathes by boys, and the latter by a machine which holds the brush and turns the pencil fed to it through a hopper. After the pencil is pol-ished, it is out the exact length by a circular saw, and the end is out smooth by a drop knife,

the poncil resting on an iron bed.

The stamping is done by a hollow die, which is heated; the gold or silver fell is then laid on the pencil, which rests in an iron bed, and the die is then pressed on it by a serew lever. The pencils are then ready to go into the packing room, whence they find their way to all parts of the civilized world at prices ranging from two dollars to twenty dollars per gross.



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ANOTHER LOCAL STORY.

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

HARD TO BEAT.

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

MR. J. A. PHILLIPS.

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

and will be handsomely illustrated by our

DEAD LETTERS.

Probably very few people think of the importance of addressing a letter intended for the Post legibly, and seeing that it has the full and proper address and is stamped. Post office departments all over the world have annually a great deal of trouble in correcting the errors made from carelessness, or ignorance, by persons desirous of sending letters through the Post: and in forwarding letters to their destinations, or returning them to the writers. It takes very little additional trouble to be certain that letters are properly directed and stamped, not to guess at it, but to be sure; and the saving in time and trouble to the Post Office department would be immense if a proper amount of care was taken with letters at the time of posting. Recent returns of the United States Post Office Department show that upwards of three millions of letters were sent to the Dead Letter Office, Washington, last year, and that they contained over three millions of dollars in money, drafts, bills of Exchange &c., ninety two thousand of which was in cash. Fifty eight thousand letters had no county or State direction; four hundred thousand lacked stamps, and three thousand were posted withcut any address at all. The general average of habitants. The mechanics of Montreal are, as

O, is about one dollar. A great many people will exclaim, on reading this statement, " how Scotia and New Brunswick not giving the number of unstamped letters—the number for in the Dominion, while the 27,050,000 includes foreign letters; if these were deducted the percentage of 1 in 257 would be considerably reduced, showing that great carelessness is shown in posting letters without putting on stamps. Of the number of letters sent to the D. L. O. last year two thousand and twenty three contained articles of value, amounting in the aggregate to one hundred and forty one thousand dollars, five thousand two hundred of which was in money; giving an average of forty two cents to each letter. If we make a better average than the Americans in regard to letters containing money, we make a much worse one as regards letters unstamped; for while their report shows that one letter out of seven sent to the D. L. O. was for want of stamps ours shows that one out of every three was for of letters which do not go direct to their destinations, we will give a few figures taken from the returns of the Postmuster General: the total number of letters sent to D. L. O. since Confederation (years 1868 to 1871, inclusive) was 1.279,908, of which over 500,000 were unstainn ed; 6,456 of these contained valuables, amounting altogether to \$454,902.86, \$14,842.71 of which was in money. Most of these letters have been disposed of, all those containing money having been delivered, except 77, containing \$324.81 which remained in D. L. O. Ottawa on 30th June. One fruitful source of the miscarriage of letters is the omission of the County or Province in which the town or village is situated; frequently there are several places of the same name in different Counties, or Provinces and the Postmaster is utterly unable to guess for which one the letter is intended. In Canada this duplication of names of Post Offices is common, and in the United States it is nothing uncommon to find a dozen or more Post Offices of the same name, sometimes two or three in the same State; for instance there are 17 " Spring-creeks" 63 " Springfields" and 142 "Washingtons" in the United States : and in the State of Ohio alone there are 43 villages, towns and townships called "Washington," so that a letter addressed Washington, Ohio" would have some difficulty in reaching its destination, for the Post Office would have a choice of 43 Washingtons to send it to, and would, of course, send it to the Dead Letter Office. There are a few plain rules to be followed in addressing letters which would save much time, trouble and annoyance if adhered to; first: always write the have never had so hard a season. address on a letter as legibly as possible, so that the Postmaster may be able to read it without difficulty, there is very little time for looking at the address of each letter and half a dozen illegible addresses will give more trouble than fifty properly directed; second, be sure to give the County or Township, especially if there are several places of the same name as the one you are sending to; third, give the Province or State, and be sure you give it right, we sometimes get letters addressed "Montreal, Ont.;" fourth, make sure that the letter is stamped and stamped sufficiently, it you have any doubt on the latter point get the Postmuster to weigh it, and tell you the correct postage; fifth, be careful that the letter has an address on it; this seems almost an unnecessary caution, but it appears that three thousand letters were posted in the United

MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

States last year without any address at all;

sixth, sign your full name and address so that

in the event of the letter miscarrying it may

be returned to you. It is the fashion to

blame the Post Office for all errors and

delays in the delivery of letters, and,

undoubtedly the Post Office is frequently to be

blamed, but a great deal of the delay and incon-

venience frequently experienced in the receipt

of letters is without doubt caused by the care-

lessness of the senders.

The annual report of this excellent institution does not reflect credit on a city of the size and wealth of Montreal. It appears that the number of members last year was only 160, or a little more than one for every thousand inhabitants. The mechanics of Montreal are, as

money found in the letters sent to the D. L. a class, as well educated as could be found anywhere, and quite as well able to appreciate the books provided for them by the Institute careless the people of the United States must as any other body of men; but, somehow, they be:" but let us look at home and see what we seem to take no care to avail themselves of Canadians manage to do in the way of misdi- | the opportunity offered to obtain a large quanrecting letters &c. The returns of the Post- tity of good reading matter at a very small master General are not quite so full as the yearly cost. No doubt the profusion of cheap American reports, and som interesting points | papers and books has a great deal to do with are not touched upon, but they are complete; the noticeable decline in membership of both enough for all practical purposes, and from the Mechanics' Institute and the Mercantile last year's report we gather the following facts: Library, and fathers of families prefer reading through the various Post Offices of Canada for sides which the increase in the size of the city the year ending 30th June 1871 of which 335,- has caused the tide of population to flow from 508 were sent to the Dead Letter Offices in the centre, and renders it inconvenient for Ottawa, Halifax and St. John's. Of these about many to go to the library to obtain books or 105,000, or I in every 257 of the whole num- read the papers. One of the principal pleas ber passing through the various Post Offices, raised during the late nine hour movement were unstamped. These 105,000 letters (this | was that the workingmen wanted more time to number is estimated the returns for Nova improve themselves; many employers in this city have conceded the nine hours, and we hope to see the men use the hour so gained in Quebec and Ontario was 95,445) were all posted improving themselves, and we know of no better way for them to attain that object than by lending their assistance to the support of an institution which is designed especially for their advantage.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It is a curious fact that poor people are sel-dom afflicted with kleptomania, although a good many of them are given to stealing.

M. STANISLAUS JULIEN claims to have discovered that chloroform was used by the Chinese between the years 220 and 230 of our era, by a physician named Hoa-tho, who made incisions, amputations, &c., on patients under its

THE irrepressible Insurance Agent is not only a nuisance, but he seems to be an expensive luxury also, the published returns of seventy-New York showing that their expenses for that reason. To give some idea of the number drammers, agents and advertising amounted last year to eleven millions of dollars.

THERE is now a curious case under the con

right of a photographer to exhibit the photographs of his customers for business purposes, graphs of his customers for business par pasce, or to sell copies to others than the persons pho-tographed. The case is exciting some atten-tion, and the decision is auxiously awaited by those who are fond of being photographed.

Ar last the days of wasp-like walsts seem to be coming to an end. The N. Y. Mall, which may be considered an authority on such matters, declares that the regulation size of a lady's waist now is twenty-three inches. The doctors and the undertakers will doubtless suffer, but poor humanity will be greatly benefitted by the abolition of the absurd and deadly habit.

EARL RUSSELL attuined his eightleth birthday on 18th August. His public career extends over a period of fifty-nine years, he having been elected to represent the borough of Tavistock in 1813, and of all the members of the House when he took his sent, not one now survives. served, as Lord John Russell, forty-eight years in the House of Commons, and has been eleven years in the House of Lords.

THE poet tells us that "Music hath charms Huddersfield, Eng., lately found that it would not do to regard his wife as a "savage breast," and endeavor to soothe her. The woman was sick, and asked him to go for the doctor, but he outented himself by trying to scothe her by sitting by the bedside and playing "The Dead March in Saul." The Magistrate did not think this a good style of treatment, and sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment.

THE London costermongers have had a hard time of it this year, and many of them are said to be reduced to a state almost bordering on starvation. The failure of the fruit crop, and the scarcity of fish have left them nothing to sell, and the familiar cry of "All alive O!" is heard but rarely. Herrings have been as high as three pence a piece, oysters have risen in price beyond the reach of all but the very rich, haddock is too dear to buy to sell again, and fruit is altogether too high to run the risk of buy-ing it to retail. The oldest dealers say they

"ALL the world" has heard of Holloway, the pill and plaster man, and many in all parts of the world have swallowed his pills and had his plasters applied to them; but comparatively few are probably aware of the noble use which he proposes to put a portion of the large fortune he has accumulated. He has lately purchased a site at Virginia Water, near London, on which he intends to build an asylum for the middle classes, the cost of which will be about \$500,000. The asylum will accommodate about two hundred patients, and will be main-tained for a year by Mr. Holloway, after which it is expected to be solf-supporting.

WONDERS will never cease! There is a man in San Francisco who has discovered the posopher's stone, and actually knows how convert the baser metals into pure, shining gold; at least he says so, and, of course, he ought to know. He claims that gold manufac-tured by him has been frequently tosted by the Assessors and pronounced pure gold. Out of the great depreciation in the value of their stock, which would without doubt occur if his scoret was discovered, he announces his inten-tion of taking it with him to the grave—and we believe he will.

A GOOD many unfortunate persons have undoubtedly been buried alive, and have had the misfortune not to have the fact discovered until too late, and we have read wonderful stories of frogs and toads which have been buried for many years and have come out brisk and lively after their Imprisonment: but a Wisconsin ox has lately had a strange adventure and has come out of it quite sleek and fat. Some time ago he was missing, and no trace of him could be found: after three weeks he walked out of a haystack, which had been blown over during a storm, and had fallen on him, and on which he had lived until he ate his way out. There snow an the ground supplied him with

Does it pay to imprison debtors for small dehts? It would appear not, if we are to judge by a late parliamentary return compiled from information furnished from the county and borough prisons of England and Wales, which shows that the expense incurred in 1870 for the many years past in England, but debtors can still be imprisoned for contempt of Court in perfecting to pay when ordered by the Court that is to say, if a man is arrested for debt and he has any means of payment, the Judge may order so much a week to be paid, and if the order is neglected, and it can be shown that the party had the means of payment, he can be imprisoned for contempt for six weeks.

THAT the farce of getting up presentations to persons of no particular standing, for no particular services, has been rather overdone is one which "nobody can deny," and a contemporary very happily hits off the absurity by the fol-lowing notice of a "Presentation:"—" Mr. John Smith, a distinguished and popular shoe-menthere were about 27,050,000 letters passed at home to going to public reading-rooms; hestructured with the surprised at a late home on Saturday night by a number of friends, and presented with a new peg-awl, with brass orm-ments on the handle, the whole said to have cost twenty-five cents, and designed by Mr. John Brown. Mr. John Brown made a neat presentation speech, in which he feelingly alluded to the immense benefit Mr. Smith had been to the soles of the inhabitants of Chelse and to the very satisfactory manner in which he had enabled them to mend their ways. Mr Smith made an appropriate response, and the affair was of the most enjoyable kind."

LAUGHING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

People who do not know how to hugh are much to be pitied. Not every one who laughs knows how to laugh in the highest sense. As glances upon the face like a moteor, come and gone in the same instant, is better than nothing

gone in the same listant, is better than nothing.
But haughing, like poetry, music, invention, oratory, is given in its higher forms to but few.
We have a relative, a hady, who is gifted in a
high degree with the genius of faughing. One
should see her when an exquisite story lights up the inner soul. Only the other night three of us sat together. One told an anecdate started another, till, like pigeons in a wood, they poured out in flocks. Soon all were in parox yens. There was no bolsterous roaring. Each one performed with refinement, but all were eclean gone." The chiest has a continuous roll that goes on without check till the breath is gone, and the lungs fairly run down; but, gathering a long breath, he dashes down the same long roll again. But soon the muscles ache; with bands abdominally placed, and weaving from side to side, his eyes streaming with tears, he at length gains enough control to escape from that eddy which had been whirling him help lessly around.

Another one laughs by a series of short explosive fusilades, recurring rapidly and continu-ing in what seems likely to be an endless series. But the lady aforesaid begins in a gentle way, as if controlling every movement. So have I seen a gay rider, ambling at first, then moving off at a trot, breaking into a gallop, and then carried off at a dashing speed in a real run away. It does one's heart good like a medicine to see and hear such a charming performance so hearly, so natural, so gently furious, so pos-sessed with a demon of laughter that will not be cast out. You shall see the beginning of the laugh carried well along till the excess of it seems to disturb her modesty. She covers her face with a newspaper, and some would think that she was resting. But, look! No sound. Only a jelly-like trembling of the whole body! On on—till in desperation she runs from the room Ah, there is good honest heartiness in such an experience, and an overplus of pleasure; the

highest pleasure reaches the edge of pain.
It is impossible to discriminate between the wit that produces only pleasure of thought, and that which produces only pleasure of laughter. A very simple incident narrated strikes the palpitaling herve of laughter, to the surprise of everyone. Some things end their power by once telling. Others are never-failing. Even to think of them sets one off. We wake up nights, and happening to think of a good thing, bring down censure on our head for untimely outbursts of haughter, "when all honest and sober people should be asleep!"

One peculiarity of laughter is, that it rages fearfully when you feel in your soul that it is wloked. It is "in meeting" that the danger is the most alarming. Oh, there are some things that one should never think of in church! Resistance would be vain. All that could be done would be to stuff one's mouth with a handker chief, and smother all sounds.

No man can explain to another why he laughs. There is nothing more absurd than to ask a man " what there is funny in a story." Stories, like percussion bombs, must explode when they strike, or they are good for nothing. Stories that don't go off are poor stock.

There is one story which we never think of without a ripple, and never tell without a rush of laughter. Indeed, we are shaking now; but very likely our renders will see nothing in it. A good deacon had the bad habit of making very long family prayers. His wife was hard of hear-ing. One morning, for some reason, he prayed short, and then went to the barn to milk. returning, he found his wife still kneeling, with closed eyes. He stepped up behind her, and shouted "Amen!" whereat she very quietly rose and went about her work. You don't Well, the spark is there, but your powder is not good.

THOUGHTS ON OUR COLONIAL POLICY.

