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VOLUME III.

GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARLIES L'ILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

TERMS, \$ \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 26.

For the Hearthstone LIFE'S TRUE IMPORT.

BY H. PATTERSON.

Life's not a time to careless spend, Or pass in selfish case : But life's the time to all befriend ; And God, our Maker please!

Heart-throbs should ever regulato
The precious, passing hours;
"Twill tend to nobly elevate,
The soul's aspiring powers.

Wo live in actions from the mind; In thoughts which breathe the soul; In feeling's flow towards our kind That from the heart-springs roll;...

He truest lives who warmest feels; Who acts his very best: Who ever tries to lessen ills. Yet spotless keeps his breast.

(For the Hearthstone.)

FROM BAD TO WORSE

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS

CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE.

Mr. Benson did not find his task in New York an easy one. He did not find so many of his old friends in Wall Street as he expected. "Black Friday," "the collapse in Mariposa," the big rise in Central," and other prominent events in that speculative locality had taken place during Mr. Benson's absence from the home of American gambling, and many of his friends had been "on the wrong side" and had been squeezed dry by the bulls and bears, and been squeezed dry by the bulls and bears, and had retired sadder and wiser non, but infinitely poorer ones also. Wall Street brokers are not, as a rule, communicative men; if they are very anxious and willing to give you "a point," you may be pretty sure the "point," is the wrong way; and it is not at all likely that brokers to whom he was partially unknown would tell Mr. Benson that they were dealing in bonds or securities which were known to have been stelen, or inform him which of them had received ten thousand dollars which was known to have been obtained on a forged cheque. His only way of gaining the information he wanted was through his old fellow clerks; but most of them had his old fellow clorks; but most of them had either developed into full blown brokers, or had speculated, got rulned, and "left the street." The two or three that he found in their old positions either knew nothing of either bonds or morey, or knew too much to say anything; and Mr. Benson found that his acquaintance in Wall Street availed him nothing. It took him a week to arrive at this conclusion, and when he had arrived at it, he felt rather discouraged; he had counted surely on being able to trace some had counted surely on being able to trace some of the bonds or securities by their numbers—hic had obtained a list of numbers, &c., of the secu-rities from Mr. Lownds, who had found it in Arthur's desk;—but his efforts were unavailing, and although he left a printed description of the various securities with every broker, nothing was known of them, and he began to fear that they had either not been placed on the market or had been sent elsewhere than New York. He applied to Captain Young of the detective force, and offered him live thousand dollars for the recovery of the securities... it is no use try the recovery of the securities—It is no use try-ing to get a detective in New York to do any-thing unless you offer him a big reward,—but nothing came of it. Day after day, Mr. Ben-son's spirits fell more and more, and when the first of June came, and he had discovered no-thing, his spirits fell to zero, and he very nearly abandoned his task as hopeless. Captain Young told him the same story every time he called on him: the bonds had not been offered on the market and nothing was known of Mr. Brydon. On the fourth of June, Mr. Benson sat in his room at the Hoffman House after dinner, runninating on his fallar and thinking himself the most iniscrable follow in New York. Again and again he read over the following tele gram, received a few minutes before from Miss

"What are you about? Why don't you find out something at once? Arthur is to be tried to-morrow and will be convicted unless you do something. Please do something:"

And the more he read it, the more convinced he became that he could not "do something." At last, in sheer desperation, he put on his hat and started for Police headquarters to see Cap-tain Young and find out if he could "do something. He strolled leisurely down Broadway puffing at a very doubtful cigar, for which he had been charged a quarter and which obstinately refused to "draw," and thinking whether it would not be better for him to telegraph Chapleau that he had "done something," and that he must get the trial postponed until the next term. The idea did not strike him as years. next term. The idea did not strike him as very brilliant, but he thought postponement would be better than nothing, and he had almost de-cided to send the telegram when, just as he was passing Wallack's Theatre, that prince of ticket speculators, Gus. Hamilton, accounted him with:
"Wan's a ticket, Sir? Good seats in the
orchestra or dross circle. House very full.
Can't get any seats at the box office."

Mr. Benson paused for a moment, and tooking at the posters on the side of the entry way, saw advertised: "Last nights of the season. Last appearance of Mr. Lester Wallack in Rosednic." the was a great admirer of Lester Wallack, and



THE INTELLIGENT JURY, AFTER MUCH DELIRERATION, REQUEST IN A VERDICT OF SUICIDE.

as he had not seen him act for some time he thought he would go in "for an hour or so;" he therefore, invested to the extent of a dollar and a half with the obliging Mr. Hamilton and got a pretty good sent in the dress circle. When a man goes to Wallack's to see "Rosedale" "for an hour or so," ho generally stays until the performance is over, and it was a quarter past dioven when Mr. Benson left the theatre. It was too late then, he thought, to see Captain Young, and he walked down 14th Street to Del-monico's to get some supper, his dinner having been rather light, and nature reminding him that she needed support. He entered that ashionable restaurant, and was making his way to a vacant table near a window opening on Firth Avenue, when a gentleman, who was sliting at one of the centre tables with a couple of young ladies, suddenly rose and came towards him exclaiming: "Why, Charlle, old boy, where did you drop

from ? "Fred, old fellow, I'm delighted to see you I've been wendering several times that I have not met you. I called at Clarke Dodge & Co's., boy in the office at the time you had left, and did not know where you

"You; I left them over a year ago. I am with Frank Work & Co. now. Come over to our table and take supper with us. I'll introduce you to some nice girls."

Mr. Benson went, was duly introduced to the "nice girls," and charted for a quarter of an hour on unimportant topics, varying his conversation with a spirited attack on an excellent chicken saind—you can't got chicken saind in perfection anywhere but at Delmonico's—and an occasional sip of champagne. His friend, Mr. Fred. Parsons, was desperately attentive to one of the young ladies, and the conversation was almost entirely confined to matters dramatic. Mr. Parson and his narty busing beaumatic. was almost entirely confined to matters dra-matic, Mr. Parsons and his party having been to Niblo's, and the young ladies being rather cestatic about the scenery of the "Black Crook," and the wonderful dancing of the beautiful young ladies in very scant clothing. After the saind had been finished, and theatrical matter pretty well discussed, convergation slagged a little, and Mr. Parsons found time to ask Ben-

son something about his own affilirs. "Well, Charlle," he said, after rather an awkward pause, "where have you been, and what have you been doing, the last two years?"

"I've been in my native city, Montreal; you know I left New York to go there to my father, who is in business there, and I lave been with him ever since."

"And what brings you to New York?"
"Woll," replied Mr. Benson, rather "Woll," replied Mr. Benson, rather hesitatingly, "partly business, partly pleasure;" he did not want to tell Mr. Parsons exactly what business he was on, and how miserably he had

"Oh yes! I know. You Montreal chaps "Oh yes! I know. You Montreal chaps seem to be lucky. You've come on to 'invest,' I suppose. By the by, do you remember Brydon who used to be with Austin & Son some five years ago? Of course you don't, that was before your time in Wall Street. Well, he seems to have hit a fat thing in Montreat. I hope you were in with kim."

"No, I wasn't," half gasped Mr. Henson. "I know Brydon: what for thing had he hear

know Brydon; what fat thing has he been into? I never heard of it in Montreal."
"No! why, he sent us on a lot of bonds and

other things three or four weeks ago, and oniered them all to be sold and invested in New York Central and Brie; he knows what he is about, both stocks are sure to rise.

"Oh yos! He knows—that is I know—how much did he send?" said Mr. Benson, in such a strunge, excited manner that his friend, instead of replying, asked:

"Charle, old boy, what's the matter? You don't look well," "I'm all right; how much? Tell me quickly, how much

"I don't know. Something like fifty thousand, I think."

see if the gentleman had not been taking too

much wine. "What is the matter. Charlie " said Mr. Parsons, a little alarmed about his friend's sunity.
"Are you ill?"

"All right, old fellow," said Mr. Benson, regaining his composure, "I'm all right now. Excuse me, ladies," he continued, towing to them, "you can have no idea of the importance of the information Fred has given me, or you

would forgive my apparent rudeness; let me hope you will forgive me anyway, and I will not offend again."

The ladies, of course, bowed forgiveness, but looked uncomfortable, and the one to whem Mr. Parsons seemed devoted gave that gentle-man a very meaning nod, and pushed her chair back a little, intimating that it was time to go. Mr. Parsons was greatly astonished at Mr. B n's warmth of manner; but he managed to stammer out :

"My information, old boy, what do you

menn?"
"Nowing," said Mr. Henson, who had quite recovered his composure; "I was a little astonished at something you said, but this is not the place to talk about it. Can you call at the Hoffman to-night for half an hour? You will do me a great favor, and the matter is urgent and important."

"All right, old fellow, I will be there in about......" he hesitated, looked at his young lady, she shook her head, he sighed, and then added, "half an hour,"

The party left the restaurant, Mr. Parsons to excort the two young ladies home, and Mr. Benson to rush up Fifth Avenue to the Hoffman House as though his life depended on his being there before Mr. Parsons. Once arrived at the Hotel he stationed himself at the entrance, and imputiently awaited Mr. Parsons. That contleman was late: he found that he had more "last words" to say to his young lady than he had thought of, and many times he had to stop her as she was going from the door to tell her something very important and to-never mind; most of us, I suppose, us, I suppose, know how i fellow feels when he is talking nonsense the thinks it sound common sense) to the girl he loves, or thinks he loves, at the door of her house, late at night, and when he knows he ought to go away at once, but don't wan't to, and generally don't under an hour. Mr. Renson got awfully impatient, and stamped about the pavement in a most impatient way, but that did not hurry Mr. Parsons, and it was nearly one o'clock before that gentleman appeared to fill his engagement, and even then he looked as if he would greatly have preferred to be standing at the door he had just left, with his arm around—well, never mind, most of us like to get our arms around some one at some time or other, so I will not trouble about Mr. Parsons any more.

Mr. Benson at once took Mr. Pursons up to his room, and explained fully to him the nature of his business in New York, and how the information of Brydon's scuding a large sum of money from Montroal immediately after the robbery would affect the case.

Mr. Pursons bad known Arthur when he was one of the luminaries of Wali Street, and it was an honor to know him, and he was willing and ready to help him now. He told Mr. Benson that some three or four weeks since Frank Work & Co.—the firm he was employed by—had received a letter from Mr. Brydon, who was an old customer of their's, enclosing a larce amount of U.S. and other American securities, with orders to sell them, and make other inwith orders to sell them, and make other investments; they had received no gold or notes. Mr. Parsons, of course, did not know the numbers of the bonds, but promised to get a list of them in the morning, as well as the letter from Brydon to Frank Work & Co., and volunteered to accompany Benson to Montreal.

Mr. Benson slept happily and contentedly that night, although he dreamt a little; but his dreams only added to his happiness, for he dreamt only two dreams, in one of which he saw Mr. Brydon hing up by the neck, and in the other he (Mr. Benson) was leading Miss-Frank to the altar. He dreamt these dreams over and over, and awoke in the morning in a great state of ceshusy, feeling that he was much more than a mutch for Mr. Brydon, and very confident that he would soon prove too much confident that he would soon proce too much for that gentleman. He met Mr. Parsons at the time appointed; but was greatly disap-pointed to find that the bonds and securities sent on by Mr. Brydon did not agree in any purticular with the list found in Arthur's desk. Mr. Parsons was quite sure about the numbers, denominations, &c., of the securities received by Frank Work & Co. being correct, and Mr. Benson felt theroughly nonplussed. At last he thought be would call on Captain Young and see if that clear-headed detective could throw any light on the surplus.

They found him in his office talking to a rather dilapidated looking individual, who rose on their entrance, and, lowing himself out of the room, said be would call again in an hour. The Captain heard Mr. Benson's story, paused for a moment to consider, and then said:
"Mr. Benson, your case is as good as iinished;

o Mr. Benson, your case is as good as finished; the list of securities you have is a forged one, put in the drawer it was found in by firydon, to throw suspicion on the wrong track. We have been trying to find bonds and other securities which either don't exist, or are out of the market, while the stolen bands have been quietly disposed of through one of the most respectable firms on Broad Street. It was a elever design of Brydon's—he must be a mighty sharp casedomer, and it is some crealit to get square with him;—but the game can be spoiled easy enough now. You want to take Mr. Parsons, and amother witness, if possible, on to Montreal with other witness, if possible, on to Montreal with Brydon's letter to Frank Work & Co.; you also want a good expert to compare the letter with Brydon's writing in the books of the firm, &c., and with the forged cheque. It's just about as easy a case as I ever saw, and is almost dead sure to be all right. I wish I could say as much for another case I'm engaged in, but that is a teach and

What is it?" said Mr. Benson, not feeling the least interest, but simply because the de-tective seemed interested in it, and appeared

unxious to tell the story.
"Well, you see it's a case of mistaken identity, and has led to some queer developments. Something like six months ago a man calling himself Richard Cranston went to Richmond, Va., put up at the Spotiswood House, and out quite a swell for a few days. He opened an ac-count in the First National Bank of Richmond, count in the First National Bank of identional, depositing a couple of thousand dollars in bills, and got pretty well liked about the Hotel on account of his casy pleasant way, and the strong Southern principles he advocated. After about a week he went into a tobacco speculation, and bought several hundred cases of plug to be shipped to New York. It was a pretty blg purchase. and his money ran out, so he paid in a cheque of the Cashier of the Bank of Commerce, New York, to the First National Bank and drew against it. The Cashier was a little doubtful, so he telegraphed to New York and found that the cheque was a forgery; of course, payment was stopped, the tobacco was not shipped, and Mr. Cranston only gained a couple of hundred do-lars, but he made good his escape, and has not been found since. A few days after he had left t was found that the bills he had paid into the bank were counterfelts and the bank defer-mined to take active measures to find Mr. Cranston; they offered \$1,000 reward, and Brownson, of the Richmond force, came on hore. He applied to me, and together we traced Cranston to the St. Charles Hotel, where we found that he und his wife had been staying for a few days. They had loft, and I could not get any clue of them until about ten days ago I discovered Cranston, by chance, living out at Flatbush: his description answered exactly. and I arrested blue. Here comes in the family part; the Cashler of the Richmond Bank and Brownson, both of whom know Cranston by sight, came on and identified him, but he pleuded innocence, and proved without a shadow of doubt by numerous responsible witnesses that he had not been out of Brooklyn for more than a day or two at a time for over two years: and on the very day the forged cheque was pre-sented in Richmond, Cranston was in the Second Preclict Station House, Brooklyn, arrested for drunkenness. It was the clearest attal I over saw, but still it would have been hard to get him off, only the story he told and the way he accounted for bis being taken for the Richard Cranston we wanted was so plausible and straightforward that we could not but believe him. This Cranston is a peculiar looking man, you saw him flere when you entered to-day, with long shangs red hair and whiskers, and rather marked features, now it seems that there

is another man who looks as much like Cranston as his own brother could—only Cranston hasn't got a brother, so he don't know how he would look,—the only difference being that this other mun's hair is black and he is considerably younger than Cranston; but a bottle of hair dye younger than Cranston; but a bottle of narraye would soon make that all right, and Cranston says that if they were both dressed alike he would scarcely be able to tell which was himself and which was the other fellow. You see Cranston—who turns out to be a very respectable man allowed to the very well off—week table man, although not very well off-owes this Bill Gangley, as he calls himself, although I don't suppose that is his real name, a grudge on an old score, and wants to get square with him. It appears Cranston married a ballet dancer some six or seven years ago, and she turned out a bad one, they often do, and ran away from him, and took up with Gangley; Cranston did not care much about her, but it isn't pleasant for a man to have another man run away with his wife, and then steal his name and commit forgery under it, and so

Cranston wants to get square."

"I hope he will," said Mr. Benson in an absent way, feeling rather bored at the story,
"and I hope he will find his wife."

"Oh! he don't care much about her; it isn't likely he would be very anxious to find such a bad lot as Eillo Barron." "Who?" shouted Mr. Benson, now fully in-

terested.

"Why, his wife, Effic Barron!"
"I've got it!" exclaimed Mr. Bensonthrowing his arms in his excitement around the aston-ished Caplain, "I've 'done something' now, and no mistake. It's all right, hurrah !"

and no mistake. It's all right, hurrah !"
"You've got me, certainly," said Young considerably surprised, "but I don't see what else you have got."
"Why, don't you see?—Of course you can't

see—you don't know—I didn't tell you—can't you understand?—No, I don't suppose you can," "Most certainly I can't understand what you have just said; what does it mean?"

"Well; it first means this," said Mr. Benson making an effort to be calm, "that if Effe Bar-ron married Cranston six or seven years ago, she was a married woman when she committed bigumy by marrying Arthur Austin, and Robert Brydon and Richard Cranston, No. 2, are one and the same person, and—and—and—I've done something, hurrah."

"I wish" said Young, rather severely, you'd talk sense and not be a fool; "what do you mean anyway"

Mr. Benson rapidly collecte himself and told Captain Young the whole story so far as he knew it of Arthur's marriage &c. The Captain sat very quietly listening attentively until Mr. Benson had finished; then he said:

"I can straighten this thing out."
"I'm sure you can," said Mr. Benson, rather too confidently.

What's the reward ?" asked practical Cap-

tain Young.
"You get \$1,000 for Benson's arrest, from the Richmond Bank," answered Mr. Benson, " and I will give the same amount if you can take Cranston on to Montreal and prove that he was married to Effic Barron before she married Arthur Austin in

"Make it \$2,500 and expenses paid and I'll fix the thing all right in Montreal to-morrow;" said practical Captain Young.

"All right," said Mr. Benson, " consider it a

"All lights and the state of th

right hand down heavily into the open palm of the Captain, and the two men shook hands on their agreement. A very short while afterwards Mr. Benson sent to Mr. Chapleau in Montreal the telegram which closed my last chapter.

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF THE WORLD,

It was not a very difficult matter to get Arthur tainl postponed until the next morning, as asked for by Mr. Chapleau; and Mr. Brydon found himself a sort of henorary prisoner in the hands of High Constable Bissonette, who was exceedingly civil, polite and accommodating to him, but by his vigliance debarred Mr. Brydon's one great hope now, that of effecting a bolt. Find-ing there was no chance of escape Mr. Brydon became affable; he had plenty of money about became affable; he had plenty of money about him and he proposed a little supper and a cigar; Bissonette refused supper, as the bosom of his family was waiting for him to repose on it for the evening meal, but he did not mind taking a character supper. Clears were obcigar to smoke after supper. Cigars were obtained and under the influence of a gentle whiff Mr. Brydon obtained permission to walk as far as his boarding house, accompanied by Con-stable Lafontaine, and obtain's clean shirt, col-lar &c. which he declared he was greatly in need of. He was only a few minutes in his room and the Constable was with him all the time, yet he managed to take something out of the bu-reau and put it in his pocket, and he seemed greatly pleased at what he had done.

Mr. Benson and his witnesses arrived next morning, but by the very strenuous efforts of Messrs. Chapleau and Devlin the trial was postponed one day more, and during the day so gained numerous and voluminous affidavits

were taken.
On the morning of the seventh the case was continued, and did not occupy a great deal of time. A genuine list of the bonds &c. was found in a private drawer of the safe, where no one had thought of looking for it—it being said that the list had been found in Arthur's desk—and the evidence of Mr. Parsons and the experts fully cleared Arthur, and after a very short trial Judge Coursel instructed the jury to dismiss the complaint which was accordingly done. Mr. Devlin then formally moved for the discharge of the prisoner which was granted and Arthur Austin came from the prisoner's dock to the floor of the Court a free man and received the hearty congratulations of his friends. But there was one whose congratulations he valued more than all and that was the one be had always loved, and whom he now knew was really and truly his lawful wife. There was quite a pause when Arthur came out of the dock and his friends crowded around him, and the Judge good naturedly waited a few minutes for the excitament to subside before the next case

There was one person who did not feel particularly elated at Arthur's acquittal, and he, of course, was Mr. Brydon. That gentleman had not as yet been formally surrested and was still a sort of honorary prisoner, seemingly not under control, but really watched constantly by two or three Constables, and as he had been brought up for cross examination at the opening of the trial but dismissed to make way for more important witnesses, he was still in court and was standing in front of the reporter's desk when Mr. Austin was formally discharged. Arthur passed quite close to him as he crossed the court to speak to Jessie, and Mr. Brydon's buttled convulsively. And his right he not stoke the court of the court has been supported to the court of twitched convulsively, and his right hand stole quietly into the breast pocket of his coat. He controlled himself, however, and while Jessie was still in Arthur's arms he advanced towards

the pair and said:

"Bo glad, dear boy, to see you acquitted; al-

low me to congratulate you on your triumphbut it will not be for long," he continued sa-vagely, suddenly changing his tone and manner, "not for long, Arthur Austin; you have won against me all the time, but I'll trump your last

trick or my name is not Robert Bryden M Quick as thought he withdrew his right band from his cont pocket, a bright shining barrel gleamed for one moment in the air, then came a sharp ringing report, a loud scream of agony, and Arthur Austin fell on the floor of the Court a dead man. There was scarcely a quiver of the flesh, hardly a movement of the muscles, the hesh, intruly is interpreted to the interest state bullet went straight to the heart and death was instantaneous. Ere the horrified spectators could attempt to seize him Mr. Brydon had placed the barrel of the pistel in his own mouth and pulled the trigger.

My story is almost done. The report of Mr. Brydon's pistol evoked an expression of terror from almost all the astonished spectators, but above all rose one scream, one outburst of heart agony, as Jessic threw herself on the lifeless form of her murdered husband. For a moment all was wild terror and confusion; but Judge Coursel quickly recovered his equanimity and restored order and quiet by his prompt and self-possessed action. It was at once discovered that Arthur was dead, there was no question about that; and it was feared that Jessie's spirit had followed that of the one she loved to the shadow land. Medical help was speedily obtained, and Jessie, in a state of unconsciousness, was removed to her home closely attended by Miss Frank, whose medical knowledge had proved of some account, as her quick and effective treatment of Jessle showed. No one seemed to consider Mr. Brydon, and he lay on the floor a mangled mass of humanity, until a carriage was obtained to take Jessie home; then Miss Frank turned to His Honor the Judge, as she was leaving the Court, and said: "That wretch Brydon is not dead. Take good

care of him and get him well, for I mean to see him hanged."

Miss Frank was right. Mr. Brydon was not dead: the bullet be had meant to venetrate his brain had been misdirected, and had pussed through the back of his neek, inflicting a dan-gerous, but not of necessity mortal, wound. Ho had ample medical attendance, and was conweyed as soon as practicable to the General Hospital, where he was well cared for. But Mr. Brydon had no desire to be hung—he knew shr. Brydon had no desire to be hung—he know that was inevitable,—and as soon as he recovered strength sufficiently to lift his waistcoat from the chair by his side, on which it had been laid, he took a little rough-looking paper ball out of the fob pocket and deliberately chewed it up and swallowed it. It was a preparation which Mr. Brydon had carefully made up many months are and its offeren was fully proved.

which Mr. Brydon had carefully made up many months ago, and its effeacy was fully proved now, for the nurse who attended him reported about two hours after that he was dead.

The Coroner, of course, held an inquest, and the medical testimony showed that Mr. Brydon had die I from poison; the intelligent jury, after much deliberation, brought in a verdict of suitable and Mr. Brytonic server was along. cide, and Mr. Brydon's career was closed.

