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Vol. I.--No. 23. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

PRICE ORSIX CENTS, U.S. CY.

RURAL CHARMS.

BY W. O. FARMER.

Who has not oft sighed to inhale,
The pure, fresh air from hill and vale—
The perfumed gales from flower and field,
Invigorating health that yield i
What bligs—exhilarating Joy,
Far from the City's press to fly—
Its swell'ering sun, dust, toil and care,
And to fond rural scenes repair—

Free to enfoy those charms unknown. To wonder by the cool prock's side; To watch, as each day's course is rus, The glories of the setting sun— Or hear the song birds pipe their lay, In greating to the new-born day.

And when the twilight shadows fall, List to the fawing cuttle call, Or see them picturesquely browse, Or, listlessly recumbent, drowse i To feel, at hallow'd vespor time, The distant church bell's mellowed chime, Becharm the soul in dulost strains, Soft as the Harp Folia cinims!

Who would not wish it were his lot—
The world and all its cares forgot,—
To live amid those glowing scenes—
Fand vision of the Poet's dreams!
To see the tumbling torrent leams,
In mist and spray from rock and steep—
Then glide away in tranquil wood
Through sunny glon and shady wood,—

Naw. peelling, hid in consewood green. Now, feetling, hid in copsewood green, Emerging now, in sunshine soon, Till, in its far-on, hazy bod, It gleams, a tluy silver thread! Deep in the limpid pool to trace, Reflected Nature's every grace—
Its emerald banks—the grass that waves, The shrub that in its crystal layes,

The fleecy cloud-the flow ret's bloom. The Bus-King's splender at his noon—
Or the flushed West, whose Proteat dyes,
In gorgeous colors that the skies I
and, then, what quiet joy to sit,
As evening's shadows change and flit,
And all is still—hushed every sound,
And nothing living breathes around,—

And catch the insect chorus swell in low, soft cadence o'er the spell— Blest contrast to the dim and strife niest contrast to the dim and atrice
Besetting poor vexed human life i
Or turn to where the fortile soil
In plenty decks the peasant a toll;
Where rippling fields of golden wheat,
Broad meadowarich in clover, meet.

Where mounds of new-mown hay exhale Where mounds of new-mown hay exhale sweet doors to the possing gale—Tasto of the sweets that must have blest, Fair Eden ere its Eve transgressed! Or wend thro' pastures stocked with kine, That use and ornament combine:
The sweet so green—to charm the eye, The perbage—fodder to supply.

Or, peeping from its foliage acrosm, lishold the farmer's cottage gleam—its many-colored tiles ablase, listhed in the sun's last golden rays! Ab I cold must be the heart, and dead—To gress alloying habits wed,—That fails to prize the wealth of bliss, Showered by Heaven on homes like this i

LONTREAL

In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, an elephant has been turned out of his house to allow
of a chase of the rats that devored his food. The
of a chase of the rats that devored his food. The
of the rat about in all directions, and while the
elephant was stooping to pick up a morsel of
bread which one of the crowd had thrown to
him, a rat, faneying he saw a means of eccape,
took rafage in the interior of his trunk. The
elephant made frantic efforts to relieve himsur of his nuweloome visitor, but in vain. Suddenly he pansed and seemed to redeot, then he
went to his beain, filled his trunk with water,
and amidst the great excitement of the lockerson, ejected the water and the unfortunate rat
with one sublime effort, with one sublime effort,



"THE TELL-TALE SCAR."

FEUDAL TIMES;

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

Translated especially for the FAFORII B from the French of Paul Duplossis.)

> CHAPTER XX. AN HONEST ALLIANCE.

I must not conceal from you, if, as I have no doubt is the case, your intention is to invoke my protection, that while recognizing to the full the justice and extent of your griefs, it will be simply impossible for me to afford you any remedy. The religion to which you belong places you in an entirely exceptional position. If I were to take part against the Marquis de la Tremblais, a zealous Catholic, in favor of the Demoiscile d'Erlanges, an avowed Protestant, I should arouse the whole noblesse of the province of Auvergne, and, what is worse, ahould be blamed at Court,"

"Be under no apprehension, monseigneur," replied Diane. "I have placed my interests in the hands of heaven; it is not of myself I wish to address you in this interview. If I call your attention to the edious crime committed by the attention to the edious crime committed by the Marquis de la Tremblais, it is because the subjects on which I desire to speak to you relate to that crime. A brave and loyal gentleman, Monsieur le Chevaller Sforzi, laugulahes at this moment in the dungeons of the Châtoau de la Tremblais, awaiting an ignominious and cruel death. Monsieur de Sforzi is a Catholic, and happened to be at Tauve when the house was surprised in the dead of night and szeked. He did all that a man of honor would have done in An honest alliance.

After taking the seat pointed out to her by Monsoigneur de Canilhao, Diano raised her beautiful eyes to those of the marquis, and thon, in tones which, though mov dby emotion, indicated at once determination and anxiety, commenced the conversation.

"Monsoigneur," she said, "it is impossible that news of the monstrous wrong done to my mother by the Marquis de la Tremblais should not have reached you. Our servants infamously assessinated, our fortified house of Tave trainer, and the terrible murder of the Dane d'Erisance, and the terrible murder of the Dane d'Erisance, my mother, constitute a fact such as has no perallel in history!"

