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# THE HEARTHSTONE

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For the Hearthstone.  
LIFE'S TRUE IMPORT.

BY H. PATTERSON.

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

Heart-thrills should ever regulate  
The precious, passing hours;  
I'll tend to nobly elevate,  
The soul's aspiring powers.

We live in actions from the mind;  
In thoughts which breathe the soul;  
In feeling's glow towards our kind,  
That from the heart-springs roll!

He truest lives who warmest feels;  
Who acts his very best;  
Who ever rises to his ideals,  
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 luck 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 Marlboro," "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 had retired sadder and wiser men, 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 stolen, 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 either developed into full blown brokers, or had speculated, got ruined, and "left the street." The two or three that he found in their old positions either knew nothing of either bonds or money, 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 of the bonds or securities by their numbers—he had obtained a list of numbers, &c., of the securities 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 five thousand dollars for the recovery of the securities—it is no use trying to get a detective in New York to do anything unless you offer him a big reward,—but nothing came of it. Day after day, Mr. Benson's spirits fell more and more, and when the first of June came, and he had discovered nothing, his spirits fell to zero, and he very nearly abandoned his luck 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, ruminating on his failure and thinking himself the most miserable fellow in New York. Again and again he read over the following telegram, received a few minutes before from Miss Frank:

"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 Captain Young and find out if he could "do something." He strolled leisurely down Broadway, putting 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 Chapman that he had "done something," and that he must get the trial postponed until the next term. The idea did not strike him as very brilliant, but he thought postponement would be better than nothing, and he had almost decided to send the telegram when, just as he was passing Wallace's Theatre, that prince of ticket speculators, Gus Hamilton, accented him with:

"Wasn't a ticket, Sir? Good seats in the orchestra or dress circle. House very full. Can't get any seats at the box office."

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



THE INTELLIGENT JURY, AFTER MUCH DELIBERATION, BROUGHT IN A VERDICT OF SUICIDE.

as he had not seen him not 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 seat in the dress circle. When a man goes to Wallace's to see "Rosendale" "for an hour or so," he generally stays until the performance is over, and it was a quarter past eleven when Mr. Benson left the theatre. It was too late then, he thought, to see Captain Young, and he walked down 14th Street to Delmonico's to get some supper, his dinner having been rather light, and nature reminding him that she needed support. He entered that fashionable restaurant, and was making his way to a vacant table near a window opening on Fifth Avenue, when a gentleman, who was sitting at one of the centre tables with a couple of young ladies, suddenly rose and came towards him exclaiming:

"Why, Charlie, old boy, where did you drop from?"

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

"Yes; 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 chatted for a quarter of an hour on unimportant topics, varying his conversation with a spirited attack on an excellent chicken salad—your can't get chicken salad 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. Parsons and his party having been to Niblo's, and the young ladies being rather ostentatious about the scenery of the "Black Crook," and the wonderful dancing of the beautiful young ladies in very scant clothing. After the salad had been finished, and theatrical matters pretty well discussed, conversation flagged a little, and Mr. Parsons found time to ask Benson something about his own affairs.

"Well, Charlie," 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 have been with him ever since."

"And what brings you to New York?"

"Well," 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 failed.

"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 had a fat thing in Montreal. I hope you were in with him."

"No, I wasn't," half gasped Mr. Benson. "I know Brydon; what fat thing had 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 ordered them all to be sold and invested in New York Central and Erie; he knows what he is about, both stocks are sure to rise."

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

"Charlie, 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."

"I've got him," half shouted Mr. Benson, "I—him, I've got him, and I've done something after all!" he was so much excited that he brought his hand down with a sudden slip on the table—mistaking it, no doubt, for Mr. Brydon's head;—the ladies screamed a little, and the polite waiter, almost struggled in a white tie, with deferentially up to the table to 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 sanity. "Are you ill?"

"All right, old fellow," said Mr. Benson, regaining his composure, "I'm all right now. Excuse me, ladies," he continued, bowing 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 whom Mr. Parsons seemed devoted gave that gentleman a very meaningful nod, and pushed her chair back a little, intimating that it was time to go. Mr. Parsons was greatly astonished at Mr. Benson's warmth of manner; but he managed to stammer out:

"My information, old boy, what do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Benson, 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 escort 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 impatiently awaited Mr. Parsons. That gentleman was late; he found that he had had "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—well, never mind; most of us, I suppose, know how a fellow feels when he is talking nonsense (he 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 want to, and generally don't under an hour. Mr. Benson 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. Parsons up to his room, and explained fully to him the nature of his business in New York, and how the information of Brydon's sending a large sum of money from Montreal immediately after the robbery would affect the case.

Mr. Parsons had known Arthur when he was one of the luminaries of Wall 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 theirs, enclosing a large amount of U. S. and other American securities, with 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 hung 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 ecstasy, feeling that he was much more than a match for Mr. Brydon, and very confident that he would soon prove too much for that gentleman. He met Mr. Parsons at the time appointed; but was greatly disappointed to find that the bonds and securities sent on by Mr. Brydon did not agree in any particular 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 did thoroughly comprehend. At last he thought he would call on Captain Young and see if that clear-headed detective could throw any light on the subject.

They found him in his office talking to a rather disappointed looking individual, who rose on their entrance, and, lowering himself out of the room, said he 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 finished; the list of securities you have is a forged one, put in the drawer it was found in by Brydon, 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 bonds have been quietly disposed of through one of the most respectable firms in Broad Street. It was a clever device of Brydon's—he must be a mighty sharp customer, and it is some credit to get square with him;—but the game can be spoiled easy enough now. You want to take Mr. Parsons, and another 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 tough one."

"What is it?" said Mr. Benson, not feeling the least interest, but simply because the detective seemed interested in it, and appeared anxious 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 Spotswood House, and cut quite a swell for a few days. He opened an account in the First National Bank of Richmond, depositing a couple of thousand dollars in bills, and getting pretty well liked about the Hotel on account of his easy 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 big 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 draw 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 dollars, but he made good his escape, and has not been found since. A few days after he had left it was found that the bills he had paid into the bank were counterfeit and the bank determined to take active measures to find Mr. Cranston; they offered \$1,000 reward, and Brownson, of the Richmond force, came on here. He applied to me, and together we traced Cranston to the St. Charles Hotel, where we found that he and his wife had been staying for a few days. They had left, 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 him. Here comes in the funny part; the Cashier of the Richmond Bank and Brownson, both of whom know Cranston by sight, came on and identified him, but he pleaded 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 presented in Richmond, Cranston was in the Second Precinct Station House, Brooklyn, arrested for drunkenness. It was the clearest *alibi* I ever saw, but still it would have been hard to get him off, only the story he told and the way he accounted for his 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 here when you entered to-day, with long shaggy red hair and whiskers, and rather marked features, now it seems that there

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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 man's hair is black and he is considerably younger than Cranston; but a bottle of hair dye 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, although not very well off—owns this Bill Gangle, 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 dud one, they often do, and ran away from him, and took up with Gangle; 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 Edie Barron."  
"Who?" shouted Mr. Benson, now fully interested.

"Why, his wife, Edie Barron!"  
"I've got it!" exclaimed Mr. Benson throwing his arms in his excitement around the astonished Captain. "I've done something now, 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 Edie Barron married Cranston six or seven years ago, she was a married woman when she committed bigamy 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 collected himself and told Captain Young the whole story so far as he knew 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 Captain Young.

"You got \$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 out of Montreal and prove that he was married to Edie Barron before she married Arthur Austin!"  
"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 bargain."

"Put it there?" said Captain Young extending a large, hard, brawny hand and holding it palm upwards.  
Mr. Benson "put it there" by bringing his 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. Chipleau 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's trial postponed until the next morning, as asked for by Mr. Chipleau; and Mr. Brydon found himself a sort of heavy prisoner in the hands of High Constable Bissonette, who was exceedingly civil, polite and accommodating to him, but by his vigilance debarr'd Mr. Brydon's one great hope now, that of effecting a bolt. Finding there was no chance of escape Mr. Brydon 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 cigar 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 Constable Lafontaine, and obtain a clean shirt, collar &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 bureau 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. Chipleau 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 gentling 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 expert Judge Curosel 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 he 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 excitement to subside before the next case was called.