It has been urged by the advocates of the Goldwin Smith policy, who would throw off our colonies, that England would have all the ad-vantages of trade with the liberated settlements without any of the responsibility of protecting them. This is false as it is soldsh and cowardly Statistics show how great is the disproportion between the trade done by England with her colonies and with the Angio-Saxon communities politically separated from her. I do not intend to quote statistics, but any one interested can at once, by consulting them, see how disastrous (taking the most selfish view of the question) would be this policy. True, the colonies have put on heavy duties for revenue on English ma nulacturers, but what are those as compared with the retaliative protective duties which would be levied upon separation from the Bri tish rule; these would probably equal the al-most prohibitive duties in the United States, and the consequence would be a diminution in British exports to the colonies, quite equal to that which had taken place in the United States. Then, as to the responsability of protection. Is it to be understood that in withdrawing her troops, England intimates her intention of allowing the colonies to defend themselves against outside attack? If so, then it is the strongest incentive to her colonies to secode from the connection with the mother country, because En gland is much more likely to become engaged in war than any of the States which would b formed by secoding colonies, and during the countinuance of the connection any colony is liable to be attacked by the foes of England; therefore her safety is endangered by her poli-

tical connection with a country from which she receives neither the assistance of money, credit. nor armed protection; but let it be asked, has England become so selfish and fullen so low as to leave any of her colonies in the lurch, if unjustly attacked by a foreign power? Because the troops are withdrawn from Canada, would the British nation sit still and see Canada overrun by marauding Fenjans from the United States ? Every one knows full well that the generous sentiments of the people would be aroused, and that even in the event of an attack by the overwhelming forces of the United States Government, they would rise as one man and demand that the honour of England should be vindicated in defending the liberties of her American subjects; thus, in withdrawing the troops of our colonies. thus, in withdrawing the troops of our colonies, we neither save money nor do we practically give up responsibilities, unless we were to sink give up responsibilities, unless we were to sink down to a meanness of which no one will venture to accuse us. But is it true that England is weary of her high mission, that of being the ploneer of civilization all over the globe? Do the English people think that that mission which, so nobly commenced by our forefathers, has been energetically carried forward to the present day is accomplished, and that really the time has come for them to "Restand be thankful"? No! a thousand times No! England does not believe that her mission is accomplished, nor does she mean to allow other less plished, nor does she mean to allow other less worthy hands to take up her unfinished work, or to allow that work to remain unfinished. Rather will she, in the full plentitude of her wealth, with undiminished energy buckle to at the old work with increased intelligence and enlarged means. She owes her present greatness main-ly to her colonies and her trade, which have sti-mulated and maintained her home industries, and she will never be mad enough to think of trying to cast off either one or the other of the sources of her prosperity, but rather with increasing knowledge of the power and wealth and loyalty of these distant possessions seek to draw them together into relations of closer amity.— St. James's Magazine.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

Canada.—It is reported that George Brown will recenter public life to assume the loudership of his party in the local Legislature. —The Intercolonial Railway will be open from Halitax to Amberst at the beginning of October. —Soundings on the Nova Scolia coast for the new cable between England and Halifax are completed. —Montreal has forty-five per cent. of all the imports into Canada. For June of this year, the imports are almost double those of last. —It is rumored that Mr. E. J. Langevin, Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, is to be appointed Clerk of the House of Commons, vice Major Lindsay, deceased. —A French capitalist has opened an establishment for the preparation of sardines at River Ouelle. The little fish are equal to the best of France, and large orders are received from Quebec and Montreal. —The troops about to start for Manitoba will be uniformed in scarlet instead of the Rifle uniforms. The Indians are disposed to doubt whether the green coats are really the Queen's troops or not, and the traditional scarlet will doubtless have a good effect. —The Dominion revenue for August was \$1,852,977.85; expenditures. \$1.042,901.48. —It is rumored that Itiel is supplied with fands from Ontario, to carry on the contest against Attorney-General Clark in Manitoba. and most of the money spent by him is in Royal Canadian bills. —One hundred and sixty acres of land will be awarded to each of the two hundred volunteers now being enlisted for Manitoba. —A report is current that the steamer Great Eastern, after landing the cable at Halifax, will take a carge of coals to England.

landing the cable at Halifax, will take a carge of coals to England.

United States.—Six hundred Mormons have sailed from London for Utah.——Chicago has imported six splandid specimens of the Norman breed of horses.—It is reported that Mr. O'Connor has finally accepted the nomination of the Connittee of that body, which called upon him in New York.——The statue of Sir Walter Scott. for the New York Contral Park, has arrived.——The Anaches are again committing outrages.—The Bible war in the public schools of New York seems on the point of broaking out anew.—Despatches from Victoria report matters in Alaska to be in a very unsatisfactory condition.—The work of sinking the track of the New York Contral Railrond from the Union Depot to Harlem River, has been begun. The cost of bridges, viaducts and tunnels, which will have to be built, will reach about six millions.—The Pacific Mail S. S. Company entertains strong doubts as to the authenticity of the despatch from its agent at Yokohama, announcing the loss of the S. S. America.—David Gleason, of North Adams, who murdered his wife last spring, has been sentenced to be hanged.—White's building on Commorcial street, Newark, N. J. cocupied by several manufactures, was destroyed by fire on 12th inst. Loss, \$75,000.—The farce of a second trial of Mrs. Laura D. Fair for the murder of E. L. Crittonden, has been commenced in San Francisco. The dedge of challenging the jury has been resorted to, and 600 jurors have been examined and only one juror obtained.

England—John Ras, who was recently examined

ENGLAND.—John Rae, who was recently examined by the authorides in connection with the Belfast riots, and who was committed to prison for contempt of court but afterwards released, was again committed to prison on Saturday, for a repetition of the offence.

Odger has agreed not to contest the Parliament clotton in Preston, if the liberal candidate will pledge himself to advocate the abolition of game laws.—Rinderpest continues to spread in the provinces.—London advices show that the striking vinces.—London advices show that the striking mania is prevailing all through England. The chairmakers of Wycombe, the coal men of Lowestoft, the silk-weavers of Sudbury, the stone-masons of Proston, and the bakers of Dublin. The London carpentors, brickinyers, and cabinet-makers continue their strikes. The Post Ome officials have petitioned for an advance of wages. The journeymen butchors of London have formed a union for the purpose of getting higher wages.—The Times expects that when the Conference at Berlin is over, a circular note will be issued explaining its pacific nature.

be issued explaining its pacific nature.

GERMANY.—The week has been given up to fostivities in honor of the Austrian and Russian Emperor's visit to Berlin.—The disorderly portion of the population of Berlin took occasion during the grand military parade on Saturday hast to create many disturbances. One party of violent characters, ouraged at an advance in the price of beer by Hosse & Co., made an attack upon their brewery and completely wrecked it. The police was compelled to charge on the crowd with drawn swords, and it was not dispersed until many persons were wounded and a still larger number arrested.—The Emperor of Austria left Berlin on 11th inst. He was accompanied to the railway station by Emperor William, Prince Frederick William, and many officers of the army and court. He repeatedly embraced the German Emperor and Crown Prince before stopping from the platform to the car.

SPAIS.—The budget to be submitted to the new Cortes will show a defect of 2,600,000,000 reals.—The Carlists again are becoming troublesome. Fresh outbreaks have occurred on the frontier, troops have been despatched to menuced points and prevautions have been taken to prevent the insurgents from crossing over from France or concentrating in any considerable numbers.—The Private Scoretary of the Duke de Montpensier, has been arrested at Morida. The Government has obtained the clue to a conspiracy on the part of Montpensier in the interest of Don Alfonso.

France.—The last weekly edition of the *Illustration* was seized by the police because it contained insulting caricatures of Prussians.——Duvergier do Hauranne pronounces false the report of his engagement to Miss Nellie Grant which first appeared in the Figure.——Laza, a journalist, committed suicide on 10th inst.

Switzerland.—Rumors as to the amount of the award to the American Government continue to be rife; some accounts place the amount as low as twelve millions, seme as high as thirty.—The Arbitrators have gone on a visit to Berne, and have been received by the President of the Federal Council.

CURA.—Late advices report a few unimportant skirmishes between the Spanish troops and the revo-lutionists, resulting in defeats of the latter.

Austria.—Prince Albrecht, commander-in-of the Austrian army, died on 12th inst. He we years of age.



THE HEARTHSTONE.

THE TWO PATHS.

Eagle! that o'er the sunbeam's track of light Filingest the shadow of thy stately wing. Hiest thou home from distant wandering Unto thine eyric on the mountain height, Amid dark pine-groves, where lone watertalls Each to another ealls?

Bird of the shadowy plume and fearless gaze!
Thou art an emblem of the gifted heart
Called out and chosen for its nobler part,
A lonely wrestler in life's thorny ways:—
And yet it is a glorious thing to claim
Thy deathless crown, Oh fame!

Into the light thy troubling shadow floats, White dove I returning through the evening skies Flushed with the crimson sunset's burning dyes; On the soft stillness thy carossing notes Fall as thy tired wing flutters to the rest Of thy low woodland nest.

Thy home is where the greenwood shadows fall On fairy dingles bright with summer flowers, Where pleasant breezes fan the chestant bower And the glad chimes of fountains musical, Amid the dancing leaves and blossoms, play All through the laughing day.

Like thee and thy bright life, oh, gentle dove!
Is the glad spirit bound by holiest ties
Of kindred hearts and loving sympathies
To the warm shadow of home's sheltering love;
And ever in that sunny atmosphere,
Abading without fear.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XLIL

THE SHADOW OF A PERIL.

Laurence Drayton and Julia made each other very happy in this the new beginning of their ives. The wise difference in their ages made his protective tenderness quite natural, without giving it the dicta to rial tinge an eider man would have been apt to put on with so young a bride. He was at once too delicate to ever be betrayed into the ardent enthusiasm that inevitably grows wearisome. He knew what her ideal was, and he tried to make himself that ideal. Fortunately for the contentment of the long future which lay before them he succeeded.

From Switzerland they went along the Rhine, from the Rhine to Italy, thence through southern France to Paris. She did noteare so much for the fierce and feverish gayety of the capital, and he took her to the quieter and better atmosphere of Versailles: away from the wonderful British tourist, who whether lord or lineadraper, thinks It incumbent upon himself to keep up the glory of old England by proving how little like gentle-men the sons of the brave and the fair can be when abroad—away from the eternal military display and noise, the open cafés, and the ever-present dissipation. He did not want his darling to see these things till she had acquired suffcient knowledge of the world to be uninfluence

Mr. Drayton took a handsome suite of rooms and made up his mind to stay there for the win-ter, as Julia seemed to like it better than Brook-dale or London. Truth to say, he was in no hurry to return. Nover the most sociable of men and caring as little for society as society perhaps cared for him, he was not anxious for the in-troduction. He had very little sympathy with rank or caste, and no regard for ancestry. His family was as old as most families are, and could date back honourably further than some; but he believed in new generations, and he knew that his opinions would be somewhat out of place in the set to which by his marriage he had the right of entry.

"I want my pet to myself," he said, when several Versailles residents, who dated from the west end of London, and had met Julia with her titled relatives, made ineffectual attempts to renow her acquaintance. "I object to have you stared at through an unnecessary eyeglass, and talked to by ladylike young men with straw mustaches and a drawl. I object to have you spoken of at the little or big fashionable clubs, as the members may please to rank them as as the members may please to rank them, as the little Drayton he saw at so and so's, you know—ya-us,' and I object personally to being studied and listened to as though a literary man were a curious specimen of drawing-room zoo logy. You can give me on your side of the family a lord or so, a viscount, and a wonderful old marchioness, and I can only give you myself. I know exactly what they will think of me, and I know exactly what I do think of them, and I am perfectly sure we shall contrive

to exist very well without each other."
"What can they think of you except as I do,
Laurence? They must admire your for genius, if for nothing else."

"They would not see me with your eyes, sweet. The instinct of your love reaches to the depths of my soul. To you I am myself. Every depins of my sout. To you I am myself. Every elord of my better nature answers to you if I only touch your hand or see you smile. The sympathy between us is complete; but it is not so when strangers are present. Our friends never see me as you do. I am not a genial man, except to those who are thoroughly my

"And have you many?"

Vory few, indeed—and yet as many as I it. I liked my profession best of all things till the knowledge grew upon me that you loved me. A man whose heart is in his work has little time to spare from that work, and the habit

And now, Laurence, you love me better than

Ah, my darling, if I could only make you understand. I never meant to marry, because the very insight that we gain by constant study made me four it was useless to think of winning such love as I wished for. I have watched the experience of older men, and seeing the univerbe my lesson too."

"What was the lesson?" "Those who remained single thought how happy they might have been but they married. Those who were married thought how happy they might have been had they married some-If marriages are made in heaven. the heavenly arrangement is sadly spoiled on

"Why should it be so?"

"Because they are very rarely founded on enuine love and pure sympathy. When these "Highlise they are very rarely founded on ganuine leve and pure sympathy. When those do not exist, women tire of the trouble—men of the expense. They keep together only because they are fettered. An outward study of self-respect supports an outward show of duty and fidelity. They must set an example to their children, and if they are deprayed, keep their depravity out of sight. It is solemnly true that a perfectly good man and a perfectly good woman may meet and marry, and yet for want of sympathy make each other so intensely misorable that they allows were so intensely misorable that they allows. able that they almost pray for death to take them out of bondage.

"Then they cannot love each other as we do," said Julia, clasping her hands over his knee, and looking into his face with a sweet and

favourite attitude when the business of the day was over, and they had the uninterrupted even

to themselves. People who love each other as we do rarely come together, pet. In the ordinary course of things you would have murried some such in-consequent piece of finzen-hadred patricianism as the Honourable Mr. Colburn, and my tate would have been a half-bred woman of the world would have been a half-ored woman of the world who had taken presents and kisses from soveral scores of men—Sunday-school teachers, singing-class associates, little lady-killers, who dance at low assembly rooms all the week, and sing in the church choir on Sundays, lillterate city dandies, fast commercial travellers, a rich public an's son, a thriving young tobacconist or two, with a down-at-heel medical student by way of a bonne-bouche. For in middle-class life, where the daughters go comparatively unwatchel, a professional man with a moderate income runs the risk of getting for his wife a woman who has

" How wretched a man must be who marries

"Such women are in the large majority, and, therefore, so many mon are wrotched. Onco-about eight years ago—it was nearly being my

Julia opened her beautiful eyes in mute sur-

prise.
"Then you were in love with some one clse."

as fond of new toys. A revolution is the natural holiday of a Frenchman's generation, and he is always thinking less of what is, than what is coming next. He does not require to be governed so much as he requires to be extered for. Lot him have plenty of drams and trampets, fites and carnivals, and he is happy for twenty years or so. Then he must have a revolution or a war —you can only divert his thoughts from one by giving him the other. He must have something to conquer, or something to avenge. Tell him that peace is glory, and he says in his heart down with the Empire, or down with everything. I tell you, Julia, this political restlessness has made our gallant, gay, and courteous friends more like unreasoning tigers now and then than they would care to be told."

He told her some few incidents in the Reign of Terror, when the insurgents made an indis-eriminate massacre of every one who bore the name or stamp of an aristocrat, sparing neither the innocence of childhood nor the beauty of fuir vomen. In the midst of his narrative he came face to face with a man whom he had no wish

ever to meet again : Everard Grantley.
Julia shrank back, and clung close to his arm.
Laurence made no sign of recognition, but passed on quietly, and Mr. Grantley went his way.
All his old friends passed him like this now. He had escaped the actual consequences of his crime; but it seemed, nevertheless, as if a sitermined to delay the blow no longer. At any lent sentence had gone forth against him, and irisk—in spite even of that terrible pleture Dray-

favourite. He came of an old race too, and was in every instinct a gentleman. As to his pro-fession, she held it to be the highest to which

human intellect can be applied.

Everard's bitter anger sank into slience after a time, but it was the deeper and the more in-veterate for that silence. He recalled his own words, that nothing was impossible to him who understood the philosophy of biding his time.