"You descrive yourself, mademoiselle," interrupted the marquis remuse to the hands of his exacutioner the care of his vengoance. Will you, monseigneur, allow this new crime to proceed in my own way? I am important to the hands of his exacutioner the care of his vengoance. Will you, monseigneur, allow this new crime to put describing, and indicated the marquis remuse to the hands of his exacutioner the care of his vengoance. Will you, monseigneur, allow this new crime to the part of colorled the marquis; "on the contrary, the history of our civil wars abounds in similar facts."

seigneur, is what I had to say to you. The gratitude I owe Monaieur de Sforst, now in danger of his life for having sustained my mother's rights, imperiously commanded me to interesdo with you as I have done."

Diane impatiently awaited the reply of Monseigneur de Canilhac. The Governor of the province of Auvergne appeared undecided, embarrassed.

solgneur de Canihac. The Governor of the province of Auvergne appeared undecided, embarrassed.

"Mademoiselle," he said at length, "I plainly recognize the fact that throughout this affair Monseigneur de la Tremblais has acted it haughty and culpable contempt of the royal authority. I admit that his conduct is neither that of a loyal subject nor of a brave gentleman. The fate of the Chevalier Sforzi deeply affects me; but, unfortunately, it is hardly possible for me to counteract the designs of the marquis and save Monsiour de Sforzi! Do not judge me without hearing me, mademoiselle, I am going—such is the sincere and great esteem with which you have inspired me—to speak to you with perfect frankness. The high position which I occupy does not in reality give me—very far from it—the power which ought to attach to it, I am obliged, therefore, to avoid carefully all occasion for laying bare, and so dectroying, the last and feeble prestige which surrounds my authority. Now, to enter upon an open struggle with the Marquis de la Tremblais would be to expose myself to certain failure. Ought I, mademoiselle, for the purpose of defending an obscure and unknown man, compromise so gravely the king's interests? I leave the question to your judgment?"

"Yes, monseigneur, you ought!" cried Diane.

ments:

"Yes, monseigneur, you ought!" cried Diane.
"Better a thousand times to risk your authority
than lose your honor! What right have you to
enjoy the privileges and prerogatives belonging
to nobility if you do not fulfit the obligations and
duties Lapseed on you by your birth and station?
"Do what should be done, come what may," says
our motto. Now, to allow the chevaller to be
assassinated without attempting to defend him
is to partake the shame of the crine—to become
the accomplice of the marquis!"

At these words, pronounced by Diane with
generous enthusiasm, the Mar-uis de Canilhae
knit his brows and remained silent. De Maurevert, who, so far, had held aloof from the con-

generous enthusiasm, the Marquis de Canlinac knit his brows and remained silent. De Maurevert, who, so far, had held alcof from the conversation, judged the moment opportune for taking his share in it.

"Mademoissile," he said, "I am quite of Monsieur de Canlihac's way of thinking; to compromise the authority held by him from the hing would be to render himself gulity of lizemajests. You are wrong to insist."

At this timely and wholly unlooked-for approbation, Monsieur de Canlihac turned towards the captain, and smiled on him agreeably.

"Monseigneur," continued De Maurevert, "will te please you to accord me, now that this discussion is finished, the moment's attention you were good enough to promise me?"

"With pleasure, captain," replied the governor, readily, delighted at the diversion which extricated him from the represence of Diane.

"Monsieur de Canlihac," the captain went on, "you see before you a man stung with removae—a scoundrel on the eve of committing an ab-minable action!"

ab.minable action!"

"Of whom are you speaking, captain?"

"Of whom are you speaking, captain?"

"Of your very humble servant, Captain de Maurevert, monseigneur."

"Pray explain yourself, monsieur?"

"Alas! monseigneur, this explanation will cover me with shame! I have hardly courage to expose my infamy—but I will try. You are aware, monseigneur, that I am at the head of the League of Equity; but you are altogether ignorant of my future projects, of my secret hopes. Now, monseigneur, I must humbly confess that these projects and hopes are terribly hostile towards you. My intention is—and, I need hardly say, that unless I were well excured of success I should not now make such an ademission and put you on your guard—my inten-

and five hundred clodpoles, bound together by a common interest, form unquestionably a power. Now, the poor gentiemen who have railied to my flag already exceed a thousand in number. You will admit, monseigneur, I think, that a thousand cavallers, properly armed and mounted, count for at least as much as the three hundred cuprestiers at your disposal. There, then, is your cavalry annulled by mine! As for the foot soldiers, you have scarcely five hundred pixemen, ill-paid and ill-fed; and, to sum them up, not very much to be feared. My peasants amount to the very respectable number of three thousand. Now, in good faith, I will sak you whether you thank six of my mountaineers are not equal to one of your pixemen? Becommon interest, form unquestionably a power you whether you that six of my mountaineers are not equal to one of your pikemen? Between us, then, monseigneur—I put the case with extreme modesty—there exists an equality of strength, but now I have to subruit to you a scruple which greatly troubles my conscience. I ask you whether it is proper for Monsieur de Maurevert, a gentleman of good ability, as all know, to mix himself up in the affairs of peasants and clodpoles? If my mountaineers had appointed under an honest pretext of feligion or cants and clodpoles? If my mountainers had revolted under an honest pretext of feligion or politics, I might have seen my way on a pinch; but no, the peasants have taken up arms in the name of Equity, and their avowed purpose is to desirely the privileges of the noblesse. That I repeat troubles my conscience, and I should not be sorry, monseigneur, to learn your opinion on this delicate subject."

this delicate subject."