Jessie was taken home insensible and lingered for a couple of days, and then she quietly and peacefully passed away to join the one she loved. The long strain on her nervous system, consequent on Arthur's arrest, and the sudden shock of his death, brought on premature childbirth, and she was too weak to survive its pangs. She remained anconscious, and know not of the advent of a little girl, who only opened her eyes on this world to close them again for over; and in three days after Aminur's murder his body and his wife and child's wore laid side by side in the cold earth.

There is little more left to tell. Of course, Frank married Mr. Benson, and they are living Frank married Mr. Benson, and they are living happily together. There are several little Franks, and their maternal parent takes good care of them as far as medical matters are concerned, and her first son, whom she called Arthur, after her brother-in-law, bids fair to become a travelling drug store; but he bears up bravely under it, and will no doubt become some day a fluo man. Miss Frank and her brother are hardy and like travelling are husband are happy, and live tranquilly and pleasantly togother, but there will sometimes come over them a feeling of sadness, and a spirit of gloom when they think of the two who were so suddenly snatched away from thom, and how much brighter and happier they might have been if Arthur had possessed sufficient moral courage to grapple with bis trouble like a man, and not give himself over to the demon of drink as he did, from which moment his course was downward to destruction.

THE END.

NATIONALITIES OF BRITISH REGIMENTS.—An interesting return has just been issued from the British War Office, showing the number of English, Scotch and Irish non-commissioned officers, corporals and privates in each regiment of Foot Guards, House-lid Country Boyal Exercises and Artist, House-lid Country Boyal Exercises and Artist, House-lid Country Boyal Exercises and Artist, War Olliee, showing the number of English, Scotch and Irish non-commicsioned oilleers, corporals and privates in each regiment of Foot Guards, Household Cavalry, Royal Engineers and Artillery; also of the cavalry of the line, and the infantry of the line and rife brigade. This return confirms what has generally been well known, that many regiments have lost their original distinctive character, and are now composed of mixed nationalities, while in a few cases only a very small number of mon are to be found in a regiment from the country where it was first raised. This is shown in the case of the 1st Foot (Royal Scotz), the oldest standing regiment in the service, or indeed in the world. Ruised originally in Scotland, it has entirely lost its national character, the 1st battalion, being now composed of 443 English, 152 Irish, and 40 Scotchmen; while the 2nd battalion numbers 663 English, 221 Irish, and only 57 Scutch. The 1st battalion of the 2nst Foot (Royal North British Fusiliers) consists of 485 English, 250 Irish, and 137 Scotch; and the 2nd battalion of 533, 248, and 132 respectively. The 2nth Foot (Cameronians) still contains a fair representation of Scotchmen—306 against 345 English and 26 Irish. The purely Scotch Highland regiments, however, seem to have retained their national character in a wonderful degree. The 42nd (Black Watch), for instance, contains 611 Scotchmen, and all Irish; the 7th Highlanders, 506 Scotch, 25 English, and 18 Irish; the 7th Highlanders, 507 Scotch, 25 English, and 18 Irish; the 7th Highlanders, 508 Scotch, 25 English, and 18 Irish; the 7th Highlanders, 618 Scotch, 30 English, and 67 [Irish: the 7th Highlanders, 507 Scotch, 105 English, and 21 Irish; the 7th Highlanders, 508 Scotch, 25 English, and 28 Irish; and 26 Irish; the 7th Highlanders, 508 Scotch, 30 English, and 16 Irish. Some other Scotch regiments, however, have become more mixed, such as the 7th Foot (Stirlingsbire), 512 English, 38 Scotch, 10 English, and 29 Irish; 7th Foot (Stirlingsbire), 512 English, 29 Scotch, unat in the 2nd Dragoons (Royal North British) there are 265 English, 291 Scotch, and 41 Irish. The regiment having the next greatest number of Scotch in its ranks is the 13th Husgars, which contains 163, with 391 English, and 110 Irish.

The following are the total numbers, distinguishing their nationalities, in the various arms of the service:—Household. Cavalry—640 English, 172 Scotch, 93 Irish; Cavalry of the Line—11,651 English, 1,091 Scotch, and 2,429 Irish; Royal Horse Artillery—4,192 English, 330 Scotch, 399 Irish; Royal Artillery—18,710 English, 2,020 Scotch, and 5,589 Irish; Royal Engineers—3,024 English, 1,108 Scotch, and 108 Irish; Foot Guards—5,640 English, 604 Scotch, and 10,222 Scotch, 33,312 Irish; Army Service Gorps—1,227 English, 260 Scotch, 333 Irish; Army Service Gorps—41 English, 68 Scotch, 199 Irish. General Loyal —17,701 English, 68 Scotch, and 44,092 Irish. THE ROSE.

Live like the rose. So bud, so bloom, In growing beauty live; So sweeton life with the perfume That gentle actions give.

Die like the rose; that, when thou'rt gone, Sweet happy thoughts of thee, 'Y Like fragrant rose-leaves may be strewn Upon thy memory.

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THE BITTER END. By Miss M. E. Braddon-

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

CHAPTER XXII .- (Continued.)

The garden was as eccentric as the house, and arranged for the pleasure and accommodation of the animal creation rather than for the diversion of their masters. There was grotto, or cave of rock-work overarching a pool in which a tame otter dopped about to the inin which a tame otter lopped about to the infinite delight of the Colonel, who loitered a minute or so to feed the beast with fragments of biscuit from the pocket of his Cashmere morning coat. There were eages of birds, artfully placed among the ornamental timber, with a view to cheating those feathered creatures into the belief that they were the denizens of a primeval forest; there were miniature classic temples, and mediaval fortresses one with a bristling row of wine-bottles, nock-outwards, to represent cannon, inhabitable by various dogs, which sprang out to cross the Co-lonel as he passed. There was a portable Chinese pagoda, hung with bells, for the occupation of the Java monkey.

The stables were at the side of the house and here the Colonel's eccentricity had exhibited itself in the conversion of a hay-loft into a billiard-room, accessible only by an external staircase in the Alpine châlet style. He kept a couple of saddle-horses for himself and his daughter, a pony and a basket-chaise (which he called his palki); and his stable-yard was for the most part occupied by a pheasantry. Here they found the groom looking at the pheasants. they found the groom rooming as was generally sufficient dispatched him with a message for Miss Clevedon, and this being done, was free to accommon the Colonel over the Bunto accompany the Colonel over the Bungalow, and to listen to that officer's somewhat prolix histories of various curios and other trophics which adorned the rooms.

Sir Francis was beginning to think they would never arrive at the apartment inhabited by Miss Crusoc, when Colonel Davenant opened an unexpected door in about as inconvenient a corner as a door could be placed in, and introduced his guest into the drawing-room, a small duced his guest into the drawing-room, a small low room with a wide window running along one side of it, and opening into a substantially-built verandab, larger and loftier than the apartment itself, and paved with variously-coloured titles. The room proper held only a piano, a few easytphairs, and a coffee-table or two; but the regardsh or appear, was large enough to the verandah or annex, was large enough to accommodate plenty of chairs and ottomans, on one of which a young lady was seated, dressed in white muslin, reading a novel, with a couple of dogs at her feet.

This was Miss Crusoe, who put down her book and rose to greet her father with a charmming smile—a smile which she extended in a modified degree to Sir Francis Clevedon upon his being presented to her. Seeing her for the first time unshadowed by the umbrella, Sir Francis decided that Miss Davenant was even prettier than he had supposed. The bright iquant face, with its gray eyes and dark lashes ; the rippling brown hair, brushed loosely back from a broad white forehead, and breaking into mutinous curls here and there; the slim swanlike throat, and the lofty carriage of the head, seemed to him perfectly beautiful. He made a kind of breakneck plunge into some rather commonplace observations about the Bungalow, the Bungalow gardens, and the Bungalow zoological collection; but felt himself less at his case than usual; and was relieved presently to find himself scated upon an ottoman, making friends with the youthful deerhound, who was of a gregarious temper, and getting on very tolerably with Miss Davenant.

Georgie her father called her. What a pretty thought Sir Francis. She had a somewhat boyish frankness of manner, not harsh, or coarse or masculine, but certainly boyish: the gracibeen at a boarding-school, or even under the milder sway of a governess at home; she had grown up like one of the flowering plants that took their own way in the Colonel's jungle; masters had come to the Bungalow on certain days to teach her their several arts, and for the rest her father had educated her-or not edu-

cated her—us the case might be.
Sir Francis stayed to dinner, and stayed till eleven o'clock that night, by which hour he and Miss Davenant seemed to have known each other quite a long time. The Colonel told a few longish stories of Indian warfare, gave a slight sketch of Lieutenant-general Davenant's (his father's) career in the Peninsula, which lasted an hour or so, and otherwise beguiled the evening with agreeable converse. Sir Francis was of course attentive to those narrations, but he contrived between whiles to find out a good deal about Georgie's tastes and habits : when she rode, where she rode, whether she competed for prizes at local flower-shows, or visited the poor, or devoted herself exclusively

to the brute creation.

He found that she did a little of everything, except exhibiting any specimens of her horti-cultural skill at the flower-shows.

" I give the prizes sometimes at the cottage flower shows," she said, "but things don't grow in our greenhouse quite as well as they might, Sometimes Tufto scratches them up—you know very well you do, you wicked Tufto !"—shaking her head at the deerhound—" or Pedro—the monkey, you know—knocks over the pots with his tail. Grant, our gardener, is quite unhanhis tail. Grant, our gardener, is quite unhappy about it; but the fact is, flowers and animals do not get on very well together."

" My sister has a passion for flowers; goes in tremendously for ferns, and that kind of thing; and has stuffed her poor little head as full of their names as if she was a perambulating be-tanical dictionary. She had just begun build-ing a fern-house, which is to be all dark-green glass, and she means to do wonders in that line. I hope you and she will be good friends." "I have no doubt I shall like her very

" Will you call upon her, or shall she come

to you?"
"Just as she pleases. I am not at all particular about forms and ceremonies."

"She shall come to-morrow, then, although you are the oldest inhabitant."

"Thanks. I shall be so pleased to see her.

"Thanks, I shall be so pleased to see her.
Is she fond of animals?"

"I hardly know. I think I ought to answer as the man did who was asked if he could play the fiddle. He didn't know, as he had never tried. Sibyl has not had any opportunity of developing her taste for the brute species. She only finished her education a year or so ago, at a convent in Bruges; and since then she has been travelling with me. But I daresay she has a latent taste for dogs and monkeys."

"I don't think she can help liking Pedro," Miss Davenant replied naively, with an affectionate glance towards the warmest corner of the little drawing-room, where that luxurious animal, the Java monkey, was coiled up on a

sheepskin rug.
Sir Francis rode homeward by moonlight, very well pleased with the eccentricities of the

Bungalow.
"Sinclair was right," he said to himself. "The Colonel is a capital fellow. I wish his stories of the Punjab and the Peninsula were a trifle shorter. But that's a detail. What a lovely face it is! Georgie—Georgie—Georgie Davenant!" The name repeated itself over again, in time with the tramp of his horse's hoofs, like an old rhyme.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"FOR LIFE, FOR DEATH."

Miss Clevedon drove over to the Bungalow on the following afternoon. She was one of those nice casy-tempered girls who are always ready to cultivate any one their brothers may happen to admire; not a girl to place stumb-ling-blocks across a brother's path to matrimony, from any selfish desire to preserve to her-self the advantages of his bachelorhood. It was very nice to reign over such a mansion as Clevedon Hall; but Sibyl had no genius for housekeeping, and she felt that as a country squire it was Francis' bounden duty to take unto himself a wife.

At breakfast Francis was full of his dinner

at the Bungalow: the fountain; the cook looking out of the window; all the ins and outs, and ups and downs of the house, improved by the Colonel's architectural fancies; the zoological collection; the old soldier himself, with his long stories and vehement epithets; and fi-

nally Miss Davenant.

"Is she pretty?" Sibyl asked curiously. "I think her remarkably pretty. I don't know whether she has a classical profile, a don't know whether she has a classical profile, a Grecian nose coming straight down from her forchead, or anything of that kind; in fact, I rather think her nose has a slight upward tendency; or it may be the way she holds her head—as high as if she were a princess of the blood royal. In short, you see, Sibyl, I can't positively say whether she is regularly heautiful; but if you take into consideration her cyes—which are splendid—and her expression, and vivacity, and a kind of it no cais quadishand vivacity, and a kind of je ne tais quoi-ishness, you cannot fail to admit that she is a lovely girl."

"Good gracious, Francis, what a confused description: splendid eyes, and a turned-up nose, and her head stuck up in a conceited way!"

"No, Sibyl, I didn't say in a conceited way. She has no more conceit than patient Griz

"Bother patient Grizzle!" Miss Clevedon exclaimed contemptuously; "I never had any patience with that ridiculous creature. Of course a man wrote the story—it was like him to do it, just to show what foolish sheep-like beings you would like us to be,—and it never was true. Does also dress well?" was true. Does she dress well ?"
"Patient Grizzle ?"

"No, sir. This paragon of yours, who isn't pretty, and yet is."

"I really can't venture to express my opinion on such an important question as that

She had a white gown and a green umbrella, and looked nice." "A white gown and a green umbrella I what an absurd young woman I I don't wonder Mr. Wort turned up his nose at these Davenants."

Wort turned up his nose at these Davenants."

"Now, there's no use in trying to be disagreeable, Sibyl; it isn't your métier. Miss Davenant is a charming girl, and I'm sure you'll this, his latest, love ran on velvet, and little by like her as much as-

" As much as what sir ?" " As much as I do.

"What, Francis, again?"
This "again" had relation to certain passages in Sir Francis' past life. He had not reached his twenty-seventh year without fall-ing in love a few times on the way; he had indeed, been in and out of love, as a rule, about once in a twelvementh; and his sister, in whom he had been wont to confide, had no profound faith in the constancy of his fancies. A man who has a fair estate, the world all before him, and no particular occupation, is apt to be rather hard hit by any pretty face that

may flit across his pathway.

"I think you ought to plead like those grotto-boys who besieged our carriage in London the other day, Francis, "It's only once a year." Pray, is Miss Davenant prettier than Euphrasic Lamont, the Spanish-looking beauty you fell in love with at the convent?

"What I that little tawny dwarfish thing?" "O, Francis i you raved about her."
Did I? She was well enough, I daresay,

for a little ono; but this girl is as tall as—as Helen of Troy." How do you know that Helen was tall ?" " Tennyson says so-

> "divinely tall And most divinely fair."

O, I'm sure of it. Of course Helen was tall: ou can't fancy Clytemnestra a little woman they were sisters, you know."
"What a horrid family!"

"Well, yes, they were rather a queer lot, answering to some of our English nobility—a taint in that blood, I suppose. I think I remember that little Lamont girl had fine eyes, but such a duodecimo-ish creature. Lady Clevedon must be tall."

"Lady Clevedon! Has it come to that?" "It has come to nothing, except—another cup of toa, if you please. You are going to call upon Miss Davenant, and see the zoological collection this afternoon."

"But oughtn't she to call upon me first?"

" I don't know anything about the oughts of the case. But you are going this afternoon told her so."

Miss Clevedon submitted with a protty little grimace, and drove off to the Bungalow directly after luncheon, enjoying not a little the novel splendour of her barouche and two monservants.

The visit was altogether a success. Sibyl admired all the eccentricities of house and garden, and the two girls were delighted with each other, swearing an undying friendship on the spot, as it were. After this call the Colo-nel and his daughter rode over to the Hall one morning; whereby Sir Francis had the oppor-tunity of seeing Georgina Davenant in her habit, which became her above any other gar-ment, and also of showing the old house and grounds to his new friends, the inventive Colo-nel suggesting an alteration in every room they entered. ontered.

" Invention—construction, perhaps I should say, is my forte, sir," he said. "If this house were mine, I'd make it the finest in England."
" But it is so already, papa—one of the finest, I should think," replied Georgie.

" Undoubtedly, my dear; but its capabilities finestered with provinces."

of improvement are enormous. That oriel window over the hall-door, for instance. Very fine, no doubt; but why not have oriel window along the whole range of your front, instead of these flat things? Then there's the groined roof in the dining-hall, sombre to the last degree; cut away all that antiquated woodwork, and paint your ceiling blue, picked out with gold stars. Then you have those open colon-nudes youder; a more waste of space; fill them in with violet-coloured plate-glass, and make one a smoking-divan and the other a billiardroom. That's what I call bringing modern enlightenment to bear upon Elizabethan inca-

pacity."

"I think I prefer Elizabethan shortcomings to Victor an improvements, Colonel,"Sir Francis observed, smiling. "I should hardly care to change the character of the place."

"Prejudice, my good sir; the English mind all over. Your true-born Englishman will go on enduring any amount of inconvenience rather than infringe a set of arbitrary rules made by some dunder-headed architect. Character, indeed! Where's the character in my house? Yet I think you'll admit it's comfortable."

"I most freely admit that it is a delightful house," said Sir Francis, with a little stolen

glance at Georgie.

"Of course everybody admits that it's comfortable; but you should have heard the opposition I had to encounter from officious asses sition I had to encounter from officious asses
who call themselves my friends while I was
building. "You mustn't have your kitchen in
the middle of your house," says ono; "you'll
smell your dinner!" And I like to smell my
dinner, I told the blockhead; I like to know
what I'm going to have, and to prepare my
mind for it. "You can't have one bedroom
upon one level, and another bedroom upon an
other level" remarked an officious idiot. "Can't other level," remarked an officious idiot. "Can't 1?" said 1; "I'll show you whether I can or not. If I want my dining-room loftier than my drawing-room, it shall be loftier; and I'll have every one of my bedrooms upon different levels, to spite you." You mustn't have one side of your house higher than another," said that prince of fools, the builder's foreman;
"for if you do, your chimneys will smoke."
"Then my chimneys shall smoke," said I; and
they do—when the wind's in the west; but I've got a German stove or two to remedy that; and I've had my own way."

After this came many interchanges of civility between Clevedon Hall and the Bungalow. Sir Francis organised drives and excursions to various points of attraction in the picturesque line, in which the Colonel and his daughter consented to join, with pleasant returns in the sunset to the Hall or the Bungalow for a half-past-eight o'clock dinner. The two girls, Sibyl and Georgie, were sworn friends; English country-house life was new to Miss Clevedon, and Miss Davenant was able to advise and enlighten her upon many questions. She wanted to do some small amount of good among the poor round Clevedon; and Georgie, who with her dogs was a familiar visitor in many humble household about the Wells, and had a wonderful knack for getting on with poor people, vo-lunteered to set her in the way of being useful.

If Sibyl began by protesting against Fran-cis's subjugation, she ended by almost worshiplittle the fact came home to him that this last born passion was something serious. He had been doubtful of himself at first, remembering those former episodes in his life, and how he had more than once seemed to be very far gone. But no, this was the real thing ; he had admired a good many pretty women in his time, but mind, heart, and soul had never been held in bondage as they were now by Georgie Davenant. The bright frank face with its innocent young beauty, the proud generous na-ture which unconciously revealed itself in trifles, what more need he desire in the woman who was to share and brighten his existence? He watched Sibyl and Georgic's growing affec-tion for each other with delight. His only sis-ter was very dear to him, and it would have distressed him if his choice of a wife had brought about any lessening of the bond between them. It would have seemed a hard thing to him if he had brought a wife home to Cle vcdon Hall who would have made the place anything less than a home to his sister.

He looked back upon those bygone flirts-

tions as so many glorious escapes. What if he had flung himself away matrimonially upon one of those fallen idols, and come home to Clevedon bound by the fetters of an injudicious marringe—come home to behold his "fate" in Georgio Davenant?" "She would have been fatal to me, let me meet her when I might," he said to himself. O, the anguish of meeting that radiant creature too late t

For a man so completely his own master, the process of wooing is apt to go swiftly. There was no ground for hesitation or delay; and before these two young people had known each other a fortnight, it might have been tolerably clear to the eye of a competent observer, that the admiration was mutual. In their confidential discourse Sibyl now and then ventured on a leading question, and had con-trived thus to discover the state of her friend's affections. Georgie was not engaged, that she admitted without hesitation.

"I am so glad, dear," cried Sibyl.
"But why ?" Miss Davenant inquired, blasi

ing a little.







"O, I really, can scarcely say why. But I am glad. An engaged girl is always so taken up with her lover, and never seems to think of anything except what she is going to do after she is married; in short, an engaged girl is hardly any good for a friend. And I like you so much, darling, and want to have you all to myself.

Miss Clevedon, whose conventual education and foreign life had given her few opportuni-ties of learning the equestrian art, was glad to ride with Georgie Davenant, who was as peer-less in the saddle as Di Vernon, and as good a whip as if she had been a member of the house Under this gentle guidance, also, Si byl learnt to drive a pair of rather spirited brown cobs, without feeling in mortal terror and blind uncertainty as to what the cobs might take it into their heads to do. were very happy together, and the two bright girlish faces grew to be welcome in the pretty cottages round Clevedon, a part of Kent in which the rustic population is lodged with a certain luxury of architecture, dainty gothic cottages, with a neat half acre of garden and orchard, dotting the well-kept high-roads here

So things went on their smooth course, as things to go now and then for the favoured ones of this world, until one bright October morning, towards the end of the month, when he had known her more than ten weeks—an age of hope and happiness—Sir Francis, beguiling his idle morning with a gallop in Felsted Wood, overtook Miss Davenant, who happened to laveridden that way for her daily airing, on her gray Arab Selim, attended by the most dis-creet of grooms, a gray-moustached old lancer, whom the Colonel had taken from his own re-

giment.
The syce, as the Colonel insisted on calling him, fell back out of earshot as Sir Francis ac-costed his young mistress, and the lovers rode on side by side, over the fullen fir-cones, through the spicy atmosphere, radiant with youth and

hope, like Lancelot and Guinivere.
It was the old, old story, told in the frankest, manliest words that ever came straight from the heart of a speaker. They rode out of the pine-wood plighted to each other, " for life, for

(To be continued.)

SHOT IN THE BACK.

My real name I will not mention, as I have relations in a better class of life than myself, who would be ashamed of me; however, the name of Thomas Brown, which I enlisted under twenty years ago, and have borne ever since, is not mine. My father, who was a Suffolk farmer, as his father and grandfather and greatgrandfather had been before him for I don't know how long, had two children—mysell, and my sister Annie, who was a year younger than I was. I have not got a single childish reminiscence unconnected with my sister. The bond between us got no weaker as we grew up, and we took—I to the farming she to the dairy and general housekeeping. Of course, when I was about twenty I had a sweetheart; but that made no difference, for Annie was fond of her too, and leved to hear me talk about her. She had no love of her own; for though many young farmers in the neighborhood tried to make up armors in the heighnormood tried to make up to her, she did not think them good enough; and the only young fellow who seemed to lit her fancy was a Mr. Ashley, a friend of our handlords, who used to come down into these parts for the shooting. He was a boy of about lifteen when I first remember seeing him, and then he came to our house to livel, and my then he came to our house to lunch, and my father went with him over the farm to show him where the game lay. He returned every year after this, and always called on us when he shot over that part of the estate, and seemed

very fond of chatting with Annie.

When I was twenty-two, my father died, and I look on the farm, Annie keeping house for me till I should be married, which was not to be for a couple of years, my intended being a good deal younger than I was, and her purents not wishing her to marry until I had proved that I could manage the farm. I was content to wait, with a sister I was so fond of to make a home for me; and after we had recovered from the shock of our father's death, all went on happily enough till the shooting season came round, and with it Mr. Ashley, who was new always beating over our farm, and whom I suspected of prowling about the house while I was away; and plenty of it, the company jolly, and no prosfor Amio became nervous and absent, and often had a forced manner about her when he came in of an evening. At the end of October, however, he left the country, and during the following winter I forgot all about him, and was happy.