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 arrested 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 close 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 lips 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:

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

low me to congratulate you on your triumph—but it will not be for long," he continued sarcastically, 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 Brydon!"  
Quick as thought he withdrew his right hand from his coat 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 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 pistol 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 roses one scream, one outburst of heart agony, as Jessie threw herself on the lifeless form of her murdered husband. For a moment all was wild terror and confusion; but Judge Curosel 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, in her quick and effective treatment of Jessie 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 had meant to penetrate his brain had been misdirected, and had passed through the back of his neck, inflicting a dangerous, but not necessarily mortal, wound. He had ample medical attendance, and was conveyed 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 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 sob pocket and deliberately chewed it up and swallowed it. It was a preparation which Mr. Brydon had carefully made up many months ago, and its efficacy was fully proved now, for the nurse who attended him reported about two hours after that he was conscious. The coroner, of course, held an inquest, and the medical testimony showed that Mr. Brydon had died from poison; the intelligent jury, after much deliberation, brought in a verdict of suicide, and Mr. Brydon's career was closed.

Jessie was taken home linsensible 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 child-birth, and she was too weak to survive its pangs. She remained unconscious, and knew not of the advent of a little girl, who only opened her eyes on this world a few days after her father's death; and in three days after Arthur's murder her body and his wife and child's were 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 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 not become some day a fluo man. Miss Frank and her husband are happy, and live tranquilly and pleasantly together, 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 them, and how much brighter and happier they might have been if Arthur had possessed sufficient moral courage to grapple with his 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, Light and Horse Cavalry, Royal Engineers and Artillery; also of the cavalry of the line, and the infantry of the line and rifle 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 men are to be found in a regiment of a particular nationality. This is shown in the case of the 1st Foot (Royal Scots), the oldest standing regiment in the service, or indeed in the world. Raised 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 603 English, 277 Irish, and only 57 Scotch. The 1st battalion of the 2nd Foot (Royal North British Fusiliers) consists of 488 English, 350 Irish, and 137 Scotch; and the 2nd battalion of 528, 248, and 132 respectively. The 26th Foot (Cameronians) still contains a fair representation of Scotchmen—288 against 345 English, 131 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 only 90 Englishmen, and 13 Irishmen; the 7th (Highland Light Infantry), 633 Scotch, 25 English, and 18 Irish; the 72nd (Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders), 648 Scotch, 242 English, and 57 Irish; the 74th Highlanders, 578 Scotch, and 115 English; and the 78th Highlanders, 593 Scotch, 21 English, and 25 Irish; the 79th (Cameron Highlanders), 611 Scotch, 61 English, and 31 Irish; the 92nd (Gordon Highlanders), 610 Scotch, 105 English, and 45 Irish; and the 88th (Sutherland Highlanders), 692 Scotch, 30 English, and 16 Irish. Some other Scotch regiments, however, have become more mixed, such as the 73rd Foot (Forfarshire), with 510 English, 95 Scotch, and 271 Irish; the 7th Foot (Stirling), 512 English, 35 Scotch, and 322 Irish; 90th Light Infantry, (Portsmouth Volunteers), 440 English, 135 Scotch, and 91 Irish; 91st (Princess Louise's Argyllshire Highlanders), 218 English, 225 Scotch, and 113 Irish; and the 94th (Lanarkshire), 362 English, 41 Scotch, and 229 Irish. The following are the total numbers, distinguishing their nationalities, in the various arms of the service:—Household Cavalry—440 English, 172 Scotch, 33 Irish; Cavalry of the Line—11,561 English, 1,101 Scotch, and 2,429 Irish; Royal Artillery—4,193 English, 380 Scotch, 899 Irish; Royal Engineers—18,710 English, 2,026 Scotch, and 5,589 Irish; Royal Engineers—3,024 English, 1,108 Scotch, 830 Irish; Foot Guards—50,000 English, 204 Scotch, and 108 Irish; Infantry of the Line—1,202,289 English, 10,232 Scotch, 35,812 Irish; Army Service Corps—1,327 English, 250 Scotch, 383 Irish; Army Hospital Corps—4,824 English, 38 Scotch, 19 Irish; General Posts—117,701 English, 15,585 Scotch, and 44,992 Irish.

**THE ROSE.**  
Live like the rose. So bud, so bloom,—  
In growing beauty live;  
So sweeten life with the perfume  
That gentle seasons give.  
Die like the rose; that, when thou'rt gone,  
Sweet happy thoughts of thee,  
Like fragrant rose-leaves may be strewn  
Upon thy memory.

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1883.

## TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'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 a grotto, or cave of rock-work overhanging a pool, in which a tame otter flopped 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 Galignani morning coat. There were cages 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 medieval fortresses, one with a bristling row of wine-bottles, neck-outwards, to represent cannon, inhabitable by various dogs, which sprang out to cross the Colonel 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 chalet style. He kept a couple of saddle-horses for himself and his daughter, a pony and a basket-chair (which he called his palkie); and his stable-yard was for the most part occupied by a pheasantry. Here they found the groom looking at the pheasants. His master dispatched him with a message for Miss Clevedon, and this being done, was free to accompany the Colonel over the Bungalow, and to listen to that officer's somewhat trophic histories of various curios and other prophecies which adorned the rooms.

Sir Francis was beginning to think they would never arrive at the apartment inhabited by Miss Crusoe, 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 low room with a wide window running along one side of it, and opening into a substantially built verandah, larger and loftier than the apartment itself, and paved with variously-coloured tiles. The room proper held only a piano, a few easy-chairs, and a coffee-table or two; but 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 charming 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 piquant face, with its gray eyes and dark lashes; the rippling brown hair, brushed loosely back from a broad white forehead, and breaking into mottled curls here and there; the slim swan-like 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 ease than usual; and was relieved presently to find himself seated upon an ottoman, making friends with the youthful deerhound, who was of a gregarious temper, and getting on very tolerably with Miss Davenant.

George her father called her. What a pretty name, and one that suited her admirably! thought Sir Francis. She had a somewhat boyish frankness of manner, not harsh, or coarse, or masculine, but certainly boyish; the graceful case of a well-bred Elionian. She had never been 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 masters had come to the Bungalow on certain days to teach her several arts, and for the rest, her father had educated her—or not educated her—as 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 by whittles to find out a good deal about George'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 horticultural 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 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 studied her poor little head as full of their names as if she was a perambulating botanical dictionary. She had just begun building 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 much."

"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. 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 dare say she has a latent taste for dogs and monkeys."

"I don't think she can help liking Pedro," Miss Davenant replied natively, 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! George—George—George 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 easy-tempered girls who are always ready to cultivate any one their brothers may happen to admire; not a girl to place stumbling-blocks across a brother's path to matrimony, from any selfish desire to preserve to herself 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's 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 finally Miss Davenant.

"Is she pretty?" Sibyl asked curiously.  
"I think her remarkably pretty. I don't know whether she has a classical profile, a Grecian nose coming straight down from her forehead, 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 beautiful; but if you take into consideration her eyes—which are splendid—and her expression, and vivacity, and a kind of *je ne sais 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 Grizzle."

"Both 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 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! What an absurd young woman! I don't wonder Mr. Wort turned up his nose at these Davenants."

"Now, there's no use in trying to be disagreeable, Sibyl; it isn't your *metier*. Miss Davenant is a charming girl, and I'm sure you'll 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's past life. He had not reached his twenty-seventh year without falling in love a few times on the way; he had indeed, been in and out of love, as a rule, about once in a twelvemonth; and his sister, about 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 Euphrasia Lamont, the Spanish-looking beauty you fell in love with at the convent?"

"What! that little tawny dwarfish thing?"

"O, Francis! you raved about her."