My opinion," replied Monseigneur de Canilhac coldly, "must already be known to you. Remembering that I represent the royal authority in the province of Auvargne, you cannot be in any doubt as to what my view of this rebellion must be."

"But, Monseigneur," said De Maurevert, "the moment you seriously act as the governor of this province I withdraw the approbation I gave just now to your reinest to aid the Chevalier Sforzi. If you are his majesty's representative, you can no more support the disobedience of the great than the rebellion of the smail. Come, Monseigneur de Canilhac, ist us throw our cards down upon the table face upwards. You find yourself pieced between the snvil and the hammer. Will you allow me to extricate you from this unpleasant position? Help me to save the Chevalier Sforzi, and I will rid you of the League of Equity." " But. Monsaigneur," sold De Maurevert, "the

"Explain yourself more clearly, captain,"

League of Equity."

"Explain yourself more clearly, captain,"
said the governor, somewhat eagerly.

"With pleasure, monseigneur, and without preface. A thousand crowns down, your cooperation to save the life of the Chevaller Horszi, and a letter stating that, in placing myself at the head of the League of Equity. I only had in view the interests of his majesty; and, on these conditions, I undertake to make such dispositions that it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to cut my clodpoles to pleese."

"Captain de Maurovert," replied Monseigneur de Canilhac, "I will be as frank with you say on have been with me. Your proposition gives me the greatest satisfaction. To two of your conditions I will subscribe with all my heart—that is to say, I will give you the letter and the thousand crowns—but as to taking part against the Marquis de is Tremblais, I cannot. Oh, do not imagine for a moment, espiain, that I clibs; love or exteem the marquis; quite the contrary. For a long time his arrogance has weighed heavily upon me; and if I were able to crush him, you should see with what pleasure I would do it."

"Death, monseigneur! If such are your feel.

occurs to me for putting us in accord at ones."

"What is it, captain?"

"The simplest! Absent yourself for a few days from Clermont, and leave me in charge of the forces. I hasten to add, that if I fall in my attempt! here at or ce authorize you to disavow asse on your return, and to declare against me with all your might, for what I give yor free permission to call my felony and treason."

"Certainly," replied Monselgneur de C...illhao, after reflecting, "this method strikes me as being very ingenious; but it presents a great difficulty."

difficulty.

"So much the better, monseigneur! Every difficulty is for me a subject of triumph

"Who will guarantee to me the faithful ful-filment of your promises, o-ptain? Who can assure me that you are not laying a trap for me

at this moment ?"

4 Ah, monseigneur, this suspicion shatters all "Ah, monseigneur, this suspicion shatters all my esteem for you! Monseigneur, if there is case thing universally notorious, it is the nuperiwhich I profess for my word. Everybody knows that Captain de Maurevart, culpable as he may have been in some regards, has naver falled in his engagements. If the pessants had had the wit to bind me to their cause by a categorical and serious promise, the idea of allowing them to be cut to pieces would never have suitered my mind; but, instead of being proud of my loyalty, they have preferred to hold me in suspicion. And for that they will we punished. Monseigneur, if you socept my peoposals, I engage myself by oath neither to abuse your confidence, nor to make the smallest infraction from the conditions of our treaty."

"Captain," said the Marquis de Cantibac, after a long pause, "you may consider our treaty as almost concluded—it only remains for me to discuss some necessary details with you, for examples, and objet of all, in what manner do you propose to yourself to employ the forces.

do you propose to pourself to employ the forces which I may place for the moment at your disposal? You cannot, I imagina, entertain so mad an idea as that of besinging the Châtean do la Tremblais!"

tertain so mean an opinion of my judgment? tertain so mean an opinion of my judgment? To take such a proceeding without your assent would be to abuse your confidence. He under no cort of apprehension; I will do nothing that can compromise you, and I will so arrange matters that even in the even of my falling, you shall find an easy and plausible protext for denouncing me as a worthless rogue, who had taken advantage of your trustfulness. One last question, monasignent. You must, as part of the duties of your office, have certain me and ofcommunication with the interior of the Château de la Tromblats? — these you must place at my command."

Willingly."

"You must also help me to find w moans of preventing the Marquis de 'a Tremblais hanging my friend, the chevaller, in the interior of the châtenn."

"You, who are ordinarily so fertile in expedients, are slow of imagination to-day, captain i"

tain in

"A. how, monseigneur?"

"The means you seek are ready to your bands. The feigneur de la Trembisis is proud and disdainful; you only need to excite his pride to obtain the result you require."

"By my faith, monseigneur, I am still at fault in cried De Maurevert, putting on a look of rememberity.

perplexity.

perplanity.

"I will cause the marquis to be informed this very day that the lower nothlity of the province are greatly excited on the subject of the Chavaller Sicral's execution, and invite him—under pretext of being alarmed for his safety—to have this execution performed within the walls of his château, in secret, and you may be certain that La Trambiais will instantly determine to make the according as well instantly determine to make the execution as public and striking as possible. He is even capable of specially inviting both the nobility and commonalty, it proves how much he places himself above public to the common of the places himself above public to the common of the comm

" By the caduceus of the gentle god Mercury "By the cancerns of the genule got merciny in exclaimed De Manrevert, with admiration, "if you were not governor of the province, monesigneur, you would be worthy to be an adventurer? An excellent ruse? But I will not longer encrosed on your leisure. I will do myself the honor to call upon you to-night, at Clermont. Will you be good enough to send me a safe-conductor.