"I must wait," he reflected. "It will be more easy to reach him after a time, when he is bull-ed into a sense of security, and feels safe in the strength of his own self-confidence."

were from time to time, but he arranged no plan of definite action. He watted a month when he heard thoy were at Versailles, and then, without telling Margaret why he went, he took her to France.

Then he tortured himself with the sight of the man he hated extremely happy in the pos-session of the beautiful girl he had sofierce a passion for. He left Margaret in Paris while he went to Versailles daily, and maddened his heart by watching Laurence Drayton and Julia. He tried to keep from actual contact with thom; and it was entirely by accident that he met them face to face in the dusk of this summer evening.

him from a purpose which to her seemed the

very essence of insanity.

"I have holped you in too much wickedness already, Everard," sho said, with the passive quiet which had grown upon her since she lost Mr. Floming. "We have boon deaft very leniously with the lost below the said of the lost with the said below the said to be s ently with, and I should like to look forward to a better life now. Julia never can yours."

"She is a wife !"

"She is a wife!"

He hughed.

"There is not much special magic in that word in these days. It is as best but a link where no link is required. Fidelity goes with perfect mutual love, and none other; and where perfect mutual love exists it would be as lasting that of difficilly goes. and as fulthful were there no priest, no law, and no marriage ceremony. With any one but Julia the winning of her from her husband would be simply a work of time; but with her I must have recourse to other measures

"You might break her heart, Everard, but you would never teach her to forget Laurence Dray-

"I have more confidence in myself. A wo. man's heart is not broken so easily. She does not find it so difficult to resign herself to the inevitable when there is no help for it. But it is not in that spirit I want to take her. I wait

is not in that spirit I want to take her. I wait to make her love moso that she will always be mine, and forget these last six months as if they had never been, for I cannot live without her."

"You do not know," he went on, with some strong pain in his voice, "What a bitter and incessant yearning there is in the soul of a man for a woman that he loves. How he tortures lumself by picturing rivals whom he has never seen, and has at times almost a savage latter for the woman herself because she is not always with him and always his. To a man like measure whose passions are strong, and whose likings have been few—this feeling is the more intense because my life has been comparatively pure. If I had an oriental choice of wives, and each one were a goddess, I should still long for each one were a goddess, I should still long for her. Without her my existence is but half com-"I never thought you cared so much for her."

«1 nover knew how much I cared for her till she was quite lost to me; till she took with her to the altur my own hope of redemption. The pure and peaceful existence I could have led with her would have almost blotted out the black. lines inscribed against me in the past." "Why not think of her as I do of Alexander?

I bear my burden patiently."

• You have not the power to win him against his will. It is your nature, being a woman, to resign yourself to the inevitable. Man does what he will—woman what she must. I can and will make Julia mine."

6 By some fearful crime, that must lead to

"Do not fear," he said, with a smile. "My plan is simple enough, and does not include the infliction of personal injury on my friend, Mr. Brayton. By this time to-morrow he will be in England, and by this time to-morrow we shall be on the road to Spain---Iulia and you and 1; and, remember, Margaret, that In helping her you will, perhaps, be her friend," "Her friend, if I help you to wrong her so hit-

terly."

terry.
"Is it better," be asked, slowly, "for you to leave her entirely to my morey? There may be a time when I should require to be saved from myself."

Margaret only gave him a sad, reproachful look. She knew what perli the fair young bride of Laurence Brayton would be in If once she fell

into her brother's power.

"I am a flercely reckless man," he said, after looking at her steadfastly.

"I have no purposes in which she does not take part, and if I were not certain of winning her I would find a pain-less way out of this life her husband has so embittered. Do not play me false, Margaret, or

you will have my death at your door."

"Up to the present, Everard, I have been only too faithful."

"I know it." he said, gently. "Rich as I am, Margaret, I would give inly money to its last shilling to see you less despondent. I have not seen you smile since we left Brookdale."

"

" I have taken the bitter lesson of my life to neart; and it is hardest of all in looking back to and that I discover no more imppiness than I have found. You could make me happier."

"How?"

"By giving up this mad design-this cruel passion.'

"I cannot, except I die," he sald, hoursely, "Since I have begun to clear the way to her it has absorbed every other sense, and I think less of my revenge than my love. Ask me anything Margaret said no more, but she made a mon-

tal resolution. She was so autet that he was satisfied she had, as usual, given way to him.

The telegram was sent as he directed, and did its treacherous work but too successfully. Laurence did not for an instant doubt its entire ge-

"Some accident, perhaps," he thought, "or the reaction of the mental torture he sufered during his captivity. Poor Engene was always delicate, and needed the tenderest care. It would he hard if he were to die now that the danger and the trouble are over.

He did not tell Julia the nature of the message. He read it silently, with so composed a countenance timt she had no idea it could be of

One of the penalties of my profession," he said, "I must go to London at once. I shall have to leave you to the care of Brutus and Ra-chei for a couple of days or so."

"Won't you take me with you, then?"
"There is the fatigue of the journey, my dar-ling, and the general discomfort that attends all such fugitive visits. The business will not detain me long. They seem to think my presence

ndispensable, so I had better go. I shall not t onger than two days, or three at most. Yo may be sure I shall not stay a moment longer than I am absolutely required." Julia knew he would not go without her if he

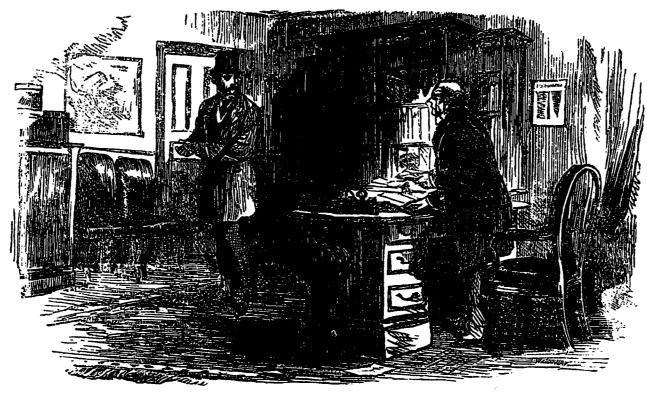
could help it, and tried to be brave over their parting; but it was the first time since they stood together at the attar that he had been away from her for more than a few hours, and both the prospective absence and the journey cemed longer than they were. He could but smile at her solicitude for his

sufety. She pictured dangers that had never suggested themselves before. He was to be sure and write and tell her of his safety immediately had gone away one morning, smiling at horfears, and then disappeared, to be kept in deadly:

peril.
"And how do we know," she said, "that something of the same kind may not happen to

you?"
"There is not much danger of that, my pot. I have not many enemies, and those I have would think twice before molesting me, or any one be longing to me. It is simply a matter of a very ordinary kind, and I shall not be gone an hour longer than I can help."

Julia bore the parting bravely, and kept her tears till he was gone. She wanted to accom-pany him as far as Paris; but he knew the trial of scoing him depart in the train too severe, and was firm in his gentle denial, Brief, however, as he thought the separation



THE FORGED TELEGRAM

"No, my pet. I only thought I was; but had it happened, I should now have been the wrotched husband of a weak, untruthful, and illiterate woman who would have valued my illiterate woman who would have valued my work for its price only, and in her heart longed for, as she would have said, a steady-going man of middle age, with a respectable shop in the city, and a genteel semi-detached villa in the vicinity of Brixton or Stratford."

"What would you have done?"

"My duty—as I have seen it done by other man. I should have satisfied down to the dull

"My duty—as I have seen it done by other men. I should have settled down to the dult necessity of work, with no purpose but to keep out of debt, and make the punctual payment of the weekly bills life's noblest aim. It would have worn out my spirit, made me gray before my time, taken from my soul its music and its poetry, but I should have plodded on faithfully, if woarily, to the end."

He seemed to realise so strongly the wretched

He seemed to realise so strongly the wretched picture of what might have been that he looked for the moment old and gray, and burdened with care. Julia seated herself upon his knee, and laid her tender, girlish lips to his bearded face. "I thank heaven," she said softly, "I thank heaven, my own dear love, that it was not to

"Ah, my little one. I can feel what unutter able weariness it would have been. How much the worse with always the chance of the tired heart meeting and crying out for its own. Had I been fettered then, and met you now, can you tation that makes those who meet too late long to sunder the cruel bondage, and defy the world-ly code which tells them they must live on in operate misery ?"

"It must be very hard," said Julia, thoghtful-"If I were asked whether it is the greater sin to live with those we do not love, or love those to whom we must be always strangers, I should not know what to say."

"The answer is easy," said Laurence, patting her check gently. "Wiser heads than yours

settled that question years ago. The less sin is in doing that which duty tells you is best. Loving those to whom we ought to be strangers forgetting that we two met too late, is a crime for which society exacts a terrible penalty. Men can afford to set it at defiance; woman is the "Would not the intensity of her joy at being

taken by the man she loved from the hateful resence of the man she had wearled of more "If it would only last, my darling; but there

is the danger and the doubt. An honourable such love us where for. I have whiched the experience of older men, and seeing the univerment man would not let a woman take such a step, sal lesson of their lives, resolved it should not and she would not be safe with a man who was less than honourable." "I never loved any one but you," said Julia in the same thoughtful tone, "and so, perhaps

I do not know; but it seems to me that even i belonged to some one else. and you came claimed me, I should let you take me anywhere and if you were tired of me I should want to dle. It is very wicked to say so, doar ?"

"Not very wicked, as it is only to me, but not very wise at best. Let us leave such subjects

slone for the future, and be glad that we belone to each other. As I, my darling, with those summer stars, looking down upon us, am glad with all my strength of soul that you belong to

"And I," she said, "as if I were a little child love you more than I know how to tell."

In the lingering passion of the kiss he gave her there was a prayer that it might be always

They went for a walk a little later. Even a the risk of being thought ours, they preferred to spend their soft summer evenings out of doors; the old French town was full of historical associations, and Laurence had so much to say that

"The French are like children in their tem. perament," he said; "as wayward, fitful, and

When he heard of Julia's marriage he was in London. The loss of Brookdale did not make him poor. Always careful to provide against contingencies, he had been careful of the money that he wrang from Eugene. His mane stood on several directors's lists, and it was generally understood in the limingial market that where his name stood there was money to be made. He made full use of that impression to his own

advantage.

He was in London, living in a splendid house, over which his queenly sister presided, and his friends—men of the City ring—never thought he could have a care. He was the most daring and successful speculator of his day. His luck was so proverbial that men were known to follow him, just as in a kindred profession men follow the mounts of a favourite jockey, or the operations of a big bookmaker. When he left Brookdale he gave the Exchange all his attention, and it was said that in the next six months he must have made, at a rough calculation, at least a

hundred thousand pounds. The money might as well have been a heap of whithered leaves for all the joy it brought him. He could indulge every taste and passion that magnificent wealth and an unlimited been fettered then, and met you now, can you power placed at his command, but in spite of this paint the bitter struggle with the strong temp he had a perpetual nightmare on his soul. He tation that makes those who meet too late long had lost Brookdale, he had been conquered by the man he hated, and that same man had now the beautiful young girl on whom he had set

his heart with the intensity of a maniac. He saw the announcement of the marriage me morning at the breakfast table, and he put the paper down heavily. Margaret knew by the savage look upon his face that something had

Have you had news ?" she asked. "Worse than my bitterest enemy could wish

to tell me; "but then it is through my bittorest enemy that it is here. They are married."

"Julia and Laurence Drayton."
He literally trembled with the strength of savage hate and disappointed passion. To Margaret, who had only loved as women do withou nowing why they love, this powerful emotion was a mystery.
"I could slav her in his arms." he said, with

his voice thick in his throat; "lay her body dead before him, and in spite of my own pain glory in his bitter agony.

Margaret waited till he was quieter before she spoke. She loved Alexander Floming as well and deeply as her brother had loved Julia, but had Mr. Fleming married she could not have felt like that. In her heart there was nothing but sorrow for the faithful man she had lost.

"It is something to have money after all," said Everard, rising a few moments later. "Resaid Everard, rising a few moments later. "Revenge is a rich man's luxury, and I will have my share of it. Curse him to his death. I would give every shilling I possess if I could take away the joy that has been his since yesterday."
"I never thought you cared for her so much."

"I never thought you cared for her so much."
It would have served no purpose to have let
you know; but I set my soul upon her when
she was a child of twelve. I watched her grow
in beauty day by day, and pictured with a sybarito's delight the joy of teaching her to love me.
And this man was last of all the one I ever
thought would come her ways and a wayshood. thought would come between us—a wretched who has to dig his bread out with his pen write to please an untaught multitude, and slavish sycophant to any uncouth brute who has money to pay him for his work when done. This ill-paid scribbler to win the most beautiful of all her highborn race from us," said Grant

ley.

Margaret did not follow her brother quite so She herself had felt the peculiar fuscination which made Laurence Drayton a woman's

he was as much socially an outcast as if he best on had conjured up — if death with all the longed to the tribe that scatter like a horde of hideous ignominy of a scatfold and a crowd were rats at the sound of a policeman's footsep, and to be his — yet he would consummate his redount leave their dons in the light of day. venge, and bring Laurence Drayton's proud soul

He told Margaret he was going to England for a couple of days, and he started that night by the mail. He was in London a little after midlay, and by the evening had ascertained Eugene was staying at Castle Hill, with Mr.

Next morning he went to his office, and saw the secretary — a medium-aged, baid-headed gentleman, with a portly white waistcoat, as spotless as innocent-minded people might have imagined his character was.

" I am going back to France this afternoon," said Grantley, writing a message on a telegra-phic form while he spoke, "and I may reckon with a moderate amount of certainty on being there some time to-morrow morning. Now, I want you to despatch this by the middle of the

day—not before."
"Very well, Mr. Grantley; it shall be done." "Do you read it correctly?" t with rather a nervous hand." " I think so."

" From Mr. Wyatt, Castle Hill, Hustings, to "From Mr. Bytte, Caste Fire, runnings, or Mr. Drayton, Boutevard du Roi, Versailles,—Come immedialij—alone. Something has hoppened to Eugene. We hope for the best; but no time is to be lost. Do not tell Julia."

"That is right," said Grantley. "See that It is despatched not later than noon." He knew he could depend upon the secretary's

promise. He saw the message enclosed in an envelope, and marked, "For despatch — noon to-morrow," and then he went to a hotel near the railway station, and sat down to a recherché lit-tle dinner while waiting for the train.

"I shall be on the watch until I see him fair-

ly on his way to England," he said, with a smile of satisfaction, "and then I can see whether my sweet cousin has quite forgotten me. It was good thought—that forced telegram.

CHAPTER XLIII, IN THE LAIR OF THE TIGER.

Grantley took no rest now that he had begun the consummation of his purpose. From the time he started on the journey till he started for the return he had no sleep, except such as he could get in the train. He did not feel the

ecessity of it yet.
He travelled back to Paris, and found that he had still some hours to spare before, by the ar-rangement made with his secretary, the tele-gram would arrive. Margaret had not expected him so soon.

"You can have taken very little time for re covery," she said, seeing the weary look that the feverish brightness his eyes could not hide. "You are very tired, Everard."

"I do not feel so. I had some special business to do, and I will begin to remember that I am tired when it is finished. You must help me, Margaret. what?"

"Julia is here in France, dreaming her life

away with Drayton, as it was my thought she would dream it away with me; and my soul is bent on one desire, Marguret. I mean to take her from him."