"Did I? She was well enough, I dare say, for a little one; but this girl is as tall as—as Helen of Troy."

"How do you know that Helen was tall?"

"Teanyson says so—"

"divinely tall, And most divinely fair."

"O, I'm sure of it. Of course Helen was tall; you 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 duodecimio-lah creature. Lady Clevedon must be tall."

"Lady Clevedon! Has it come to that?"

"It has come to nothing, except—another cup of tea, 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—I told her so."

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

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 unending friendship on the spot, as it were. After this call the Colonel and his daughter rode over to the Hall one morning; whereby Sir Francis had the opportunity of seeing Georgina Davenant in her habit, which became her above any other garment, and also of showing the old house and grounds to his new friends, the inventive Colonel suggesting an alteration in every room they entered.

"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 as already, papa—one of the finest, I should think," replied Georgie.

"Undoubtedly, my dear; but its capabilities of improvement are enormous. That oriel window over the hall-door, for instance. Very fine, no doubt; but why not have oriel windows along the whole range of your front, instead of those 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 colonnades yonder; a mere waste of space; fill them in with violet-coloured plate-glass, and make one a smoking-divan and the other a billiard-room. That's what I call bringing modern enlightenment to bear upon Elizabethan incapacity!"

"I think I prefer Elizabethan shortcomings to Victorian 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 under-headed architect. Character, indeed! Where's the character in my house? Yet I think you'll admit that'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 who call themselves my friends while I was building. 'You mustn't have your kitchen in the middle of your house,' says one; '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 another level,' remarked an officious idiot. 'Can't I?' said I; '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 shall 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 households about the Wells, and had a wonderful knack for getting on with poor people, volunteered to set her in the way of being useful.

If Sibyl began by protesting against Francis's subjugation, she ended by almost worshipping the girl he admired. There was no such thing as opposition, therefore, to what the keen eye of Sir Francis's passion. The course of this, his latest, love ran on velvet, and little by little 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 gone 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 nature which unconsciously revealed itself in trifles, what more need he desire in the woman who was to share and brighten his existence? He watched Sibyl and Georgie's growing affection for each other with delight. His only sister 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 Clevedon Hall who would have made the place anything less than a home to his sister.

He looked back upon those bygone flirtations so many glorious escapades. 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 marriage—come home to behold his "fate" in Georgie 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!

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 to each other 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 contrived 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, blushing a little.

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

# THE HEARTHSTONE.

"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 conventional education and foreign life had given her few opportunities of learning the equestrian art, was glad to ride with George Davenport, who was as peerless in the saddle as Di Vernon, and as good a whip as she had been a member of the house of Nero. Under this gentle guidance, also, Sibyl 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. They 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, daintily gothic cottages, with a neat half acre of garden and orchard, dotting the well-kept high-roads here and there.

No things went on their smooth course, as things 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 gullup in Faldst Wood, overlooked Miss Davenport, who happened to have ridden that way for her daily airing, on her gray Arab Selim, attended by the most discreet of grooms, a gray-mottled old lancer, whom the Colonel had taken from his own regiment.

The sycer, as the Colonel insisted on calling him, fell back out of carshot as Sir Francis accosted his young mistress, and the lovers rode on side by side, over the fallen fir-ones, through the spicy atmosphere, radiant with youth and hope, like Lancelot and Guinevere.

It was the old story, told in the frankest, manliest words that ever came straight from the heart of a spunker. They rode out of the pine-wood plighted to each other, for life, for death.

(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 my father, which I inherited when I was twenty years of age, and have borne ever since, is not mine. My father, who was a Suffolk farmer, was his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had been before him for I don't know how long, had two children—myself, and my sister Annie, who was a year younger than I was. I have not got a single child's reminiscence unconnected with my sister. The bond between us got no weaker as we grew up, and we took 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 loved 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 to her, she did not think them good enough; and the only young fellow who seemed to like her fancy was a Mr. Ashley, a friend of our landlord's who used to come down into those parts for the shooting. He was a boy of about fifteen when I first remember seeing him, and 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 took 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 parents 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 now always bending over our farm, and whom I suspected of prowling about the house while I was away; for Annie became nervous and blundered, 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 he had sown, I rode back for a sample of it. The house was a fine, modern-fashioned building, surrounded by a moat, and was situated at some little distance from the farm-yard, from which it was hidden by a copse, so that my return in the stables was unnoted. Being in a hurry, I did not call for any one to hold my horse, but dismounted, threw my reins on to a hook in the stable wall, and walked up to the house. As I passed the bridge crossing the moat, I saw a woman's dress through the shrubbery of the garden, and looking after it, perceived 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 complexion was sunken along with her arm round her waist, his hand bent over her, talking low; in another moment they stopped, and their lips met. At the sound of my footsteps they sprang asunder, and I was face to face with Mr. Ashley. He was rather disconcerted at first, but soon recovered himself, and said, "Ah! how are you? You did not expect to see me, eh? I am staying in this neighborhood, and thought I would just look you up. How are the young birds getting on?"

"Annie!" said I, "you had better go in," and she went towards the house, her face hidden in her hands, taking 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 no?"

He looked me full in the face, and burst into a sniggering 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."

"Reason!"

"Come, hands off!"—I had seized him by the collar. "It is a mere question of damages; how 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 doubtless thought. 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 reeled, my right arm seemed somehow to swing independently of my will as I went on flogging him. He swore, threatened, entreated, grovelled before me—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 faint and motionless. Then a feeling of shame came over me at beating one who was so helpless in my hands so mercilessly; and I threw cold water over his face, helped him to his feet, which was waiting for him in a lane side the farm, and struck home like a criminal. There was one comfort—such a monstrous wrong probably kept the young rascal off for the future; but still, I need not have gone so far.

When I reached the house, I found Annie in hysterics—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 alone, thinking she would come around in a day or two. But time passed and her melancholy 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 house, together with the stock, &c., of the farm; 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 a fig for any occasion, when she lost her baby, I told her God forgive me!—that it was a good job. She never forgave me for that, and one day she answered 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 several quarrels, and—enough, enough—she grew weary, and left me. Utterly unskilled and reckless, I too went to the land, and when all my money was drunk out, I enlisted. Being a smart young fellow, and getting well drilled, I soon got made lance-corporal, corporal, lance-sergeant, sergeant; for though I never lost 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 scene, moving about as we did from place to place, and country to country; and as I 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 beyond his means, exchanged into a regiment going to India.

We were on parade at Plymouth, and I had just finished calling over the names of my company, when my new captain came up, and I freely and saluted him. It was Ashley! He turned deadly pale on recognizing 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 ever utter a word in reference to the past.

But after a few weeks had passed, I saw that he was spying me; for though I had hitherto been as well as under an officer who saw that I knew my duty, and did it to the best of my power, still a man given to pleasure and jolly 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 officer 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, and got regularly drunk—no more 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 myself, got put under arrest, tried by court-martial, and reduced to the ranks.

There was a fellow in our regiment named Harrison, a wild, devil-may-care sort of fellow, 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 afternoon, 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, the Smith, is he agreed; you shall have a hundred pounds down on the spot, and I shall be seized up at the tringles.' And soon after they went away, without discovering me. Now, I ask, what have you done to him?"

"I had a quarrel with him years ago, before I enlisted, and I gave him a thrashing," I replied.

"When! 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 deserting my colours."

"Nonsense! I am going, and want a companion. Come with me."

We were quartered just then within a hundred miles of the boundary between Canada and the United States, and desertions 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 preparations were complete, we set out one moonless night, scaled the barrack-wall, disintegrated our disguises, 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, on again, meeting with no interruption till we were close upon safety, and then we were stopped.

Whether it was bad luck, whether the many descriptions which had taken place had caused excessive watchfulness, or whether, in the perpetual close observation of all my movements by Captain Ashley's spies, my intentions had been discovered, I know not; but just as we came in sight of the haven of our hopes, a packet 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 and a prisoner.