"Here is a ring which serves me for a seal," said the marquia. "That will be sufficient for

you."

The governor then took leave of Dians, and only retired from the spot after—striking condescension i—having embraced the captain.

"You see, mademoiselle," said the latter, "there are ways of dealing with everybody. You have only to work on men through their interests. I saw the moment when, with your appeals to sentiments of honor, duty, and loyality, you were leading the conversation directly to the hanging of poor Racal. Now, all goes well. We are on the eve of a solution of our troubles in troubles 17

CHAPTER XXL

THERIGHT OF THE STRONGER.

On the third day after that on which De Manrevert had sacrificed the League of Equity to save the Chevalier Sforzi, a great gathering of the neighboring mobility filled the reception hall of the Châtcau de la Tremblais.

The marquis, with knit brows, arms crossed upon his chest, and sombre and absorbed bearing, paded the room silently in the miles of the seasonblace without discontinuent take notice of

ing, paced it's room silently in the midst of the assemblage, without deigning to take notice of the presence of his numerous visitors. In his angrily-clenched hand he crumpled two letters he had recently received. One of these letters—already known to the reader—was from Captain de Maurevert: the other bore the signature of Monseigneur de Canlihac. In fulfilment of the promise given to his new ally, the Governor of the province of Anvergne had notified to the Marquis de is Trembitis that the amnounced excution of the Chevaller Sforzi was producing a detectable effect on the noblesse of the surrounding country, and counselled him to employ the greatest produces and secreoy in consummating greatest prodence and secrety in consummating his vengeance.

his vengeance.

Suddenly stopping, the marquis roughly addressed himself to a group of gentlemen:

"Parbles, gentlemen!" he said in a bantering tone, "there is no need to put yourselves to any arther inconvenience by talking in whispers.

Speak out—I know the subject of your conventions.

This insolent address caused painful astonishment to the gentlemen who heard it. Some of them, used as they were to the speaker's arrogance, felt that he had this time gone beyond all bearable limits.

"Monateur le Margula" replied one of the

of you Kanembers the motive with which he did of you kinemore the motive with which he did the honor to pay me this whit! I will tell you what it was. You meditated interfering with the course of my justice; you hoped to have a wretch imprisoned in the dungeons of my châ-teau. Now, what particular interest have you in this vagabond, that, in his same, you venture to risk drawing down my ancer more ways. to risk drawing down my anger upon your

"Monsieur le Marquis, your unjust re

proaches."

"Elience, I say again! My good gentlemen, my excellent neighbors, so much diselentiation is wholly thrown away. Thanks to my power, I am too much above fear to stoop to lying! I have no need to employ the darkness of night in carrying out my designs—I act always in the full light of day! Hallo, Benoist! Let the vagabond Sforsi be brought here: I wish to question him before these friends of his, and pronounce sentence on him in their hearing!"

On receiving this order from his master, a hideous smile overspread the features of the room.

"Monsieur le Marquis," then said one of the "Monateur le Marquis," then said one of the visitors, "you have se much surprised as afterned us by your strange reception. It is necessary that there should be an immediate explanation between us. Do not forget, marquis, that, as well as yourself, we are gentlemen."

The Seigneur de la Tremblais gave vent to a marking lange.

The Beigneur de la Trembiais gave vent to a mocking laugh.

"Be content, gentlemen, with my demency, and do not risk, by imprudences and summy explanations, rousing my anger, which, up to the present time, I have been able to keep under

At this insolent response the gentlemen remained silent; they saw that to provoke the marquis in his own chiteau was to incur certain destruction. It was plain enough, however, by the palence of their faces, their fiery fooks, and the trembling of their limbs under the influence of suppressed fury, that they only submitted to this outrage with thoughts of future vengeance. During the five minutes which followed this scene a dull and luguhrious silence religied throughout the vast room.

Presently one of the side doors opened, and the Chavaller Sforzi appeared surrounded by guards. At this insolant response the gentlemen

guards.

The proud and noble countenance of the unfortunate young man, who, with unqualling looks and head thrown proudly back, advanced with firm sieps towards the marquis, fixing on him a fiery and audadious gase, contrasted so magnificently with the palents of his face, wasted by sufering, his untrimmed beard, his ragged dress, and his bands bound together by a heavy chain, that involuntarily a murmur of admiration and pity rose from the crowd of gentiemen assembled.

The Marquis de '2 Tremblais bit his upper lip till the blood started from it; then, affecting a calmness and impassibility to which the quivering of the muscles of his chacks gave the its, he slowly mounted the three steps of the date on which his chair of State was placed, and escape him, he purposed enjoying the agony of his victim. The proud and noble countenance of the un

escape him, he purposed enjoying the agony of his victim.

"Accessed," he said, "I have decided, in my goodness and justice, before irrevocably pronouncing your sentence, to grant you permission to defend yourself. Let us see whether it is possible for you, by explanation of sincere repentance, to lessen the enormity of your crime. I give you full istitude for what I consent to call your justification. Speak; I sm listening."