One afternoon in the following May I had started off on horseback for the town, intending to spend the evening with the family of the girl I was courting; but happening to meet a neighboring farmer, who wanted to see some very fine barley I had for seed, I rode back for a sample of it. The house was, as I said, an old-fashloned building, surrounded by a moat, and was situated at some little distance from the furni-yard, from which it was hidden by a copse, so that my return in the stables was unnoticed. Being in a hurry, I did not call for any one to hold my horse, but dismounted, throw my reins ou to a hook in the stable wall, and walked up to the house. As I passed the bridge crossing the moat, I say a woman's through the shrubbery of the little garder and looking after it, purceived that it was my sister, walking with a man. Thinking that perhaps some one had called, whom I might wish to see, I struck the path, and soon came up with them. Annie's companion was sumtering along with his arm round her waist, his head bent over her, talking low; in another moment they stopped, and their lips mot. At the sound of my footsteps they sprang asunder, and I was face to face with Mr. Ashley. Ho was rather disconcerted at first, but soon reco You did not expect to see me, ch? I am stay-ing in this neighborhood, and thought I would look you up. How are the young birds gotting ou?

"Aunic!" said I, "you had better go in;" and she went towards the house, her face hidder and she went towards the house, nor lace induced in her hands, inking no notice of Ashley, who called after her, "Don't go, Annie; what right has your brother over you? Do you know," he added to me, as she disappeared, "your manner is very offensive?"

"One word," I answered. " Are you here as my sister's accepted lover?"

That is rather a delicate question;" and he shrugged his shoulders.
"Come, no evasion," said I. "Are you going

to take my sister for your lawful wife ?- yes or

lie locked me full in the face, and burst into a succring laugh, which made my temples throb again with passion, as he replied,—"Well, upon my word; I have heard that you and your family thought no small beer of yourselves; but

I did not think you would carry conceit as far

as that, either."

" Come, hands off "-I had seized him by the sollar. "It is a more question of damages; much—"

He did not complete the sentence; for, unable

to contain myself any longer, I struck him with the hunting-whip I held in my hand double-thonged. Do you think, sir, that a man in a thonged. Do you think, sir, that a man in a very violent rage is possessed with a devil? I have often fancied that I was at that time; my eyes swam, my brain recled, my right arm seemed somehow to swing independently of my seemed somehow to swing independently of my will as I went on flogging him. He swore, threatenest, entreated, grovelled before one—oh, how delicious that was—and still I lashed on, till his clothes were cut to ribbons. Once, in the strength of his pain, he tore himself from my grasp, and sprang at me; but I knocked him down with my fist, and he lay feint and motionless. Then a feeling of shame came over me at beating one who was so helpless in my hands so merellessly; and I threw cold water over his face, helped him to his dog-cart, which was walting for him in a lane skirting the farm, and shunk home like a criminal. There was one comfort—such a thrashing would probably keep the young puppy off for the

There was one comfort—such a thrushing would probably keep the young puppy off for the father; but still, I need not have gone so far.

When I reached the house, I found Annle in hysteries—crying, very low. I did what I could to rouse her, and showed her that Ashley was a rascal, whom she was not to think about any more; but that only made her worse, so I left her acone thinking she would gone a count. her alone, thinking she would come around in a day or two. But time passed and her melan-tholy increased. I never guessed the truth till it was thrust upon me.

I took my sister away to London, by night and settling in a small lodging there, proceeded to dispose by agent of the remainder of my case, together with the stock, &c., of the form and this brought us enough to live on for the present. Though I did not desert my sister, I fear that my manner towards her was cold and harsh, especially when I was half-drunk, which was often the case now; for I found that spirits made me feel as if I did not care; and on one occasion, when she lost her buby, I told her— God forgive me!—that it was a good job. She nover forgave me for that, and one day she an-swored me back, when I spoke crossly to her, and I saw that she had discovered and had recourse to my remedy for the blue-devils. After this, we had severel quarrels, and—enough, enough—she grow weary, and left me. Utterly unsettled and reckless, I too went to the had, and, when all my money was drunk out, I enlisted. Being a smart young fellow, and pretty well educated, I soon got made lance-corporal, I cornaral, lance-grount. corporal, lance-sergeant, sergoant; for though I never lest the propensity for drink which I got while in London, I was not so infatuated as to be unable to restrain my appetite when it could not be indulged with safety. For the rest, a soldier's life suited me well enough, though it was not so stirring at that time as I should have liked; still, there was a good deal of change of seen, moving about as we did from place to place, and country to country; and as time went on I thought less of what had passed, until the year 18—, when we were ordered out to Canada, and my captain, who had been living beyone his means, exchanged into a regiment going to

We were on parado at Plymouth, and I had just finished calling over the names of my com-pany, when my new captain came up, and i faced and saluted him. It was Ashloy! He turned deadly pale on recognising me, and an expression of intense hate passed over his eyes and mouth; but he soon recovered himself, and neither then nor afterwards, with the exception of one occasion, did he over utter a word in reference to the past.

But after a few weeks bad passed, I saw that he was spiting me; for though I had hitherto got on well enough under an officer who saw that I knew my duty, and did it well as a whole, still a man given to pleasure and jolity as I was could not avoid a few slips, and of these my new captain took advantage with devilish ingenuity: so that I, who until now had borne as good a character as any non-commissioned off-cer in the regiment, was always in hot water, and began to be looked upon as a man who was going wrong. This was the more marked, because a sergeant in my company, named Smith, who had struck up a great friendship with me, who shared all my scrapes, and led me into the most serious of them, was a special favorite of Captain Asthey's, and never came in for a re-primand. It was safe to be a losing game for the inferior, this match between master and man; but still it was upwards of a year before I made a fatal error.

It was one night in Hallfax, when the weather

pect of duty, that I forgot my usual caution, and got regularly drunk.—The news was taken to the enemy, who did not let such an opportunity slip. On some pretext, he sent for me to the mess-room where the colonel and all the officers were assembled after dinner, and the night air made me so helpless, that I disgraced my-self, got put under arrest, tried by court-martial, and reduced to the ranks.

There was a fellow in our regiment named larrison, a wild, devil-may-care sort of follow, but shrewd and well-educated; for he had been a medical student at one time; and as he and I were of a better class, and had more education than others, we were a good deal together. This man asked me to take walk with him one after noon, and when we were quite alone, turned round upon me, and said abruptly, "Brown, what have you done to Captain Ashley?"
"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you know that I acted as his servant last week, while Jones was in hospital. On Saturday afternoon, when the captain was out I went up to his barrack-room to see if he wanted anything."

"While he was out?"

"Hum! I also thought I might see if there was a spare drop of anything to be got at easy, and while I was looking in the cupboard I heard footsteps outside the door, and had just time to slip into the bedroom, when Capt. Ashley and Sergeant Smith entered, and began talking about you. I did not catch all that was said, but I heard the captain say this distinctly, "Well, then, Smith, it is agreed; youshall have a hundred pounds down on the day Brown is seized up at the triangles," And soon after they wont away, without discovering me. Now, I ask, what have you done to him?"

"I had a quarrel with him years ago, before

enlisted, and I gave him a thrashing." I re-"Whew! He has made up his mind to have

his revenge, and he will, too, if you don't take care. What do you intend to do?" "I don't know; take my chance, I suppose."

"Better take a trip to the States."

"I have thought of that, too, only I hate descring my colours." "Nonsense! I am going, and want a compa-

on. Come with me."
We were quartered just then within a hundred miles of the boundary between Canada and the United States, and descritions were frequent, and generally successful. The temptation was great, and I soon made up my mind. Directly we could raise the money, we bought second.

hand labourers' clothes, which we hid in a wood lying outside the town, and when all our pre-parations were complete, we set out one moon less night, scaled the barrack-wall, disinterred our disgulses, buried our uniforms and started for the land where we hoped to find freedom and fortune. We walked all that night, all the next day, then, after a few hours' sleep, or again, meeting with no interruption till we were

close upon safety, and then we were stopped.
Whether it was bad luck, whether the many
desertions which had taken place had caused excessive watchfulness, or whother, in the per-petual close observance of all my movements by Captain Ashley's sples, my intentions had been discovered, I know not; but just as we came in sight of the haven of our hopes, a picket came down upon us. We fought all we could; but in a minute poor Harrison had impaled himself on a bayonet, and I was overpowered

I was carried back to my regiment, and after i short time was once more tried by court-mar that; and now I thought seriously of laying be fore the court what had happened between Captain Ashley and myself, how that officer had hunted me down, and the conversation overheard by Harrison between him and Sergeant Smith; but if I dld that my real name, my sister's shame, must all be made public, and I shrank from such an exposure. So I held my tongue, and was sentenced to be flogged. I set my teeth close, and lightened every nerve, as beard the cat whistling through the air; but i was all I could do to help screaming when it out into the flesh. I had expected path, but had not upon my back, and was tightening his grasp, antil his scorching talons penetrated my very entralls. But I conquered—not a cry escaped me; and after the first three dozen, my flesh became numb, and my task of endurance more

But in that furnace of agony I moulded a parpose, the aim of my after-life; and when at last I was cast off; I turned to where he stood, saluted him, and said "Captain Ashley, thank you, sir!" and he turned as pale as a sheet. About a week afterwards Captain Ashley vi-

allows a week interwards Capana Associated the hospital where I lay, and as he passed my bed he stooped down, and said in a low tone, "Whipping for whipping, private Brown."

"Yes, sir," I answered; "It is your game this

time. I wonder it I shall ever have another chance?" And those were the first words allud-ing to past events we had ever exchanged, the last we ever spoke to each other at all,

When I got well and returned to my duty, my conduct was quite changed; never was there such a wonderful instance of the effect of corporal punishment. I became a reformed man, winning golden opinions from my officers-for was removed to another company; soher, at tentive, with a particular turn for masketry. practice, which caused me to be the best shot

in the regiment.
I might often have killed him; I might have sent my ramped through him at a review, or even have stepped out of the ranks and bayon-oted him on parade; but then I should have been punished for the act, which would have given him the last blow, and made my revenge very imperfact; so with the aid of temperance, I resisted a thousand temptations, and bided my time. It was a long time in coming, and I began to grow mondy and uncommentouslic. egan to grow moody and uncompanionable when an event occurred which acted on my

spirits like rum.
The Russian war broke out!
For the next few mouths I led the life of a gambler watching the chances; I feared lest my enemy should show the white feather, and leav the regiment, or get staff appointment, and quit the regiment. Then reports were rife that peace would be established without a battle being fought, or that the war would be settled by the navy. But all these fears were unfounded: Captain Ashley remained within my reach, and

we landed in the Crimea.

The morning of Alma broke, and now I had only one fear left—I dreaded lest a Russian bullet should rob me of my prey; his death was nothing if he did not meet it at my hands, have often thought that it was strange that I did not relent when I found myself fighting on the same side as himself against a common enemy; strange that I, who had been plously brought up, fealt no fear at meeting death face to face with my heart full of revenge;—but so it was—the courage with which he led on his company struck me with no admiration; the probability of my being myself hit never occur-red to me. Vengennee for my sister; vengennee for myself; to that eager yearning the destinies of nations, the lives of thousands, the fate of my commides, were but accessory and immaterlat. I was glad when the shells, bursting I cheered for joy when the line. broken into a mob by grape, surged back from the Russian batteries; for then I found my op-portunity. Through all the fire, stucke, blood and confusion I had nover lost sight of him, and I rejoiced to see that he was still uninjured, rejoiced to see that he was still uninjured, as I raised my musket, and carefully sighted him between the shoulders. I pressed the trigger;

he throw up his arms, and felion his face When the war was over we went to India, and there I got a bullet through the lungs, was an invalid, ponsioned, and here I am, dying in my bed, not at the end of a rope .- Temple Bar

LONELINESS OF FARMING LIFE.

An American traveller in the Old World notices, among the multitude of things that are new to his eye, the gathering of agricultural populations into villages. He has been accustomed in his own country, to see them distributed upon the farms they cultivate. The isolated farm-life, so universal here, either does not exist at all in the greater part of continental Eu-rope, or it exists as a comparatively modern institution. The old populations, of all callings and professions, clustered together for self-defence, and built walls around themselves. Out from those walls, for miles around, went the tillers of the soil in the morning, and back into the gates they thronged at night. Cottages were clustered around found easiles, and grew into towns; and so Europe for many centuries was cultivated mainly by people who lived in villages and cities, many of which were walled, and all of which possessed appointments of defence. The early settlers in our own country took the same means to defend themselves from the treacherous Indian. The towns of Hadley, Hatfield, Northfield, and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, are notable examples to this kind of building; and to this day they remain villages of agriculturalists. That this is the way in which farmers ought to live, we have no question, and we wish to say a few words about

There is some reason for the general disposition of American men and women to shun agricultural pursuits, which the observers and philosophers have been slow to find. We see young men pushing everywhere into trade, into me-chanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried posi-tions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there.

find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheapor fare. There they stay, and starve, and stoken, and slak. Young women resort to the shops and the factories, rather than take service in farmer's houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable with mechanics and tradesmen, who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and in New England at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and in seme localities, degraded in quality and character.

acgraded in quality and chiracter.
It all comes to this, that isolated life has very
little significance to a social being. Especially
is this the case with the young. The youth of
both sexes who have seen nothing of the world, have an overwhelming desire to meet life and be among the multitude. They feel their life to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards. and the pulsations of the great social heart that comes to them in rushing trains and possing steamers and daily newspapers, damp with the dews of a hundred brows, thrill them with longligs for the places where the rythide throb is fell and heard. Thoy are not to be blumed for this. It is the most natural thing in the world, If all of life were labor—If the great object of life were the scraping together of a few deliars more or less—why, isolation without diversion would be economy and profit; but so long as the object of life is life, and the host, and purest, and happiest that can come of it, all needles solution is a crime agains! the soul, in that it is a surrender and sacrifice of noble opportuni-

We are, therefore, not sorry to see farms growing larger, provided those who work them will get nearer together; and that is what they ought to do. Any farmer who plants himsel and lds family ulone—far from any possible neighbors—takes upon himself a terrible res-ponsibility. It is impossible that he and his should be well developed and thoroughly happy should be well developed and thoroughly happy there. He will be forsaken in his old age by the very children for whom he has made his great sacrifice. They will fly to the towns for the social food for which they have been starving. We nover hear of a colony settling down on a Western prairie without a thrill of pleasure. It is in edonles that all ought to settle, and be without a starving settler than on somether that fitters. and in vilinges rather than on separated farms. The meeting, the lecture, the public amuse-ment, the social assembly, should be things easily reached. There is no such damper upon free social life as distance. It the social life of the farmer were richer, his life would by that measure be the more attractive.

After all, there are farmers who will read this article with a sense of affront or injury, as if by doubting or disputing the sufficiency of their social opportunities we insult them with a sort of contempt. We assure them that they canno afford to treat thoroughly sympathetic counsel in this way. We know that their wives and daughters and sons are on our side, quarrel with us as they may; and the women and children are right. "The old man," who rides to market and the post-office, and mingles more or loss with the world, gets along telerably well; but i is the stayers at home who suffer. Instead of growing wiser and better as they grow old, they lose all the graces of life in unmenning drudgery, and instead of ripening hamind and heart, they shaply dry up and decay. We are fully salisted that the great curse of farming life in America is its isolation. It is useless to say that men shun the farm because they are lazy. The American is not a lazy man anywhere, but he is social, and he will fly from a life that is not social to one that is. If we are to have a larger and better population devoted to agriculture, isolation must be shunned, and the whole policy of settlement hereafter must be controlled a greatly modified by social considerations.—Dr. J. G. Holland, in Social considerations.

(For the Heurthetone.) HOME COURTESY.

Much of the true happiness of domostic life is lost from non-conformity with the rules of politeness. The many disagreeables daily and hourly occurring between individuals at one circle might be entirely avoided if strict de-corum in action and speech wore rigidly observed; even the civil courts might close their doors—lacking patronage—as a breach of cour-teons laws must of necessity occurers the many angry words, resulting in a quarrel, and the

final appeal to judicial settlement. Husbands, hearken to conscionce—is your wife at the present time the recipient of those minor acts of courtesy—little in themselves, and taking naught from your boarded wealth, yet to the affectionate partner afferding more inp-piness and content than all the riches of Crosus. I again ask, do you extend the same courteous conduct now as in the days when you, seeing her surrounded by other admirers, deemed no action on your part too onerous if she was only won at last? No, the voice, silent but true, condemns. Other men's wives now receive such attentions, and even young misses in their teens; whilst the true wife with inward purity shuns even the slightest overt act from male friends. Cortainly there are a few married men who are content to Jog along in the old primitive style, thinking the wife and children all in all, and studying by every act of courtesy to make others of like mind. Then, again, look at brothers blessed with sis for it is a boon to be raised in a family of girls, never mind who says to the contrary; it tones down the ruggedness of musculinity, and brings into action the finer and more sacred feelings of their nature. Yet how few act with becoming deference towards the sisters of their childhood, even in public, where the doings and myings of individuals are mercilessly criticised. How enger are they in courteous acts of devo-

tion towards other's sisters.

A word to young maidens. Ere you finally lecide in the most important event of your life ook well how he esteems his own female relatives. A man cannot be altogether worthle If lik tender deference to the fair sex is sincere women of minds of the least astutones will soon probe its depths. Remember the old axiom, "familiarity breeds contempt."

Let the first lessons of courtesy be instilled in the nursery, when in close intimacy with brothers, sisters and nurses; let no breach of politoness be permitted, and after years will its fruits. A courteous family will possess more influence amongst friends than one at a first glance will acknowledge. How calm and peacoful is such a home; no jars or saccring words are ever heard, and in fact it's a haven of rost, what the Creator ordained the family nome should be.

home should be.
But, says one, I have no time to study etiquotte,—this is the working man's plea. Nobody wishes you to expend ten cents upon a
book—most times uscless,—'nt in triffing acts of affection towards your wae, in the trilling but numberless actions of your home life which will arise in response to your newly intored brain. Why should not the working men of and Dominion be as much gendemen in do-

portment as our members of the charmed "upper ten?" Courteons conduct is a sure type of good breeding, and will make its way in my society. The world soon acknowledges worth, and the more highly educated appreciate at its proper value this question of home courtesy. I say home courtesy because if true politeness is the order of the day within its four walls, every member going out into life must of necessity carry some of this cultured training. Would that every young man and maiden ambitions of preferment in the world's race regarded at a right estimate the value of home courtesy.

LIZZIE BRANSON.

A RHYMED RECIPE FOR LOBSTER SALAD.

The following recipe for Lobster Salad, à la Del-ganico, we find in the Boston Transcript : Some learned gourmand, in describing a dish, Has shrewdly observed, you must first cotch your

fish:
And the same thought I guess 'cross your noddles will lob, sir.
Whene'er you would compound a Salad of Lebster.

The which, in Delmunice's style to do well, Get first a young lobster that plump fills bis shell; Of the masualine gender let it be without fail, Then amputate both of his legs and his tail.

The meat from the same then extract if you can, Cut into small cubes and put in a same pan; Add a wine-glass of port, which you'll find of much As well as a dozon plump oysters and juice.

Of good Chili vinnigre two wine glasses put One sponfial of catsup, mushroom and walnut; Anchovies one sponful, two tomators in slice. Six shollots, a handful of virious spice.

Of fine table sait I should say that in reason One good table-spoonful the whole pan would season; Then o'er a slow fire the same put to stew, 'T will take half an hour exactly to do.

Then out from the pun the cubes you may scoop, And lay them one side, away from the soup, Having followed these rules, you will find, as I trust, I have been very clear in my expansions.

Now, secondly, take the rich tom-ally green, And also a wine glass of cow's choice-f cream; Then down to the same pain ugain you must stoop, And ladle from thence two wine-glasses of soup.

Of cayenne a teaspoon, one ditto of sail, Which, and a minute I pray let us hall, While those good things completely you mix: Which finishes curely your second grand fix.

Take, thirdly, two yolks of the cass of a pullet. And holi till they're almost as hard as a bullet; With these a clean dish you must not fear to soil. And three wine-glasses add of pure olive oil.

Of the best French mustard one table spoon add. A traspoon of Yankee, more easily had; Annikamate all, as you would do a custard, And never stop stirring till it all books like mustard.

When it does, add the mixture of ally and cream, And amalgamate all, till combined they shall seen And then let us breathe just a minute or more, Ere I finish the dish in rule number four.

Fourth-Rinse well your lettuce in clear and cold water,
To make the dish crisp: I tell you, you noight to.
And now have your saind dish placed on the tray,
And break the crisp lettace quite small, that's the

Now a layer of lettuce to the dish introduce. Then a layer of onlies, which are free from the laice; Altograths thus, and thus still progressing. Each lightly laid in; and o'er all your the dressing.

For thirty long minutes the grand dish must remain, Standing still; but of this you'll not surely complain. At the end of which time, you will pleasu bear in mind. mind, That 'tis finished I and all its ingredients combined.

Now when to this dish, with an appetite full, With watering mouth you approach for a pull; Whon your speen enters into the depths of the bowl, I cry, " may in morey the Lord save your soul." NOTE.

Somebody at my elbow cries, Good ... ", the man is baliny!
Why, here's a bowl of salad fit to serve a goodly Tis true, my friend; but stop your cry, nor hold mo in derislon. In derision.

Remember that you learnt at school Proportion and Division.

That's My nov.—I remember, says Dr. Fowler, standing by the surging billows all one weary day, and watching for hours a father strugging beyond in the breakers for the life of his son. They came slowly towards the breakers on a piece of wreck and as they came the wives turned over the piece of float, and they were lost to view. Prosently we saw the father come to the surface and clamber alone to the wreek. And then saw him plunge off into the waves, and thought he was gone; but in a moment he came hack sigain, bringing his boy. Presently they streek another wave, and over they went; and sgain they repeated the present days in they went ever, and again the father resented his son. By and -by, as they swung nearer the shore, they caucht on a sing just out beyond where we could reach them, and for a little time the waves went over them there till we saw the bey in the father's arms, hanging down in helplersness, and knew they must be saved soon or be test.

I shall never forget the gaze of that fallier. draw him from the devouring waves, still clinging to his son, he said: "That's my boy! that's my boy!!" And so I have thought, in hours of darkness whom the hillows roll over me, the Grent Father is reaching down to me, and taking hold of me ... That's my boy!" and I know I am safe.—

Two Kinds of Girls.—There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is the kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dimigration. They differ widely in character. One is trequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sometam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

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Col. Benyon's Entanglement,

which will run for three weeks and be handsomely illustrated by our own artist; Miss Braddon is one of the purest and most powerful writers of English fiction, and we are sure that no one who is now reading "To the Better End" in our paper by that lady, will need any further recommendation for our new story than to say that it is by the the same author, and equally good.