I was carried back to my regiment, and after a short time was once more tried by court-martial; and now I thought seriously of laying bare 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 did that, my real name, my sister's name, must 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 I heard the cat whistling through the air; but it was all I could do to help screaming when it went into the flesh. I had expected pain, but had not any idea there was any agony in the world like that. It was as if the devil had set his claw upon my back, and was tightening his grasp, until his scorching talons penetrated my very entrails. But I conquered—not a cry escaped me; and after the first three dozen, my flesh became numb, and my task of endurance more possible.

But in that furnace of agony I moulded a purpose, 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, and I was about a week afterwards Captain Ashley visited the hospital where I lay, and as he passed my bed he stooped down, and said in a low tone, "Whiplip for whiplip, private Brown."

"Yes, sir," I answered; "it is your game this time. I wonder if I shall ever have another chance?" And those were the first words alluding 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 I was removed to another company; sober, attentive, with a particular turn for military practice, which caused me to be the best shot in the regiment.

I might often have killed him; I might have sent my razor through him at a wedding, or even have slipped out of the ranks and bayoneted 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 imperfect; 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 moody and unaccommodable, when an event occurred which acted on my spirits like gun.

The Russian war broke out! For the next few months I led the life of a gambler watching the chances; I cared not my enemy should show the white feather, and leave the regiment, or get staff appointed, 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 hunted 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. I have often thought that it was strange that I did not retreat when I found myself fighting on the same side as himself against a common enemy; strange that I, who had been pliously brought up, felt no fear at meeting death face to face with my heart full of revenge—but so I was—the courage which I had in me, and the company struck me with no admiration of the probability of my being myself hit never occurred to me. Vengeance for my sister; vengeance for nations; the lives of thousands, the fate of my comrades, were but necessary and human material. I was glad when the shells, bursting over our regiment as it waded through the brook, threw it into confusion; for confusion was what I wanted. I cheered for joy when the line broke, and my company surged back from the Russian batteries, and I had a fine opportunity. Through all the fire, smoke, blood and confusion I had never lost sight of him, and I rejoiced to see that he was still unharmed, as I raised my musket, and carefully sighted him between the shoulders. I pressed the trigger; he threw up his arms, and fell on his face—dead.

When the war was over we went to India, and there I got a bullet through the lungs, was an invalid, pensioned, 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 Europe, 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 these 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 feudal castles, 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 appointed means 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 agriculturists. That this is the way in which farmers ought to live, we have no question, and we wish to say a few words about it.

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 every where into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support—and hold them there. We

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 cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and the factories, rather than take service in farmers' 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 some localities, decidedly in quality and character.

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 summons and fairly necessitates them with the dews of a hundred brows, thrill them with longings for the places where the rhythmic throb is felt and heard. They are not to be blamed 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 dollars, more or less—why, isolation without diversion would be economy and profit; but so long as the object of life is life, and the best, and purest, and happiest that can come of it, all needless isolation is a crime against the soul, in that it is a surrender and sacrifice of noble opportunities.

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 himself and his family alone—far from any possible neighbors—takes upon himself a terrible responsibility. It is impossible that he and his 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 never hear of a colony settling down on a Western prairie without a thrill of pleasure. It is to colonies that all ought to settle, and in villages rather than on separated farms. The meeting, the lecture, the public amusement, the social assembly, should be things easily reached. There is no such damper upon free social life as distance. If the social life of the farmer were richer, his life would be that measure be the more attractive.

After all, these 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 cannot do that. To doubt, to dispute, to sympathize, is not 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 less with the world, gets along tolerably well; but it is the stay-at-home who suffers. Instead of growing wiser and better as they grow old, they lose all the graces of life in unmeaning drudgery, and instead of ripening in mind and heart, they simply decay and decay. We are fully satisfied that the great curse of farming life in America is its isolation. It is useless to say that man 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 abandoned, and the whole policy of settlement between the Indies and here, must be modified by social considerations.—*Dr. J. H. Holland, in Scribner's for June.*

## (For the Hearthstone.) HOME COURTESY.

Much of the true happiness of domestic life is lost from non-compliance with the rules of politeness. The many disagreeables daily and hourly occurring between individuals at home, are entirely avoided if strict decorum in action and speech were rigidly observed; even the civil courts might close their doors—lacking patronage—as a branch of courteous laws must of necessity obscure the many angry words, resulting in a quarrel, and the final appeal to judicial settlement.

Husbands, hearken to conscience—in your wife at the present time the recipient of those minor acts of courtesy—little in themselves, and taking much from your hoarded wealth, yet to the affectionate partner affording more happiness and content than all the riches of Croesus. I again ask, do you extend the same courteous conduct now as in the days when you, being 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 shines even the slightest overt act from her friends. Certainly 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 sisters—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 masculinity, and brings into action the finer and more sensitive feelings of their nature. Yet how few act with becoming deference towards the sisters of their childhood, even in public, where the doings and sayings of individuals are mercilessly criticised. How eager are they in courteous acts of devotion towards other's sisters.

A word to young maidens. Ere you finally decide in the most important event of your life, look well how he esteems his own female relatives. A man cannot be altogether worthless if he tenderly reverences to the fair sex is sincere, and women of modesty of the least station, will soon prove his worth. Remember the old axiom, "familarity 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 politeness be permitted, and after years will show its fruits. A courteous family will possess more influence amongst friends than one at a first glance will acknowledge. How calm and peaceful is such a home; no jars or sneering words are ever heard, and in fact it's a haven of rest, what the Creator ordained the family home should be.

But, says one, I have no time to study etiquette,—this is the working man's plea. No-body wishes you to expend ten cents upon a book—most times useless,—in trifling acts of affection towards your wife, in the trifling but unnumbered actions of your home life which will act in response to your newly tutored brain. Why should not the working man do as much for his wife as the gentleman in do-

portment as our members of the charmed "upper ten?" Courteous conduct is a sure type of good breeding, and will make its way in any 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 ambitious of preferment in the world's race regarded at right estimate the value of home courtesy.

LEZZIE BRANSON.

## A RHYMED RECIPE FOR LOBSTER SALAD.

The following recipe for Lobster Salad, à la Delmonico, we find in the Boston Transcript: Some learned gourmand, in describing a dish, has shrewdly observed, you must first catch your fish!

And he who thought I guess 'cross your noddles will lob, sir,  
Whene'er you would compound a Salad of Lobster.

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

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

Of good Chilli vinegar two wine-glasses put,  
And a small spoonful of nutmeg and salt;  
Another spoonful of tomatoes in slices,  
Six shallots, a handful of various spices.

Of fine table salt I should say that in reason  
One good table-spoonful the whole of the season;  
Then o'er a slow fire the same put to stew,  
Till it take half an hour exactly to do.

Then out from the pan 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 recipe first.

Now, secondly, take the rich tomato green,  
And also a wine glass of cow's choice cream-stamp,  
And lay them down to the European again you must stamp,  
And ladle from thence two wine-glasses of soup.

Of cayenne a teaspoon, one drizzle of oil,  
Which, and a minute I pray let us hold,  
While the good things completely you mix,  
Which finishes surely your second grand fix.

Take, thirdly, two yolks of the eggs of a pullet,  
And beat till they're as thick as a butter;  
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 teaspoon of Yucca, more easily had;  
Amalgamate all, as you would do a mustard,  
And never stop stirring till it all looks like mustard.

When it does, add the mixture of ally and cream,  
And amalgamate all, till combined they shall seem,  
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 ought to,  
And not have your salad dish soupy and gray,  
And break the crisp lettuce quite small, that's the way.

Now a layer of lettuce to the dish introduce,  
Then a layer of oysters, which are free from the juice;  
Alternating this, and thus still progressing,  
Each rightly laid in; and o'er all pour 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 please bear in mind,  
That 'tis finished! and all its ingredients combined.

Now when to this dish, with an appetite full,  
You're watering mouth you approach, be sure you do,  
When your spoon enters into the depths of the bowl,  
I cry, "may in mercy the Lord save your soul!"

NOTE.