"Marquis de 'a Trembals," revised the young man in a clear and sympathetic voice, "I do not quite understand the object of this criminal perody of justice. The collect of this criminal not to try, but to execute the patient handed to him by the law. The assessin does not converse with his victim, but selses him by the throat and kills him. Hangman and assessin, why do you pretend to try me?"

"Storal, I am your judge," said the marquis, affecting great song-froid, for he perceived that if he allowed his passion to carry him away the advantage of the struggle would rest with the chevalier.

"You a indee !" said Raon! with hitter

mivanuage of the struggle would rest with the chevaliar.

"You a judge I" said Raoul, with hitter mockery. "By my faith, a pleasant pretention? A judge! A wratch who, in time of peace, without aggression, without provocation, without motive, does not hesitate to invade the house of a noble widow—a woman without detense—to murder her servants in their sleep, to pillage her riches, and, to crown his infamy, to murder this defencies tady herself! A judge who still enjoys the bloody gains of his crime, which not content with—exploit worthy of his courage—murdering the mother, steals the daughter's inheritance! Ah, marquis, your monarrous impulsance inspires me almost with pity, for it makes me doubt whether you must not be out of your mind."

mind to find the to their cause of a caregories of described filled in described from the conditions promise, the idea of allowing them to seem to pieces would never have suitered by mind; but, instead of being proud of my patty, they have preferred to hold the ab susticion. And for that they will we punished conseigneur, if you accept my proposals, I encountered the management of the smallest infraction com the conditions of our treaty."

"Captain," said the Manquis de Canilhec, there a long panes, "you may consider our care your contemptible mumming! Have at least the courage of your infamy!"

"Silence! interrupt me at your paril! You specified in the moment at your distance in the to have an explanation? You shall have not operated by inaccessed at faithful allies! you did not expect to find the loss of the moment at your distance and faithful allies! You did not expect to find the light with thoughithness and faithful allies! You cannot, I imagine, entertain so as a make as that of besteging the Châteands. Trembials?"

"Abs, monseigneur, is it possible you could so."

"And for that they will we punished.

"You have bit upon the right word, moissigur the very sair special doors? I five on a to make the smallest infraction of the tempts of actions ment and hypogritical looks? Give over your contamptible mumming! Have at least the courage of your infamy!"

"Monateur le Marquis, "seplied one of the gentlemen, "one might rather suppose you were specially will be the a gentlemen, "one might rather suppose you were specially as a give to mind."

The marquis must have been well asserted of the vergestive the marquis fibrory, and substitute that the promise of a stomism and hypogritical looks? Give a will be vergestive to the vergestive of a preferred with himself to play, he preserved a preferry in the repair of the suppose to yourself of employ the forces and the first the ma

my rebellions vassal; with having sextened by force of arms the rebellion of the said lay, and of having sasisted in the massaces of my servants."

"What is the use of this ridiculous scene, De is Tremblais in demanded Raoul. Would it not be simpler to settle the question by saying: "Chavalier Sforzi, you infloted on me a deadly injury, and my sword remained in its sheath: I cannot forgive either my own cowardies or my dishessor! By treason I have god you have my power—you shall die? This isaptage, De is Tremblais, might in some degree encode the crime you meditate; for imputence pushed so far becomes a sort of courage? But no; you prefer to this siriking justice a false and hypocritical show of legality! Marquis de la Tremblais, I put it to the loyalty of the gentlemen here presents the shadow of an excuss. Come, gentlemen? he added, easing a rapid glance at the assembled gentlemen, which of you agrees with the Marquis de la Tremblais?"

The gentlemen one and all bowed their heads and remained silent.

"You see, marquis," oried Raoul, "your friends, or accomplices—for if these men had been honest they would long ago have taken sword in hard and come to my rescue—your accomplices themselves shrink from the responsibility of your infamy?"

"Effort!" muttered the marquis, hoursely: "for the last time, I repeat, you have not to occupy yourself with my conduct, but only to defend yourself from the terrible charge of rebellion which weighs upon you."

The young man paused for a moment, and then, in a tone no longer ironical or indignant, but full of nobility and dignity, replied:

"For be it, marquis, I coment to white finto the explanations you solicit, not that I delire to excupate myself—I seek only to show how abominable your conduct to write the Dame d'Erlanges: but an old feedal custom, as the Dame d'Erlanges: but an old feedal custom, as the Dame d'Erlanges: you will be the Dame d'Erlanges; but an old feedal custom, as the Dame d'Erlanges? You must be blinded by your pried to venture to talk of rebellion! I k the law speak as the sovereign, and justice

and the landlord—nothing elsa. In these cases the law speak as the sovereign, and justice follows in its steps.

"A last word, marquis. In entering upon this long explication, I have sought to prove that nothing, absolutely nothing, could justify the murder of the Pame d'Erlanges, the massacre of her servants, and the spoliation of her domain. Therefore I, the Chavalier Raoul Storzi, noble by birth, a gentleman as you are, a subject and officer of the King of France, your equal in all respects, declare, with my hand upon my heart, in the name of my honor, that you, Marquis de la Tramblais, have been a coward, a scoundrel, an assassis, and a thief; I declare that every man—noble or commoner—who shall support you, or countensince your conduct, will be a coward, a sexuadrel, an assassin, and a thief; that in attacking my person you render yourselfguilty of lies-inspecting and, finally I declare that you have cutrageously offended against the laws of honor, since, having been struck full in the face by me, I repeat, your sword rested in its sheeth?

having been struck but in the lace by me, it is peat, your sword revied in its sheath?"
The gentlemen looked at each other with an six of mingled shame and indignation. It was without that the edicac conduct of the marquis, and she courage displayed by Racul, inclined then, to oppose by force the accomplishment of the new crims meditated by the Seigneur de la

then, to oppose by force the accomplishment of the new crims meditated by the Seigneur de is Trembials.