" Everard !" "I know every word you would say. You would ask me to think of her misery, tell me how dearly she loves her husband, and point out the utter hopelessness of my winning her by any means, however desperate; and I tell you simply that she shall be mine. I can teach her

to love me when she is separated from him."

Miss Grantley knew her brother's determined nature too well to think of trying to dissuade

would be, it tested his philosophy somewhat sorely, and he left her with singular reluctance. "If I had any faith in presentiments," he thought, as he took the train at Paris for the

stage of his journey. "I should almost think I had left my darling in some danger; but it can be nothing except that I am depressed by the possibility of what may have happened to Eu-

Strangely enough, when he was some twenty miles on the way, he recollected the recent meeting with Everard Grantley, and was trou-bled by it for a moment. Then he smiled at himself for giving it a second thought.

Julia shed a few tears when Laurence was gone. It was childish, perhaps, but then she was a child in her affection, and it was the first time since she became his wife that he had ever left her for a day. The more she thought of it the more strange it seemed that he should undertake a journey to England, and leave her behind in a strange place, whore she had scar-

cely a speaking a qualitance.

"We don't like it, do we, Brutus?" she said taking the hogo brute into her confidence; "and he shall not have his own way another time. We will go with him." Brutus gave her his hairy paw by way of as-

sent, and looked as though he thoroughly sym-pathized with her under the circumstances. Sho trifled away an hour or two over some gold braid and purple velvet, which was by degrees taking the shape of a smoking-cap, such as no man in his senses could have ventured to wear, and then she hild it aside in favour of a book.

While she was deep in the middle of a chapter Rachel came in with a telegram addressed to

"It was brought by one of them commission arys, and I couldn't understand a word of him," said the sturdy Sussex girl. "Why can't they talk English like a Christian, instead of saying sivoo play, and grinning and bobbing their heads down? Is it for you, please?" Julia opened it, and clapped her hands with

"Oh, yes, dear Rachel; get me my thick travelling dress and my boots. Mr. Drayton is not going without me, after all. He missed the train, and is waiting for the next; and he says if I am quick I shall be in time to join him."

"But you won't go by yourself, miss?" Rachel, though she tried her best to get accustomed to the change, used the old familiar phrase as frequently as the other. It was difficult to realize that her sweet young mistress had attained the dignity of wifehood, and the title of

madam.

By myself: Why, yes, you simple girl; it is not an hour's journey in the broad daylight, and my husband waiting for me in Paris."

The telegram contained just a few words, and

was directed from Mr. Drayton, 23, Rue de Valle, " Missed the irain," It ran. " Will wall for you

here. If in time, we will go together."

Never did is lady make so rapid a tollet. The French maid, upon whom Buchel looked as a natural and hereditary rival, gave little pathetic shricks of dismay. She had no time for those subtle fluishing touches in which the true femining artist delights. July was thurking too. nine artist delights. Julia was thinking too much of her husband to care for the exact fall of a fold, or the position of a flower.

Had she not been so preoccupied by the

thought of accompanying Laurence after all, it might have occurred to her as strange that the telegram was delivered by a commissionaire. The message itself, too, was written in good English, and the writing done with a penell, in a large, regular, hand, did not seen outledy unfamiliar; but she did not dwell upon these details. Having no suspicion of fraud, she went in perfect

innocence to her perli.

There was a porter at the door of the house to which the message directed her—a faded thin old man, with a wrinkled face, and a morsel of ribbon on the breast of his shabby coat. When Julia asked him for Mr. Drayton he

when Julia asked offin for Mr. Drayton de hesitated for an instant, and then, appearing to recollect, guided her to a door at the head of the grand staircase. She knocked timidly, wonder-ing what friends Laurence had in Paris, for she had never heard him speak of any.

The door was opened by some one who stood

behind it, and closed again before she had taken two steps into the room. She looked round, expecting to see her husband, and found herself confronted by Everard Grantley

In that single instant a conviction that she had been entrapped came upon her, and she was overcome by a deadly fear. She trembled at the passionate gaze he east upon her—the pitying, yet cruel, triumph in his eye.

"Mr. Grantley," she fattered, "I did not ex-

pect to see you here."

ect to see you here."
"I know you did not," was the quiet reply.
"Where is my husband?"
"By this time," said Grantley, looking at his watch, "he must be near Calais, on his way to

"Your pardon. I sent for you. I wrote that telegram, Julia, and saw it delivered. I wanted to see you, and I knew there was no other way You must forgive me, my dear cousin, if I could not forget you so easily as you did me. Come, come, do not be frightened. You never found me otherwise than gentle, and you never joind "Oh, Everard, let me go back home." "My dearest Julia," he said, with intense for-

vour, "you must have a little pity on me. You knew years ago, child as you were, how passionately I loved you. It was in your power then to have turned the whole current of my destiny, and I believe you would have been mine, had not Laurence Drayton come between us. He was my rival and my onemy from the first. Had he never come in my way I should never have been tempted into such desperate sin, for at the bottom of all that I have there was one purpose, one motive-love for

"But," she said, with an appealing glance, "though I liked you very much, you know, I could not care for you like that."
"For a long time I hoped otherwise. It is

and was an easy thing for you to say you liked me very much, and did not care for me as I cared for you. You had your idel in another— I had no other then yourself. There is nothing so merciless as an indifferent regard like yours. When you gave yourself up to your love you cared very little for the torture you inflicted on

"Why did you bring me here, Everard, to tell me this now that it is too late?

"It is not too late."

"Can I listen to this now that I am Laurence "Say rather that you were," he said. In

voles as inexorably calm as the voice of destiny, "for you will never see him again. I have risked too much for this to let you go now that you are here; and long before he can return from the false quest I have sont him on we shall be on our way to another land. You mine, Julia now, my beautiful adored one—you are mine for ever!"

Terrible as was her danger, the thought of Laurence Drayton made her brave, and she did not faint or cry now that she knew Grantley's

purpose; but he saw a white look creep to her very lips, and in his heart he pitted her. "She loves him," he thought; bitterly, "and it will go hard with me at first; but she must grow reconciled in time."

"If more than earthly love or worship can make you happy in the time to come," he said, tenderly, " you will be very happy. I know all that you would say. You would plead to me for his sake, ask me to give you back to him who has been my bitterest foe, and in nothing so bitter as that he has robbed me for six whole months

as that he has robbed me for six whose months of you. I count the years before as nothing, for you were not his wife then "
"You say you love me," she said, with proud reproach, "and yet speak to me like this, with shame in every word."

"The world might say so, but I am too far outside it, too far beyond the pale of society to care much, since the power to make my own happiness is in my grasp. There are many places where a rich Englishman and his beautiful young wife can live unquestioned; and a woman is more the wife of him to whom she belongs than to him to whom she is married. It is needless to look towards that door, Julia. It is locked, and I have the key in my pocket. If Laurence Drayton were on the threshold, he could not take you from me, for I would kill

And he meant it every word, for there was murder in his eye at the very thought.

"He will never find you," he went on, " or if he does it will be at some time so far distant that he could not take you back. I do not want to tell you these things, Julia, except that you may see how hopeless it is to think of returning to him. I want you to love me, and it will be your own fault if I cannot win you with the ten-

derest devotion."
"No more," said Julia. "No more, in mercy Oh, heaven save me from him, or let me die! "Is it so hard a fate to be loved by me? You know men's nature better than you did, and you must understand what depth of passion it

is that made me take this step to win you." "I never thought you could be such a coward, Everard. Think of the many years when Eu-gene treated you as if you were his brother, and now you take a poor revenge on a defenceless

I learned to love you in those years, Julia,

and on my soul no thought is further from me than revenge at this present moment," Laurence Drayton's wife looked round the chamber in despair. From the window there was a view of the wide and stately street, but Grantley stood between that window and her-self. The first shock of terror had passed, and she had time to collect her thoughts. On one thing her whole energies were centred. She

"You must let me go," she said, beating with her small hand against the door before he was aware of her intention. "I will not stay here. Help!"

He sprung towards her with a muttered oath, and lifting her as if she were a child, took her into the next room, where Margaret, who had

had care recom, where Margaret, who had heard every word, sat in sorrowful silence. Julia had fainted when he put her down.

"Take care of her," he said, giving her to his sister with one lingering kiss. "I shall be gone two hours making preparations. See that she does not escape. Mark me, if you let her go my doubt with her et wourders." death will be at your door.'

(To be continued.)

ON BONNETS.

BY A SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

Oh the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore a school! I really thought them pretty—I must have been a fool.

And yet I used to think mysolf on hats a jaunty miss:
Porhaps I was, as fushion wont—but what was that
to this?

Oh, the lovely little paneake—the charming little ma It makes my head so level, and so very very flat. Oh a sistor's love is charming, as everybody knows And a handsome cousin's love is nice (that is I sup

pase;)
And the love of a true lover is a love that annot pall—
But the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXV.

They walked along, the old man and Margaret, the latter feeling on that lovely autumn morning as she used to in her sweet spring time; to her the sky was more pure, the air purer; the very sidewalk had an elastic spring Adam looked in admiration at the full radiant face, and thought there was never one so beautiful: the old man sighed and wished in his heart Ernest De Vere would come back again.

All of a sudden, first one and then another great boom of cannon rent the air, the gay beat of drums, the sweet bugles' call, the clash of cymbals, came with sound and flash; ever all, the belis rung out loud and clear gleeful notes of triumph; and the people shouted cheer on cheer, hurrah! hurrah! for the conqueror of India.

One of the regiments which had won such world-wide honours in saving, not only Eng-land's territory and honor as a nation, but her people, had returned from India, and the soldiers were riding down the street.

The street was filled with soldiers, pressing the enthusiastic people, who were waving their Margaret took refuge on the upper doorstep of one of the shops, and stood there, with Adam's tall figure

on the low step in front, keeping off the crowd. On the soldiers came, amid the loud drums and bugles, and the fluttering of flags, the British Lion, shot through and through, baptized with the deadly dew of battle

Margaret looked up in the face of their leader to meet the smiling eyes of Ernest De Vere, outflashing in swift glad surprise her own uplifted face, white and crimson from sheer de-

How swift it came, like a sudden flash, that smile to her, only to her!

In every window along the street fair faces camed upon him, and lace handkerchiefs were freely waved; but what were their beautiful aces to the conqueror riding there. He turned away from their sparkling gems and radiant eyes to the graceful head bent amid its pale brown curls, blushing to meet the flushing of the smiling eyes that looked on her, only her,

Margaret dwelt in dreamland, and lived on that flashing look of glad surprise untilwhon?-ayo-whon?

CHAPTER XXVI.

Arthur Lindsay had not perished when the Sword " was lost. Two others besides himself were saved on that wild sea, each clung to some slight spar, but for which they too would have found a nameless grave amid the coral caves, beneath the blue waves.

A Chinese privateer was the means of saving them, and for a time their lives were little better than that of slaves, until at first one made his escape and then another. Arthur Lindsay being the last. It was a full year after he set sail from Britain that he found himself in Melbourne, having worked his way thither on a Dutch ship, to which he had made his escape during the night. On arriving at Melbourne he at once sought the British Consul, who pro-mised to assist him in obtaining employment in Melbourne or to advance him money to bring him home. He preferred remaining in Melbourne. The situation he obtained was a Government one, and he now wrote to his He preferred remaining in wife telling her of his escape from both ship-wreck and pirates, and asking her if she would come out to Australia, where he felt sure he would soon be able to retrieve his broken fortune. This letter the never received, but Catchem did, who, after Mrs. Lindsay's departure from the Isle of Wight, again assumed his clerical dress, and came in that costume regularly every week to ask for any letters addressed to Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Cuninghame, being at last rewarded for his perseverance by receiving the one Colonel Lindsay had written from Melbourne.

To this Catchem replied in a sorrowful strain, telling Colonel Lindsay that a few months after his departure for China, Miss Cuninghame was drowned by falling over the side of the gangway of the steamer in coming from Southampton, where she had only gone for a day or two; that her sister, whose health had been very feeble since his departure, had died of a broken heart in a few weeks after Miss Cuning ame's body had been found, and both had been buried in one grave; that the furniture of the house | ad been sold to pay the expenses of the funeral: and that both the servants had gone to London.

Catchem signed the rhodomontade " Robert B. Brown," giving the address "Honeysuckle Cottage;" offering to do anything in the way of putting up a monument, or, in short, in any way obliging Colonel Lindsay by correspondence with him or otherwise.

A courteous reply was received by Catchem in the character of Robert B. Brown, Honeysuckle Cottege, and there the matter ended.

Arthur Lindsuy was now without hope in the

world, a weary-hearted man. He possessed a portrait of a girl just budding into womanhood, a face of perfect beauty, the auburn hair, even

in the portrait, shining with gold.

At the back of the portrait, enclosed in glass, were two curls of shining hair, the one dark auburn, the other fair and soft, as of a child.

Arthur Lindsay would sit for hours gazing on those locks of hair, that pictured face, until his own dark hair was streaked with silver, and deep furrowed lines of sorrow marked his brow; the lines on his heart ploughed far

A life among his kind was hateful to him : and at last, to be away from human kin, he purchased a great sheep-walk and went to live on it himself, seeing no one from year to year but his own shepherds, or occasionally a stray traveller, who was always sure of a hearty wel-

He was no misanthrope, but he felt himself alone in the world, and he cared not to mingle among men with whom it seemed he had not one feeling in common. All others had a motive for their enterprise; he had none.

His herds and money increased, until after five years' residence in Australia he could count the latter by tens of thousands. Each year seemed to double his wealth, wealth he cared not for. Those whom he had loved and would have labored for, he believed to be above his power to please or comfort.

Arthur Lindsay's sheep were the finest in the district, and men came from far to pur-chase part of his stock to improve their own. A man who had been a settler in Australia before Arthur Lindsay, but from one cause or

another, had never been able to do more than live and keep a large family of children, came One of those sudden hurricanes peculiar to the country came on; and Mr. Duncan (such was the man's name) was fain to Duncan (such was the man's name) accept of the invitation tendered him to remain a few days until the storm was over and the roads again in a fit state to travel.

The host and his guest became friends in those few days: and as the evening of the third day closed in calm and red, giving promise of fine weather and dry roads in the morning, both telt loath to part, Arthur Lindsay

saying:
"I will feel my solitary life more solitary now, since I have enjoyed a few days' converse with one of my own education, and more than all, my own bent of mind"
"Why don't you turn your effects into

noney and go home?" " Because I am happier here than I could be

"Then if you are determined to pass your life here you must marry. " I cannot do that either."

Arthur Lindsay took from his bosom his wife's picture, and putting it into Mr. Duncan's hands, said :

Because that is my love."

"What a benutiful face." " Sie is dead." Mr. Duncan raised his eves to the speaker's

face. He was answered; the man that looked so could never marry another. He turned the portrait over, looked at the

hair and then read, "Agnes Cuninghame, Haddon Castle," which words were engraved on the gold rim of the picture.
"Agnes Cuninghame," repeated he aloud. I

have a curious reminiscence of a name like that; one of the greatest unhanged villains in Scotland bears that name, Sir Richard Cuning-hame of Haddon Castle, I once gave him a fright and have oft n b ing sorry since I did not warn those he was plotting against, of his villany."

"You are speaking of my wife's grandfather will you tell me what you allude to?"