Somebody at my elbow cries, "Gout, the man is balmy!"  
Why, here's a bowl of salad fit to serve a goodly army,  
'Tis true, my friend; but stop your cry, nor hold me in derision,  
Remember that you learnt at school Proportion and Division.

THAT'S MY BOY.—I remember, says Dr. Fowler, standing by the nursing billows all one weary day, and watching for hours a father struggling 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 waves turned over the piece of float, and they were not to view. Presently we saw the father come to the surface and slumber on the wreck. And then saw him plunge off into the waves, and thought he was gone; but in a moment he came back again, bringing his boy. Presently they struck the shore, and over they went; and again they repeated the process. Again they went over, and again the father rescued his son. By-and-by, as they swung round the shore, they caught on a snag just out beyond where we could reach them, and for a little time the waves went over them there till we saw the boy in the father's arms, hanging down in helplessness, and knew they must be saved soon or be lost.

I shall never forget the scene of that father. As we drew him from the drowning 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 when the billows roll over me, the Great Father is reaching down to me, and taking hold of my spirit, "That's my boy!" and I know I am safe.—*Young Patriot.*

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girl 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 dinner-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, 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.

WHEN THE BODY AND BRAIN ARE WELL BALANCED, the stomach is capable of restoring the waste; but when the brain is large in proportion, the stomach is incapable of supplying it; in other words, the expenditure is too large for the income. Here lies the cause of so much suffering from Diseases of the Heart, Liver, Stomach and Lungs, which are cured by taking the Nervous System too severely; and Fowler's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is the only preparation known which imparts this vitality abundantly, and consequently the power to overcome disease.

HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step toward health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No injurious consequences can result from their use. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrophula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Continued Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health, by the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopoeia of physic, attest this fact.—*25.*

Fowler's Purgative Pills.—Not simply physic; Shoshonee's Curative Condition Pills, for Asthma.

The Hearthstone. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1873.

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For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Presentation Plate. For \$3.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Turnbull's Family Record.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

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

OUR NEW STORY.

Next week we shall commence a new and highly interesting short story by MISS. M. E. BRADDON,

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 same author, and equally good.

WANTED!

\$1,275 REWARD.

TO THE LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN OF CANADA.

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

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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.

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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.

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WANTED!

\$1,275 REWARD.

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FOOTSTEPS.

In the quiet hour of gloaming, When the hush is on the earth...

I listen, but not to the homeless leaves, As the drift against the window pane...

The tiny steps of my first-born Come padding quick and soft...

The firm tread rings out gallantly, Just as it went to do...

Slow and heavy, and quick and light The shoes answer me some...

Off friends forgotten, of friends estranged, Who once made life and home...

-All the Year Round.

BROOKDALE.

BY KENNETH BENT.

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 he could.

"For it's Theodore, sure enough," he said to himself. "I should know him again out of a thousand."

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.

"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 himself."

The plan partly consoled him for his defeat; but, still, there was the mortification of losing the money.

"It was like seeing the horse you have backed for all your money lost by a neck at the post," he said.

He took out a small book and a list—his inseparable companions everywhere—and began the work by working out a problem in racing arithmetic.

"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."

And at seven Mr. Hawkins was there. The man clung to his purpose with the tenacity of a bull-dog, and he was determined to let Master Theodore down, as he expressed it.

The October sun went down early, and as Eversard 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 brightness, relieved but little the gloom on those lovely hills above the sun.

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 home."

At seven precisely he knocked at the cottage door, and was conducted by Rachel to the little sitting-room, where Eugene saw him alone.

Mr. Hawkins put his card on the table, placed his hat on a chair, and untwisted his loose scarf. He had been careful to keep the ends of that garment tucked well away, lest they should obstruct the gleam of his diamonds.

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

"Yes, my friend." Mr. Hawkins put his card on the table, placed his hat on a chair, and untwisted his loose scarf.

"I should have thought nothing of it if it hadn't tried to make such a secret of it," he 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 happened to turn up, and there they are."

every word he spoke was necessarily heard. Julia made her appearance in the passage. Hawkins uncovered his head.

"If you have any message 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 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 I'd give the monument to a cup of tea."

Julia opened her beautiful eyes wide in amazement. The man was respectful enough, but his incomprehensible talk made her doubt his sanity.

"My brother will be home early in the evening. If you will call then," she said, "I daresay you will understand you."

"What time, miss?" "Would seven suit you?" "Any time you please," and then he bowed and lumbered away, and looking back, he saw her framed for a moment in the porch, with its trailing leaves, the fairest picture 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. Hawkins, 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 Julia's horse (Laurence had insisted on her retaining one), and did a large portion of the house-work, on pretence of helping Rachel. It was not in Eugene's nature to turn a faithful dog out of doors, and it was with something of a dog's fidelity that he stayed.

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

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

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"I'll not unlikely," he reflected, "that being a 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 be now, whether he has seven, or seventeen, or thirty-seven thousand a year, and I've heard that it's all there in terms, nothing will ever make him different to what he was; and he was a lying, boasting, mean-spirited cur."

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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; "but for you to say when you've heard me. And my motive is not the best I might have had—but, 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 gentlemanly 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 out 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. 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 me understand. You say that in your cousin Edward—the gentleman in whose favour I have resigned possession—you recognize an old—"

"Pal—a friend, you know. Lord!" said Mr. Hawkins, indignantly. "To think you've lived all these years, and don't know what a pal is."

"An old friend of yours, then. You must be strangely mistaken. My cousin Edward was never in England before. He was born in Philadelphia, and we were not aware of his existence till I caused a search to be made, and found him."

"Then they made him up purpose for you out of Theodore Darrill," said Mr. Hawkins, emphatically. "I tell you, sir, many I never saw another race if your cousin Edward isn't the young vagabond I knew in London, with his mother, Ada Darrill, and her husband, Gentleman George, as he was called."

Eugene 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 cousin wouldn't care to have old times talked about, and having plenty of money, he might give me a little to forget him."

Eugene Temple began to listen seriously. The name of Ada Darrill fixed his attention. It was the name of the woman whom Clarence Temple married—the name of the woman he had pensioned off so heavily, and whom Grantley, according to his own saying, had put away in an asylum.

"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 Edward Danvers Temple, the son of Ellen Danvers and Clarence Temple. The proofs were submitted to eminent legal men, and admitted incontestible."

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

"What game?" "Why, you got Mr. Grantley—that's the one who tussled with me for the two hundred this morning, and won it fair—he sends out an 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—Gentleman George, my old pal; and he took Theodore with him—his wife's son; the one she 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."

He emphasized 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 tell him everything which had transpired. He made no secret of his own motive.

"I should have thought nothing of it if it hadn't tried to make such a secret of it," he 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 happened 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 hands with him. "It is a dark night, and chilly," said Mr. Hawkins, buttoning his coat over his broad chest with a shiver. "I shall take the cliffs for it, and save a mile or so."

"It is a dangerous road unless you know it well." "Every step. I've stayed in the town nearly two months now, and there's not a bit of ground I haven't been over."

Mr. Hawkins took a well-worn meerschaum from his pocket, and filled it slowly as he went along. The state of things at Brookdale wore a different colour now, and he saw his way for striking in to a better game than he could have played with the gentlemanly George. He went towards the town thinking over it.

The town lay to his left from Vale Cottage. It was built immediately in front of the ocean, and the cliffs ended where the sea wall began. The way to it by road 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 wished to join a few kindred spirits at the Sea View, he chose the shortest route, and followed the line of cliff.

He found the coast-guard sheltered from the wind by an unroofed screen of hurdles and furs, and exchanged a few civil words with him. Mr. Hawkins was gentle enough in his way.

"You have not a very lively look out here," he said; "you don't stay all night, do you?" "Yes, sir, night and day by turns."

"Do you ever see anything?" "Yes, sir; we are generally the first to see what there is—a ship in distress, or a body washed ashore; and not long ago we saved a gentleman whose foot slipped. He hung for hours about the rocks, clinging to some bits of stubs, with his feet resting on a mass of ledge, which kept crumbling away. He said, if he had not heard us just when he did, he should have sold his prayers and bet, he was so tired of holding on."