Both was the fury of the latter that for nearly a minute he was unable to nizer a single word. The threatening looks of his visitors goaded him to instant action. By a sign he called to him the Chief of the Apostles, and, after giving some order to him in a low voice, turned and addressed the chevailet.

"Sforal," he said, "you must have observed, by my patience, how much I desired to use you justify yourself. Your indescribeble incolonce makes it impossible for me to listen to you any further. I intend to use the same rights and prerogalives that were possessed by my ancestors. Tribunals and parilement with not made for the Seigneurs de is Trembials. From time immemorial the right of execution has belonged to my marquisate; and this right shall not die out in my hands. Therefore, Sloral, estimied of your rebellion against my sutherity sail of your oursess against my person, I condemn you to be exposed on the Pillory, flogged with a rod, and then hauged upon a gallows. That nobody may remain in ignorance of my justles, the execution will take place in the vabile market-place of Estee, the object town in my jurisdiction. This very day the santenes promounced against you will be published throughout the extent of my domain, by sound of trumpet, and to-morrow at dawn it will be carried into execution!"

The marquis was sill, specking when a threatening murmur, accompanied with the clanking of swords, was heard in the room. Ashamed of their inaction, the gentlemen present had at length determined to expose the chavallet's cause.

A sardonto smile played about the lips of the harquis de la Trembisis. He rose from his chair, and, in an imperious tone of voice, called

out:

"Open those doors? These gentlemen appear to be growing somewhat overneated. A little cool air will do them good?"

No scores were the doors thrown open than the gentlemen perceived a hundred soldiers armed to the teeth, and apparently swaiting a signal from their master. The half-drawn swords returned to their scabbards, and the threatening nurmurs ceased.

"Ah!" said the marquis, with a mocking smile, "it must be admitted that the customs.

threatening nurmurs ceased.

"Ah!" said the marquis, with a mocking smile, "it must be admitted that the customs of our ancestors were extremely good customs. If I had been obliged to address myself to a Feudal Court, or present a pelition to Parliament, to keen myself from being assailed by you, my vary dear neighbors, I should, in all probability, have been a dead man at this moment. Gentlemen, I will not ustain you any longer. I hope that, recovered from your momentary error, you will plainly see he y good a reason I have for punishing this Sform, and that you will not entertain any angry feeling towards me for inflicting on him so well-deserved vards me for inflicting on him so well-deserved

wards me for inflicting on him so well-deserved a chastisement," "so Raoul, "the order "So, monsieur," cried Raoul, "the order which you have given, to assassinate me, is serious, irrevocable?"
"Serious and irrevocable, Monsieur Biorxi."

"Serious and previousle, marquis, that a gentle-man will submit to the dignity of the pillory, the scourse, and the gibbet?"
"In the first place, Mousieur Sforzi, nothing proves to me that you are a gentleman; and, further—I confess—I am curious to know in what manner you think it possible to escape my justice?"
"In what manner, wreto ? See!

"In what manner, wreto? See? Quicker than thought, the chevaller hurled saide the guards who surrounded him, and with a furious bound, sprang head-foremest towards one of the pillars which supported the massive mantelpiece of one of the two chimntes in the room; but, slas! the cords by which his legs were bound together stopped him in the midst of his course, and he fell heavily on the floor. "Take him back to his dungeon, and until to-morrow morning let him not be cut of sight for one moment," said the marquis, coolly.

CHAPTER XXII.

PERLIMINARIES OF DEATH.

It was five o'clock in the morning. The dull groy light of a bleak and dusky dawn, not unlike the twilight of a winter's night, imperfectly lit the dungoon of the Chevaller Sforzi. The young man, resting against the wall, with his armonaging by his sides and his head drooped upon his chest, lay sunk in feverish sleep. On either side of him stood, stiff and motionless as a statue, one of the men-ntarms of the Marquis de is one of the men-at-arms of the Marquis do is Tremblais. The sir of unconcern of these t ro guardians proved how familiar they were with scenes of blood and misery. Baddenly the door of the dungeon grated on its hinges, and Benuist ontered the sombre and luqu-

The Chief of the Apostles had exchanged the the chief of the Apoetre me exchanged the hunting dress he usually wore for a fancy continue of terrible significance. He was now attitud in scarlet serge from head to foot, and it was trapossible to mistake him for any other than the executioner.

"You may relire, companions," he said, ad-dressing Go men-at-arms. "Your watch is ended

"You may retire, companions," he said, addressing to men-attains. "Your watch is ended —my duties begin."

After the departure of the two guards, the Chief of the Aposities advanced to the young man, and placing himself in front of him, examined his features with close and sustained attention. His face of pressed rather the torror of a criminal than triumphal delight.