THE TREATY MUDDLE. For some time past so dense a fog has hung over the exact position of the Washington treaty, that it would have puzzled that mythical being the "Philadelphia Lawyer" to tell the precise position of affairs. Now, however, some light appears at last to be breaking through the clouds, and there seems, but little doubt that the treaty will be fully adhered to, by both nations, and arbitration on the Alabama question be at once proceeded with by the Geneva tribunal. The Court of Geneva has adjourned until 26th inst., but, it is tolerably well known that before their adjournment they agreed that the presentation of any claims for indirect damages was not permisable before them. This satisfies the American Government, who claim that they never expected any money but only wanted the question settled, and are just as well pleased one way as the other; and it certainly pleases the English Government as it simply sustains the position which the government, the press and the people assumed from the moment it was known that these "consequential" damages had been presented. It is very pleasant to see both sides satisfied at the decision of a dispute, and we congratulate the Geneva tribunal on having achieved that great feat. We feel confident that the whole Christian world, will offer up a heartful prayer of thanks, at the peaceful solution of a question, which if driven to its dire extremity, would have placed the two foremost nations of the earth at deadly enmity; and probably have lead to great sacrifice of life and treasure on both sides. The mere settlement of the Alabama claims proper is a very secondary consideration compared to the question of indirect damages; one is a question of actual unfriendly acts committed by a neutral, and if it can be proved to the satisfaction of the arbitrators that England committed any unfriendly acts towards the United States, she will make all proper reparation; but the question of indirect damages involves much more than this: it virtually implies that when any two nations go to war, they may at the close of the war bring in a bill of damages,-actual, imaginary and otherwise—against every neutral nation and make them pay the cost of the war, and more too, if possible. An exactly parallel case would be that if two men, fighting on the street were arrested, and fined ten dollars each before the Recorder, they should bring action against every bystander who took no part in the affray but simply looked on, and recover damages from them, simply because they looked on. This whole question of indirect damages was doubtless started—as we stated some two months ago-as a Grant electioneering dodge. and since he has secured his officeholders nomination at Philadeiphia, he no doubt thinks it would tell better in his favor if he could claim having finally settled the vexed and long pending question of the Alabama claims, than by straining after damages which he know it would be impossible to obtain. Wo are confident that the whole American people will feel glad that all traces of difference and difficulty between England and America are now in a fair woy of being swept away; and that hereafter we may be more closely, more firmly, and more fully joined in the bonds of friendliness and good feeling than we have been in the

Europe is supposed to contain 300,000,000 people One hundred years ago the estimate was but 60,000,

might ever use between us again.

PAPER CAR-WHEELS.—A car load of paper wheels for railroad cars was lately shipped from Pittsford, Vt., where they were manufactured, to Detroit. The paper wheel is inclosed in iron plates, belted together, and the tires and flanges are steel.

A Log Drive.—A firm of lumberers in Maine lately ran a drive of nearly five million feet of legs over the falls of Dead River in twenty days. Dead River was alive during twenty days.

A FEW SENSIBLE WORDS.

Consul-General Dart, at the dinner given in honor of Lord Lisgar at Montreal, on 20th inst., in reply to the usual toast, " The President of the United States," made some very sensible remarks on the treaty question, and the relations of Canada to America, which we reproduce from the Gazette's report of the dinner.

***_ " Owing another allegiance, it is a mistake to suppose that I have no interest in Can-ada. Her youth and advancement in popula-tion, in wealth, in the arts and sciences, and in moral and political standing, is in part the property of this North-American Continent. [Applause.] A Continent yet in its infancy, settled at first by the educated and enterprising people of the old world, she has shot up like a meteor, attracting the wonder and admiration of all other nations, all of whom had their origin in barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes, and their present civilization and power has been attained by the slow and almost imperceptible powers of educating our barbarous rice, errors and suppresent civilization and power has been attained by the slow and almost imperceptible powers of educating our barbarous rice, errors and suppresent ducating our barbarous rites, errors and superstitions. Each step in her onward progress, required a generation to achieve. We can say of this North American Continent, in a comparative sense, what Montgomery said of Adam,

Not out of weakness grew his gradual frame, Perfect from his Creator's hand he came."

I trust I may, therefore, claim, although the country I have the honour to represent may have no voice, authoritative or suggestive, in the affairs of this great Dominion, the right, without the possibility of let or hindrance, to point, with appreciation and pride, to your rapid and onward progress as a part of our common achievement. (Cheers.) This is not the occasion, nor am I the proper person to discuss the merits, or mete out pruise or blame, in cuss the merits, or mete out praise or blame, in reference to the present relations existing between my country and your parent State. I cannot, however, refrain from speaking of it in terms suited to the utterance of the philantrophic and the good everywhere. Away in the mountains of Switzerland there is assembled a little courtess, the utterances and delives of little congress, the utterances and doings of which have attracted the breathless attention of which have attracted the breathless attention of the good and the true men and women all over the civilized word. (Hear, hear.) The result of its deliberations are calculated as of more con-sequence than the issue of any battle or combin-ation of battles ever fought. It determines whe-ther it is possible to have a peaceful solution of national difficulties, or whether peace is to be attained only by the butchery of unoffending el-tizens. The circumstances attending that little congress are peculiarly favourable to its happy congress are peculiarly favourable to its happy adjournment. Nations rush into deadly strife. adjournment. Nations rush into deadly strife, while the offended party is smarting under a fresh blow or insult, before the sober second thought can come to the rescue. The United States claim that England has injured her, but at the time it occurred, if it did occur, she was tied to a domestic struggle, and a foreign one was impossible. Both inclions, therefore, had the lapse of years to look each other in the face, and to appeal to reason instead of passion. By this fortunate concurrence of circumstances the this fortunate concurrence of circumstances the idea was given birth to, a little more than a year ago, that this was a proper case for peaceful arbitration. (Hear, hear.) The two nations were allied by blood, language, and religion. A treaty was formed for that purpose, arbitrators chosen, but it was alleged that unexpected and unjust consequential damages had been claimed on the part of the United States. Each nation went to work to fix their consequential claims, so that no award should be made, giving peculiary compensation on account of them. At nlary compensation on account of them this critical period they seem to full to com-prehend each other's language. No such catas-trophe asis claimed to have occurred at Babel, is pretended. Still, it seemed imminent at one time, and may be so still, that heavy artillery would have to be invoked to punctuate an English sentence, so that its true significance could be sentence, so that its true significance could be understood. Should this treaty, so pregnant with the hopes of mankind, fall, from such technicalities, the philantrophic and Christian men and women who are now praying for that assemblage at Genova, will turn from its con-templation with sadder, if not wiser thoughts. If two nations like Great Britain and the United States cannot peacefully settle such difficulties by arbitration, and that, too, under the most by arbitration, and that, too, under the most favourable circumstances, no other nation will be likely to attempt it, (No, no.) Be the result of the present treaty as it may, that idea, so ac-cidentally born, will live. If it has its origin too soon in the world's history, it will be the Polar Star to which the church, the schoolmaster and the missionary, will ever point the English speaking nations, until a generation is horn and

past, and that no chance or shadow of difficulty

is, that the high morality and spirituality of any community depends uniformly on its observance of the Sabbath. We do not believe there is a of the Sabbath. We do not believe there is a deeply religious community. In America, of any name, that does not observe one day in seven as a directally devoted to religion. The carnest tian or Jewish workers everywhere are Sabban-keepers, in their separate ways and days. It is very well to talk about an deveryday Christianity," and better to possess and practice it; but there certainly is precious little of it where the Sabbath is not observed. The religious faculties, sentiments, and susceptibilities, under all schemes and systems of religion, are the subjects of culture, and imperatively are the subjects of culture, and imperatively need the periodical food and stimulus which come with Sabbath institutions and ministries. The providence and permanence of a pure Christianity in this country depend mainly on what can be done for them on Sunday. If the enemies of Christianity could wipe out the Subbath, they would do more to destroy the power of the religion they condemn than all the Renans and Strausses have aver done or can do. They up-Strausses have ever done or can do. They understand this, and their efforts will be directed to this end, through every specious protest, plea,

and plan.

The most religious and carnest of the Catholic clergy of Europe lament the fact that the Sunday of their church and their several countries day of their church and their several countries is a day of amusement. They see, and they publicly acknowledge, that without the English and American Sabbath they work for the spiritual benefit of their people at a sad disadvantage. It is this European Sabbath, or Sanday, which we are told is to come to America at lust through her foreign population. We hope not. We would like to ask those who would rejoice in its advent, how much it has done for the countries where it exists. Go to Italy, France, Spain, Ircland—to any part of Germany, Catholic or Infidel, and find if possible any people so temperate, pure, chaste, truthful and benevolent as the Sabbathkeeping, communities of America. It cannot be done. The theatre, the horse-race, the ball, the cricket-ground, the lager-heer saloon, have nothing in them that can take the place of the institutions of religion. They are established and practiced in the interest of the animal, and not at all in the interest of the moral and intellective tests. not at all in the interest of the moral and intel-lectual side of humanity. They can neither bulki up nor purify. They minister only to thoughtlessness and brutality. So much, then, seems obvious: 1st. That we cannot do without Sunday as a day of physical and mental rest; 2d. That either as a consequence or a concomitant, moral and spiritual improvement goes always with the observance of Sunday as a religious day; and, 3rd. That Sunday, as a day of amusement simply, is profitless to the better and nobler side of human nature and human 116.

Now the questions relating to the opening of parks, libraries, reading-rooms, etc., in great eitles on Sunday, are not moral or religious questions at all,—they are prudential, and are to be settled by experiment. It is to be remem-bered that there are large numbers of the young in all great cities who have no home. They sleep in all great cities who have no home. They sleep in little rooms, in which in winter they have no fire, and can never sit with confort. They are without congenial society. They have not the entrile of other homes; and they must go somewhere, and really need to go somewhere. Christian courtesy does much to bring them into Christian association, and ought to do a thousand times more. The least it can do is to open all those doors which lead to pure influences and to the entertainment of the better side of human nature. A man who seeks the fluonces and to the entertainment of the better side of human nature. A man who seeks the society of good books, or the saciety of those who love good books, or chooses to wander out for the oue look at nature and the one feast of pure air which the week can give him, is not to be met by bar or han. Whatever feeds the man and ignores or starves the brute is to be fostered as a Christian agency. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sab-bath. This is not religiou, but pagan slavery bath. This is not religion, but pagan slavery, which makes of Sunday a penance and a sacrifice. It is better that a man be in a library than alone all the time. It is better that he wander in the park than even feel the temptation to enter a drinking-saloon or a brothel. The Sunday horse-car is justified in that it takes thousands to car is justified in that it takes industrials to church who could hardly go otherwise. The open library is justified in that it is a road which leads in a good direction. The roads devoted to Sunday annusement lead directly away from the Christian church. All pure ways are ways that tend upward, toward God and heaven.—Scrib-ver's for July.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

the theory to attempt it, (No, no.) He the result the present treaty as it may, that then, so accidentally born, with thee. If it has its origination of the present with the control of the property of the theory of the theory

UNITED STATES.—At 8 e'clock on the evening of 17th inst., a comet appeared at San Francisco, a little to the south-west of Zenette, moving rapidly and somewhat irregularly, and at length disappeared. The nucleus appeared to be a star of the first mignitude, and its tail was wavy. It was in sight six minutes. The planet Mars was luminous and rescoloured at the time.—The Boston Jublice opened most auspiciously on 17th inst., there were about 20.000 persons in the Coliseum basides the musicians &c. The playing of the Granadier Band is very highly praised, nearly 50,000 spectators were present on "England's Day." and the enthusiasm was tremendous when the English hand played "The Star Spangled Banner." The Coliseum will be kept open until 4th July and the price of admission has boon reduced to \$3.—There is a split in the International Society, at a meeting of the Federal Council held in New York, on 18th inst., it was announced that the Chicago and New York Councils would adhere to the New York Federal Council and reject the London Council.—After a sharp search for Lagrave, the swindling merchant, the detectives have concluded that he is not in the country. It is believed he carried away two hundred thousand dollars in cash. It is reported that the amount involved in the su tagainst Juy Gould, brought by the Attorney-Gener 4 is \$60,000,000.—The Herald's London special says—Lator advices from Zanzibar state that Stanley had arrived there, and that he had left Dr. Livingstone alives and well.—Tho Times publishes a statement alieging that Sheriff Brennam has been collecting illegal fees; that he charges the county \$1,50 fb. an arrest, when the law allows him but fifty cents for commitments. At fifty cents, the Times says, the Sheriff's fees would amount to \$25,733, but Brennam, it alleges, collected \$77,311.50, in addition to \$73.—S02.10 for the other expenses, making a total of \$150-613.40 for 1871.

302.10 for the other expenses, making a total of \$150-013.40 for 1871.

FRANCE.—The French Government has completed a draft of a postal convention with the United States.

—The Right in the Assembly have resolved to demand that President Thiers dismiss some of his ministers and carry on the administration in accordance with the views of the majority.—Delegates of the party of the Right in the Assembly had an interview with the President on 20th inst. but were unable to obtain from him any concession. Make the way that the president on 20th inst. but were unable to obtain from him any concession of sentiment favoring the continuance of the Republican form of Government for France.—Negotiations looking to the final payment of the German indemnity and the evacuation of France.—Negotiations looking to the final payment of the German indemnity and the evacuation of France to Treitory are completed. The payment of indemnity still due to Germany is to be made by the 7th February. 1873, and third payment, also a milliard, due in 1874. The department of Marne and Haute Marne are to be evacuated as soon as 500,000,000 frances of indemnity are pad, and the present force of the army of occupation be reduced by one-third after payment of each milliard to Germany.—The French Government is already negotiating for bills of exchange to the amount of 500,000,000 frances.

Fron.And.—Marguerite Dis Blanc, the French servant sell who murdered her mistress, has been con-

mont is already negotiating for bills of exchange to the amount of 500,000 frances.

ENGLAND.—Marguerite Dix Blane, the French servant sirl who murdered her mistress, has been convicted, after a long and exetting trial.—Mis Ryolas opened a home for deserted girls at Peckham, from which a number will be sent regalarly to Canada.—A despatch from Bagalad says the Royal Mail S.S.—was attacked at Bassorah by pirates, who killed and wounded several of the persons on board, and carried off 43.090 rupees.—The Earl of Dufferin' appointed Gavernor-General of Canada, sailed from Londonderry, on 17th inst. for Quebec,—The town of Warrington, Lanenshire, was visited by destructive coulagration on 17th inst. The extensive cotton mills were partially destroyed, Lass estimated at £100,000. A large number of hands are out of employment.—The Rev. Norman MeLeod D.D., the well known author, and leader of the Scotch Church, died in London on 17th inst. He was Obysars of age, and was Editor of thout Words, a position he had held since its commencement in 1800.

GERMANY.—A despatch from Dortmund, a town of

tion he had held since its commencement in 1809.

Grmany — A despatch from Dorthund, a town of Westphali... located on the Colome and Milne railway, says that twelve thousand men employed in the milnes at and near that place have suddenly strack work. — — A bill directed against the Society of Jesuits, depriving its members of the rights of citizenships, has passed the second reading in the Reichstag. The vote stood 183 to 101. — The Emperor William has instructed the Crown Jurist to propare a report on each of the claims of the American and British Governments on the San Juan boundary question. It is expected his Majesty will soon deliver his decision.

Sourh America.—A revolution has broken out in

ver his decision.

SOUTH AMERICA.—A revolution has broken out in Honduras for the overthrow of Prosident Medina, who has fortified himself at Gracir, expecting an attack from Salvator.—Yellow fever and small-nex and other epidemics curried off 8,000 of the 13,000 inhabitants of three Brazillan towns.—The Brizillans have stationed trong and as iron-elad at Island Cente to resist the claims of the Argentine Republic.—Two towns in Peru have been sacked by mountaineers. ountaineers.

ITALY—The anniversary of the ascension of Pius XI to the Pontifical Chair was celebrated on 17th isst. in a becoming manner by the fathful. Four thousand persons, representing all nations of the earth, proceeded to the Vatican, and presented a congratulatory address to the Pope.—The Pope has sent to the representatives of foreign nations an important circular concerning the present condition of the Holy Sec. It will soon be made public.

of the Holy Sec. It will soon be made public.

Switzerlands.—The Board of Arbitrators assembled at Geneva on 15th linst. The application on the part of England for an adjournment for eight months is under consideration. The meetings of the Hoard have been kept secret, but it is generally understood that the arbitrators have decided that the question of indirect damages is not one which can properly, and arbitration can be proceeded with at once.

Chys.—The Emproy's approaching marrians is

China.—The Emperor's approaching marriage is officially announced for October 16th. It is generally believed the Emperor will ascend the Throne a few months later.—It is reported that great distress provails in the Province of Ogus, China, in consequence of the failure of the crops.

THE COLISEUM ORGAN.

This instrument, which is being Boston Jubilee, may be said to be complete in detail. The capacity of the instrument is about double that built under Mr. J. II. Wilcox's direction for the Musical Festival of 1860 and is con-tained in a space thirty feet wide by twenty deep —the loftlest pipe extending to a height of fortythree feet from the gallery base. The only portion of the instrument incased is that below the top of the sound board—every pipe except those in the swell being visible from the auditorium. Tho largest pipes of the first manual are placed at the ends and back of the organ chest, the smaller pipes extending toward the center, and the tops grading from rear to front in their order of descent in the scale. Brayton's ready motor, a gas engine recently brought into prominence, furnishes the power for working the eight pumps which supply the immense organ with compressed air. These pumps differ widely from any in general use, being in chest form, with piston pressure, and each is of a delivery capacity of eight cubic feet of air to every re-volution of the crank shaft, which is calculated at twenty per minute, allowing for the eight pumps an aggregate capacity of twelve hun-dred and eighty cubic feet in that time. Two boxes, of ninety cubic feet area each, receive and distribute this air as it is forced in and required by the key and pedal demand. Some idea of the volumes and pressure which are reoulsite for supplying the atmospheric requirements of the instrument may be gained by the statement that, while a pressure of two to four inches is ordinary on church organs of average capacity, at least sixteen inches of pressure is needed to fill this instrument when the full organ is required. The key desk of two banks is placed over the main entrance for chorus and orchestra, sixty feet removed from the organ chest, with which it communicates by reversed action, aided by pneumatic lovers applied to both manuals and pedals. The economy of power in manipulation thus obtained is probably greater than that herotofore acquired on any instrument yet built. Very little has been done in the way of ornamentation, the arrangement of the pipes in a symmetrical manner sufficing for all artistic effects desired.

If you want your Panama and Straw bats properly cleaned and trimmed go to 696 Craig Street and have them done at once by G. E. Siegars successors to G. W. Ketchum.



In the quiet hour of gloaming, When the hush is on the earth, When the stars gleam out and the low winds moan, I sit and listen—listen alone, By the side of the desolate hearth.

I listen, but not to the homeless leaves, As the drift 'against the window pane; Nor the soughing wind from the fir-crowned hill. Nor the sigh and sob of the wollen rill, Nor the whisper of careless rain.

I listen, I listen, and but to hear The footsteps that fall around; The footsteps that gladdened my life of yore, The footseps that seek my side no more, That fall on no earthly ground.

The tiny steps of my first-born Como pattoring quick and soft: He had tred like a man, had he stayed, by this, Yet oh I yearn for the baby klss, He tottered to give so oft.

IKs firm tread rings out gallantly,
Just as it wont to do,
When I used to spring from this same low seat,
The concr. I loved the best to greet,
As he strode through the evening dew.

Slow and heavy, and quick and light
The echoes around me come.
The steps that through youth's gay footpaths ranged,
Of friends forrotten, of friends estrunged,
Who once unde life and home.
—All the Year Round.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT THE COAST-GUARDSMAN HEARD.

Mr. Hawkins went to Vale Cottage while his wrath was warm, bent on doing all the mischief ne could. It was quite clear to him that the friends of the young gentleman, whom he per-sistently associated with the boyish reprobate of Daley-street and the betting career, were sen-sitive concerning the identity and the resem-blance, and in that sensitiveness he saw his

chance of money.
"For it's Theodore, sure enough," he said to "For it's Theodore, sure enough," he said to himself, "I should know him again out of a thousand. There's a style and a cut about him not easily to be forgotten, even if I hadn't had that lucky thought about turning his hand up. It is natural enough he would like to stand well with his neighbours and relations, and that's where I'il have him. Jennny Hawkins is as good a man as him or its friends any of the seven days in the week, and he doesn't get the breath knocked out of his body for nothing I' Ite did not feel so bitter against Grantey as

He did not feel so bitter against Grantley as might be supposed. It was a fair struggle man to man, and he accepted his defeat philosophically; but what Incensed him was the ugly triumph in the youth's pale face when Grantley had him down, and was taking the money from

him.
"The miserable young cur," said Mr. Hawkins. "He liked seeing it done, but he hadn't the heart of a mouse towards helping to do it nimself. As for Mr. Gentleman George, it was worth a little to see how his face fell when the

would not be a bad sort if he didn't happen to belong to the other side."

The pin partly consoled him for his defeat; but, still, there was the mortification of losing the money. He could almost faste the crisp, silvery touch of the precious paper on his thumb silvery touch of the precious paper on his thumb and lingers. He rubbed them together at the

11 was like seeing the horse you have backed for all your money lose by a neck at the post," he said; "and partly my own fault, too! If I had gone a minute scener, or buttoned the coin away in my coat.— But, there, it's luck, like a shower of rain that clogs the course, and puts the best horse nowhere. Still, I can get a fitty on the pin, and make a book for the Cesare-witch; so I hav'n't done so bad after all." He took out a small book and a list—his in-

separable companions everywhere—and be-guiled the walk by working out a problem in racing arithmetic. Mr. Grantley had told him his character with unpleasant correctness; but James Hawkins was no worse than the majori-try of betting-men, and not so bad as some. It was his trade, and he worked it as honestly as was his trade, and he worked it as honesity as a trade in which rogues are the vendors and fools the customers can be worked. He had never impoverished a grand old title, or risked the honour of a proud family, on the skill of a jockey or the speed of a horse. Racers are not trained, nor jockeys paid, by the rabble that wends its way from London to Epson—the pilester as the state of the state fering shou-boys and embezzling clerks-nor by the crew of idle vagabondage that renders the labyrinth of Fleet-street and the offices of the sporting papers a dangerous nulsance on racing

days.

He had arranged the October Meeting to his own satisfaction when he reached Vale Cottage. The man had a soul somewhere in his composition, bruialized as he was by systematic dissi-pation. To him the one who paid his debts was a prince on the earth, and the defaulter a miscreant whom it was no sin to lynch on the spot. Newmarket was his idea of Paradise, and a sporting tavern, with a card-room upstairs and rat-pit in the skittle-ground, his dream of home; but the sweetness and repose of the pretty little dwelling before him touched him through a memory of twenty years.

There were flowers in the window, and trailing vines climbing round outside. A few late roses still bloomed faintly in the soft southern air, and a bird, its cage framed prettly in the lace curtains, sang at him Joyously; and in the room beyond the flowers and the bird he saw a girl, whose pure, sweet face reminded him dim ly of something he lud read of and forgotten angels, perhaps, of whom he had been told many years ago, when he said the Lord's Prayer by his bedside, or with his hands folded on his

mother's knee.

He knocked at the door softly. The beauty of the solitude, the deep green and quiet of the hills, the sombre shadows of fir, and oak, and chestnut, the music of the bird, and the shadowy sweetness of that fair face in the background, subduct the man's hard nature, and having knocked softly, he waited. Later in the day he wondered why this now, strange influence came over him as it did.

A servant girl—broad, sturdy, buxom, and ruddy-cheeked, after the genuine Sussex style opened the door, and waited stolldly to hear what he wanted.

"Mr. Eugene Temple lives here, I think?"