"I will," said Mr. Duncan, and he then detailed all the reader is already aware of having passed between Mr. Duncan, editor of the Pe-

terstown Journal, and Sir Richard Cuninghame on the occasion of the Baronet's visit to PetersArthur Lindsay seemed transfixed with hor

ror.
"Oh I that I had known this nine years ago. Tat wretched old man with his printed lies has desolated my home and killed these two

He now told his own story to Mr. Duncan

adding:

"I shall go home and take this aspersion off
my wife and sister in law's memory; you say
you have not succeeded, will you take my sheep
farm on profits until I return, we can then
make other arrangements which will be satisractory to both. I will return, I like this solitary life, it suits my isolated solitary position.'

The arrangement was made, and in four months and two weeks from that time, Arthur Lindsay was in the Isle of Wight, asking the clergyman who had shown him such kindness when his child was lost, to shew him the grave of his wife and sister.

"Your wife and sister did not die here, I have never heard that they were dead."
"Where then are they?"

"They left this upwards of three years since and went to Southampton, I used to hear of them occasionally through Doctor Hargreve, the clergyman whose ministrations they at tended there."

Southampton was reached by the next steamer, and to Doctor Hargreve Colonel

Lindsny next betook himself. That gentleman had left Southampton for

Canada two months previous. He spent a week in Southampton going from one place to another, he found several who had known them, some who now that they were gone felt ashamed at having been influenced against them by one whom they knew less of than those he aspersed : and all were anxious to aid him in his search; no one knew whitter they had gone, by the advice of Doctor Har-greve they had not told their destination to anvone.

Doctor Hargreve was an unmarried man, he had gone on a tour through Canada and the States, his curate was desired to write to him once a month and address his letters to New

Colonel Lindsay wrote to Doctor Hargreve requesting him to give information of his wife and sister, and to send an answer to Colonel Lindsay, St. James' Club.

He now went to 1 ondon, and carefully inscreed advertisements in all the leading newspapers, such as either Agnes or Margaret would at once understand and answer.

Having done this he went to visit Lady Morton in St. James' Square, she was in Scotland. His next visit was paid to his six months home where he had passed the happiest part of his life, the villa at Bayswater; there he met Ernest De Vere, now Lord Cranstonn, who himself was in search of Mrs. Lindsay and her sister; he told Arthur of his having seen Margaret just for an instant, in Re_ent street, guarded by Adam, of her looking more levely

than ever.
This was three months ago, he had never been able to trace them yet; although he had

made it his every day work.

Four months passed ere an answer came from
Doctor Hurgreve,—when it came Arthur Lindsny accompanied by Ernest De Vere went to Duke street, Oxford Street.

A stranger was in the house, Mr. Churchill and her lodgers had gone to the country to live six months ago, she did not knew where.

"Did she know the lodgers?"
"No but she had seen them, two ladies, one about twenty eight or thirty, the other a fair one about nineteen or twenty; they had two servants, a maid and an old man; they were in the house a night and a day after Mrs. Churchill left; she bought the furniture Mrs. Churchill left in the house, she understood Mrs. Churchill went first, to prepare the place in the coun-

try for her lodgers. " Have you any idea to what part of the

country they went?" " I did not speak to the ladies, their man servant waited on their table and their maid on their chamber work, the man paid me when they went away; the young lady bade me good bye and wished me prosperity in the house, the

widow did not speak; I have told you all I know about them." The woman cave a little push to the door which she held in her hand all the time spoke, she wanted to be rid of tacm, she had nothing to tell.

They, I say they because Ernest De Vere was as anxious to find Mrs. Lindsay and her sister as the husband and brother was, they now resorted to a new system of advertising as only r source, advirtisements which would tell their own tale to Agnes and Margaret, and to them only, were inserted in every provincial paper within a hundred miles of London, but days and weeks passed without eliciting a re-

ply. Arthur Lindsay made many journeys, enquiring at each Hotel if such people or of such names had passed that way, all with like suc-

CUSS. He went through Eaton Sutton, spent the night in the Hotel, walked over the village, and in answer to all his enquiries was assured there were no such names as Lindsay or Cuninghame

in the place. When he and Ernest De Vere first spoke on the subject, he smiled at what he called the faint efforts made by the latter to find Margaret,

Before I am a month in England, I will be in a house of my own with Agnes and Mar-

garet to keep me company."
Three months had passed and he knew as little about their whereabouts as when he ar rived in England.

They were at their wit's end, as a last resource they determinded to go to Incldrewer to see Adam's sister, it was possible she might know his address; the thought once engendered it seemed a certainty that they were now upon the right track, and they asked each other how they could have been so stupid as not to

think of this before.

To Scotland and Includrewer they went, their first care being to see Adam's sister, who with her children still dwelt on the hill sheep

farm in Lord Cranstoun's deer forest.

The woman could tell them nothing except what they already knew; she had not heard from her brother for over a year, she feared he was dead.

of them, they had never been longer than six months without writing before.

She did not ask who her visitors were, and they did not say, only begging of her when she received a letter from her brother to shew it to Lady Hamilton, which she promised to do, ad-

ding:

"I never expect to hear from Adam or my
"I have bad been alive they niece either again, if they had been alive they would never have been so long without writ-

ing."
"But if you do hear you will send the letter

to Lady Hamilton?"
"Pll do that if I ever get a letter, but I'm sore afraid, I never will."
"The woman's words spoken with a soft sad

cadence fell on the ears listening to her like a departing knell, they feared some sudden and terrible calamity had overtaken both mistress and servants.

To Lady Hamilton and her sister, Arthur Lindsay repeated what Dun an of Peterstown Journal had told himself, they listened with faces telling too well the selfaccusation which his story produced; Lady Hamilton clasping her hands together enculated "May the merciful Lord forgive me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Margaret had been hard at work since the day she sold her drawings, she had now several others and during the past day she had scarcely given herself a moment for repose in order to finish a head of Portia which she expected would bring her in a sum from which she could afford to deduct sufficient to purchase an addition to her sister's wardrobe; Margaret required no new dress hers If, the dresses she had were more than sufficient, but the widow's weeds which Agnes were required a renewal oftener

than their slender means could afford. She was very tired when after ten o'clock she

put on the dressing gown and sat down to read in her own room before going to bed. A light tun at the door and then it opened just enough to admit Mrs. Churchill's head.

" May I come in Miss Farquharson?" " Certainly, come away." The good woman sat down and told her trou-

ble to one ever ready to sympathize,

"I come to tell you something, will perhaps
put you a little about, as 1 said to you before I'm making little or nothing of the house, I have not enough of room, and rents in London are such a heavy item, I am going to the country, down to laton Sutton where my sister's and their families live, I have a house of my own there and all I make will be found money; here it takes nearly all I make to pay my rent and taxes."

"I am very sorry you are going away, we like so much to live in your house, it is so orderly and quiet we have been more comfortable we parted with our little cottage in the Isle of Wight."

"Well now!" exclaimed the woman in a tone of pleased surprise, as her eye fell on a portrait of little Willie which Margeret constantly wore and in undressing had taken off and placed upon the toilettable "if this is not my niece Mary Brown's little Master Willie as she calls him," she lifted the picture as she spoke examining it closely, and laughing as she continued "deed it's just his own self, white hat, red feather an i all."

Margaret was strangely agitated as the wo-

man spoke and asked : " To whom do you allude, what Master Wil-

lie do you speak of?" "It's a little boy-deed he's a nice big boy by this time, he must be nearly seven years old—that my niece Mrs. Brown got from a gentleman in London to take care of, over four years ago, and when I last saw her sister three weeks ago, he had never come to see after the child or as much as sent a letter to ask if he was dead or living and this picture of yours is as like Master Willie as two pins, the very same embroidered body to his white frock, the same beautiful long curls, the very eyes he has "I have not," the woman answered speaking in his head, it's just Master Willie and no one sharply as if she was tired of being questioned, else; poor Mury is sure he's a Lord's child and she would go crazy with anger if any one would call him Willie without putting the master to it; but we think the father is dead, and he told her when he gave her the child, that the mother was dead, and that was why he gave him to her to take care of; so if that's the way

he'll be a poor man like ourselves." What is his Fathers name? " That's more than we can tell, Mary never saw him until she met him in the street and very curious he did not tell her his name, or the child's either for that matter, only just asked her if she would take care of him and take him to the country; he gave h r a good little sum but she has never sen the money then colour of his coin since, and if he's dead she

never will." "This is a most extraordinary story," said Margaret" you say the child was dressed exactly like this portrait and the face exactly like

this also ? "Yes everything the very same; I was there the morning Mary came home in the mail coach, and the child's face couldn't be liker to that picture than it was that day, when she took him out of the gentleman's plaid he was wrapped up in; and that's just the very same white hat and long red feather and the long curly lair; there couln't be two children liker ch other in this world than Master Willie

and that picture." "Now tell me how the child was given to her ?" "Just by a man on the street as I told you

before; she never saw or heard of him after? Margaret's heart beat hard and quick. "Do you know the time of the year she got

" I do that very well, Mary came home with the boy the very day before I left Enton Sutton to settle in London, she came home on the twenty-second of May early in the morning with the mail coach, and she started at eight o'clock the night before; the gentleman paid for her tea in a restaurant, and brought child in a cab and took Mary and him both to the coach and put them in, so that was on the twenty first of May four years ago and this is the end of July, so that makes four years and

two months. Margaret's heart almost stood still, on the twentieth of May in the same year their own darling little Willie was lost; lost, could it be he was only lost, not drowned as every one be-lieved he had been,—if he had only been lost or stolen, and some one brought him to London there would have been time to do so be-Her niece Mary Simpson was also in Mrs.

Lindsay's service, she had not heard from either fore the evening of the twenty-first; but why



THE HEARTHSTONE.

would he be stolen? What motive could there be for the commission of such a crime? it made her head reel to think of it.

She lay awake many hours thinking of the child at Eaton Sutton, and next morning she asked Mrs. Churchill the expense of going there, and what time it would take and many other inquiries, until at last she thought it would be a good place to live in for a year or two; the sale of her drawings would enable her to save money if they lived in a country village, there would come a time when she could not paint all day long as she did now, and she would see this child, so like their lost darling . she dared not tell her sister why she wished so carnestly to go there, but she told her she wished to go, and Mrs. Churchill would take them for her only lodgers there as she did in London ; Mrs. Lindsay raised no objection to their leaving London, to her all places were alike, she wished to see Lady Hamilton once more and then her task on earth was done.

It was all arranged speedily; Mrs. Churchill was to go in eight days, they would follow the second day after.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS

The Parisians are allowed a peep into the Catacombs from time to time, and strangers generally accompany the men who work in those sombre regions, and who make a weekly descent. It is quite an undertaking to visit the chambers where the most interesting relies are stored. Some morning you find yourself waiting with three or four hundred others at the great entrance in the Rue d'Enfer. Throngs of old women, with the "full and complete History of the Catacombs," din the excellence of their wares in your ears. They also offer you something which you must take—a tin candlestick and one or two candles—to light your way, and possibly an oil-cloth cloak to protect you from the damp. At a given moment the uniformed functionary of the government appears, orders the entrance to be cleared, and descends a few steps. He cries out to the men below to count the "ladies and gentlemen" as they go down, and they will be counted again while they are

on their way ones. It would be computatively easy to lose one or two of them;—that would reflect discredit on the administration.

Now you begin the descent—down a long flight of solid stone steps which wind around a pillar. From time to time the lugubrious procession pauses, to allow some one to recover from discrete. from dizziness, or because some lady cries out from dizziness, or because some lady cries out that a wretch is dropping candle-wax on her garments. At last the bottom is reached, and one finds himself in a long, narrow passage, slightly vanited above. A pate face gleams out from a niche on the side of the passage. It is that of one of the workmen. His lips move—he is counting the visitors once more. The passage is not very ligh, and one is campelled to walk in a stooping posture. Gradually, however, it widens, and we arrive at the Ossnary. ever, it widens, and we arrive at the Ossuary, and read, over our heads—Memorice Majorum.

1. is estimated that at least seven millions of stellations have head the statement of the seven has been placed in the seven millions of the seven have head the statement of the seven has been placed in the seven h

skeletons have been placed in the Catacombs since they were first really invaded by the moderns. The Ossuary, which the guides now light up with glaring torches, contains all the skeletons and scattered bones which have been scollected in old cemeteries, churches and mon-natories since 1785. An epoch long and grandiose —that from the time of the Casars until 1861 represented in this vast vault. is represented in this vast vault. The Mero-vingian kings are cheek-by-jowl with those who perished in the Place de Grève in La Révolution, and beggar and prince have given their skulls to make a monument. Twelve masons are employed every day in the year in arranging and sorting the bones. The walls are made entirely of skulls, vertebre, knee-joints and arm-bones. The polished skulls grin horribly at one as he passes, and one can almost fancy them endowed with life. During the great revolution cart-loads of bodies were shot down into the Catacombs nightly, while priests chanted hasty masses over them, and the bodies were then decomposed by chemical agencies, that one might get at the bones as speedily as possible. Look! here is another inscription, very prettily done in hones—Sicul unda dies nostri flureruni. Some tablets at every division in the vault show the section of Paris from which the bones were taken. In this vault great pillars have been placed to prop up the falling roof, as once or twice the inhabitants above have been horrified by an ominous shaking of the earth. If the roof

But it does not, and we turn to see, further on, the bones of the "Victims of the Combat at the Chitteau of the Tuileries, August 10, 1792," and

de Grève, August 28 and 29, 1798." we pass on from chamber to chamber, leaving passages on either hand which have been chained up lest our curiosity to explore them prove fatal to us. Again we are all counted, and after we have been shown, literally, miles of bones, we are ushered into the open air by clambering up a flight of steps, and find our-selves in another quarter of the city—surround-ed by old women who persist in following us, and taking our candlesticks away from us. There is a feeling as if one bad been buried alive. -Filward King, in Scribner's for September.

STRAW PICTURES.