"Heyond all doubt," he muttered to himself, "this young man possesses unconquerable bravery and courage. His conduct has been glorious and loyal, and yet he is about to die, the victim of a frightful injustice, an edious vengeshee! Yet, in spite of the calmness of his conscience, his last sleep has been troubled by terrible dreams. He struggles agains, his position; he cannot submit to his fats. When he wakes he will most likely find in his pride the strenth to appear resigned; but I, who have detected the secrets of his sleep, shall not be duped. Oh! If an innocent and brave man is so agitated before the moment of his end, what must a guilty one be? That thought terrifies and nummans me. I see myself at mylast hour, abandoned by all, hated by all, alone with the recollection of my offences. Ah! If all the people who trem?" of my presence but knew the terror and despair that prey upon my soul, instead of fearing, they would pity me. But now I am too far gone in crime to retrace my steps. Courage!"—

Course!*

He several times passed his hands over his eyes! then be adding down, struck the obeyalter on the shoulder.

"Hold, grounded in he cried..." get up. You are waited for."

The roomy man, indely startled from sleep, could not former making a gesture of surprise, and almost of alarm, at sight of the Chief of the Abuiles

HI was a fool, said Benoist to himself, "to take a uch pity on myself. It is fear alone, and

not removed, that y trates a man at his last hour; and fear over once the innocent and guilty alike."

The emotion caused to the chavalier by the

The emotion caused to the chevalier by the sight of the Thief of the Apostles acarcely lasted two seconds. He then looked coolly at his luguintous visitor, and, in a calm and assured tone, remarked:

"Your coatume, Mattre Bekolst, tells me the object of your presence. The marquis doesn't hings grandly! The loses no means of rendering the execution of h w crime effective. If I am to follow you, lead on?"

"Chevaller," replied Benoist, "you have still one hour to live."

"Then why did you wake me?"

The Ohief of the Apostles hestated.

"Monsieur le Chevaller," he said at length, with an air of embarrassment, "I thought it would be agreeable to you to be warned a little before hand. Mon condemned to death have ordinarily arrangements to make. Have you nothing to bequeath—no remembrances to send—to your family!"

"My fimily!" repeated the young man sadly.

"Alast I have none."

"My family!" repeated the young man sadly.
"Alas! I have none."
"But, mademolacile"—
The chevalier started.
"Silence, wretch!" he exclaimed, in an imperious tone. "Let not the name of her I love pass your lips. Ab, I understand—you perform an execuable mission. You are commanded by an execvable inission. You are commanded by the marguis to darken my last moments and weaken my courage; you will fail in your project, Benoist. I have commended my soul to heaven, where I shall meet again her from whom I have been torn on earth."

"Monsieur Sforsi," repited the Chief of the Apostles, after a short silence, "when you were conducted to prison, a belt was found upon you filled with gold pieces. To you not wish to dispose of this money, which has been piaced in the hands of the marquis?"

"Let your master keep it—theft and murder go well together."

go well together."

"My master is too magnificent and too glo

go well together."

"My master is too magnificent and too glorious to profit by your spoils. I am quite sure that at your request he will immediately remit this money to whomsoever you direct."

"And you desire to be that person?"

"Well, chevalier, I will not deny that such generosity would purchase, not only my gratitude and esteem, tout all my best attention and respect. It is I who san charged with your execution. Now, in that there is one detail of which, perhaps, you are ignorant. I will not conceal from you that there are many ways of hanging a man—the cord may be more or less well fastened, he may be more or less roughly swing into the air. I am known throughout the province for my experience as a hangman; I know how to render it with the subject confided to my hands, either ridiculous, pitcous, or sublime—to prolong his sufferings or to curtail his agony. Be assured that, in spite of the calcumites spread abroad concerning me, I am highly accossible to the feeling of gratitude, For example, if you will bequeath to me your belt-full of golden crowns, I will place the knot in such a manner that you will die as instantly as if you had been struck dead by a thunderboit. It is the interest solely which I fool for you which induces me to enter into these explanations. I quite admit, between us, that your which induces me to enter into these explana which induces me to chor into these explana-tions. I quite admit, between us, that your condomnation is not the most regular, and that your crime is not so monstrous as my master affects to think it. I should be sorry, therefore, knowing you to be half innocent, that any par-

smony on your part should compel me to act with severity towards you."

"Like master, like sevrant," muttered Sforzi, with diagust. "So be it, Mastre Benoist; I consent to accept you for my inheritor."

"Ah. Monsieur it Chevalier, the recollection of your goodness and munificence will five eter-

nally in my memory."

"I put one condition, however, on my gene

"I prit one condition, however, on my generosity," continued the unfortunate young man.
"What is the condition?"
"That you procure for me proper linen and habiliments. My dress, horribly torn during the assault on Tauve, is quite unworthy of the charming assembly convoked by your master to be present at my death. I must do honor to

"Be sure, Monsiour le Chevalier, that the marquis will be deeply touched by this delicacy on your part. I hasten to fetch you all that you demand."

One word more, good and excellent Benotst."

demand."

"One word more, good and excellent Benoist."

"I sm at your orders, monsieur."

"You will have to expend out of my heritage a certain sum, which I shall name, for masses to be said for my soul."

A shadow passed over the aposite's features; but, after a moment's reflection, he said:

"With whom do you wish to arrange for these masses to be performed?"

"To whom can I address myself in my dungeon but yourself, Maitre Benoist?"

"I accept the duty with pleasure," replied the Chief of the Aposites, the shadow entirely disappearing from his face.