"Yes," said the girl, "he do."

"Miss Temple be, an' if you lierk, I'll tell to

"Never mind, my girl, thank you," said Mr. Hawkins; "I won't disturb the lady. What I've got to say may or may not be for your master's good, and I would rather come when he is at home."

every word he spoke was necessarily heard.
Julia made her appearance in the passage.
Hawkins uncovered his head.
"If you have any mossage for my brother," she said, sweetly, "you may leave it with me.
"It is scarcely a message, miss," he said, respectfully, "and I am not sure he will thank me for coming; but I've got some ideas of my own about the people up youder." about the people up yonder."

"Where?"
"At Brookdale. They want to tell me that cousin of yours, Edward Danvers Temple as he calls himself, was never in England before, and I happen to know better. He was an old pal of mine—friend, I mean, begging your pardon—but I know him as Theodore Darrill, and he is the same 1td civa the monument to a cup of the same I'd give the monument to a cup of

Julia opened her boautiful eyes wide in amaze ment. The man was respectful enough, but his incomprehensible talk made her doubt his

"My brother will be home early in the even-ing. If you will call then," she said, "I duresay he will understand you."

What time, miss ?"

"What time, miss?"
"Would seven suit you?"
"Any time you please," and then he bowed and blundered away, and looking back, he saw her framed for a moment in the porch, with its trailing leaves, the fairest pleture on which the sun shone that autumn day.
Eugene returned early. He did not like to leave her alone, though Julia was well protected. There were two servants in the cottage—Rachel, the girl who had opened the door to Mr. Haw-

training made him feel so sadly awkward in the

training made him feel so sadly awkward in the presence of a gentleman.

"I may be doing you a good turn, or I may not," said Hawkins, plunging into his subject at once; "that's for you to say when you've heard me. And my motive is not the best I might have had—that, perhaps, you will say. But when a pal rounds on you, it seems to me the natural thing to do is to round on him."

Eugene assented with a slightly puzzled look, glad that, so far, part of the mystery was explained. Clearly—in the language of the class to which Mr. James Hawkins belonged—a pal meant an acquaintance, a friend, and had no reference whatever to a gem.

"And that's how it is with me," pursued Mr. Hawkins. "I knew your cousin Edward when he was up in Russell-square with his mother and gentlemanily George. Theodore we knowed the boy as then; and they wanted to stand me out hand and foot that it wasn't the same, till I turned up his hand, that he got cut at Cremorne when he was drunk—on the Oaks day it was—and, of course, it was him sure enough—that proved it, though I was certain before. It have

when he was drunk—on the take day it was—and, of course, it was him sure enough—that proved it, though I was certain before. I'd have laid the monument to a cup of tea on it."

"Thank you," said Eugene, in a tone of relief.

"Ever since my sister mentioned your visit, I have been trying in a variety of ways to see by what wild improbability two things so widely different could be associated; and now let mentioned stand. You say that they weatsh letters. understand. You say that in my cousin Edward the gentleman in whose favour I have resigned possession—you recognize an old——Pardor

"Pal-a friend, you know. Lord!" said Mr. fast, I daresay."

Laurence Drayton had gone to London that very morning, or he would have been of incatculable service just now. The deep, deliberately laid plot, with its strange complications, was too much for Eugene to grasp. It required the strong, close mental grip of his friend.

"Will you reduce your statement to writing, and let me have it to-morrow?" he said; "and if through your help I prove the existence of a nefarious conspiracy, it will not be a matter of hundreds when we discuss your reward."

"I will sit up all night," said Hawkins, "and tell you all I know. I can give you a hundred little bits that you night tax them with, and bring a dozen men who could swear to him as

ittle bits that you might tax them with, and bring a dozen men who could swear to him as Thoodore Darrill."

"Let me depend upon your written statement for the morning," said Eugene. "I myself must write to night to a friend in London—the gentleman you spoke to yesterday evening. Till then I can do little."

"Damage of the manufact? Unarting

"Depend on me for the morning," Ifawkins "Dopend on me for the morning," Hawkins sald; "Pd do it if it was only to spoil Mr. Gentleman (teorge's game. But I have taken a kind of liking to you and the young lady, and you seem to me much more the proper sort of people for Brookdale than them as are there now. In the morning bright and early, mind."

"As early as you please; or will you stay here to might—it is a dark journey to the town?"

"No, thank yon," Mr. Hawkins said; "I am stopping at the Sea Vlew, and I like a hand at whist and a glass of grog with the landlord and a few that come in; but you will see me in the

a few that come in; but you will see me in the morning long before you've done your breakthe neighbourhood, I see. Have you forgotten

my instructions this morning?"
"I am not likely to forget anything that happened this morning; but I want nothing to say

pened this morning; but I want nothing to say to you. You got the money that my old pai gave me, and so you ought to be satisfied—not as I should have thought a matter of two hundred was much to a gentleman of your sort,"

"It was not the money, it was the principle involved," smiled Everard. "If I was certain you had changed your mind, and saw your error—if I were certain you had not let your stupid mistake as to my young klasman's identity go any further—I should have no objection to adding a fifty-bound note to those you had in your

mistake as to my young klasman's identity go any further—I should have no objection to adding a fifty-pound note to those you had in your possession this morning; but I suppose you have talked all over the town."

"Not a soul in it," said Hawkins, in a tone that left no doubt of his sincerity.

"But you have been to Vale Cottage and told my consin Eugene?"

Something in his tone bade Mr. Hawkins hesitate before he replied. He measured the matter in his mind; but one side of the question was weighted by the passibility of two hundred and fifty pounds, and so it overbalanced his estimate of the other.

"I went this morning, and he was out," he said, "and I was thinking of going again tomorrow; but if you think of acting square, as you say, I'm on."

"And you're sure you have told no one?" asked Everard, taking out his packet-hook.

"Quite; you can take my word for it. For if I ever touch the coln you won't see me again," added Mr. Hawkins to himself, "and I shall be safely in with the other side, any-how."

"And you have not been to the cortage,"

"And you have not been to the cottage," Grantley asked, in his quiet voice, while he counted the notes over, eyon could swear

An earth more or less was not much to Mr. James Hawkins as a rule; but there was some-thing in the solemn murmur of the sea and tho leep solitude of the hills that made him hesi-

tate before he perjured his soul.

el went this morning, as I tell you, and I was going to smorrow; and if you don't act up to aour word I shall go to-morrow."

Aour word I shall go to-morrow,"

Mr. Grantley replaced the nodes in his book, and put that into his pocket,

"There is no occasion," he said, "et'enne with me, and you shall have what I promised to give you when I thought better of it after not were gone this morning. I changed one of he notes in the Town Tosday, and If You went our payment in full you had better come with no."

"To Brookdale ?"

"a Yes; there are several ways, and this is the nearest. Take a chair-syour pipe does not seem to burn. There is nothing like a good chair to help a man through a journey."

Half an hour after Mr. Hawkins parted from the coast-guard, that solitary scattind was startled by a cry which hounted him for many a day. It rang from the cliff, and was resembed over the sea as if a hundred phantons took if up to tell each other another despairing soul was on its way to them.

The man called, but there was no reply. He

perced over the chiff, and saw nothing. A few birds, seared into flight, circled round, and la familed he heard the faint sound of a bootsep, but the birds settled down again and all wa-quiet, save that the trees swayed in the night wind, and the sea sang its solemn requiem as

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HORSE-SHOE PIN.

When Eugene Temple closed the door on his strange visitor, he went back to his room, and straige visition, is well used to be found in a story he had heard. Of one thing he was quite sure; it was no fabrication. Mr. James Hawkins had nover invented that deepty-wover chain of crime. Every word he laid uttered was uttered in his full conviction of its truth.
Ensene was too linguages for extende with

Eagene was too ingenuous to grapple with such a piece of villatiny atome. He could not readize the probability of its existence. The same fine, chivatric sense of honour which made him institute the search for Charence Temple's son rendered blin unable to comprehend that such men lived as those who would carry out such a terrible fraud; but the betting-man's stolid assertion that Ada Darrill was there al Brookdale with her son gave a fatal weight to

the rest.

6 It may be true," he reflected. 6 Such things have been done, and Laurence always had a singular suspicion that all was not right; but if it is true, who could have had out the plan? Not—surely not—Eyerard! He must have been deceived. It could not have been Eyerard."

Julia came in while he was deep in thought. She stoot belind his chair, and clasped her hands over his forehead, as it to smooth away its trouble.

"There is a serious face," she said, bending his head back till he saw his own reflection in the glass. "Did you hear anything from our the glass. "Did you hear anything curious friend to make you look so?"

curious friend to make you look so ?"

O I heard a great deal, but nothing worth repeating, Julia. He told me a most improbable story about our cousin Everard being somebody else. Said he knew him years ago, when his circumstances were as indifferent as his characteristics. er, and went into some marvellous well-told letails. But it is not likely our solleitors and Grantley could have been so easily deceived."

Julia remembered Laurence Drayton's warning, and the question rose whether Mr. Grantley not the deceiver instead of the deceived. Distinctly, as if she had them in print before her, she recalled the words spoken by her bro-ther's friend.

We find that the claimant was found ranialy through his instrumentality," the fournalisable d; "and there are men in this world who uld think such a heavy stake as Brookdalo worth sinning for.'

"What do you intend to do?" she asked.
"There may be some truth in what this man has told you, or why did he come hero?"
"Partly out of interest, partly from a desire

for revenge. It appears that he went there this morning, and on condition that he did not spread abroad what he thought—that Edward Temple and Theodore Darrill were identical—they gave him two hundred pounds and a handsome diamond pin. I saw it in the man's scarf." "They would not have given him a thing so

valuable if they had not been afraid of what he

might say," said Julia, gravely.

"You must remember, little sister," said
Eugene, with his gentle smile, "that the young
mun known as Thoolore was Unole Clarence's son, and Edward may have wished t this man's silence out of respect to his inther's memory. Besides, Grantley came in, and took the money from him by main force, and threat ened to presecute him for the attempted exter-

tion."

That appeared to partly satisfy Eugone; but Miss Temple was not so easily quieted when her suspicion was once roused. She had imbibed a little of Laurence Drayton's close, discorning

"Why not write to Laurence, and tell him?" she suggested.



A DANGEROUS MEETING.

kins, and a faithful lad named Job, who left the Brookdale stable to follow his young master, and would not be turned away. He dug in the garden, groomed Julin's horse (Laurence had insisted on her retaining one), and did a large porsisted on her retaining one), and did a large portion of the housework, on pretence of helping Ruchel. It was not in Eugene's nature to turn the faithful does not of doors, and it was with the faithful does not of doors, and it was with him.

a faithful dog out of doors, and it was with something of a dog's fidelity that the lad stayed.

Any visitors?" Eugene asked, as he sat down to the perfectly cooked dinner—life was so caim and ploasant now, that the late master of Brookdale began to ask himself whether it was not possible to be happy with something loss than the stately manslen and large means. less than the stately mansion and large incom

"One curious person. He spoke sensibly enough; but he said he knew our cousin Edward when he was an opal, or something of the kind, and he talked rather incomprehensibly about the monument and a cup of tea, and I told him he had better come again."

"The wisest thing you could do, perhaps," said Eugene. "When is he coming?" "At seven."

Theodore down, as he expressed it.
"It's not unlikely," he reflected, "that being cousin, as I suppose he is, of that young lady's at the cottage, he may make up to her, and she is a lot too good for him. Whatever he may he now, whether he has seven, or seventeen, o thirty-seven thousand a year, and I've heard that it's all them in turns, nothing will ever make him different to what he was; and he was ı lying, boasting, mean-spirited cur."

The October sun went down early, and as Everard Grantley had said, there was no moon The sky was a deep, dense blue, with no light in it, and the stars, even in their plentiful brights, relieved but little the gloom on those love. y hills above the sun. Vale Cottage lay belo Brookdale House, and nearer to the coast. shortest way to it from the town was by a path over the cliff, but Mr. Hawkins went by road.

"I will travel the road I know best," said Mr. Hawkins, at starting, "and when I have done Master Theodore all the good I can, I will have a quiet pipe over the cliff on the way

At seven precisely he knocked at the cottage door, and was conducted by Rachel to the little sitting-room, where Eugene saw him alone. He condered what such a visitor might want. The wondered with sain a visitor highs was broad-mun looked honest enough. He was broad-shouldered, square-jawed, muscular, wore won-derful light trousers, and a Newmarket scarf, and so far his dress was in keeping with his manner. The only thing out of place about him was a horse-shoe pin, set with diamonds and emeralds, precious, and of considerable value, as

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Hawkins.
'You are Mr. Eugene Temple, as was master of the big house yonder ?"

my friend." Mr. Hawkins put his card on the table, place his hat on a chair, and untwisted his loose scarf, He lind been careful to keep the ends of that

garment tucked well away, lest they should obstruct the gleam of his diamonds.

"Perhaps the young lady told you I called this morning," he said, not quite at his case amidst the dainty elegance of that pariour.

"Yes. Take a seat, and tell me what it is," said Engene, kindly.

said Eugene, kindly.

hlm.

"Then they made him on purpose for you out of Theodore Darrill," said Mr. Hawkins, empina-tically. "I toll you, sir, may I never see an-other race if your cousin Edward isn't the young vagabond I knew in London, with his mother, Adu Darrill, and her husband. Gentleman George, as he was called, Eagene smiled incredulously.

"Come with me if you don't believe me, and I will say it to their faces. Why, when I went there this morning to see what their game was, and they found it was no use trying to deceive me, they gave me two hundred pounds and this pin to keep it dark. I thought natural enough your coustn wouldn't cure to have old times

said Eugene. "When is he coming?"

"At seven."

And at seven Mr. Hawkins was there. The man clung to his purpose with the tenacity of a hull-dog, and he was determined to let Master

Theodore down. as he commend if ple married—the name of the woman he had pensioned off so heavily, and whom Grantley, recording to his own saying, had put away in an

> "Your story is altogether a mystery to me," he said, after a long pause. "I do not see what motive you have in coming to me; but you have set me thinking strangely. It was I myself who caused the search to be instituted for my cousin, whom we had reason to believe was still alive. Mr. Grantley—my cousin also, on the maternal side—undertook the whole affair, and sent out an agent, who succeeded in finding Ed-ward Danvers Temple, the son of Ellen Danvers and Clarence Temple. The proofs were submitted to eminent legal men, and admitted in-

> "Then the eminent legal men knew more about the law than they did about the truth," Mr. Hawkins said. "May I never back another vinner if I am not glad I came to you now I begin to see the game, and it is all a

"What game ?" "Why, you got Mr. Grantley—that's the one who tussled with me for the two hundred this

agent, and do you know who that agent was?"
"I did not inquire. I left it all to him."
"It strikes me you left a little too much to him. Why, the man he sent was George Darrill had while he was away in the States. George takes him out, and gives it about that he is dead, and then brings him back as your cousin

Edward. That's the game, clear as last year's Derby; and my word for it, Mr. Eugene Temple, you've been done!? Ho omphasized his conviction by bringing his fist down heavily on the table; and seeing that he had secured the attention of his listener, he went on to toll him everything which had transpired. He made no secret of his own motive.
"I should have thought nothing of it if they

hadn't tried to make such a secret of it," ho said; "and then all I had an idea of was that they wanted to let old times be forgot. But it strikes me in a different light now. I begin to see what it means. It was a thousand chances to one against their being seen by anybody who knew them in London; but that chance hapthome."

Ho took compassion, in his courtly way, on knew them in London; but that chat the sitting-room was so near the door that this sturdy, ungracious follow, whose want of pened to turn up, and there they are."

"I do not know-I am an early riser." He saw his guest to the door, and shook handwith him.

"It is a dark night, and chilly," said Mr.

Hawkins, buttoning his cont over his broad chest with a shiver. "I shall take the chits for it, and save a mile or so." "It is a dangerous road unless you know it

"Every step. I've stayed in the town nearly two months now, and there's note bit of ground I hav'n't been over."

Mr. Hawkins took a well-worn meerschaum

from his pocket, and filled it slowly as he went The state of things at Brookdale wore a diffe-

rent colour now, and he saw his way for striking in to a better game than he could have played with the gentlomanly George. He went towards the town thinking over it. The town lay to his left from Vale Cottage. It was built immediate in front of the occan, and the chiis ended where the set wall began. The way to it by read lay to his right, and like most country roads it was dark and winding besides being nearly two miles farther.

As it was late, and the betting-man

to join a few kindred spirits at the Sea View, he e the shortest route, and followed the lim of cliff. He found the coast-guard sheltered from the wind by an unroofed screen of hurdle and furze

nd exchanged a few civil words with him. Mr. Hawkins was genial enough in his way.

"You have not a very lively look out here,"
bo said; "you don't stay all night, do you?"

"Yes, sir, night and day by turns." " Do you over see anything ?"

"To you over see anything ."
"Yes, sir; we are generally the first to see what there is—a ship in distress, or a body what there is and not long ago we saved a gentleman whose foot slipped. hours about thirteen feet down, clinging to some bits of shrubs, with his feet resting on a morsel of ledge, which kept crumbling away. He said, if he had not heard us just when he did, he should have said his prayers and het go, he was so tired of holding on." "How far would be have fallen?"
"About a hundred and twenty feet. It was

not very high just where he was. Mr. Hawkins shuddered. A hundred and twenty feet, and then the broken bed of rock morning, and won it fair—he sends out an and stone below. "It was a narrow escape," he said, as he

went on. "He will have reason to remember the coast-guard, and be grateful." He edged away unconsciously from the line of shore, and almost wished he lud chosen the road, so that he might not have heard the sullen

The mist rose, too, and his pipe would not burn—he was in the habit of having his tobacco in half-cance packets from the Sea View, and it did not burn well as a rule. "I believe the tobacconists make this sort

on purpose for public-houses," he said, filling his pipe anew; "it's always wet, and always closs. If I thought of staying here much longer. I would have a pound sent by post from

He spoiled two fusces, and lit a third, his last one, and the flash of that last fusee showed him the figure of a man five yards distant.

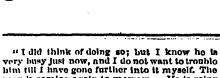
Mr. Hawkins recognized at once his antagonist of the morning—Mr. Grantley.

nist of the morning—Mr. Grantley.

To his surprise, Everard spoke, and courteously, as if there had never been anything but the most perfect harmony between them.

"Well, my friend," he said, "you are still in





man is coming again to-morrow. He is going to give me his statement in writing, and it will be time enough then."

It was always so with Eugene Temple. The work that ought to be done to-day looked so much more pleasant when quietly shelved for to-morrow. Julia made up her mind to let Mr. Drayton know the whole of the particulars, whether her brother did or not. "And suppose," she said, "this man does not

come ! " I shall infer, on reflection, that he found he

was out of his senses when he came to me, and I shall let the subject drop."

Miss Temple said nothing; but her look, as he stretched himself in graceful indolence on the old-fashioned, luxurious damask som, expressed much. He could not help smiling at the pretty, resoluto face.

"If I interpret that rightly," he said, "you will not?"

" If Brookdale is to be won back," replied Julia, "it shall be for your sake, Eugene. It is right for us to bear our lot with Christian resig-nation; but resignation does not mean sitting down patiently in our little cottage while wicked people Nye in the dear old house where our parents died."

Drayton has made you quite a heroine, pet," he smiled, and then his face grew gravely stern. "It' I find we have been betrayed, Julia, let times who have betrayed us beware. They will see that I can be very merciless, no matter on whose head the punishment may fall. We stuff see, however, whether our friend will put to an appearance in the morning, or whether he merely came with that story ready made to

stattle me out of a little ready money."

"Would any one do such a thing?"

"That is so like a woman," he smiled. "You can took it possible for three or four gentlemen to enser into a conspiracy to rob us of our pro-pe ty at the risk of the felon's dock and penal so vanide; but you cannot conceive that a Lon-don man-about-town—a dreadful person, whe tells like story, and makes improbable wagers should pick up a little information about our family, and then invent a tale, to get a fivepound note or so from me.

" I think you will see him." of He promised to be with me bright and early the has a charmlingly graphic way of expressing himself—long before I linished breakfist, which, since we have suited our habits to our which, since we have suited our habits to our Areadian income, is generally over by half-past eight. I shall give him till eleven—the fashion-able hour for morning visus, as I once read in a from little book about etiquette. It was like studying society on stills. There we were just as our servants see us. And I am inclined to believe the interesting instructions must have been complied by a lady's-maid. I bad almost forgotten, by the way, to tell you that our friend was good enough to explain the incomprehens'bles. A pal is an acquaintance, in the language

of his fraternity."

"Perhaps it is Greek." said Julia, innocently. a Very likely; it has an Attle odour. Let us be ingenious, and find a classical derivation for it. Now I come to think of it, the ancient Romans had an ugly way of impulsing their captives, and there you have the origin. Imagine two faithful friends martyred together in that fashion. Impuled—im-pul-us—puls—there you have it. At least if not correct, it is dulte as havo it. At least, if not correct, it is quite as good as some aurious bits of scholage research Thive seen."

It was evident that on reflection he did not put much futth in the story Mr. Hawkins had told him, or he would have treated the matter more seriously. When he parted with Julia for the night he offered, laughingly, to wager her a stardsh to the moon that their visitor would not keep his promise in the morning.
"Depend upon it," he said, "he thought I was

almost as simple as 1 look, and wanted a few stray sovereigns. He will not stand the test of writing it down." Julia held a different opinion; but she kept it

to herself, and waited patiently.

She was sadly disappointed when the morn-

ing came. Breakfast was over and the table ing came. Breakfast was over and the table chared, and Eugene, with a provoking smile, made and smoked a eighvette with dainty deliberation for an hour or so. Then he read for awhile, and trilled over some music at the plane; but still Mr. Hawkins made no sign.

At a quarter past cloven he rang for his walking boots, and they were brought him by Joh, who kumbered in, looking pale and scared.

"There's something been and happened," he said, laying the boots softly by his master's feet.

"I seed them taking him to the town on a hur-

"I seed them taking him to the town on a hur-dle. They do say he was chucked over; but coast-guard says he warn't, caus' there was no-·What on earth are you talking about, Job?"

"Why, somebody were picked up on the rocks this morning early, and there's going to be a coroner's 'quest at the Sea View. They do say that's where he were staying."
Eagene put on his boots with a heavy stamp

as Job lumbered out. The same thought, with an undefined terrible background to it, occurred to brother and sister. The fluding of the dead man on the rocks, perhaps, explained why Mr.

Hawkins had not kept his promise,
"I will go and see," he said, answering her
unspeken words. "It is very strange it should

Eugene set off on foot for the town. He had to forego the luxury of a horse till he discovered how to work, and make the little income that kept them at Vale Cottage somewhat larger. It was an hour's hard journey to the Sea View. When he arrived the tavera was nearly filled with groups of men, who talked in sub-

dued tones of the dead man upstairs.

He was known to most of them, and they spoke of him regretfully after their own way. Even if he did know more than most of them at billiards, and had exceptional fortune in the card-room, he was a lively been companion, and

spent his money liberally. They had placed idm in the bed-room he had occupied, and the key was held by the local inspector of police, who stood at the har talking with the coast-guard and the landlord. The inspector saluted the into master of Brookdale

respectfully.