Among the curiosities of art must be included pictures made of straw. How far patience is variend in this direction at present we do not know; but in the last century the inmates of some of the French monasteries employed a portion of their time in such labours. The pro-cess was by no means a simple one. First a selection was made of the whitest, thinnest, long-est, largest-barrel straws; they were severed above and below all the knots: the knots, membrines, and smaller parts of the straw were re-moved; and the rest were retained for use, in the form of thin, smooth, unspotted cylinders of straw, sometimes six or eight inches long. The straw, sometimes six or eight menes long. The straws were damped, and split open by means of a slender wooden spindle, which was inserted at one end, and dexterously run along to the other, making a straight rent throughout; the brisk application of a burnisher flattened out each piece. Sometimes, to expedite their labour, the workers used a kind of small flatting-mill, which first split the straw and then opened it out flat. The split and opened straws were it out hat. The spin and opened straws were dyed of various colours, and were then passed side by side on small sheets of thin paper, forming vertable sheets of straw, so accurately cut and adjusted that the lines of junction could scarcely be seen. All the straws, on one sheet were exactly of the same colour and that. These, then, were the meterials with which the artist worked; and the mode of working depended on the kind of effect desired to be produced. Some-times the sheets were cut up into very narrow arrips, and made into striped patterns by al-ternating the colours; sometimes the artists in ould make diagonal patterns, and sometimes check patterns, by crossing the strips, or

diversified patterns, by alternating broad with narrow strips. A favourite but very tedious process was that of making real straw mosaic. Several sheets of different colours were placed one on another, and cut completely through with a delicate apparatus, in accordance with some particular device; and then ensued the slow work of pasting the tiny bits with side by side on paper, in the proper arrange-ments of colour. And sometimes the artist went so far as to engrave or chase the straw, or even to work it up into a kind of cameo.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

We think a little sketch of this celebrated traveller will be acceptable to our readers just

Dr. David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, about 1817. His parents were poor, and he was compelled at an early age to work in a cotton mill, picking up scanty know-ledge in the intervals of sleep and labor. As he advanced in years he began studying to become a missionary, and after passing through courses of theology and of medicine he was, in 1810, sent as a missionary to Port Natal, in South Africa. He labored long and faithfully among the natives, and travelled extensively through the unexplored wilds of those regions. During sixteen years he had marched over 11,000 miles. While in Africa he married a Miss Moffatt, the daughter of a fellow-missionary, who accompa-nied him on his travels, until her untimely death from fever, at Shupanga, in 1862. Dr. Livingstone returned to England in 1856,

and published his first book, "Missionary Tra-veis and Researches in South Africa." He visited Africa a second time, in March, 1858, when he Lake Nyassa. On this expedition, discovering Lake Nyassa. On this expedition he lost and buried his wife. In 1863, Dr. Livingstone reburied his wife. In 1863, Dr. Livingstone re-turned to England, and published his second volume of travels, entitled "An Expe-dition to the Zambezl and its Tributaries." He visited Africa for a third time in 1866, and started up the Royama river. He was heard from occasionally, up to 1867, when the fatse news of his murder was brought to Zauzibar, by a deserter from the expedition. Nothing further was learned of Livingstone's whereabouts until March, 1869, when he was heard from at Uiti. A long silence of two years then ensued, when the New York Herald Ex-ploring Expedition, under Mr. Henry M. Stunley, was sent out, and resulted in the discovery of the great African Explorer.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

The Andes seem to be gradually sinking. The elevation of the city of Quito, the capital of Ecandor. has been accurately measured five times since the year 1745, and each successive measurement has shown a considerable decrease in its height above the level of the sea, the total amount of depression being two hundred and forty-six feet in one hundred and twenty-five years. During the same period, the summit of the volcano Pichincha has sunk two hundred and eighteen feet.

THE beautiful constellation in the northern sky known as the Great Bear, is probably fumiliar to most of our readers, and many of them have probably noticed that one of its seven bright stars is much loss brilliant than the others. This star is called Delta of the Great Bear. Two centuries ago, it was ar comspicuous as its six companions, which are stars of the second magnitude, but since then it has gradually faded, until it is now only a fourth magnitude star.

At the famous island of St. Helena, as we learn from the last number of the Journal of the Linneau Nociety, there are found only eighteen species of seaweeds. This is very few for an island ten miles long and seven miles broad. The island of Kerguelen or Land of Desolation, is far more distant from any continent, and yet it has thirty-nine species. Botanists also regard it as remarkable, that while the land vegetation of St. Helena is to a great extent peculiar to the island, there are very few peculiar forms among seaweeds.

MACARONI.-This, the national fare of Italy, de-MACAROX.—This, the national fare of Italy, deserves, says the Lancet, much more popularity than it onlys among ourselves. Weight for weight, macaroni contains from two or three times as much flesherming material as good household bread. This is the opinion of the eminent analytical chemists at home and abroad; white Dr. Hassall claims for it far more nutriont power than any of the cercais omployed as food in this country. It is susceptible of varied calinary treatment, and is not only palatable and appetizing, but of high nitrogenous value when cooked with cheese.

cooked with cheese.

The perfection to which submarine torpedoes have been brong, within the past few years is a subject of great interact to transing-builders, many of whom now express the opinion that as the explosive power of the torpedo may be increased without limit, and as the shock from even a moderate charge is so very destructive, any attempt to construct an absolutely torpedo-proof ship must prove a failure. They advocate the employment of contrivances, either attached to the vessel or propelled in some other maner, by which the torpedo may be pushed aside or away from the hull before it is encountered by it.

M. Rotestus has discovered in the water of th M. Bolestia has discovered in the water of the Pantine Marshes a minute algoid vegetation, with an abundance of transparent, greenish-yellow spores 1-1000th mm. in diameter. This vegetation developes rapidly in the heat of the sun and amid decomposing organic material. It floats upon the water, giving an iridescent film when young, and its spores are found in the air near the marshes, and even at Rome, being most abundant in warm weather, and after a rain or during a fog, and least so in a cool, dry atmosphere. M. Bolestra regards the spores as the missmatic agent in the production of the intermittent fovers for which the localities are badly celebrated.

Poisonous wall-paper is a fruitful source of danger to health. Green paper is commonly regarded as the most deleterious, on account of the large quantity of arsenic contained in the coloring matter. It is not generally known, however, that copper is combined with the arsenic in the green patterns, thus forming two sources of injury. But the danger is not confined to green. Arsenic is used more or loss in papers of all colors. Blues have been found particularly poisonous, some of them containing a great deal of Prussian blue, the effect of which seems to be very injurious to those occupying the apartments in which it is used. A writer in the Padl-Mal Gazette, who says that he has had special facilities for studying this subject during the last fourteen years, asserts that arsenical wall coverings are poisoning the population by wholesale. The workmen employed to nut up or remove such paper suffer severely, but canceal the fact, as its disclosure would result in their discharge.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

ALL salted provisions should be watched and see that they are kept under the brine, for if one piece of ment lies up it will spoil the whole barrel. If the brine looks bloody, it must be scalded and more salt added; when cold, pour back.

KEROSENE and powdered lime, whiting or wood ashes, will scour tin with the least labor. Kerosene and whiting will also cleanes silvorware, door-knobs, hinges, &c. Wet the flannel slightly in the oil, dip into the whiting, and rub hard; wash off with bot some-suds, and brighten with a chamols skin or news-

paper.

A NICE table is often seriously injured in appearance by some one placing on it a pitcher of boiling water, or a hot dish, which leaves a whitish mark. To remove this it is only necessary to pour some lamp oil on the spot and rub it hard with a soft cloth; then pour on a little spirits of wine or Cologne water, and rub it dry with another cloth. The white mark will thus disappear, and the table look as well as ever.

ELDER WINE.--To every gallon of picked ripe berries allow one gallon of water, and let them stand 24 hours, often stirring thom; then put them into a vessel, and boil well for half an hour. then draw the whole off and strain it through a sieve; put the juice

into the vessel a second time, and to each gallon add 34 bs. of moist sugar; boil it for half an hour, and within the last five minutes add, tied in muslin, bruised ginger and allspice, of each 4 ounces to every 10 gallons; then take out the spice, and when cool, set the must t work, with some good yeast upon a tonst; when it consets to ferment, but it into a cask, bring down closely, let it stand three or four months, and bottle it, though it may remain in the wood, if incre convenient. The addition of a few damsons, slous, or any other rough plum to the elder-berries will give this wine the roughness of port. It will likewise be improved by the addition of crade tartar before the wine is set to ferment. A superior elder wire may be made by using, instead of moist sugar, 4 pounds of loaf sugar to every gallon of mixed juice and water. ind water.

wine may be made by using, instead of mark spans, a pounds of loaf sugar to every gailon of mixed juice and water.

The Art of Making A loaf of Cake.—Begin by getting in readiness all the utonsils and ingredients to be used. See that the oven is at a proper temperature. Rich cake requires a slow even oven, plain cake a quick hoat. Never add fuel while the cake is baking. Line the tims to be used with buttered paper. The fruit should be prepared, the flour sifted and measured, sugar, butter and milk also apportioned out the ogs laid in cold water to make them beat light. Never mix sweet and sour milk. Dissolve soda in a little water and strain, cream of tartar or baking powder must be sifted in with the flour. Sift spices through a fine hair sieve and strain the yolks of the eggs. The order of mixing the ingredients is as follows:

Put into an earthen dish the required amount of butter: stir with a wooden spaon until soft, then add the sugar, stirring until a fine cream is formed, next add the yolks of the eggs, then a little of the flour and very gradually the milk, stirring the batter all the time, then the flavoring and spices, lastly the whites benten to a stiff froth alternately with the remainder of the flour; now beat the batter until the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated, this will ensure light fine-grained cake. The best way to put in the fruit, after dredging them with flour, is in alternate layers with the sponge as you put it in the pan. Put the cake immediately in the oven and watch carefully, so much depends upon the baking Avoid a draft of cold air while opening the oven. If the heat of fire is too great, ever the aske for may particles of batter, the cake is done. If desirable to remove the cake at once from the pans, transfer it to the top of a sieve until quite cold. The eake keeps much fresher, however, to remain in the pans. Cake must not be frosted until quite cold. A stone jar and a clean piece of linen will keep cake fresh a long time.

FARM ITEMS.

A FARMER who sponged his horse in the morning with water in which smart-weed had been soaking over night, says the animal was not troubled with flies during the entire day.

An Australian paper states that if common lark-spur be sown in gardens and vineyards, the flowers will be eaten by the grasshoppers, which will sud-denly die. The writer states that he has followed this plan with success for years.

ACCORDING to Our Home Journal, the best liniment for outs, galls, spavin, poli-evil, fistula, or any other of the external diseases that animals are liable to, is made by dissolving one onnee of finely pulverized corresive sublimate and one ounce of gun camphor in one pint of spirits of turpentine, put in a strong bottle. Apply with a swab.

Bably oured hay has a very unfavourable effect upon live stock of all kinds. Stephens says it will change a horse's appearance in two days, even when given with an unlinited supply of eats. Bad hay excites the kidneys to extraordinary activity; the dischare of urine is profuse, and the animal becomes hide-bound, emaciated, and feeble.

A NORTH CAROLINA correspondent of The Rural Messenper thinks that with constant care and proper food cows may be milked much longer than is generally supposed, and he cites one instance where he received good regular nurses from a cow for more than five successive years. She was soiled, salted now and then, and fed a little saltpetre occasionally to allay any indications of feverishness.

to allay any indications of foverishness.

There Theoders.—It is too late to propare for the rigors of winter when cold weather is upon us. The first storm of the season is most injurious, and the one from the effects of which stock that may be exposed to it does not readily recover. It is always harder to regain what is lost than to keep up a stendy progress, and, if we would not lose ground by and by, it is necessary to look ahead. Sheds and buildings should be put into good order, ready for occupation when the first cold rain storm arrives. In October this may be looked for, and at that time the feed has fullen off, and the system is already weakening and cannot stand the sheek without a serious check. It is now that this event should be foreseen and provided for, lestit comes unawares and the street of the stock, most especially the young stack, should suffer at a time when it needs all the strength extra care can supply.

Rules for Marsherment.—The following rules for

Rules for Mrasurement.—The following rules for neasuring corn and liquids will be useful to many of

messuring corn and liquids will be useful to many of our renders:

1. Shocked Corn--Measure the length, width and depth of the crib in feet; multiply these three dimensions and their product by eight; then cut off two figures to the right; those on the left will be so many burrels, and those on the right so many hundredths of a burrel.

2. Unshocked Corn--Multiply as in rule first in the above example, and the product obtained by 5½ then ent off two figures on the right; those on the left will be so many burrels, and those on the right so many hundredths of a burrel.

For grain, fruit, herbs, in house or box, find the length, breadth and depth; multiply them together; then annex two cyphers and divide the product by one hundred and twenty-four. Answers in bushels, peeks and quarts.

one bundred and twenty-lour. Answers in seven pecks and quarts.

3. Liquid.—Find the length in inches from the bung, the under edge, to the chime, multiply it into liself twice, and the product by five hundred and seventy. Answer in gallons, quarts, pints and gills.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The vintage of California this year is estimated at eight million gallons of wine, besides the brandy crop. THE wheat crop of Minnesota this year is twenty millions of bushels over and above the home-con-

A BLOCK of limestone was recently quarried in Vermont which was forty feet long, fourteen feet wide, and ten feet thick. It weighed over five hun-dred tons.

QUANTITY OF SEED PER ACRE.—Thick seeding favors early ripening. Many excellent farmers think 11 to 13 bushel per acre is a plenty of seed, and when the land is rich, clean, nellow, and moist, we have seen heavy crops obtained from a bushel to the acre.

ORIGINAL YANEER NOTION.—An original idea was lately started in Hamilton. Ohto, where a fee of twenty-five cents was collected from all persons who entered a church to witness a wedding. The money was given to the young people to start them in life.

was given to the young people to start them in hit.

A MANUAL of the railroads in the United States and
Canada, recounty published, gives an account of three
hundred and sixty-four roads. Of these only one
hundred and four pay dividends, the other two hundred and sixty never paying anything at all to the
stockholders.

nundred and four pay dividends, the other two hundred and sixty nover paying anything at all to the stockholders.

The Marquise de Cornimont Bellefontaine recently died at her château in the Vosces at the advanced age of one hundred and two. She was lady of hone to Queen Marie Antoinette, and owed her preservation at the time of the invasion of the Tuileries to Swigs friend, who rolled her up in a packet of linenand afterward concealed her in his house for several days.

Sir Roundell Palmer's fee of \$150,000 for attending to the interests of Great Britain at the Geneva Conference, is said to be the largest single fee ever paid to a British lawyer. There have been several in stances in the United States where \$100,000 have been paid, Clarkson N. Potter having received that fee in a railrond case, and Gen. Sickles a similar sum for ousting the Gould dynasty from Erie.

The Brineisphem Morning Sens says the public subscription to aid Lord Warwick in the restoration of Warwick Castle has been closed, and the finds are being gathered in. About £1,500 has been sent up from the borough, and £300 from Leamington. A meeting will be shortly held in London, at which a cheque for the total sum subscribed (outsply estimated afterm £20,000 to £30,000 will be presented to Lord Warwick.

Colors of Flowers.—An English writer says that "the three primary colors, red. blue, and yellow, are "to be add, an krard grand viance, the primary colors, red. blue, and yellow, are "to be add, an krard grand viance, the primary colors, red. blue, and yellow, are "to be add, an krard grand viance, the primary colors, red. blue, and yellow, are "to be add, an krard grand viance, the primary colors, red. blue, and yellow, are "to be add, an krard grand viance, the primary colors, red. blue, and yellow, are "to be add, an krard grand viance, the primary colors, red. blue, and yellow, are "to be add, an krard grand viance, the primary colors, red. blue, and yellow, are "to be add, an krard grand viance, the primary colors, red. blue, and yellow,

not to be found pure in any species of flower." Thus we have red and blue in the fuchsia, but no yellow; yellow and red in the rose, but no blue; blue and yellow in the paney, but no red; and so on. If this is universally true it is certainly very curious. According to Humboldtz and other modern authorities, however, the three primary colors are red, green and blue, as maintained by Browster.

blue, as maintained by Brewster.

The delays in the prosecution of the New York Ring have given rise to various rumors to the effect that the suits were compromised or were about to be, and at all events would not be vigorously prosecuted. Attorney-tieneral Barlow in a published letter, demiss these rumors, and says the cases are going on as rapidly as practicable. The criminal prosecutions have been delayed in order that they might not be tried before Judge Barnard or Judge Cardozo, who were assigned to the Court of Oyer and Terminer during the summer months.

ANIETS defeated at Argentful piece of woman-

were assigned to the court of Oyer and Terminer during the summer months.