"How far would he 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 and stone below.

"It was a narrow escape," he said, as he went on. "If I will have reason to remember the coast-guard, and be grateful."

He edged away unconsciously from the line of shore, and almost wished he had chosen the road, so that he might not have heard the sullen roar of the sea.

The mist rose, too, and his pipe would not burn—he was in the habit of having his tobacco in half-ounce packets from the Sea View, and it did not burn well as a rule.

"I believe the telegraphists make this sort of purpose for public-houses," he said, filling his pipe anew; "it's always wet, and always damps. If I thought of staying here much longer, I would have a pound sent by post from London."

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

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

To his surprise, Eversard 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 the 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 to you. You got the money that my old pal 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 Eversard. "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 kinsman'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 word in it," said Eversard, in a tone that left no doubt of his sincerity. "But you have been to Vale Cottage and told my cousin Eugene?"

"Something in his tone made Mr. Hawkins hesitate before he replied. He mused the matter in his mind; but one side of the question was weighed by the possibility of two hundred and fifty pounds, and so it overbalanced his estimate of the other.

Laurence Drayton had gone to London that very morning, or he would have been of incalculable 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, 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 might tax them with, and bring a dozen men who could swear to him as Theodore 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."

"Depend on me for the morning," Hawkins said; "I'd do it if it was only to spoil Mr. Gentleman George'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-night—it is a dark journey to the town?" "No, thank you," Mr. Hawkins said; "I am stopping at the Sea View, 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 morning long before you've done your breakfast, I daresay."

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

An oath more or less was not much to Mr. James Hawkins as a rule; but there was something in the solemn murmur of the sea and the deep solitude of the hills that made him hesitate before he perjured his soul.

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

Mr. Grantley replaced the notes in his book, and put that into his pocket. "The pin is no occasion," he said, "come with me, and you shall have what I promised to give you when I thought better of it after you were gone this morning. I changed one of the notes in the town to-day, and if you want your payment in full you had better come with me."

"To Brookdale?" "Yes."

"Is that the way?" "There are several ways, and this is the nearest. Take a chair—your 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 sentinel was startled by a cry which haunted him for many a day. It came from the cliff, and was repeated over the sea as if a hundred phantoms took it up to tell each of the other despairing soul was on its way to them.

The man called, but there was no reply. He peered over the cliff, and saw nothing. A few birds, scared into flight, circled round, and he fancied he heard the faint sound of a footstep, but the birds settled down again, and all was quiet, save that the trees swayed in the night wind, and the sea sang its solemn requiem as before.

CHAPTER XIX. THE HORSE-SHOE PIN.

When Eugene Temple closed the door on his strange visitor, he went back to his room, and tried to put together pieces by piece the singular story he had heard. Of one thing he was quite sure: it was no fabrication. Mr. James Hawkins had never invented that deeply-woven chain of crime. Every word he had uttered was uttered in his full conviction of its truth.

Eugene was too ingenious to attempt to write such a piece of villainy alone. He could not realize the probability of its existence. The same fine, chivalrous sense of honour which made him institute the search for Clarence Temple's son rendered him 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 at Brookdale with her son gave a fatal weight to the rest.

"E many be true," he reflected. "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 laid out the plan? Not—surely not—Eversard? He must have been deceived. It could not have been Eversard."

Julia came in while he was deep in thought. She stood behind his chair, and clasped her hands over his forehead, as if to smooth away his 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 curious friend to make you look so?"

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

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

"We had that the charm was found mainly through his instrumentality," the journal had said; "and there are men in this world who would think such a heavy stake as Brookdale worth staking 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 here?"

"Partly out of interest, partly from a desire for revenge. It appears that he did not spread about 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 man known as Theodore was Eversard's son, and Edward may have wished to purchase this man's silence out of respect to his father's memory. Besides, Grantley came in, and took the money from him by main force, and threatened to prosecute him for the attempted extortion."

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

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



A DANGEROUS MEETING.

"I did think of doing so; but I know he is very busy just now, and I do not want to trouble him till he has gone further into it myself. The 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 sofa, expressed much. He could not help smiling at the pretty, resolute face.

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

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

"Dnyton has made you quite a heroine, pet," he smiled, and then his face grew gravely stern. "If I had you have been betrayed, Julia, will you think that I can be very merciful, no matter on whose head the punishment may fall. We shall see, however, whether our friend will put in an appearance in the morning, or whether he merely came with that story ready made to scotch me out of a little ready money."

"Would any one do such a thing?"

"That is so like a woman," he smiled. "You can't think it possible for three or four gentlemen to enter into a conspiracy to rob us of our property at the risk of the felon's dock and penal servitude; but you cannot conceive that a London man-of-the-world—a dashing person, who should pick up a little information about our family, and then invent a tale, to get a five-pound note or so from me."

"I think you will see him."

"He promised to be with me bright and early—he has a charmingly graphic way of expressing himself—long before I finished breakfast, which, since we have suited our habits to our irregular income, is generally over by half-past eight. I shall give him till eleven—the fashionable hour for morning visits, as I once read in a funny little book about etiquette. It was like studying society on stilts. There we were just as our servants see us. And I am inclined to believe the interesting instructions must have been compiled by a lady's-maid. I had almost forgotten, by the way, to tell you that our friend was good enough to explain the incomprehensible. A pat is an acquaintance, in the language of his fraternity."

"Perhaps it is Greek," said Julia, innocently. "Very likely; it has an Attic 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 impaling their captives, and there you have the origin. Imagine two faithful friends martyred together in that fashion. Impaled—imp-pun—is—there you have it. At least, if not correct, it is quite as good as some curious bits of etymology research I have seen."

It was evident that on reflection he did not put much faith 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 startish 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 I 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 morning came. Breakfast was over and the table cleared, and Eugene, with a provoking smile, made and smoked a cigarette with delicate deliberation for an hour or so. Then he read for awhile, and trifled over some music at the piano; but still Mr. Hawkins made no sign.

At a quarter past eleven he rang for his waiting boots, and they were brought him by John, who knickered 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 burden. They do say he was chucked over; but const-guards says he wasn't, 'cause there was nobody nigh."

"What on earth are you talking about, Job?"

"Why, somebody were piked 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."

Eugene 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 finding 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 unspoken words. "It is very strange it should be so."

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 tavern was nearly filled with groups of men, who talked in subdued 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 all times, and had exceptional fortune in the card-room, he was a lively boon companion, and spent his money liberally.

They had placed him in the bed-room he had occupied, and the key was held by the local inspector of police, who stood at the bar talking with the const-guard and the landlord. The inspector saluted the late master of Brookdale respectfully.

"There has been a sad accident, I hear," said Eugene. "Is it true that it ended fatally?"

"Quite true, sir," replied the inspector. "He died five minutes after he was found by Gibson here."

"Poor fellow! Was he a stranger to the place?"

"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 him at all, sir?"

"I must be sure that he's 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 landlord and Gibson, the const-guardsmen; they went in bareheaded, and with silent footsteps, and Eugene approached the motionless figure on the bed.

(To be continued.)

LAUNCHED.

"Nenth a smiling sun and a wooing gale, I set my feather-bonnet to sail, By 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 us.

Never a weather sign I scanned, As my gay bark left the dowry land On a merry morn of May, Down swept a squall of Doubt and Chance, And wrecked on the shoal of Circumstance, My first fair venture lay.

Gravely I looked to rigging and rope, Ere, bathed in the leetle of golden hope, My next to the open bore, But fierce and troubrous rose the waves, More ships than mine found fathomless graves, Ere the noonlike storm was o'er.

To the lulling whispers of Art and Song, I framed my last boat true and strong, And decked her with joyous dreams, And sent her forth with a rosy smile, Tinsing her silken sails the while, Caught from the sunset's gleams.

But oh, she never returned again, 'Till 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 slanders hand 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 ROSA.