"There has been a sad accident, I hear," said Engene. "Is it true that it ended fatally ?"
"Quite true, sir," replied the inspector. "He
dled two minutes after he was found by Gibson

"Poor fellow! Was he a stranger to the

phen?"
"He had been staying here for the last two months nearly," said the landlord, with some quiet feeling in his voice; "and when he left here yesterday afternoon I never expected to see him brought back like that. Did you know

blin at all, sir?"
"I must be sure that he is the man I think before I answer that question, said Mr. Temple gravely. "May I be permitted to look at him?"

The inspector replied in the affirmative, and led the way to the room, followed by the land-loid and Gloson, the const-guardsman; they went in barcheaued, and with silent footsteps, and Eugene, approached the motionless figure on the bed.

(To be continued.)

LAUNOHED.

'Neath a smiling sun and a wooing cale, I set my feather-boats to soil, ily one, by two, by three. One was laden with First Love's vow, One had Fortune's flag at her prow, One, Fame had freighted for me.

Never a weather sign I scanned, As mygny bark left the flowery land On a merry morn of May. Down swept a squall of Doubts and Chance, And wreeked on the sheal of Circumstance, My first fair venture lay.

Gravely I looked to rigging and rope, Fro, bathed in the lastro of golden liope, My next to the open bare. But fierce and tronsherous rase the waves, More ships than mine found fathomless graves, Fre the noontide storm was o'er.

To the fulling whispers of Art and Song, I framed my last boat true and strong, And decked her with joyous dranms. And sont her forth with a rosy smile, Tingeing her silken sails the while, Caught from the sunset's glaums.

But oh, she never returned again. O'er the wild waste water my sad eyes strain, In the sickness of hope deferred. And I think sometimes, should she yet come back With the world's slow plandis loud on her track, Will the grass on my grave be stirred?

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IN AFTER-YEARS; OR.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued.)

Sir Richard was walking down Oxford street into which he had strayed as he left Hanover Square followed by Catchem, who had learned in the course of his few weeks acquaintance with his titled client, that while he was in one of his bearish moods he must not be spoken to, and therefore delighted himself hy building a castle in the air; fancying just such a mar-riage party and beautiful bride for N. C. Catchom, at some future day when by his cleverness (in common parlance low tricks) he had made a fortune, and by services to the nobility (i.o. doing the dirty work of such as Sir Richard Cuninghame) he had by degrees entered their suclety and become a familiar associate of the aristocmey, the faces of whom he could not now couple with their names.

Catchem was roused from his pleasant day dreams by Sir Richard saying in a surly tone:

"The bride we saw just now between that Colonel of the Guards and the Iron Duke, is one of the young ladies I paid you to search out and find for me; ha, ha," continued he with a bitter taunting laugh, "I found a man of business habits and quick wits who know how to turn

each to the benefit of his employer."

"I was not supposed to know what was going on inside Apsly House," replied Catchem in an equally surly voice as that in which he had been addressed, Catchem not being posted up as to the Duke of Wellington's family fancied that Colonel Lindsay must be a son of his; and in his own adoration of the nobility wondered that this would not be a panacea for the loss of the anticipated revenge Sir Richard had expected to inflict on—Catchem scarcely knew whom. Sir Richard warned by his first indiscretion in letting him know his title and the name of his estate, had been as chary as possible in admitting him to further confidence than was absolutely necessary, he could not however hide that revenge in some way or other was connected with his persecution of Adam, and his desires to get hold of his grandchildren,

Sir Richard made no answer, it did not suit him at present to quarrel with Catchem; short as the time had been since he found out the twin giris were beyond his power, he had con-ceived a plan for their ruin; in atrocity worthy of the Prince of Darkness himself, a plan in which the scoperation of Catchem was of vital importance.

" You have not heard from Pounder since the day on which you went to make the offer of the farm to the stiff necked old wretch?"

Sir Richard asked in a more polite voice and manner than he had last spoken. " No." was the reply. in case he thought the old lad was going to hop the stick, and I suppose he's strong enough to bear a week of the straps." "Let him have them then," said Sir Rich-

" It'll do him good," returned Catchem, who always gloried in the pain or sorrow of another, there's no one to blame for things turning out

as they have done but him I suppose. "You are right there, the girls could never have come to London without his sid and advice.

"Well then, you should just let him have a week of the straps; it'll cool his blood for

"A week ?" said Sir Richard in a tone of surprise, "do you think I'm fool enough ever to think of letting him out of Pounder's care." "It will be a great expense keeping him

there. "Whatever the expense it will have to be done. Do you think I would permit that fellow to go home to the vicinity of my own Castle and tell his madhouse stories to the itching ears he would find ready to listen to all the lies he could invent and tell?"

"He'll tell no tales to anyone who will repeat them while he lives in Pounder's Paradise, and f you are willing to incur the expense it's the best plan.

"He deserves all he can be made to suffer" said Sir Richard, "the low born whelp, to think of a servant of my own, presuming to carry off my grandchildren from my own Cas-

"Yes," said Catchem "and the vilifying manner he spoke about you when I told him who wished to see him." Sir Richard thought Catchem's insolence excessive in referring to this, and did not an-

Catchem saw ho had made a mistake and

changed his tack,
"If you intend the old man to remain with Pounder for the term of his natural life, the best way and the cheapest, is to put him in at the lowest figure Pounder takes them, which is a pretty round price I warrant for a fellow who is to spend his time in idleness. And tell As Catchem's business depended entirely on Pounder he'll have a certain sum down for his own active catering for such, and a client

"Yes," replied Sir Richard " you had better go to Pounder after the fellow has had his full can; I had much rather give a stipulated sum as burial charges, than be plagued paying every year for his keeping and if a fire should occur perhaps hearing of his escape."

"Ill go now if you like," said Catchem with an eye to business, knowing he could charge more for instructions to Pounder conception.

more for instructions to Pounder concerning the old man then he could possibly do for time

lost walking in Regent Street.

"No," I told you I wanted him to enjoy himself at least a week in his present retirement; when that is over you can go and tell Pounder what I say, at present I want you to come with me at the Angel: I intend going at once to Scotland and I wish to give you instructions us to the course I desire you to pursue with re-gard to these granchildren of mine, in my absence. They have not seen the last of me, when they do, they will acknowledge my farewell is the knell to their hopes in this world; and if I could it would extend to the next also."

"You are a good bater," said Catchem.
"I am" returned his client.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. George Cox, clerk and poet, entered as new clerk to Thompson Brother's on the day after he had paid his visit to Ludy Hamilton in St. James' Square; he found his new situa-tion more pleasunt and profitable than his old one in more ways than one one, in more ways than one.

Instead of his mother being called upon each three months to dislures money she could but ill afford, Mr. George himself received five pounds a quarter, with promise of a rise of saary when he became more useful to his em-

Instead of sitting alone all day with no other companion than the cat, a joint stock cat who belonged to all the offices on the flat in com-mon, and only came to Catchem's office because Mr. George being glad of even her society gene-rally brought old scraps of meat and fowl from off his own plate, and which to avoid coming in contact with his fingers or pocket lining, he carefully folded in several pieces of paper. Catchem would not give hera halfpenny's of milk as the owners of the other offices did . he very wisely observed, a halfpenny a week two shillings and two pence a year, and no body would give him two shillings and two pence a

year for nothing.

Instead of the society of the cut alone, he had in Thompson Brothers the company of Mr. Burk always, and the cat oftener than before, there being no scraps of meat or chicken (in favor of which last catable she had a strong predilection) to be found in Mr. Catchem's office

And last though not least in its influence on Mr. George Cox's fature, he now commenced to learn his profession Catchem had only promised to teach him, that gentleman having scarcely sufficient employment for himself.

To Mr. George's surprise and disappointment a successor to himself was not likely to be appointed. The door of Mr. Catchem's office was kept shut nearly all the time. The lawyer himself came in the morning and remained for half an hour, before he went, hanging up a card on the door, informing clients that he had gone to the court of common pleas and would not be back until one o'clock.

Sometimes the intelligence on the cards was a little varied, and informed Mr. Cox and Mr. a little varies, and informed air. Cox and air. Burt, who both, regularly after Catchem's departure went out to read the notice, that Mr. N. C. Catchem had gone to the Court of Chancery; at which information each of the young gentlemen generally put one thumb to the nose of face extending the hands and fingers so that the little finger pointed at the card as much as to say, in their own expressive phraseology:

"What a bouncer!"
At one o'clock Mr. Catchem came again, accompanied by Sir Richard occasionally; when he would remain for some hours, at other times alone, when he always left the office in half an hour, putting up a third earst to say, that he had gone to the country on business, and would

be back to-morrow morning at ten. beside which he sat open, so that he might see if any one came with message or letter to his old master, in case such a message or letter should relate to Adam; but none of any kind, or relating to any one ever came.

The truth was that previous to the advent of Sir Richard Cuninghame in number three Cecil Street, Catchem occupied the greater part of his time, in going from one low shop to another, wherever ne expected to pick up a case of petty assault, or small action of damages, anything in short which could be turned own account; not hesitating when opportunity offered to make mischief between father and son, and for this amiable purpose simulating a piety he was incapable of ficling, deploring the necessity he was under, of telling a strictly temperate man, that his son drank and frequented low drinking saloons. This was often profitable lie, a lie it generally was, as the distressed father falling into Catchem's trap because of his affection for his son, would beg of the lawyer to try and win his child back to the ways of peace and soberness, and when the wily man came to ask the loan of money, it was freely given and pressed as a gift, on the one, who by falsifying his child, was destroying the man's own peac

Since Sir Richard Cuninghamo became his client, Catchem had found his employment more profitable than the produce of all his other schemes put together, and assuming an nit of intense abstraction on meeting any of his former clients or friends whose sons were in poorer times the objects of his supervision, he would occupy himself in the study of geology as it could be pursued by examining the stone pavement on which he trod, or taking a higher slight, make astronomical observations with eyes turned upwards to the clouds, until the old acquaintances, whom he did not think genteel enough for the friend and legal adviser of Sir Richard Cuninghame had passed by. He imagined he had ascended the first step on the ladder leading to intimate acquaintance with the aristocracy, and he would by no means allow his former low associates to drag him back to their level.

burial charges: this makes it worth Pounder's | had once been wheedled into his office and bled while not to pamper him with too much rich freely there, never came back again it was not food and fresh air; a bird in the hand is worth to be wondered at, that Mr. George spont his two in the bush and Pounder is alive to his time in vain expecting to see some one come own interest."

It is true, his former clerk was wholly indif-forent as to whether Catchem's business throve week of punishment, and toll him what has or not; indeed if he had been asked the ques-been decided on, and make the best bargain you | tin he would have preferred the latter, but anxious to hear something of old Adam and watching for that, he could not but wonder at the total cessation of business that had fallen on the old office all at once.

On the afternoon of Miss Caninghame's mar-

ringe however, this state of things was to end.
Mr. George did not know of the wedding which took place in St. Georges' church Hanover Square that morning, if he had, he would have certainly contrived to be there; seeing the marriage would have helped him in adding soveral verses to his long poom, in a way that mere imagination could not supply, although when he did hear of the marriage having taken place, he went to St. Georges and walked several times round the aisles, imagining the ceremony, and bridal procession to the best of his

On the afternoon in question Mr. George and Mr. Burt had just returned from dinner. Thompson Brothers departed to take lunch in the Strand. The young gentlemen were amusing themselves by recounting for the twentieth time at least, the conquests each had made on the memorable night of Mrs. Hopkin's Ball; Mr. Burt had for the second time hinted, at some words said to him by Miss Hopkins in the mazes of the flowery dance, and Mr. Cox had declared with a warmth he was little accustomed to use, that he would not stand such goings on any longer, but would call at Farringdon Street for an explanation that very

evening.
Although Mr. George's own fancy was apt on occasions to wander, as it once did in favor of the sisters of the Lake washed mountains, growing up to full fruition in a night he would by no means permit a like license to Miss Maria Theresa

Mr. Burt looked mysterious, and advised his friend not to go.

Mr. Cox assured him in reply that he would go if he pleased, as he had done for the last two years without asking Mr. Burt's advice, reminding Mr. Burt that he was a complete stran-

minding Mr. Burt that he was a complete stranger introduced by himself (Mr. Cox) to the Hopkins family.

Matters were taking a turn which Mr. Burt being a man of peace did not like, and had not anticipated; besides, as the little ancedote he gave with such mystery, was an emanation from his own fertile brain, and the Hopkins' family the most decidedly genteel he had ever been acquainted with, he dreaded of all things, an explanation which would end in his expulsion from the parties in Farringdon Street for sion from the parties in Farringdon Street for the future; he had begun in joke, and now wished he had exercised his wit in some other subject.

Just in the nick of time Mr. Burt's sharp can heard footsteps in the direction of Catchem's door, and going into the passage, saw one of Pounder's bull-necks perusing the afternoon

"Here's your man, Cox," said he, thankful of an occurrence which would give a new direc-tion to that gentleman's thoughts, until he had made up his mind what explanation to give which would prevent his foolish words from coming to Miss Maria Theresa's ears.

Mr. Cox was in the passage in a moment.
"You want Mr. Catchem sir?" said he addressing himself to bull-neck.

" I want the man as owns office number three."
"Well, he's not in himself, but I am, so you

can give your message to me."

"It's not a message, it's a letter, and I was bid give it to the man himself."

"You'll better take the gentleman into our

"I out loctor take the gentleman into our office Mr. Cox," said Mr. Burt, glad of an opportunity to conciliate his angry friend.

"I think I will," replied Mr. Cox somewhat mollified by Mr. Burt's advances; Mr. Burt being senior clerk, Mr. George could not have taken the liberty of asking the man in without Mr. Burt's permission, which in the present state of affairs he would not have asked.

" Come in here." The man came in, looked all round the office as if it was a new scene to him, and took the chair Mr. George offered, sitting down without moving his capacious hat.

if you'll let me see Mr. Catchem' letter I'll tell you all about it," said Mr. Cox in a patronizing way.

It's not just a letter either," said the man " it's only a bit of paper out of the doctor's

Saying so, he produced a dirty looking scrap of paper which he put into Mr. George's hand hesitatingly, as if half afraid he were disobeying the orders given him.

"Pounder bid me be sure and give it to the

man himself," said he still holding a corner of the dirty looking missive.

"I told you, you can't do that," replied Mr. George assuming a dignity which evidently had the effect of impressing the man with an idea of Mr. Cox's importance.
" Mr. Catchem has gone to the country and

won't be back till to-morrow morning : but I'm here, I was two years Mr. Catchem's only and confidential clerk, and I have been watching for this very intelligence for some days back. You are from doctor Pounder's are you not?' added he taking advantage of the man's own word in speaking of his errand, and who had

" Just that, I suppose it's all the same, you or the man himself," said bull-neck, this time

speaking with more confidence than before.

"Of course it is," replied Mr. George as taking the paper from his now unresisting fingers

" The old man has been in the straps since you were here, if you want to put questions again look sharp he won't last long."

"So, so," said Mr. George repressing the emo-tion he felt, at the intelligence he had thus received "had you nothing to tell besides what is written here?"

"No," replied bull-neck "only if the man wanted to come out, he was to come with me if he liked; I have l'ounder's dog cart with

me, an if he wants to come he'll better lose no time, I saw the old man this morning, and to my eye, he was ready to hop the twig then."

"I'll go and see if Catchemis off to the country and if he is not, he'll go himself. If I dont find him I must go, where is your place, in the what's it's name road is'nt it?"

"Yes," answered the man "out behind

Hampstead,"

"I know that" replied Mr. Georgo readily
but if I have to go myself, you must give
me a better direction, I was never there."

"Oh you'll easily find it, it's about a mile

after you pass the five mile house."
"I'll find the place, and if Catchem does'no

go I will." The man rose as if half unwilling to go. "You dont want a Porter here, do you?" said

he.
"I am not sure but we de," replied Mr. George, do you want to leave Pounder's ? "I do that," replied bull-neck resuming his

"You can't have much hard work there ?" " Not hard work, but it's a lonesome thing for a man to be shut up with mad folks all the

"That's true, and if you do leave, you might call here; if we do not want you ourselves I might direct you to some one who would."
"Thankee," said the man but did not rise from his seat.

"I must be off, and I think you had better go too. Perhaps l'ounder won't be pleased if I arrive there before you," said Mr. Georgo who wished to get rid of the fellow in case Catchena might return to his office, notwithstanding he intimation to the contrary.

"Deed and he wouldn't," replied the man an he's just the cur who can show his teeth when he's angry, I wish I was shot of the whole tout of them?" tout of them.

Mr. George had his hat on, the man still kept his seat, Mr. Burt saw and understood his his seat, Mr. Burt saw and unnerstood his friend's dilemma and taking his own hat off the peg where it hung said:

"When you are ready Cox, I'll lock the door after you, because it's time for me to go to the

Court of Chancery."

"Oh very well, I wont keep you waiting," replied Mr. George walking out followed by his friend, who ostentatiously displayed the

key, swinging it round and round on his fin-The man saw he must go and raising himself

from his seat to which he seemed to have taken quite a fancy, went down stairs with the two clerks who saw him safely deposited in his dog cart ere they left him.
"What do you think will Thompson Brothers say to my taking french leave like this?" said Mr. George, now for the first thinking of

his own affairs, and what effect it might have on his own prospects, now better than they had ever been if he went off for a couple of hours without leave asked or given.

"Leave that to me," replied Mr. Burt, " Plu put it all right; the Thompson Brothers are not the most difficult people in the world to deal with, they are willing to live and let live; I think Plus leads to finish the deal We.

t think I'll go back to finish the deed I'm in dorsing; this evening, and you can come and make up your lost time, so there will be no loss

" Oh, if you would, that would be famous, I could easily come back after ten and work as long as you stay.'

" Well, I'll tell them I let you go, and that you're coming back to finish up to night."
This exactly suited Mr. Burt, George would not see Miss Maria Theresa to-night, and to-morrow he could tell the truth, it was only a joke and meant to rile him.

To be continued.)

\$1,000 REWARD:

THE STORY OF A BOY DETECTIVE.

BY A DETROIT REPORTER.

Perhaps some Eastern render will recoiled the Weekly Friend, which was published in the city of New York many years ago. It was what was called a first-class literary paper, at the data and was made to be seen that date, and was, perhaps, too good for me times. At any rate, the experiment proved a failure, and the publishers were sold out by the sheritt.

sheriff.

I must, however, remark that the paper did not fail until after I had made my dibut as its main "devil," or apprentice, and been kicked down stairs, à la Greeley, by the foreman. I had a longing to go to sea, from the time I was old enough to read "The Cruise of the Black Thunderholt," until I landed in New York, aged thinteen, looking for a berth on some pirate craft or man-of-war.

My parents lived in Uister county, and many

at time my poor old mother went at my desire to step out of the beaten path which the Wileys had followed for generations. And, I may add, many a time did my inther take down a rod of correction and lay it over my back, because I preferred a novel to my school books. At last, when thirtoon venrs old. I stellow the form, when thirteen years old, I stole away from home one night, clothing fied up in a little bundle, and in due time arrived in New York.

My first sight of a vessel dampened my desiro to become a sailor, and when I had been taunted, threatened, cuiled and budgered by a dozen captains, I abandoned my foolish idea and deelded to return home. I had started to leave the city, when I was accosted by the foreman of the Friend, who was looking for a lad to do the chores about the office.

The idea of becoming a printer, oven by starting on a salary of twelve shillings per week, struck me favorably, and I closed the bargalo and was duly installed.

One of the printers got me a bourding pinco with an old haly, a widow, who thought a dollar per week would compensate her for all trouble, and so I could build alr-castles on the balance of my stipped. I had served three months when the day of my exit came.

months when the any of my exit came.
One night after having one of my boots cobbled, I was walking up Green street, when a
number of young men came along in a joily
mood. Just before we were to meet, I got the
idea that they might cuif or kick me, and so
shrunk close to the side of a building, which I
strevants know to be a house of doubtful weshrunk close to the side of a building, which I niterwards knew to be a house of doubtful reputation. As the men went by I caught the sound of voices inside, and there was something

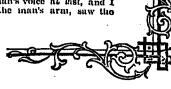
snid which made me linger.
"I tell you, Kate, I'm going to kill you i" ex-claimed a voice, and I heard stops as if some claimed a voice, and I heard stops as a concession were walking about in an excited way.

"Don't, Ned-don't pinch me so," pleaded a female voice. "You have been drinking, and you are not fit to bundle that knife." I creps out on the walk, and stood looking at the windows. The curtains were down, but were of such light material that I could see the

simiows and the movements of the two inside No one missed by on my side of the street, and

No one pussed by on my side of the street, and I listened with much anxiety.

"You lie! You have field to me a humbed times!" came the man's voice at last, and I saw the shadow of the man's arm, saw the



THE HEARTHSTONE.

shadow of his knife, and saw him reach out his left arm and seize the woman by the hair. Then she cried "murder!" I saw the arm strike, and plainly heard her fall. A policeman and two citizens came around the corner at that moment and just then, also, the door opened and a man leaped off the steps and ranaway as hard as he could. "That man killed a woman in there just now!"

I replied as the officer sharply inquired what I

I replied as the officer sharply inquired what I was doing in that locality.

We all ran in and the sight of a young woman lying dead on the floor, with a great knife sticking into her breast, made even the officer turn pale. He rushed out, gave the alarm, got other officers on the track of the murderer, and then a coroner arrived. The knife had reached the results have stranged to the results of the results. the woman's heart, and she must have expired instantly. Hair down, face ghastly white, teeth hard set, fingers clenched, blood upon hands and garments—the picture was a bad

to question, and I was but a poor one. I had beand the voices, seen the shadows, but knew nothing further. After taking my name, I was allowed to go, and went home to "Aunt Carter" to detail my adventure. The next morning I stopped on the street to hear some men discussing the trugedy, and when I arrived at the office it was eight o'dook, and the foreman had my fate already decided.

"Here, you miscrable rapscallion; here is the dollar due you, and now you want to get right down stairs as soon as possible!"

down stairs as soon as possible!"

I took the dollar but hesitated about going.
I was standing at the "bank," near the hand
press, and had just picked up a copy of a hand
bill which was being worked off, when the foreman seized me, gave me a shake and a kick, and I went rolling down stairs. I was not much hurt, and on gaining the street, sat down on the

step and looked at the hand bill.

It was headed: "\$1,000 Roward," and was a proclamation from the Mayor and Sheriff jointly offering that sum for the detection and arrest of the person, name unknown, who committed the Green street tragedy which I had as good as witnessed. More to let my old "aunty" know what was transpiring in the case than for any other reason, I took the bill around and road it to her, and then informed her that I bad been discharged from my situation.

discharged from my situation.

"Never mind, sonny, never mind," she remarked in her soothing way.

"You will soon find something elso to do, and I shan't charge yon anything for board while you are idle."

"Aunty, how do they eatth murderers?" I asked, after we had had a "talk," and I had gone through the proclamation again.