Assirts defend us! A dreadful piece of womanhood in the Lambeth (London) Police Court. Maria Mitchell, described as "determined looking:" was accused last week of marderously assaulting one Thomas Berry. She lived with said Thomas as his wife; and being jealous, she first hit him over the head with a quart bottle; secondly, with a lighted parafline lamp; thirdly, with a piece of iron. When the policeman went in, he found the person bruised and bleeding, to say nothing of his being on fire. So was the domestic circle. Maria Mitchell was sent up for trial, and Thomas Herry went to his desolate land to get the parafline lamp and his own head repaired.

Every a beauty the firm and his own head repaired.

paired.

FRUIT AS FOOD.—Fruits are very poor in albuminous qualities: but they are usually rich in sugar, and many of them contain much neid. There is the greatest variation in the relative amounts of peetin, sugar and acid in calible fruits. Berries contain, as a rule, more acid than stone fruit. The grape contains from thirteen to twenty per cent, of sugar, the cherry only one-half per cent. In the peach there is about nine per cent of soluble peetin and gum, while the gooseberry includes only two per cent of these hodies. In the common fruit the per centage of froe neid varies from a mere trace to about three per cent. The pane is most wholly free from acids, while the currant contains three times as much free acid as sagar. The grape is probably the best fruit adapted to the sick. The dictetic value of the fruits is chiefly due to their fine flavor and their abundance of saline matter.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A LONG RACE .- The race of man. Malitary Tools.-" Files" of soldiers.

What part of a ship is like a farmer ?- The tiller. THEATRICAL QUERY .- Is the Lady of Lyons a

ACRORATS OF EVERY HOUSEHOLD. - Pitcher and tumbler.

As epitaph on a dead roasted duck :--- Pease to his remains."

QUERY.—How can a very "low" ball-dress be "highly" improper? A Fact.—One can always find a sheet of water on the bed of the ocean. 7A St. Louis policeman is named Walkoff. He does, with small boys.

IF a small boy is called a "lad," is it proper to call a bigger boy a "ladder?" A CHICAGO sausage maker with unusual candor advertises his wares as "dog cheap."

GEN. Ton Thumb has a new yachting suit. Almost a yard of flannol was used in making it.

Curcago has a dog which unties horses hitched to posts, then jumps into the buggy and barks until the thing starts. The way they muzzle dogs in most of the Western towns is by placing the muzzle behind the ear and pulling the trigger.

John is struck with the foolishness of employing a coroner's jury to find out why women take poison; he says they do it to kill themselves. SMART young schoolmistresses, entirely without the aid of a sowing-machine, frequently collar and cuff small boys in less than thirty seconds.

A CITIZEN of Indianapolis went on a cat shooting expedition the other night, and wounded a school-ma'am who was innecently studying astronomy.

THE PRINTER AGAIN.—In setting up an account of a recent six-cared boat race, the compositor on a contemporary made it a " six-cared goat race." It is said that nine of Barnun's camels and dro-medaries have died of ency since they saw the humps on the backs of some of our daughters of fashion.

A DEFENDANT in a New York court produced a letter from his washerwoman testifying to his good character. This witty stroke of flat irony produced his release.

A CHICAGO reporter announces that "the receipt of another ship-load of blackberries from St. Ju, yesterday, created a perceptible ripple in the tooth-pick trade."

Young Joe says there is one "right" on which a woman cannot entrench—namely, the glorious boyish privilege of standing on one's head and turning somersaults.

Con.—Why are good women like by?—Because the greater the ruin the closer they cling.—Why are bad women like by?—Because the closer they cling the greater the ruin.

Too Mccn!—The following congratulatory tele-gram was lately received by a wedding pair: "Con-gratulations on your nuptials. May your future troubles be only little ones."

ONE of our merchants was troubled all day with something in his boots, and, on drawing off that ar-ticle in the evening, discovered his wife's Sanday hat in the toe of it. It nearly spoiled the hat.

INSCRIPTION EXTRAORDINARY.—A box containing a black hear was received at an express office in San Prancisco the other day; outside was this inscription:—Black Jarc. of yow don't want to get bit, kepe your lingers out of the crax."

As English paper, under the erax, "
As English paper, under the head of "Women as
Strikers," gives an account of a strike of 500 women
in the brick garth at Seaton colliery. Women have
been strikers as far back as we can remember, but
they usually struck with an old slipper.

they usually struck with an old slipper.

JONES writes us from the Profile House that he has discovered a new fall. He found it among the rocks in the rear of the house, and says there was a sharp descent of about a rod, a swift rise of two feet, and large damn on reaching the flat rock. His friends christoned it Jones's fall at once.

A schoolney going out of the playground without leave, one of his masters called after him and inquired where he was going.

"I am going to buy a cont's worth of nails."

"What do you want a cent's worth of nails for?"

"For a cent." replied the youngster.

One year at West Point, when the endets were required to render a laconic excuse in writing for breach of discipline, the commanding officer received the following: — "Commander Corps: Sir: Gun fired—gal junped, I laughed. Respectfully, James Mason."

Mason."

A LABELLED MONARCH.—The King of Duhomey is reported to have changed the lashion of his wearing apparel. Seated on his throne, he received a scientific commission, not long ago, his body profusely decorated with the blue, gold, and green labels which had been earefully peoled from the medicine bottles brought by Europeans into his dominions. IRISH ADVERTISEMENTS.—The following advertise-nents have been, from time to time, clipped from

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Our actions are our own; their consequences be-

Ir is best not to dispute where there is no pro-bability of convincing. It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good.

MEN, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they decay.

HE who does evil that good may come pays a toll to the devil to let him into Heaven.

REPENTANCE without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leaks. LET us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future. SLANDERERS are like flies, they leap over all a man's good parts to light only upon his seres.

HELP others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fushion-able.

Man is an animal that cannot long be left in safety without occupation; the growth of his fallow nature is apt to run into weeds.

Norman more impairs authority than too frequent an indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself were continual it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

of a mill.

As a ship held by an anchor looks as though it were going out with the tide, yet never goes, so some souts that seem constantly to be getting nearer to thrist never come, because they are anchored and held by some secret sin.

FEW persons follow any definite plan in life. That s why so many come out almost anywhere, and is why so many come out almost anywhere, and about as often next to nowhere at all. The fixed purpose, the heroic do or die, is a spectacle which one in a thousand have no comprehension of.

ALL men stand upon the borders of two worlds. The inner world of the good man is that calm sea which stretches away to the homes of Pence and Love and Truth, and his thoughts are but ripples upon the waters, which start from the shores of those far-off isles.

far-off isles.

Diezs.—Every modest woman should set her face against any fashion which could for a moment identify her with those women who have no claim to modesty, no matter how "stylish" that fashion may be termed. This word "stylish" has much to answer for in this regard. Dr. Johnson's rule was a good one: "Dress so that no person can possibly remember what you have on." Unfortunately, the reverse of this rule is that which is generally aimed at, even by women who in other matters command respect.

respect.

Five Lattle Orlys.—Only a stray sunbeam! yet perchance it has cheered some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light has found its way through the leafy branches of wood, kissed the most-covered banks where the violets grew, and shades of beauty adorn its lovely form.—Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows has it fanned, how many hearts have been cheered by its gentle touch!—Only a frown! But it left a said, dreary void in the child's heart; the quivering lips and tearful eyes fold how knowly he felt it.—Only a smile! But ah, it cheered the broken heart; engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy patent,—Only a word of encouragement, a single word! It gives to the drooping spirit new life, and the steps pass on to victory.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

221. LETTER CHARADE.

In bad, but not in good; in tin, but not in wood; in trial, but not in case; in arm, but not in face; in fair, but not in sec; in fair, but not in get; in song, but not in tune; in March, but not in June; in darkness, but not in light; in the morn, but not in mgh; England's toyshop you may mane, a town of not a little fame. GRORGE WELLETT.

222. REBUS.

222. REBUS.

The initials, down, will name a celebrated artist who lived in the lifteenth century.

1. The Mayor of the City of London, 2. A monk and historian, born 837. He persanded Alfred the Great to found the University of Oxford, 3. An Earl called the King-maker; he was slain at the battle of Barnet, 1471. 4. A monk and patriot possessed of extraordinary talents, horn 925. 5. A brave Saxon, the last who submitted to the Normans. 6. A learned monk, to whose works later writers have been much indebted for historical records of the Norman era; he was born in 1075. 7. A cardinal, the author of Magna Charta; he divided our Bible into chapter and verse; born 1151. 8. A Queen of England who never was in the kingdom. 9. A antive of Holland who for a short portout taught Greek at Oxford, and very much extended the progress of learning in this country; born 1467. 10. A famous architect; born 1572. 11. The only Englishman ever chosen as Pope, he died in 1159.

W. Godny.

22), LOGOGRIPHIC ACROSTIC.

INTRODUCTORY. As this a new acrostic is,
Ye puzzlers, dull and sharp, attend:
By doing so I shall in this
My aid to find the answer lend.
Acrostics that you've seen before
The answer's formed by first and last:
But here observe that I no more
End letters use, as in the past;
For in this puzzle I transpose
The meaning of a given word,
Which forn two firsts: then place in rows
The words that rightly are averred.

LOGOGRIPH AND INITIAL PARTS. Two poets to your mind recall, From each one letter take; If rightly done, 'twill surely then Two other poets make.

ANAGRAM OR PORMATORY PARTS.

To grasp: transposed, what means a sneak. A deer: when changed, a metal seek. A monkey; change into a pod. For hist, now change, although 'tis odd, A pronoun to three-fourths of that. Human organ screened by your hat.

HURERT E. SREWIN.

28. ARITHMOREM.

Tree, err, and 6, a good dog; Age, e, and 50, a hold bird; Ray, ye, and 50, comes every year; Norma, and L000, a style of architecture; 0, Ol and 51, a medley; Eel, and 55, equality; 0, deel and L500, sentenced; a sly bus, and 50, an abstract. The initials and finals, read downwards, give the name of an excellent novelist and consistent politician.

225. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant: a bird; a poet; a town in France; a flower; a British poet: a poet; a cape in Asia; a river in South America; a country in Africa; a kind of tea: a kitchen utensil: a consonant. The centrals, read down and across, will name a poet.

R. Crossley.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 36. 213.—LETTER PUZZIR.—George Penbony. 214.—MYTHOLOGICAL MENTAL PICTURE.—Atalanta.

244.—MYTHOLOGICAL MEETAL PROTURE.—ALMARIA and Soyrus. 215.—Changle.—Ear-ring. 216.—Logogueus.—Usable, suble. able. Abel. Ellin, bule. ale. Lea. le-a. 2. Torso, roost, soot, roo, to, T. 3. Staple, petal, plate, late, toal, tale, ale, lea,

BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION. Letter from Dr. Crane.

Janus I Fellows, Esq..

Dear Sir.—From a general knowledge of the prominent ingredients of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I formed such a favorable opinion as to be induced to recommend it to my patients as preferable, and more convenient than my own prescriptions of the Hypophosphites. For several years I have continued to prescribe it in many cases with very beneficial results. Since, upon solicitation, you kindly afforded me a more untimate knowledge of the composition of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I have used it freely in my practice, both in diseases of the Chust, as Consumption and Bronchitis, &c., and in infantle diseases of the prime via, or Stomach and Bowels, with entirest success, considering it superior to any similar preparation yet offered to the public. Thanking you for year kind information,



BY CALEB DUNN.

Stand by the right, where'er you be, In honor place your trust! Though men may seoff and call you weak, Still let your every act bespeak A mind that will be just.

Stand by the right when foes assail! March! march with bravery on. And you shall gain the glorious prize Which in the future surely lies For labor nobly done.

Stand by the right, e'en though you find There's trouble in your path! Brave is the man who dares to stand With fearless heart and active hand. And scorns the scoffer's wrath.

Stand by the right, and never swerve From duty's plain decree! March with the good, and you shall win Grand victories over wrong and sin, And crush adversity.

Stand by the right, and you will find Success and honor too: Stand by the right, the true, the just! In Heaven place your constant trust— To manhood e'er be true.

Stand by the right, the skies may lower, The sun may cease to shine.
But you will find that in the storm
God's hand hath placed a blessing warm—
A blessing all divine.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

BY WALTER GARDINER, ESQ.

Emily Wharton was the pet and pride of Riverdule. The old men reverently called her "The Village Angel;" the young men admired her by day and dreamed of her by night; and even her companions of her ownsex felt for her a pure regard free from the least faint of ency or a pure regard free from the least taint of envy or Jealousy. Had any one asked if she was beautiful, the reply would have been: "I'm sure I don't know; but she is so good we all love her; we can't help it." And if you, reader, had seen her, no time could efface the memory of her glossy brown hair, her deep tender eyes of a dark gray, and her fair, round face with gentleness and patience shining from every feature. You might deny that she was really pretty, but you would have to admit that she possessed charms superior to those of personal loveliness. What little of romance there had been in Emily's quietly happy life she had made herself while working for quite another object. Her

emity squeety mappy me she had made her-self while working for quite another object. Her-parents being the wealthlest people in town, and her own heart prompting her to take the most worthy advantage of this blessing, she had often helped those in need, and accom-plished it in such a quiet way that she avoided the ostentation of charity, and caused the red-plems to feel a thalf fulless unbardened by any plents to feel a thankfutness unburdened by any

plents to feel a thankfulness inhurdened by any sense of humiliating obligation.

It was one Summer afternoon, when sitting with her mother on the piazza of their elegant cottage, that binily saw a young man staggering under the weight of a heavy bytew filled with vegetables. He was coming up the road, and as he drew hear she saw that his face was and as he drew hear she saw that his face was very pale, and bore only too platnly the marks of care and sorrow. She watched him as he ad-vanced, her face revealing the sudden sympa-thy which his appearance had inspired in her heart. Reaching the house directly opposite, the young man let his barrow rest upon the ground and opened the gate; then moving forthe young man let his barrow rest upon the, ground and opened the gate; then moving forward with his load, he escayed to enter, but the gate swung to, barring his progress. Again he tried, and with the same result. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he looked about for something with which to hold the gate in position, and at that moment a slight, girlish figures wept by him, and a sweet voice said: "I will hold it while you come in."

Surprised and not a little embarrassed, he regarded her a moment in silence, then while gra-

garded her a moment in silence, then while gra-fitude shone from his dark eyes he replied: "You are very kind miss; I thank you."

And he wheeled his burden into the yard, glancing almost reverently at his gentle assist-"My mother thinks you have not been long

"My mother thinks you have not been long in our village," said Emily, shyly.

"No—only three days. I'm a stranger, you see, and I don't get much work, but I shall by and-by, I think;" and a faint smile passed over

looked up, but his companion had gone, and was now sitting on the plazza again as quietly as if she had not moved at all.

"That name drove her off," mused Thomas, as he went on with his load. "Well, I don't wonder—it is a low place. But she was kind; there are mighty few girls that would do what she did."
That evening, while Emily and her father

were conversing—she trying to find out if he knew anything of the Warren family, and he wondering what "the darling little witch was believed." driving at"-the neighbor across the way came in, and shortly referred to the incident of the afternoon, and added:

"It was good in you, Emily, very good; but

they are rather low people—these Warrens. They lived in Daymouth before they came here; in fact the old man died there. He was a hard one, it is said, and drank himself to death. I don't know, but I shouldn't wonder if the boy took after him, for he won't work steady. I hired him the first day he came here, and he was off in the afternoon; and the next morning he looked pale, and his eyes were red. I really don't believe he is of much account.'