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 berish moods he must not be spoken to, and therefore delighted himself by building a castle in the air; fancying just such a marriage party and beautiful bride for N. C. Catchem, 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. e. doing the dirty work of such as Sir Richard Cuninghame) he had by degrees entered their society and become a familiar associate of the aristocracy, 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 Apsley 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 admiration 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 girls were beyond his power, he had conceived a plan for their ruin; in atrocity worthy of the Prince of Darkness himself, a plan in which the cooperation 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, "he was only to send 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 Richard.

"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 aid and advice."

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

"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 if 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 Castle."

"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 answer.

Catchem saw he 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 Pounder he'll have a certain sum down for

burial charges; this makes it worth Pounder's while not to pamper him with too much rich food and fresh air; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and Pounder is alive to his own interest."

"Yes," replied Sir Richard "you had better go to Pounder after the fellow has had his full week of punishment, and tell him what has been decided on, and make the best bargain you 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."

"I'll go now if you like," said Catchem with an eye to business, knowing he could charge more for instructions to Pounder concerning the old man than 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 to the Angel; I intend going at once to Scotland and I wish to give you instructions as to the course I desire you to pursue with regard to these grandchildren of mine, in my absence. They have not seen the last of me, when they do, they will acknowledge my favour; well is the knell to their hopes in this world; and if I could it would extend to the next also."

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

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. George Cox, clerk and poet, entered as new clerk to Thompson Brothers on the day after he had paid his visit to Lady Hamilton in St. James' Square; he found his new situation more pleasant and profitable than his old one, in more ways than one.

Instead of his mother being called upon each three months to disburse money she could not ill afford, Mr. George himself received five pounds a quarter, with promise of a rise of salary when he became more useful to his employers.

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 common, and only came to Catchem's office because Mr. George being glad to see her society generally 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 her a halfpenny's worth of milk as the owners of the other offices did; he very wisely observed, a halfpenny a week was 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 cat alone, he had in Thompson Brothers the company of Mr. Burt always, and the cat officer then 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 now.

And last though not least in its influence on Mr. George Cox's fate, 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 be back until one o'clock.

Sometimes the intelligence on the cards was a little varied, and informed Mr. Cox and Mr. 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 his 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 louncer!"

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 card to say, that he had gone to the country on business, and would be back to-morrow morning at ten.

Mr. Cox always left a little bit of the door 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 he expected to pick up a case of petty assault, or small action of damages, anything in short which could be turned to his 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 feeling, 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 peace.

Since Sir Richard Cuninghame became his client, Catchem had found his employment more profitable than the produce of all his other schemes put together, and assuming an air 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 flight, make astronomical observations with eyes turned upwards to the clouds, until the old acquaintances, whom he did not think general 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.

As Catchem's business depended entirely on his own active catering for such, and a client

had once been wheeled into his office and bled freely there, never came back again it was not to be wondered at, that Mr. George spent his time in vain expecting to see some one come with letter or message for that worthy.

It is true, his former clerk was wholly indifferent as to whether Catchem's business thrived or not; indeed if he had been asked the question 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 Cuninghame's marriage however, this state of things was at an end. Mr. George did not know of the wedding which took place in St. George's 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 several verses to his long poem, in a way that mere imagination could not supply, although when he did hear of the marriage having taken place, he went to St. George's and walked several times round the nishes, imagining the ceremony, and bridal procession to the best of his ability.

On the afternoon in question Mr. George and Mr. Burt had just returned from dinner. The 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. Hopkins's Ball; Mr. Burt had for the second time hinted, at some words said to him by Miss Hopkins in the maze 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 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 anecdote 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 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 ear heard footsteps in the direction of Catchem's door, and going into the passage, saw one of Pounder's bull-necks pursuing the afternoon card.

"Here's your man, Cox," said he, thankful of an occurrence which would give a new direction 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 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.

"Now," if you'll let me see Mr. Catchem's 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 pocket book."

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 sent him.

"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 he read:

"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 emotion he felt, at the intelligence he had thus received "and 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 Pounder'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 Catchem is off to the country and if he is not, he'll go himself. If I don't find him I must go, where is your place, in the what's it's name road isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the man "out behind Hampstead."

"I know that," replied Mr. George 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 doesn't go I will."

"The man rose as if half unwilling to go. "You don't want a Porter here, do you?" said he.

"I am not sure but we do," replied Mr. George, do you want to leave Pounder's?"

"I do that," replied bull-neck resuming his seat.

"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 time."

"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 Pounder won't be pleased if I arrive before you," said Mr. George who wished to get rid of the fellow in case Catchem might return to his office, notwithstanding the intimation to the contrary.

"Dead 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 tont of them."

Mr. George had his hat on, the man still kept his seat, Mr. Burt saw and understood 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 won't keep you waiting," replied Mr. George walking out followed by his friend, who ostentatiously displayed the key, swinging it round and round on his finger.

The man saw he must go and rising 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, "I'll 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 I'll go back to finish the deed I'm indulging in this evening, and you can come and make up your lost time, so there will be no loss to the firm."

"Oh, if you would, that would be famous, I could easily come back after tea 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 reader will recollect 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 that date, and was, perhaps, too good for the times. As a rule, the experiment proved a failure, and the publishers were sold out by the sheriff.

I must, however, remark that the paper did not fail until after I had made my *debut* as its main "devil," or apprentice, and been kicked down stairs, *a 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 Thunderbolt," until I landed in New York, aged thirteen, looking for a berth on some private craft or man-of-war.

My parents lived in Bister county, and many a time my poor old mother wept at my desire to step out of the beaten path which the Willys had followed for generations. And, I may add, many a time did my father take down a rod of correction and lay it over my back, because I preferred a novel to my school books. At last, when thirteen years old, I stole away from home one night, clothing tied up in a little bundle, and in due time arrived in New York.

My first sight of a vessel dampened my desire to become a sailor, and when I had been taunted, threatened, cuffed and indulged by a dozen captains, I abandoned my foolish idea and decided 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, even by starting on a salary of twelve shillings per week, struck me favorably, and I closed the bargain and was duly installed.

One of the printers got me a boarding place with an old lady, a widow, who thought a dollar per week would compensate her for all trouble, and so I went built air-castles on the banners of my stipend. I had served three months when the day of my exit came.

One night after having one of my boots cobbed, I was walking up Green street, when a number of young men came along in a jolly mood. Just before we were to meet, I got the idea that they might cuff or kick me, and so I shrunk close to the side of a building, which I afterwards know to be a house of doubtful reputation. As the men went by I caught the sound of voices inside, and there was something said which made me linger.

"I tell you, Kate, I'm going to kill you!" exclaimed a voice, and I heard stops as if some one 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 handle that knife."

I crept 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 shadows and the movements of the two inside. No one passed by on my side of the street, and I listened with much anxiety.

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

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 hair 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 of the steps and ran away as hard as he could.

arrest, but determined not to lose sight of them. As they passed out, I followed on after, and tracked 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 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 lawyer, and all that, as I had never known anything about law or witnessed an arrest by the police.

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. Heretofore a resident of Davenport, left his wife and child at home 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 harmonious and contented families in the place. When Mr. Malchau returned from his work 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 housework. There was no hereditary insanity in her family; there never had been any indication of it in her actions. She had always been jovial and talkative, without any trace of gloom in her nature. 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 she had written:

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. THE best mode of cleaning gold is to wash it in warm suds made from delicate soap, with ten or fifteen drops of sal volatile in it. Dry by placing in boxwood sawdust. This makes jewelry very brilliant. TO REMOVE BROWN HOLES.—When the dirt has been thoroughly washed out of brown holes, it will greatly improve the appearance of the material if it is afterwards placed in water in which hay has been previously steeped. TO REMOVE STAINS OF MARKER INK.—Wet the part stained with boiling water, then apply some tincture of iodine to the marks; if the whole be now washed in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, every trace of the ink will be removed. TO REMOVE STAINS OF MARKER INK.—Wet the part stained with boiling water, then apply some tincture of iodine to the marks; if the whole be now washed in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, every trace of the ink will be removed. TO REMOVE STAINS OF MARKER INK.—Wet the part stained with boiling water, then apply some tincture of iodine to the marks; if the whole be now washed in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, every trace of the ink will be removed.