"Why—why, I don't exactly know," she replied, surprised at the query. "I suppose they watch out for every one until they get hold of the guilty man."

the guilty man.' This was all the encouragement I had to turn

detective, but it was enough. I instantly made up my mind that I would "watch out" until leould find the man and have him arrested Without saying a word to the old lady, fearful of being laughed at, I put on my cap and sought the street. For an hour, I walked up one street and down another, scanning the face of every man I met, and then I began toget discouraged. I had an idea how the murderer looked, just us you and every one else has an idea how Thiers Bismarck, Juarcz, or any other notable looks, even though you never saw even a wood cut to help your imagination. I saw thousands of faces but turned from each one, knowing that

my man was somewhere else.
At Inst, tired out, and suffering from the heat,
1 stepped into the open door of a saloon to get a
monont's rest. The bar-tender asked me if I wanted to earn ten cents, and, upon my replying in the affirmative, he gave me a basket of bottles which he wanted rinsed out at a trough in the back yard. The trough stood under a m the back yard. The trough stoot under a window of the adjoining building, which was a restaurant. I was soon aware of this, because of the savory odor which came out. Having no thought except for my work, I had nearly mished my task, when two men sat down at the window above, which lighted a sort of pri-yate stall or compartment of the restaurant. I heard the waiter as he placed the dishes on the table, but gave the matter no attention. Two men entered the stall; I heard the plates puttle, and directly one of them remarked in a

low tone:
"Pil tell you what I think about it. If you

don't wan't to be hanged, you'll get out of New York before morning!"

"Have you heard anything new about the case?" inquired the other in a guarded tone.
"I have been abed until half an hour ago." "Heard anything! Why, don't you know that they have offered a thousand dollars re-

ward for you!" The other expressed his surprise and alarm. and I was shortly convinced that he was the Green street murderer. The conviction frightened me, as I knew not what to do. I first

taurant and endeavor to secure the sight of the I was aided to perfect this idea by a law ire—that a substance heavier than air must fall to the ground; in passing a bottle to the basket I dropped it, and the glass was shiv-ered by the stones. As I looked up, both men looked out. The one I knew to be the murderer

eyed me suspiciously and asked: eyed me suspiciously and asked:

"Boy, how long have you been there?"

It was fear and nothing else which made me tell a falschood, " reply that I had only just come. This seemed to satisfy them, but they shoved down the sash as they drew in their heads. I picked up the basket, ran into the saloon, got my money, amitthen stood at the restaurant door. I had to wait a long time, but my patience was at length rewarded by the appearance of the two men. They looked up and pearance of the two men. They looked up and down the street, and crossed it and entered a

barber shop,

The murderer was rolug to make a change in als appearance. Your, as I was I suspected this. Waiting a few minutes. I crossed and en-tered the shop. I was at first confused at the query as to what I wanted, but replied that I would have my hair cut, and accordingly took

One of the barbers had just commenced on the murderer, while the man's companion sat looking out of the window. The barber asked murderer would have done, and the

mananswered: "Cut my hair as close as you can do it, and

take off both whiskers and mustache."

He had long hair, full whiskers and a heavy mastache, and after his orders had been compiled with, his friend, even, would hardly know him. The chairs were not placed in a row, but mine was a little back of the murderer's, so that I could see the side of his face. that his right ear had been once badly cut, and that he had a mole near his temple. These things I took notice of so as to be able to recog-

was so often called away to make change, and to instruct an apprentice, that the two men wore ready to go as I got out of my obair. I did not know how to secure their root in yourself.

arrest, but determined not to lose sight of them As they passed out, I followed on after, and trucked them until they halted at a second-hand clothing store on Chatham street. I then suspected that a further disguise would be attempted, and determined to give my information to a man who sat on a step further down. When I told him that I knew where the Green street mudgers was be leaded and loss street. when I told him that I know where the Green street murderer was, he laughed loud and long, and told me to speak to a policeman on the next block. I had had the idea that I must go to some Justice of the Peace, take out a warrant, have a hawyer, and all that, as I had never known anything about law or witnessed an arrest by the police.

"Who are you, you young cub? And do you take me for a groupour that you had no young the process."

"Who are you, you young cub? And do you take me for a greenhorn that you tell me such a yarn?" gruffly demanded the officer, as I gave him my information.

I was going to relate what I had heard from

the restaurant window, but he ordered me to move off, threatening me with arrest. Thus buffled, I returned to the clothing store, and the next moment the two men came out. murderer had on a stovepipe hat, and had en-tirely changed his wardrobe, but he still carried the mole, and by that I knew him. They walked

down two blocks, enfored a pawn shop, and again I waited. A policeman passed me, but I dared not speak to him, fearing arrest.

Bofore the men came out, a newsboy came along with an armful of "second editions," shouting: "All about the murder!" and I purchased eight or ten copies. The idea struck me that I ought to have some excuse for following the men, and that they must seen expectable. the men, and that they might soon suspect that I was dogging their steps. When they came out, I shouted the words of the newsboy, and both men purchased papers of me, the mur-derer remarking that he wanted to read the particulars. At noon, the men went to a North River pier, seeking a vessel ready to sail for Europe. In those days there were few steamers, and many of the passengers crossing the ocean took berths on sail vessels. I followed the men for an hour, but it seemed they could find no for an hour, but it seemed they could find no ship about to sail, and they proceeded to the Brocklyn ferry slip and had a luncheon at an eating house. It was two o'clock before they came out, and thou they went on board the ferry. I followed them on, keeping away from them as much as possible, and on landing in Brooklyn, dogged their steps to a sailors' boarding house a few blocks from the lawling. They must be

a few blocks from the landing. They must in some way have got a suspicion of me, as their conduct soon showed. They were in the house about five minutes, when the accomplice came

about five minutes, when the accomplice came out, beckoned to me as I stood on a step up the street, and when I came down to him he said:

"Sonny, you seem to be a smart boy, and I have an errand foryou. If you'll take a letter for me to No. 316 Nassau street, and hurry up about it, I will give you a dollar."

I hesitated, realizing that they wanted to get me out of the way, but was till so ignorant of the evil ways of such men that I readily followed the man up stairs when he asked me to, his excuse being that his friend might give me a "nice place in his store." I had only entered the room when the door was locked, and the the room when the door was locked, and the murderer, elenched his fingers in my hair. "You have been dogging us about all the

morning!" he exclaimed, giving me a severe shaking, "and I'm going to kill you! What do you mean, you little whelp! Who are you, and who told you to follow us!"

I was yelling out and howling with the pain,

and could not reply. He was shaking and culling me, when the landlord came up and dominded the cause. They had to open the door to him, and it was no sooner opened than I fled

down stairs.

The harsh experience taught me to be m careful. They knew me now, and would be on the watch for me. I therefore went up to the next street, crossed over, and watched the hotel door from that location, exposing nothing but my head. While I waited here, a boy came door from that location, exposing nothing but my head. While I waited here, a boy came along, with a pistol in his hand, so old and out and rusty, that he dared not attempt to discharge the load in it. I had about two dollars with me, and for less than a quarter of the money, ho sold me the pistol.

I felt great confidence in myself as I put the weapon in my pocket, although I was aware of its unit condition, and had never discharged a fire-arm of any sort. Without leaving my post, I watched until five o'clock, and then my men came out and went to the ferry dock, and aboard the boat. I ran around the block, approached the boat from astern, and sat down in the gaug-way running around the cabin. As soon as landing in New York, I got on the trail again, walking on the opposite side of the street and just opposite the men. They went four blocks up, made several turns, often looking behind, and I finally shadowed them on to Bowling

Here the murderer's companion gave him a key, pointed up a stairway, and then walked off at a rapid pace. The murderer went up the stairway, and the chase had ended. I was look-ing up and down, greatly puzzled to know what

"Thunder and blazes!" he exclaimed, greatly excited, "you stay here until I run after the police!"

I crossed over and stood at the foot of the stairs. Five minutes passed, and yet Johnny had not returned. Then I heard a door open and shot up stairs, and in another moment the murderer was descending. He would get away if he passed me. I thought this, and as he reached the middle of the stairs, out came the old pistol, and it was pointed at his head.

"Stop, Mister!" I shouted. "If you come any further I'll shoot you!" Getaway there, you young idiot!" he replied. " If you don't put up that pistol, I'll break your

"Stop! stop!" I shouted, raising the pistol a little, and holding it firmer.

The man did stop. He recognized me, and must have had a suspicion that the police were after him. He looked up and down for a wenpon, then looked at me, and I saw that I could not keep him any longer. He had just gathered for a spring, when I accidentally discharged the mistry wentom and he followed substract that the mistry wentom and he followed substract the substract that the substract the substract the substract that the substract the substract that the police were after him. charged the rusty weapon, and he fell and rolled down the stairs at my feet, to be selzed by two policemen, whom Johnny had, after much per-suasion, induced to accompany him.

sunsion, induced to accompany him.

The murderer, who turned out to be a machinist named Hebden, made a great outery against me, but I stack to my story. Johany backed me, and they held the fellow for an examination. He get delirious one ulght with the pain of his wound, and let the whole thing out, afterwards making a confession,

What more? Well, Hebden was hung. I

was spoken of by the papers as a keen boy, and the policemen coolly pocketed the reward, I never receiving even so much as a shilling.

FULLER, in his description of a good wife, says:

"She commandeth her husband in equal matters by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stay till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velved by her husband's wearing it. In her husband's sickness she feels more great than she shows."

SECRET INSANITY.

A very strange tragedy of recent occurrence, in Iowa, is well adapted to throw doubts upon the evidences usually relied on to prove the sanity of prisoners arraigned for crime. Her-man Malchau, a resident of Davamport, left his wife and child at homo on the 25th, apparently well and happy. They had been married about two years, were much attached to their little boy and to each other, and were regarded by their near neighbors as one of the most harmo-nious and contented families in the place. When Mr. Malchau returned from his work at noon, his wife had dinner ready for him, and at noon, his wife had dinner ready for him, and cheerfully spoke to him about the work she had done in the morning in the way of washing the windows and other housewifery. There was no hereditary insanity in her family; there nover had been any indication of it in her actions. She had always been joylal and talkative, without any trace of gloom in her maure. Yet, when Mr. Malchau returned to his work Yet, when Mr. Malchau returned to his work Yet, when Mr. Malchau returned to his work after dinner, this happy, devoted wife and fond mother went deliberately to work to destroy the life of her child and herself. She took a water barrel into the house from the yard and half filled it with water, closed the door and window shutters, laid her husband's coat on a bed and placed on it the following note which half deritters.

she had written :-"Malchau, I don't like to live. I wish every day for my death. How good, good, good you have been to me and child; I have kept this

secret; I want you to do likewise; follow me."
When her husband returned from his cooper shop at half-past six, he found everything quiet about the house. The blinds were down and no one came to meet him. Entering the room he found and read the note, but thought it a joke. He then passed into the back room, and saw his wife leaning into a barrel which stood near the door. He still took the matter as a jest until he found that she was dead, with her head sunk in the water. Stunned, half-crazed, he took the body out and rushed out of doors to look for his little boy. Not seeing him, a fear-ful thought brought him back again to the fatal barrel, and there he found the dead body of his child. All the details as developed at the Coro-ner's inquest show this to be a case of insanity—and yet of insanity disproved by every presumption based upon the facts of her life and character, and proved solely by deliberate and secret child-murder and suicide.

CULTIVATE FLOWERS.

Yes, cultivate flowers. Plant them in your gardens and door-yards, plant them in your windows and verandahs, and set them in your rooms. Their presence is cheerful, to care for them is a pleasant recreation, their influence is them is a pleasant recreation, their induced is elevating and realining. The Great Architect, in His infinite wisdom, implanted in the hearts of the human race a natural love of the beautiful. The earth is full of beauty. All around us we meet with objects which excite pleasant emo-tions, and among them the myriad forms and tints of the flowers minister to our pleasure, surprise ne with their beauty, and excite our surprise us with their beauty, and excite our wonder. We plant a tiny seed, or bury a bul-bous root, or transplant a thorny shrub, or an ordinary looking vine, and lo, in a short time with a little care, come forth creations wondrous in beauty, mysterious in form, and marvellous in fragrance. They have been aptly called reminiscences of the analytic properties of heaven, the splendid children of the sun and the

jewellery of the soil. They are silent ministers of peace and of gladness.

Referring to their usefulness, Dr. Gregory, of the Illinois Industrial University, in one of his addresses, says of them: "Beautiful in form, beautiful in color, beautiful in arrangement, infinite in variety, endless in profusion, decking without relations the percentage of highly without relations the percentage of highly without relations the percentage of highly and the percentage of the profusion. without reluctance the poor man's cot, bright-ening without pride the rich man's home, blooming with wild content in the lonely forest glades, and on the unvisited mountain sides blazing without ambition in the public parks, shedding their fragrance without stint in the chambers of sickness, cheering without reproach the poor wretch in the prison cell, blushing in the hair of virtuous beauty, and shedding without blush their beautiful light on the soiled brow of her fallon states, shoulder in the cradle with of her fallen sister, sleeping in the cradle with the innocent life of infancy and blooming still in the coffin with the city that remains after that life is spent, scattering their prophetic bloom through orchard and field where robust industry prepares its victories, and lighting up the graveyards with undismayed promises, scorning no surroundings however humble or however statul, flinging beauty in the wild wan-tomers of infinite abundance on the most pre-cious and the most worthless things and places; they are God's incarnated smiles shed forth with a love that frightens our poor justice out of its wits, and with an infinite justice that puts our uttermost love to the blush, teaching thought of tunning in and telling the bit-tender, and then I determined to wait until I should be do, when some one cuffed off my hat, and I selence better than the schools; at once mocking that I might get into trouble.

I washed softly at the bottles, and when they were done, I had determined to go into the respect to the solution of the was older in years, though younger in the office, when some one cuffed off my hat, and I selence better than the schools; at once mocking and stimulating the arts; kissing us when we full, yet refusing to let us lie quiet in our prostration, and perpetually urging on the great heart of humanity by their myriad and unendance to require the right of the was older in years, though younger in the office, "You slay here until I run after the little like in the refuse of the collection of the little like in the creeks, and a selence better than the creeks, and a selence better than the schools; at once mocking and stimulating the arts; kissing us when we full, yet refusing to let us lie quiet in our prostration, and perpetually urging on the great heart of humanity by their myriad and unending the arts; kissing us when we full, yet refusing to let us lie quiet in our prostration, and perpetually urging on the great heart of humanity by their myriad and unending the arts; kissing us when we full, yet refusing to let us lie quiet in our prostration, and perpetually urging on the great heart of humanity by their myriad and unending the arts; kissing us when we full, yet refusing to let us lie quiet in our prostration, and perpetually urging on the great heart of humanity by their myriad and unending the arts; kissing us at the bottles, and it may be a seen the arts and blazes. that Divine Fatherhood which has given their splendor to the liles, and told us that 'Solo-mon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of

Such are the lessons taught by the flowers: and none need be without these silent teachers. They are within the reach of the humblest family, to afford cheer and comfort in the rusged battle of life, as well as to deck the home of

A taste for flowers should be cultivated everywhere; and it may be halfed as a healthy sign of the times that the number of professional florists are increasing, and that large establishments, west as well as east, are being built up by a constantly increasing commerce in this line of business. Cultivate a taste for flowers, learn the children to love them, and you will and a reward in reduced feelings, good impulses and aspirations which exercise a potential influence in making men and women wiser, happier and better.

ALWAYS NEAT.—Some folks are very charming at evening parties, but surprise them in the moraing, when not looking for company, and the onchantagat is gone. There is good sense in the following advice to young ladies. Your overy day tolict is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury," or a "sloven," in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely sho may look in the evening. No matter show humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain: a mirror, wash-stand, soup, towel, comb, hair-brush, nail-brush and tooth-brush. These no just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fall to provide most of their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after dinner-work is ever improve your tailet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may not, or need not be anything better than ealice; but with a ribbon, or some bit of ornamont, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being woll dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a runged and dirty dress with her hair unkennyt, should a stranger or neighbor come in. Moreover, your self-respect should (domand the decent sapareting of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

THE bost mode of cleaning gold is to wash it in warm suds made from delicate soap, with ten or fiteen drops of sal volatile in it. Try hy placing in soxwood sawdust. This makes jewels very brilliant.

To Renovate Brown Holland.—When the dirt has been thoroughly washed out of brown holland, it will greatly improve the appearance of the material if its afterwards placed in water in which hay has been previously steeped.

Baring Powder.—Carbonate of soda eight ounces, tartarie acid six ounces, ground rice eight onnees. Mix well and keep in a bottle in a dry place. About a tenspoorful for this may be used to a small cake containing one pound of flour.

TO REMOVE THE STAINS OF MARKING INC.—Wet the part stained with boiling water, they apply some tineture of iodino to the marks; if the whole be now washed in a solution of hyposulphic of soda, every trace of the ink will be removed.

Young Onny Sauge,—Peel a pint of button onions, and place them in water till you want to put them on to boil; put them into a stewpan, with a quart of cold water; let them boil till tender; they will take (neording to their size and age) from half an hour to an hour.

FAINTING.—If a person faints, should be be pule, place him on his back and let him alone; he wants arterial blood to the head, and it is easier for the heart to throw it there in a horizontal line than perpendicularly.—If he be red in the face, lose no time in exposing his chest and setting him upright.

MINUED AUSTRALIAN BEEF,—Having mineed your ment, place it in a sancepan, with some pepper, salt, half-a-dogentablespoonfuls of good gravy, and one of catsup. Boil some potatous and mash with milk and butter; line the edge of a dish with these, placing the minee in the centre; then serve. ONION AND POTATO BULLS.—Oyerboil a large Spanish onion, and best it hot with three or four times its bulk in potatoes, hot; add a little batter, salt and pepper to taste. Form into balls and brown in butter. With good thick gravy this dish may form a separate course, or it can be served with roast meats.

AUSTRALIAN PRESERVED METTON.—A most palatable, not to say luxurious, meal may be made from this meat if it is enten cold with hot mashed patatoes and mint sauce. It is in this form that preserved meats are preferred in warm weather in some of the Colonies, where fresh meat is so much cheaper than it is here.

STONE PAINT.—A German recipe for conting wood with a substance as hard as stone is as follows: forty parts of chalk, fifty of resin, and four of linse of oil are melted together, and one part of oxide of cupper is added, and afterward (very gradually and carefully) one part of sulphuric acid. The mixture is applied hot.

PASTE THAT WILL KEEP.—A perpetual paste can be made by dissolving one ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold, add flour enough to make it the consistency of cream, then stir into it half a tenspoonful of powdered regin. Boil it to proper consistency, stirring all the time. It will keep for twely months, and when dry may be softened with water.

HARD SOAP.—Five pounds soda ash, two and a half pounds white line, one half pounds resi, ten pounds grease, eight gallons roft water. Boil five hours. Take the soda ash and line, but then in your kettle, pour the water over, and boil one half hour. Then lot it settle, and turn off the lye. Lift out the line and roda ash, turn over it more water, as it is yet quite strong, return the lye to the kettle, add the grease and resin, and boil five hours. This makes excellent soap.

FARM ITEMS.

What is a Maximum Crop of Brans? — Forty bushels per acre have been grown. A farmer in Western New-York raised over 1,800 bushels from 60 acres. qr over 30 bushels per acre.

What is Muck 7.—Muck consists of vegetable matter which has accumulated in a swamp or beggy place by the full and decay of grass, leaves, or plants which have grown there during a long series of years. Wash often collects in pends or creeks, and consists generally of sand or earth; with some vegetable matter; but it is not muck. Muck consolidated becomes neat.

Potato-Bug.—If the bugs are too numerous for hand-picking, use Paris groon, mixed with twelve to twenty parts of flour. Dust it upon the vines while the dew is on. Paris green can be had at the drug and paint stores. Recollect that it consists largely of arsenic, and is a most dangerous poison. Keep it entirely under your own control, and in dusting the vines be careful not to inhale the powder.

To Dyg Chres.—A really permanent green can not be got with ordinary domestic appliances. It is a nice operation for a professional dyer. A fair green may be got by dying blue with sulphate of indige first, and then immersing the goods in a both of quereitron bark. Put the bark, lied up in a cloth, into cold water, along with the blued goods; gradually bring the bath to a boil—an hour should be compled in this process; whon boiling, permit the cloth to romain in only a few minutes, or the green will be dark and dingy.

To PRESERVE EGGS .- There are numerous ways of To Preserve Eggs.—There are numerous ways of proparing eggs to keep them a long time, but all present some difficulty which is hard to surmount. Some oil every ogg all over, and they keep as long as tho oil remain sweet. They can be varnished or conted with any substance which will exclude air from them, but the slightest imperfection in the coating produces a failure in keeping. We have known eggs kept from the summer, when they could be hought chean, until midwinter, by packing in salt. Cover the bottom of your vessel with salt, stand your eggs in this, small ends down, then cover with salt, and imbed another ends down, then cover with salt, and imbed another layer, until full, covering the top layer an inch deep with the salt.

with the salt.

Keeping Hees apart for Breeding.—The following is like many other queries we often receive: "I have a trie of pure Brahmas that have been running with other fewls. How long must I keep them separate to keep the eggs pure?"—Ten days is a safe rule. Most broaders believe, however, that previous impregnations affect slightly eggs impregnated by other cocks for months afterwards. The evidence has not been collected, however, to set this last matter entirely at rest. It is not supposed that the egg germs are directly affected, but indirectly through the organization of the mother. Poultry keepers of a scientific turn will do well to institute a series of experiments to decide this question.

To PACK BETTER.—It is not alone the packing which makes butter keep, although good butter may be spoiled by bad packing; but the best packing will not make poor butter good or keep sweet. Therefore first make good butter. When that is made, it may be packed using a double allowance of salt for packed butter, in new onkee tubs, which are first sealed, then sorked in brine, and the butter closely pressed in until quite full and level with the edge then sprinkle a handful of sult on top, and cover with a piece of muslin, dipped into brine; nail down the cover and put away in a cool, sweet collar or spring-

The potato bugs are destroying the potato vines entirely in many parts of Indiana.

RELATIVE VALUES OF BEASTS AND OF MAN, A.D. 1000. RELATIVE VALUES OF BEASTS AND OF MAN, A.D. 1009,

—By a law recorded at the date above mentioned, we learn that the compensation assessed for wilful or negligent destruction or loss of live stock was as follows:—For a pig eightpence, a cow twenty-four pence, an ox thirty pence, a mule or young ass twelve shillings, (of fiveponce each), a mare or colt twenty shillings, a horse thirty shillings, and a man one nound! The Auglo-Naxon pound contained forty-cight shillings, four of which would weigh as much as five of the present day.

live of the present day.

Ilow Many Words we Use.—The latest editions of Wobster's and Worcester's Dictionaries contain between one and two hundred thousand words. But, fortunately, nine-tenths of these are seldem used. It is remarkable how small a solection satisfies the wants of the best writers and speakens. An educated Englishman, who has been at a public school and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakspere, and in actual conversation. Close reasoners and thinkers who avoid general expression and wait for the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock, and cloquent speakers may rise to the command of 10,000. Shakspere produced all his play with 15,000 words, Mitton's works are Luit up with 8,000, and the Old Testamentsays all that it hus to say with 5,642 words,

WIT AND HUMOUR.

NATURE'S tailoring-a potato patch. Even the best of outlors steal their material. WHEN is bread most wanted ?-When it's knowded.

CLEVELAND'S superfluous dogs are made up into ue. VERY Opp. - Boots r invariably soled before they are bought.

What part of the rifle is like an assault?—The precch of the piece. Way is the figure 9 like a pencock? Because it's 0 (maight) without its tail.

The proprietor of a San Jose pleasure-garden of-fers a prize for the man with the longest nose. Way is a man never knocked down against his will?—Because it is impossible to full unless in-

"COME out here, and I'll lick the whole lot of you." Said an archin to some sticks of peppermint in a window.

CAN an auctioneer he expected to wear an amiable expression of countenance when his looks are always or bidding?

"Sensation shoes" are announced by New York dealers. All that is necessary is to put a number soven shoe on a number nine foot.