Emily, who was very far from sharing the caller's suspicions, was about to say that other things than drink caused pallor of the features and readiness of the eyes, but thinking that time used in argument is generally thrown away, she held her peace, and resolved to ascertain the facts for herself.

Slipping quietly out of the room, she assumed her habit, and then ordered her poney saddled. As it was nothing unusual for her to ride on monlight nights, neither of her parents asked a question, and she galloped away on her mis-sion undisturbed. Reaching the flats—a place she had often visited upon errands of mercyshe dismounted and inquired in what house Mr. Warren lived. The woman directed her with an ominous shake of the head, and Emily, reflecting upon the force of prejudice among all classes, pursued her way on foot, leading the

pony by the bridle.

The smallest oldest, and dirtiest of all the habitations on the fints was the one which had been pointed out to her. Hitching the pony to a staple in the window-sill-for there was no

other place, not a tree or shrub growing in the vicinity—Emily knocked upon the door, and awaited with peculiar feetings the answer. It soon came in the person of Thomas, who, for a moment, was rendered speechless by surprise, then, in a voice which revealed both pain and mortification, he said: mortification, he said:

then, in a voice which reveated both pain and mortification, he said:

"Will you come in; you will find it a wretched place, but we can't help it just now."

Emily made no reply, but followed blim into the house. In the first room were a table, three chairs, an old cooking-stove, and an old-fashioned washstand. In one of the chairs, curled up asleep, was a little girl of about five Summers, her long black hair falling over a thin, pale face, on which tear-stains were yet visible. Thomas saw Emily glance at the child, and he simply said, "my sister." But there was anguish in every accent, "My mother is in the next room. Would you like to see her?" he added, presently. The maiden inclined her head, and followed him into the chamber, where, upon a low colled, lay a woman evidently in the last stages of consumption. Her skin was nearly transparent, and her eyes, large and black, gave to her countenance a brillancy, world, almost frightful. As Emily entered, the invalid glanced upon her inquiringly, and said:

the morrow and wash the dishes. Tom's gaze

the morrow and wash the dishes. Tom's gaze followed her until she was no longer visible, and then, returning to the bouse, he dropped on his knees beside his mother's bed, and thanked Gol for the friend who had been sent to them when starvation scensed inevitable.

The next day, and every day for a week, Emily Wharton brought the smilight of her presence to that wretched abode, and cheered and comforted the invalid and her children; not forgetting to enlist the services of the village physician in the same cause. But he could do little for the sufferer; she could only be made easy during her brief stay en earth — she could not recover. And at length the time came when his words were to be verlied, and Tom Warren, standing at the side of the little couch, knew that his mother would not live an hour. Of Emily would only come! He could not bear this terrible blow alone, with little Alice clinging to him in fear. And still the terrible minutes dragged on, at length Emily came and stood by his side; and to make him stronger she took one of his hands in her own. Together the three looked down upon the blanched face and wasted form of the invalid, and saw the chest more with labored effort, and the lips rent, and ner eyes, large and black, gave to her countenance a brilliancy, weird, almost frightful. As Emily entered, the invalid glanced upon her inquiringly, and said:

"Curiosity is sometimes crueity. Why did you come?"

"With the hope of being met as a friend," answered Emily with gentle reproof, at the invalid and saw the thest move with labored client, and the lips part as if praying for air. Great sobs shook the son's breaks, and tears rolled down his cheeks, and at intravis the words came forth in convulsive whispers: "O God! God! nust I loose my mother." She heard him once and tried

and her parents wondered, for of late she had been pensive and listless. The day drew to a close, and, just at twilight, a carriage dashed up to the door, and immediately there alighted a tail, noble-looking man, who presently assisted a very beautiful young girl to alight. Together they came up the steps and into the house, Emithey came in the steps and the step hands to be, standing in the parlor, pressed her hands to her heart, and grew faint with anticipation. Presently the door opened, and the gentleman entered.

entered.

"Emily! my own! my love!"

"Tom! O thank Heaven?"

"At last, my darling," he repeated, kissing her pale face and smoothing her hair. "At last! O how I have prayed for this hour. I've been far away, Emily, in foreign lands, but the star of home has always shone bright. I knew you'd be true, Emily, for God gave you to me when he took my mother."

"And I knew you'd come back, dearest."

"And I knew you'd come back, dearest,"

Six weeks later Emily became Mrs. Warren, and a happier home than theirs does not exist. Lattle Alice lives with them yet, but ere long she too will have a home of her own.

SKELETON LEAVES.

Mr. J. F. Robinson descibes in Hardwick's

ence Gossip a simple method of proparing skeleton leaves, which seems preferable to the old and tedious method of maceration, and which he recommends to all young botanists, especially to his fair friends, who take up the science of heavy work as an intelligent. of botany more as an intelligent amusement than for severe study. First dissolve four ounces of common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slacked quickline, and boil for about aftern intuites. Allow the solution to cool; afterward poor off all the clear liquid that a clear savegment. liquor into a clean saucepan.

When this liquor is at its boil-ing point place the leaves care-fully in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour, ad-ding from time to time enough water to make up for the loss by evaporation. The epidermis and evaporation. The epiderinis and parenchyma of somo leaves will more readily separate than others. A good test is to trythe leaves after they have been gently boiling for an hour, and if the cellular matter does not apply the control of the cellular matter does not apply the control of the cellular matter does not be such at the cellular matter does not be such at the cellular matter does not control of are the cellular matter does not castly rub off betwixt the finger and thumb beneath cold water boil them again for a short time. When the fleshy matter is found to be sufficiently softened, rub them separately but very gentle beneath cold water until the perfect skeleton is exposed.

the skeleton is exposed.

The skeletons, at first, are of a dirty-white color; to make them of a pure white, and therefore more beautiful, all that is necessary is to bleach them in a youlk solution of chlorida of cessary is to bleach them in a weak solution of chloride of lime — a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water; if a few drops of vinegar is added to the solution, it is all the better, for then the free chloring is liberated. Do not allow them to remain too long in the bleaching liquor, or they become too brittle, and cannot afterwards be handled without injury. About lifteen minutes will jury. About fifteen minutes will be sufficient to make them white and clean-looking. Dry the spe-cimens in white blotting paper, beneath a gentle pressure. Simple leaves are the best for

young beginners to experiment upon; the vine, poplar, beech, and ivy leaves make excellent skeletons. Care must be exer-cised in the selection of leaves, as well as the period of the year and the state of the atmosphere when the specimens are collected otherwise failure will be the result. The best months to gather the specimens are July and August. Never collect spe-cimens in damp weather; and

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 hald in complete solution.

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'The Canadian Illustrated News, WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events,

CLUBS:

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Sent. 13th, 1872.

Brendstuffs market closes quiet. Flour active, at an advance of 15 to 20e on Supers for the wook; wheat nominal. Provisions:—Pork firm and dearer; butter and cheese quiet. Ashes:—Pots dearer, and Penris steady. The following were the latest telegrams received on Chango:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.

	Sopt 12. 2.30 p. m.	Sept. 11. 1.30 p. m.
	я. d. н. d.	8. d. 8, d.
lour	30 0 ar 00 0	30 0 <i>(iv</i> 00 0
ed Wheat	12 4 # 12 10	12 4 # 12 10
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ork	52 6 a 00 0	52 6 67 00 0
ard	40 6 @ 00 0	40 6 60 00 0

FLOUR.—Buyers were more disposed to operate this forencon, and a fair amount of business was reported at full rates. The searcity of Supers continues, and an advance of 10c is noted. 4,000 barrels Wolland Canal Supers changed hands last night at \$6.60 to arrivo.

	Sc.	8 c.	
iperior Extra nominal	ÒÖ	to 0 00	
xtra	7 55	to 7 60	
incy	7 30	no n ot	
rosh Supers (Western Wheat)	6 50	to 6 60	
dinary Supers. (Canada Wheat.)	0 00	to 6 60	
rong Bakers'	7 m	to 7 50	
ipers from Western Wheat (Welland			
Canal (fresh ground)	6 50	to 6 60	
ipers, City brands (Western Wheat),	6 60	to 0 00	
mada Supers, No 2	6 00	to 6 10	
estern States, No 2	0 00	to 0 00	
no	5 10	to 5 15	
iddlings	3 75	to 4 00	
11t.		4 0	

OATMEAL, por brl. of 200 lbs.—Upper Canada, \$1.-50 to \$4.60. Sales 200 barrels at \$4.50. PEAS, & bush of 66 lbs.--Firm at 90c to 92]c.

OATS. P bush of 321bs.—Quiet at 30c to 31c.
Corn—Cargoes are held at 58c in store and 69c float.

Bankey: P bush of 481bs. - Nominal at 45c to 50c, according to quality.

Butten, per lb.—Market quiet at 15e to 17e, for fair to choice Western; and 20e for Eastern Townships; old nominal at 7e to 9e.
Cheese, \$\Phi\$ lb.—Quiet; Factory fine 11e to 11je.

PORK, per brl. of 200 lbs. — Market firm: New Mess, \$16.25 to 17.50. Thin Mess, \$15.59. Laro.—Winter rendered firm at 115c per lb. ASHES, \$\Phi\$ 100 lbs.—Pots firm. Firsts, at \$7.00. Pearls quiet. Firsts, \$9.00.

THE GREAFEST BEAUTIFIER OF THE AGE I
LADIES' MAGIC HAIR CURLERS!
Warranted to curl the most straight or stiff hair
into wavy ringlets or massive curls, if used according
to directions. Money refunded if they fail to accomplish what is above stated.
50 cents per hox; fall set of three boxes, \$1.25.
Address McINTOSH & CO.,
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The \$3.00 Land Broughous Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a flag staff ten, landscapes twenty miles distant; and will define the Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c., This extraordinary cheap and powerful glass is of the best node and possesses achromatic lenses, and is equal to one costing \$20.00. No Tourist or Rifleman should be without it. Sent free by Post to any part of the Dominion of Canada on receipt of \$3.00.

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WANTED,—TEN YOUNG MEN AND
FIVE YOUNG LADIES to quality 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.

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3-34tf

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

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

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THE CROCUS.

in this world—so little love. Oh! I remember now, you are the young lady who helped Tom this features.

""Papa has lots of work to be done; he might give you some if he only knew your name," "Thank you, My name is Thomas Warren, and—and I live on the flats." He spoke hesitatingly, and blushed as he mentioned the name of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion had gone, and was been so well since. What do people say of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion had gone, and was been so well since. What do people say of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion had gone, and was been so well since. What do people say of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion had gone, and was been so well since. What do people say of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion had gone, and was been so well since. What do people say of the poorest locality in town. Presently he last particle of his self-control, and, sinking upon his kness, he wept as only a mun can weep when aguish makes him a child before his Creator.

"Thank you, My name is Thomas Warren, and—and I live on the flats." He spoke his caption. Thank you, and particle of his self-control, and, sinking upon his kness, he wept as only a mun can weep when aguish makes him a child before his Creator.

"Thank you, My name is Thomas Warren, and me too; but he can't do it all, so he has to let outside we knest me time, and the last particle of his self-control, and, sinking upon his kness, he wept as only a mun can weep when aguish makes him a child before his Creator.

"Tom," said Emily a mun can weep when aguish makes him a child before his creator.

"Tom," said Emily a low voice. He areas particle of his self-control, and, sinking upon his kness, he wept as only a mun can weep when aguish makes him a child before his creator.

"Tom," said Emily a low voice. He areas particle of his self-control, and, sinking upon hits "Forgive me—but there is so much coldness Emily evaded the question, and then the woman went on: "Yes, it is always so. You wish to spare my feelings; your motive is good, but I can seen through it. My husband's misfortunes first set him on the downward path, and ther by degrees poverty came, until all was lost. Now we must bear his unfortunate reputation, but not long—not long." She raised her eyes heaven ward, as if im ploring death.
"Dear mother, do not speak so—you are all I

have on earth," said Tom, in a tremulous voice "My dear boy—my life—my blessing," she murmured, tenderly. Emily's eyes filled with tears as she saw the

nother's wan hand caress the jetty curls that fell on her son's brow. Then, hoping to cheer them, she said: "You will be better soon Mrs. Warren. Do not give away to sadness. Remember, I am your friend." The invalid smiled faintly and shook her head. Knowing that further conversation would be injurious to her, Emily bade her adieu. closing the chamber door as she went out. Once again in the first room the maiden said: "Mr. Warren, will you do me a favor?" He acquiesced wonderingly, and Emily, placing a \$10 note in his hand, added: "Run down to the store and buy what your mother needs—be sure not to forget fruit and

"God bless your bright face i" he murmured, in a choked voice, and impulsively pressed her

"I will stay here until you return," she said as he took his hat and hurried away. When the young man returned, he found the kettle singing over the fire, and the table set, while little Alice, who had been awakened by the cheer ful sound, sat up in her chair gazing at Emily in amazement. "You are too good, Miss; I did not believe there was one left in the world as good as you are," said Tom, regarding her as if she was something more than human. "Don't praise me, but take out your bundles, and I'll have supper presently. Of course you got some "Yes, though I was afraid I was do-"Emily reproved him for that sening wrong," Emily reproved him for that sentence, and then went on with her preparations. In a short time a repast, which to Tom and Alice seemed a banquet, was placed on the table and Emily departed, saying she would come on

same time placing her hand on the sufferer's to smile, but she had not the strength, and instead she worked her hand along the counterpart me—but there is so much coldness pane until it touched his. That destroyed the

by grief he turned toward Emily, and gazed upon her imploringly.

"Be calm, dear friend," she said tearfully.

"O Emily, you are all I have left! O Emily, if I dared to love you—"He paused, and his body shook like a leaf. Again he spoke: "Emily, next to her I loved you... I shall always love

you, May I ?"
"Yes, Tom," and thus they were betrothed in the presence of death.

Five years had passed since the night when Emily gave Tom her promise at the bedside of his dead mother. Very long and weary had been those years; many heart-aches, some doubts, and many tears had come and gone only to come and go again. Emily was now twenty-three years old and looked upon by the villagers as an old maid, not that she was less attractive, but because she had refused so many lovers

some distinguished and some rich.
"My child, my dear Emily," said her father one evening when they were sitting on the plazza, in the very same place where she had first seen her only accepted lover. "I think you have done your duty in waiting, Your life is your own, and from the fact that you have not heard from Tom for two years, it is likely that you will never hear from him again." " Don't father ! O, please don't," said Emily.

shuddering.

"My precious daughter, I would not pain you for the world. It is only my love for you that to speak thus. You proved to me that Tom was good, else I should not have sanc-tioned the engagement. He went away to make his fortune, taking with him his little sister. It is sad to think of anything having happened to him, but time and silence indicate something." "He will come back, father," she replied, a far-off dreamy look in her eyes. "Tom will

The old gentleman shook his head, and rising, went into the house. He felt that his daughter was throwing her life away, and such a noble life as hers! It made him unspeakably sad. Still time went on, and six months passed, but Emily only grew stronger in her belief that Tom would come back. "It is a monomania with her," the villagers said, and with grief, for it was dreadful to see the fairest flower thus wither. But, one morning Emily came down ther. But, one morning Emily came down stairs singing, and looking like her former self; Still time went on, and six months passed, but