WIT AND HUMOUR. NATURE tailoring—a potato patch. EVEN the best of authors state their material. WHEN is bread most wanted?—When it's kneaded. CLEVELAND'S superfluous dogs are made up into glue. VERY odd.—Books are invariably soiled before they are bought. WHAT part of the rifle is like an assault?—The breach of the piece. WHY is the figure 9 like a penneck? Because it's 9 (nought) with the 9 (nought) on it. THE proprietor of a San Jose pleasure-garden offers a prize for the man with the longest nose. WHY is a man never knocked down against his will?—Because it is impossible to fall unless inclined. "Come out here, and I'll lick the whole lot of you," said an archer to some sticks of peppermint in a window. CAN an auctioneer be expected to wear an amiable expression of countenance when his looks are always for bidding? "SEVEN-HOUR SHOES" are advertised as put a number seven 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. CAPTAIN has a Chinese laundry, and it is said to be the first in the city where the washerwomen sprinkle clothes by jetting water between their teeth. IS New York society circles, engagements are quoted dull and declining, fewer stylish weddings having taken place than in any spring season for years. STARKES and that sort of thing are getting so much the fashion now that those who never get home before two in the morning, was not a bit surprised when Mrs. J. gave him notice of a "lock-out."

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 elevating and refining. The Great Architect, in His infinite wisdom, implanted in the hearts of the human race a natural love of the beautiful. This love is full of beauty. All around us we meet with objects which excite pleasant emotions, and among them the myriad forms and tints of the flowers minister to our pleasure, surprise us with their beauty, and excite our wonder. We plant a tiny seed, or bury a bulbous 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 applied to the human mind, and the children of the sun and the jewelers 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 reluctance the poor man's cot, brightening without pride the rich man's home, blazoning without ambition in the public parks, heaven the human race without stint in the chambers of sickness, cheering without approach the poor wretch in the prison cell, blushing in the hair of virtuous beauty, and shuddering without blush their beautiful light on the soiled brow of her fallen sister, sleeping in the cradle with the innocent life of infancy and blooming still in the coffin with the clay that remains after that life is spent, centering their prophetic bloom through orchard and field where robust industry prepares its victories, and lighting up the graveyards with undimmed promises, scorning no surroundings however humble or however squalid, flinging beauty and gladness of heart and hope on the most desolate 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 us a theology better than the creeds, and a science better than the schools; at once mocking and stimulating the arts; kissing us when we fall, yet refusing to let us lie quiet in our prostration, and perpetually urging on the great heart of humanity by their myriad and unending ministrations, the lessons of infinite truth in that Divine Fatherhood which has given their splendor to the lilies, and told us that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' 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 rugged battle of life, as well as to deck the home of the affluent. A taste for flowers should be cultivated everywhere; and it may be failed as a healthy sign of the times that the number of professional florists are increasing, and that large establishments, most as well as small, 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 find a reward in refined 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 morning, when not looking for company, and the enlightenment is given them by the following advice to young ladies. Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury," or a "sloven," in the morning is not to be trusted, how can she be in the evening? No matter how lowly humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain: a mirror, wash-stand, soap, towel, comb, hair-brush, nail-brush and tooth-brush. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide most of their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but count a sin of omission. The mother who improves your toilet. 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 calico; but with a ribbon or a bow, and a neat hair-dress, you have an air of respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed. A girl with fine capabilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged and dirty dress with her hair unkempt, should a stranger or neighbor come in. Moreover, your respect should demand the decent appareling 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.

FARM ITEMS.

WHAT IS A MAXIMUM CROP OF BEANS?—Forty bushels per acre have been grown. A farmer in Western New York raised over 1,800 bushels from 60 acres, or over 30 bushels per acre. WHAT IS MUCK?—Muck consists of vegetable matter which has accumulated in a swamp or bog, and is the result of the decay of grass, leaves, or plants which have grown there during a long series of years. Wash often collects in ponds or creeks, and consists generally of mud, with some vegetable matter, but it is not muck. Muck consolidated becomes peat. POTATO-BUGS.—If the bugs are too numerous for hand-picking, use Paris green, 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 store, and is a most dangerous poison. Keep it entirely under your own control, and in during the use be careful not to inhale the powder. TO DYE GREEN.—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 dyeing blue with sulphate of indigo first, and then immersing the goods in a bath of quercitron bark. Put the bark, tied up in a cloth, into a tub, along with the blue goods; gradually bring the bath to boil—an hour should be occupied in this process; when boiling, permit the cloth to remain in only a few minutes, or the green will be dark and dingy. TO PRESERVE EGGS.—There are numerous ways of preparing eggs to keep them a long time, but all proceed some differently which is hard to recount. Some oil every egg all over, and they keep as long as the oil remains sweet. They can be varnished or coated with any substance which will exclude air from them, and the other eggs 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 BUTTER.—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. There are two first make good butter. When it is made it may be packed, using a double allowance of salt for packed butter, in new oak tubs, which are first scalded, then soaked in brine, and the butter closely packed in until quite full and level with the edge; then sprinkle a handful of salt on top, and cover with a piece of muslin, dipped into brine; nail down the cover and put away in a cool, sweet cellar or spring-house. It should then keep perfectly for a year or more. THE potato bugs are destroying the potato vines entirely in many parts of Indiana. RELATIVE VALUES OF HEARTS AND OF MAN, A.D. 1000. By a law recorded in the just above mentioned, we learn that the compensation assessed for willful 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 mare or cow twenty shillings; a horse thirty shillings; and a man one pound. The Anglo-Saxon pound contained forty-eight shillings. Four of which would weigh as much as five of the present day. HOW MANY WORDS WE USE.—The latest editions of Webster's and Worcester's Dictionaries contain some 60,000 words each, and the number of words, fortunately, nine-tenths of these are seldom used. It is remarkable how small a selection satisfies the wants of the best writers and speakers. An educated Englishman, who has been at a public school and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakespeare, and the Times, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Close reasoners and thinkers who avoid superfluous expression, and wait for the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to the command of 10,000. Shakespeare produced all his rich 8,000 words. Milton's works contain 12,000 words, and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 6,642 words.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

108. PUZZLE. What is that which goes without feet, warns without speaking, speaks without talking, loses without risking, gains without buying or selling, and hides its face behind its hands without holding. A. H. B. 109. ENIGMA. From early morn to dewy eve I'm ever on the move, Still confined to one small spot, From it I never rove. My second you will never find In internal toll or fee, My rhyme—ah! 'tis the joy of joys, The very bloom of life. The anxious lover knows it not, Who nines and nines, and sighs; The favored lover has got Who basks in Beauty's eyes. ESTELLE. 110. NUMERICAL CHARADE. I am composed of fifteen letters. My 3, 4, 5, commonly denotes weight; my 7, 8, 1, 5, is certainly not cautious; my 14, 12, 13, 5, is to slay; my 6, 9, 10, is a riddle; my 11, is the state of health; my 1, 2, 8, 13, is a four with the ladies; my whole is an M.P.; and my 4, 5, 9, 8, 1, 13, 6, is the borough that he represents. F. DUFF. 111. REBUS. To perplex is in pressing; to appoint, is just; a fortress a woman's name. The initials and name read forwards will name two tales that have appeared in the Family Herald. 112. ANSWEERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 34. 109. ENIGMA.—WOOD. 110. NUMERICAL CHARADE.—C. F. O. G. U. O. (croquet). 111. REBUS.—I. Prelate, Relate, Elate, Late, Tale, Ale, L. 2. Part, Art, Hat, At. A. 3. Seat, Cow, Owl, Tow, Lo, L. 4. Obilly, Lilly, Lily, Lili, L. 103.—CHARADE.—PITCHFORK.