The Mariposa man who lost his ear in a fight, and afterwards had it replaced wrong end up, is obliged to stand on his head to hear straight.

Cure soo has a Chinese laundry, and it is said to be Ah Sin to see how the stalwart washermen sprin-kle clothes by ejecting water between their teeth. Is New York society circles, engagements are quoted dull and declining fewer stylish woddings having taken place than in any spring season for years.

years.

Sunces and that sort of thing are getting so much the fashion now that Jones, who never gets home before two in the morning, was not a hit superised when Mrs. J. gave him notice of a 'lock-and.'

Swoods has found "still another link" in the chain of evidence of the alliaity between man and the lower orders. He alliaity he ween actually seen a spider trying to get up a corner on dobwels!

"Now, Johny, Said a posture togelor to a until."

"Now, Johany, said a pretty teachor to a pupil, "can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?" Yes, ma'am. Mother says if you don't marry our new Principal it will be a miracle."

The other day a Montreal tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterward by its being returned, with a noto appended, saying, "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

saying. "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

A CONTYNIOLARY describing a fushionable party, speaks of a gallant who whispered to a lady "and took her apart." It is not a very difficult feat to "take any lady apart" these times, but there is very little left of her afterwards.

A MISTAKE.—In the list of "London Belting" given a week ago the following line appeared—"25 to I against Marshal Bazaine (taken)." Anybody who has read the records of the France-Prussian war knows this is a mistake. The Marshal was not taken—he surremedered.

"Who: Awake."—Ginard: "Tickets, please I"—Rustic: "Wha-mat?"—Hustic: Non, Non, I 'been an' give Foive Bob for moy Ticket, an' I beant a gave to give un up to you. If theo wants to Travel, why doant'e Boy one yoursen?"

A LITTLE hoy was asked by his teacher to write a

why donnt'e Buy one yoursen?"

A LITTLE boy was asked by his teacher to write a composition on the subject of water, and the following is the production: "Water is good to drink, to swin in, and to skate on when frozen. When I was a little buby, the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Injuns don't wash themselves hat once in ten years. I wish I was an Injun!"

I was an Injun!"

New Orleans appears to be a favorite resort for very distinguished persons, but they yield too readily to its seductions and fall into evil ways. These items are taken from the police news of the Picagone: "Millard Fillmore is at the First Police Station, charged with sleeping out. John Bull is at the Second Police Station, charged with being drunk and having stolen property. Robert Burns was found lying drunk in the Third Precinct, and is now found lying drunk in the Third Precinct, and is now at the Jackson Square Police Station, charged with larceny."

Wouldn's Edon Some Charles M.

ington is at the Fifth Police Station, charged with Inrecay."

Would'NT Boil. Soft.—Charton, Miss., like every other town, is full of reminiscences of past events. It has its curious characters, who have now nearly all passed away. A story is related that about a century ago a party of English gentry, on their way from Boston to Now Haven, were compelled to remain there ever night, as the only place where men and hearsts were accommodated. As many of the luxuries of life, such as coffee and tea, were almost unknown to the inhabitants, our travelers carried a supply of these thines with them. Coffee and tea were given to the landlady that she night propare them for breakfast. It was the first time she had seen these articles, and of course knew nothing about their preparation. Not wishing to be considered verdant she resolved to try. When the travelers called for their tea and coffee she came and told them: "Gentlemen the yarbs are done, but the beans won't boil soft."

STEATED ON CAYAGUITA Creek, N. Y., a few onless from its function with the Mohawk, is a pleasant little village bearing the mane of Gloversville, from the particuliar character of its one business, viz., the manufacture of gloves. The inhabitants, numbering some 7,000 souls, are nearly all thus engaged, and the annual product of the place is said to be gloves to the value of \$4,000,000. These are sold in all parts of the United States, and many thousand dezens marked "Paris" are purchased and worn as the imported article, being un some respects superior to the French manufacture.

The wholesale Gorman emigration to America is attracting great attention in Europe, and various theories are given to assount for it, the best of which is that the people are poor and want to do better.

A CRIMENE poem, [4-5] ao, written 2,200 years ago,

A CHINESE poem, Li-Sao, written 2,300 years is said to prove that America was known to the Chinamen of that day.

A VESSEL left San Francisco for China, a short time ago, freighted with the bones of dead China-

Ir is said that \$75.000,000 worth of fuel is burned yearly in the United States.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

168. PUZZLE.

What is that which goes without foot, warns without speaking, speaks without talking, loses without taking, cains without buying or solling, and hides its face behind its hands without blushing?

A. H. B.

169. ENIGMA.

From early morn to dewy eve Um ever on the move, Yet, still confined to one small spot, From it I never rove.

My second you will never find Inturnoil toil or strife. My schole—ah! 'tis the Joy of Joys, The very balm of life. The anxious lover knows it not.
Who pines, and mopes, and sighs;
The favored lover it has get
Who basks in Beauty's eyes.

170. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of fifteen letters. My 3, 2, 4, 5, commonly denotes wealth; my 7, 6, 1, 5, is certainly not cautious; my 14, 12, 13, 8, is to slay; my 5, 6, 8, 15, is a robust state of health; my 1, 2, 8, 14, is in great favour with the ladies; my schole is an M.P.; and my 4, 5, 2, 8, 1, 15, 6, is the borough that he represents.

To perplex; is pressing; to appoint; is just; a fortress; a woman's name. The initials and finals road forwards will name two tales that have appeared in the Family Herald.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 24. 160.—ENIGMA.—WOOD.
161.—VERBAL CHARADE.—C, r, o, q, u, o, t (croquet).
162.—Logogerips.—I. Prointe, Reinte, Einte, Late,
Tric, Ale, L. 2. Part, Art, Eint At, A. 3. Scowl,
Cowl, Uwi, Low, Lo, L. 4. Chilly, Hilly, Lily, Hill, L.
163.—ULMANDE.—Pitchfork.





Lexy soil pipes are unsufe, as they are so readily acted upon by the sewer gases.

Proscuours bronze is recommended to be used for carridge cases. It is one-fifth lighter than bruss; and after being fred for forty or fifty times, the phos-phorus bronze remains undestroyed.

The irritating funes that arise from burning sul-phur may be readily absorbed by peroxide of man-canese; persons working in these vapors, however diluted, should wear respirators containing this

ARRENO IS CARPETS.—It has been found that not only green but also the real coloured carpetings frequently contain arsonic. It is particularly asserted that the brilliant dark red colours, now so greatly in demand, contain enormous quantities of this poisonous substance. The goods burned with the blacthame of arsenic, and gave its characteristic garlic odour

New Am Balloon.—M. Dupuy de Lôme has re-cently made an aerial journey, in company with lif-teen others, in a newly constructed air balloon. The machine somewhat resembles an egg in shape, and by mechanical means can be made, it is reported, to be able to travel in any direction, irrespective of the wind; a speed of 20 miles an hour can be readily obtained.

Lan,—It is stated that the white has on apparently good lard is perfectly fallacious: for it is said to be a common practice among dealers to mix from 2 to 5 per cent. of milk of line with the melted lard. A apparaceous compound results, which has the double advantage of being beautifully white and allowing 25 per cent. of water to be stirred in, during cooling. A good test of the suspected article is to mix with it an old minent of nitrate of mercury, which will turn the white into a slate colour.

ARTIFICIALLY PREPARED FRUIT-SYRUPS.—It appears that a considerable trade is carried on in so-called frait-syrups, which contain no fruit whatever, but are artificially prepared from solutions of sugar layored with ether and colored with anilino dye. There are fortunitely various tosts for this disgrace-fai imposture—such as nitric acid, which, when nixed in equal volume with the real fruit-syrup, causes no change, but turns the initiation yellow. With solution of carbonate of soda, the artificial remains unchanged, and the real becomes like or green.

STYM Towns,—A scheme is amoted for the adopon of steam towing, on the Larmanjar system, on the continuous lines of canals and rivers lying between the Straits of bover and the Gulf of Lyons, so as to unite the Mediterranean and the English Channel by a navigable roate of modium speed. A single time of rail, weighing Job, per foot lineal, is to be Laid, says the Vechanics' Mountine, along the banks, with four wheeled traction engines running thereon, each engine weighing four tons, and towing a single boat of Ecto 169 tons' weight (with eargol, at a speed of about three nules per hour, working in relays and exchanging boats; the return journey, when empty, being marke at double speed. Successful trials are said to have been made of this system on the Marine Canal.

Leviner Beles and Machivery.—Experiments made in the Interd States with a view to discover the best way of transmitting power by means of leather belts have fed to the conclusion that the most circettal way to prevent the slipping of the belts is to cover the policys with leather. From that it would ap, ear that leather on letther offers a certain steadiness and with a further advantage that the belt does not by off, and wenrs out less rapidly than when it rais on from or wood. It is found in practice, in a spinning factory, that a belt running on leather will prostuce a thread free from knots and of much groater length, within a given time, than when running, and slipping, on an iron pulley. And we learn that in a steam milk, with five run of millstones, each seround twenty-seven baseles a day after they were covered with leather, being from three to four bushels more each than before. In paper mills and sugar untils caughty satisfactory grantle-giave been obtained; and we may conclude that pulleys covered with leather are best under all circumstance, even where ropes of wire are used.

Biows Wishson Soap.—A writer in our scientific

with leather are best under all circums[ance., even where ropes of wire are need.

Brows Window calls uttention to the fact, but very litch known to the multimate of both sexes who use the "prima old Brown Windsor Soap" of the perfumers shops, that by far the largest projection of it is manufactured from "bone-grease." This grease is of a dark tarry-brown colour, and of an aboninable colour. By various processes it is more or less deficeated, bleached, and deodorised, and is exparated into two or three different qualities, the most inferior of which gues to the formation of railway machinery and grease. The latter is suponified, and becomes, when well manufactured, a hard-brown soap, still, however, retaining an unpleasant smell. To hide this—for it would appear that the smell is never thoroughly removed—the soap is remelted and strongly perfumed, Like all other things, there are cheap and dear Windsor soaps; in the cheapest sorts boiling and suponifying do not apparently render the hitherto patrescent grease innocaous. Skin specialists frequently ask patients whether they have been using may new sort of some but no one seems hitherto to have traced any distinct complaint, which, with those of bad const tration or lowered health, often degenerates into severe or intractable skin disorder.

tion or lowered health, often degenerates into severe or intractable skin disorder.

HISTS RESPICTING HOUSES.—First, in building, or buying, or hiring a house, choose always a lie where there is abundance of light. Avoid dark lanes, neighborhoods where there are high walls, or thick groves, or any obstruction which shuts out the sam, A cottoge with there rooms and light in them is better than a palace with thirty halls and chambers, where the light must be made by artificial aids. Then, secondly, live in those rooms of the house in which the light has freest entrance; sit in them, cat in them, sleep in them, if any are to be shut up and kept for state excessions, or for the reception of rare visitors, let them be the darkest rooms of the house, the north and cast rooms, rather than the south and wast. Let the samy rooms be those which are the most constantly used. In the third place, have such finish of the house in walls, ceibing, furniture, drapery, decorations, as shall assist and multiply, not absorb and destroy the light. As far as possible, let the brightness that comes muto the house be met and repeated by the brightness that stays in the house. Have colors in the furniture that will be brought out and not ruined by the light falling upon them. In the fourth place, give the light placify of room to come in at the windows. When a bay window is built, with its treble arrience of glass, do not neutralise its excellent gift by a troble fold of damask, and so destroy its beauty and use. It is bad when two bay windows on the came side of the house hinder each other's freedom; but it is worse when, within the house, the heavy folds of entrains make the projecting window a useless excresence.

The Corpses of the Great.—The embalming of Mazzini's besty recalls the singular face which has attended the remains of so many distinguished men. In fact, an extremely interesting volume might he made of the posthumous adventures of the hosies of those whose memory the world has sought to keep alive. There is but little doubt that the tombs in the Panthéon at Paris which are shown as comaining the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau are in fact empty, having been rided during one of the periods of conservative reaction in France. Milton's head is said to be in the possession of a private collector in Loudon. So is Cromwell's. Joremy Bentham's body, by his direction, was stuffed, fad, dressed in his hand, and seated in his chair, is now preserved in a glass ease. A few years ago there was sold at anotion in Loudon what was said to be the head of Confucius, the Chinese sage. It was a skull meunted in gold, and was said to have been taken by an English sailor from the Summer Palace in. Pekin when that building was sacked. In Le Chemin des Reoliege by Saintine there is an illustration by Dord, drawn with the imaginative realism of that urtist, representing the skeleton of Charlemagne scated in his tombent Aix-in-Chapolle, with a crown upon his skeleton head and his bones wrapped in the imperial robes. This tomb was built by Charlemagne for hingelf, and he was buried there. In 1917, Otho 111, nad the tomb opened, and found the skeleton as Dorf, has depicted it, seated upon the marble chair which is still shown to the eurious. Othe found the body and the imperial robes much decayed, but, bowing respectfully before the remains of the frank king, retired-and had the deors sealed again. In 1865, however, they were opened again by Frederick Harharvose, more for plunder than for curlosity. Having possessed himself of the rensures the tomb opened, and be seen in Als-in-Chapelle, where, with other curriosities, they are shown for five france a head.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE righer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come. IGNORANCE bridles the tongue of the wise, but gives perpetual motion to that of the fool.

THERE is nothing honourable that is not innocent, and nothing mean but what attaches guilt.

To the brave man, good and evil fortune are as his right and left hami: he makes use of both. Am at perfection in corrything, though in most things it is unattainable; for those who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

give it up as unntainable.

The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, alming at my good. I must think him wise and faith-ful—wise in spying that which I see not, faithful in a plain admonishment not tainted with flattery.

a pain admonstrated to trained with flattery.

The cure for the most unfadies is employment,

"lie not solitary: be not idle." Raly upon it, life
was not given to as to be spent in drams and reversing,
but for active, useful excition—exertion that turns
to some account to yourselves or to others, not laborious idleness. Formark to offer an opinion on a subject of which you are ignorant, especially in the presence of those to whom it is familiar. If it be not always in your power to speak to the purpose, it certainly is to silent; and though thousands have remembered with pain their garrulity, few have had reason to repent their silonce. ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CALER BURT.—M.S.S. received; will receive attention in due course of time.

OLD SOLDER.—The first cannon was east in the year ISS at Sussex. England.

A. Reader.—Rebin Hood and Little John lived in the year of 1189.

J. A. CROSS.—The cost of St. Paul's Cathedral in London was 4736,752.23.

London was 1.786.752.23.

JANET MYERS.—There are 2.728.100 lotters in the Old Tortament and S.S.330 in the Now Testament.

SETH THOREY.—It is difficult to give an opinion—unless we hear both sides: you have a strong argument in your favor. Write again.

ADA TELLY.—The eastern is, that the bride's-maid stand on the bride's side of the altar. The best man and bridegroom's men stand on the other. Black elothes and dark colors should be avoided. Morning costume is most suitable.

A. T. SSIER.—No it is not a new and original idea. A. T. SSIER.—No it is not a new and original idea. for in the library at Nuremburg is a globe made by John Schoner in 1520 showing that the passage through the Lethaus of Panama, so much sought after in later times, on the old globe carefully delineated.

nented.

NADER,—We should be happy to answer all your questions if space would allow at length, but must content ourselves by the following arrangement: No. 1, yos, always. No. 2, must be gold. No. 3, pink or light blue. No 4, we prefer the last named. No 5, should be suspended by a ring at end of chain and worn on forelinger of loft hand. No 6, quite a matter of taste. No 7, all strong perfemes should be avoided, should be delicate and frogrant. No 8, before noon is to be preferred to "deeds of darkness." No. 9, and the rest we will consider when the summer comes.

Symptoms of Sunstrokk.—The symptoms of sunstroke are at once uniform and diverse—uniform in their general outline, and diverse in their especial details. In the ordinary form—that which may be spoken of as the corebrospinal variety—after more or less distinct warning, in the shape of such promonitory symptoms as bendeche, disoriered vision, intense weariness, etc., the subject becomes unconscious, sometimes suddenly, sometimes more gradually. The laborer will full sonseless in the street; in the hospital the comrades of a sick man will have their attention attracted by his heavy breathing, only to find that natural sleep has passed by insensible degrees into fatal come of super. With this insensibility there is always associated intense heat of the skin. To the hand the surface feels intensely hat; nor is the sensation a deceptive one—the heat of the body exceeds that attained in almost any other affection. Thermometer placed in the armpit, instead of indicating 18° Faronheit, the temperature of health, rises generally to 100°, in some cases even to 113°. From the ipsculing pungency of this heat the technical term cular morduax, or biting heat, has been applied to it.

The surface may or may not be palq: very often it is dusky, with a livid, bluish-purple hue. The eyes are sometimes wild and restless, sometimes fixed and iglaring, sometimes wild with the leaden hue of appreaching death. The nupils at first are generally contracted; in the later stages they are often widely dilated. With these symptoms of intense fever are others betokening nervous disturbance. In some cases these are of the mature of paralysis, the patient lying apparently in the decepest sleep, not a muscle moving, not a limb raised, not an eyelid quivering. In other cases they preceded in the later stages they are often widely dilated. With these symptoms of intense fever are others betokening nervous disturbance. In some cases these are of the mature of paralysis, the patient lying apparently in the deepest high paralysis. There appears to b

common sympton amongst the La-tin nations. Frenchmen thus at-tacked often become melancholic, and develop an irresistible tenden-cy to suicide, so that soldiers on the march will suddenly shoot them-selves.

and develop an irresistible tendency to suicide, so that soldiers on the march will suddenly shoot themselves.

Whatever be the form of the attack, generally as the minutes pass the symptoms are intensified: the quick pulse of the first onset becomes more and more feeble, the labored breathing noley and stertorous, the surface darker and dark as respiration fails; and death at last is brought about by asphyxia, or sometimes by the almost concentaneous fading away of respiration and circulation.

The one grout symptom, the centre of the group in all forms of the disease, is the high temperature. If the skin be cool, the case is not sunstroke. After douth the high temperature continues and is said sometimes even to rise higher. Decomposition/follows with exceeding rapidity. On post-mortem examination the only appearances of striking importance are—a condition of blood similar to that seen in low fevers, a rigid, contracted state of the heart, in which if feels almost like wood, and a great tendency toward the rapid but transient development of that peculiar stiffening which at some time after death takes pospecsion of the muscular tissues.—From inserticle on Sensymes to II. D. Wood, Jr., M. Jr., in the Jaly annote of Lippicott's Magazine.

Shent Influence.—We are toneding our follow-beings on all

SILENT INFLUENCE. — We are touching our follow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what wo are, by what we say and do, even by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. Flowers in the parlour breathe their frangance through the atmosphere. We are each of use as silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtlearnan of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of cuch parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself, and no man dioth to himself, others are built up and straightened by our unconscious deeds; others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence.

Don't are Too Sensitye. —There

JUNE.

A BLOOD FOOD AND A NUTRITIVE
TONIC.

THE GREAT POPULARITY OF DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELINIR OF PROSPILATES AND CALLSAY as sweng to its perfect reliability and introduced with usiness. they attribute his abstraction in some mode joursonal to themselves, and take unbruse accordingly. They moot an acquaintance in the street who happens to be procecution in some mode joursonal to themselves, and take
unbruse accordingly. They lay on others to fault
of ther own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes
the Stomach. Liver and Kidneys which arise from
lystopies or Feeble Digostion, and result in part
doed and brenking down of the general health. It
fluctually relieves pain or a sonse of fullness in the
tomach after enting, Heart-burn. Flathelence, Concompanies of the Kidneys and Binder from the red
set in the Urine, irritabilities and restlessues folwed by nervous prestration and general debilityhigh inevitably arise from the one consume cause
very popular or Feeble Digestion. All those delicante
melitations that lack energy and vitality, and are
necentary and vitality and are
necentary and the according to the massive of the family without finding the
necentary of the family without finding the designed.

They cannot carry on the daily
then street we

PROBABLY never' since the settlement of central Illinois was there a havier fall of rain than that of Saturday night in Morgan. Sangamen. Scott, Cass Macoupia, tircen and other counting. At Manchester, in Scott county, six and three-quarter inches of water fell.

C.--C.--C.

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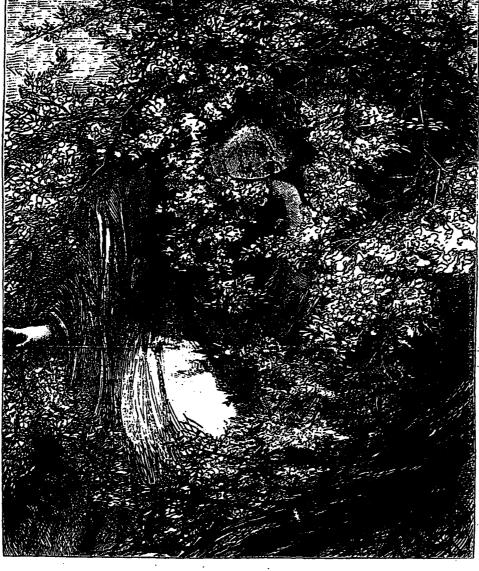
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The great man is he who chooses the right with in-vincible resolution, who resists the sorestemations from without and within, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is enlinest in storas and most fearless under memores, and whose reliance on truth, virtue, and tool is most unfaltering.

HUMBERTY is the most natural cure for anger in the world: for ho that by daily considering his own informities makes the errors of his neighbours to be his numities makes the errors of his neighbours to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs (iod's and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the faults of another, as being greater than those which he feels that he is frequently and inexcusably guilty of.

A SERMON CONDENSED.—"When my mother says 'No.' there is no 'Yes' in It." Here is a sermon in a nutshell. Multitudes of parents say "No." but after a doal of tensing and debate it finally becomes "Yes." Love and kindness are essential elements in the successful management of children: but itrunces, decision, inflexibility, and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

no test important.

Fairnesmue.—All attachments subside after a time but such as are founded on the solid basis of congenial tastes, dispositions, and pursuits. We look back with angular on one with such bitterness of heart as on the unkindness of those who were once kind. Real friendship is no common blessing. Love is but a more agreeable modification of selfishness. When its object ecuses to give pleasurable somations, love takes its rapid flight; but friendship, outlives deformity, age, and disease,

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

June 19th, 1872.

narkets has caused duliness here. The te- low downward. The imports are heavy.	ndene;	y. 1
Superior Extra, none	to \$0) (
sanoy	to 6	9
Do. No. 2 5 80	to 6	5
Middlings 4 50 Авикs.—Market quiet during the week.	to 4	17
ARRES MILITROL QUICE GUTINE THE WOOK.	>Alea	<i>i</i> 11

87.35 to 7.40 for Pot; \$9.80 to 9.85 for Pearl. Re-ceipts moderate. Bastly-Steady; prices range from 45 to 50c per 48 lbs.

Coux-Dull; at 58c to 59c per bush. CHARBE-Lower. Factory fine, like to 11c. LARD-Sales at 10c to 10le; stendy. Веттки—Market dull. No. 1, 166 to 180; No. 2, 120 to 130; No. 3, 10e to 11e.

Ponk-Market quiet; New Mess, \$15.25; Thin OATMEAL-Sales at \$4.80 to 4.90 per 200 lbs. OATS-Market dull; sales at 32c to 33c per 32 lbs. 1°EAS-Dull at 85c to 88c per bushel of 65 lbs. Mode-rate sales.

Whear-Market quiet. Spring, at \$1.50 to 1.51.

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