Exarcely ten minutes had passed nince the completion of this hideous bargain before Renoist returned to his patient.

"Here, Monsieur le Chevaller," he said, placing a bundle on the floor, "I have consolventiously hidiled my engagement. Magnificent lines—clothes almost new! Ah! I had almost forgotten. Will you, first, he so good ar to take the trouble to draw up a paper—your last will said testament? I have brought writing matterials."

In sults of the trops altached to his weekle. terials.

In spite of the irons attached to his wrists, the characters to desired will.

"Now, Monsieur le Oh valler," Bancist went on, "let us proceed with your tollette. Will you do me the honor to accept my services as TAIRE?

valet?"

The chevaller rose, and the Chief of the Apotles, after having taken from the bundle he had brought with him a perfectly white shirt, sanisted Sforsi to take off his tattered and dirty garments.

Suddenly the apostle turned pale, and addressed his victim in a trembling voice:

"Monsieur is Chevalier," he said, "you bear, just above the heart, the sear of a dangerous wound. I could never have believed that any one so struck could have lived. How long is it since you were so cruelly wounded?"

"In my earliest youth."

"Aht—in what country?"

"Ah!—In what country?"

"Here—in Auvergne."

The Chief of the Apostles started and let fall the vestment he was holding ready to place on the chevaller's shoulder."

"Monsieur," he cried, "one more question."

"Leave me in peace. I desire to spen: the last few minutes of my life in contemplation.

isst few minutes of my life in contemplation and prayer."

"You are wrong to refuse to satisfy my curically," continued Benoist. "I do not think I am mistaken in believing that up to the present time the secret of your birth has remained a mystery to you. Well, I was on the point of raising the veil which shroads your past history."

tory,"
These words awakened Raoul's whole atten

These words awakened Haoul's whole atten-tion.

"What do you say?" he crid.

"I say, Monsieur Sforzi, that such a soar as you beer is too remarkable to be found in two persons, and is a revelation to me. I know well persons, and is a revelation to me. I know well that at the moment of being hung people generally care little about the alliances they may be quitting on earth; but, on the other hand, I have even condemned men absorbed in the affairs of their family up to the last moment of their lives."

their lives."

"Have you known my family, Benoist?"

"I believe so, monaieur. I beg your pardon,
I mean chovaller."

"Explain yourself!" cried Sforzi, eagerly, almost forgothl of the horror of his situation.

"It was here, in Anvergne, that you were wounded, you say? How many years ago?"

"Twenty-two."

"The time is exactly right. Ry whom were

"The time is exactly right. Ry whom were you saved?"

"By a troop of free-lances."

"A troop of free-lances did pass through the province of Auvergne at that period. Where did they find you?"

"In a wood. I was, as I have been told, bathed in blood, and no longer gave any sign of life. They thought me dead, and it was only by a miracle of Providence that I could have been saved."

As the unfortunate young man continued to speak, the pallor which had overspread the face of the Chief of the Aposiles at the commencement of the conversation augmented in intensity, and by the time Racul had finished speaking, Benoist had become perfectly livid.

"It is he!" thought the ruffian "and yet I struck with a firm hand and pitllessly! My poignard pierced him up to the hilt! No I my senses are bewildered; I am under the influence of some shameful and puerile weakness! That must be it. This sear, by calling to my me! ory the scene of the murder, must have unsettled my reason. The child must have died! and the dead ne er come back from their graves! Yei —this wound, the troop of free-lances, the date

this wound, the troop of free-lances, the date of the evant, twenty-two years ago! It is he!"
With haggard eyes, and features distorted by terror, Benoist rapidly parted the heavy locks which partly hid the chevalier's face, and gazed

at him with ardent curicalty.

"Oh, no?" he went on thinking; "doubt is impossible! How is it I have not sooner obat him which around currency.

"Oh, not" he went on thinking; "doubt is impossible! How is it I have not sooner observed this likeness to monadignen! I Yes, yes, it is he! What is to be done? Inform the marqu's? He would not forgiv me the crime of the yest. Even supposing he pardoned me—would he allow me to possess a secret disbuncing the memory of his father? No; certainly he would not. He would make sure of my discretion by my death. He acts on the maxim that the dead alone know how to hold their tongues. Besides, how do I know that this revelation would be agreeable to him? The contrary is much more likely, for such a revalation would interfere with his vengeance, and leave unpunished the affront he has sustained. Curse my curiosity! Better to hang the chevaller than to be stabbed or pistolled myself. The cord will complete the work I left unfinished two and twenty years ago. Yes, Sforzi must ed two and twenty years ago. Yes, Storat mus

While all these confused thoughts were passing through the mind of the Chief of the Apostles, Racoll was clinging with all the energy of his scul to the hope which was dawning upon his mind. If, he argued, it were made manifest that he belonged to a powerful and illustrious family, the marquis would shrink from the accomplishment of his work of death; and he Racol, might still escape in safety from the terrible extremity to which he saw himself reduced. It was with painful anxiety, therefore, L further questioned the executioner.

"Well, Benoist?" he demanded in an agitated tone. While all these confused thoughts were pasthat he belonged to a powerful and illustrious immiated shudder. "But who could have actismily, the marquis would shrink from the accomplishment of his work of death; and he tearible extremity to which he saw himself reduced. It was with painful anxiety, therefore, "Well," replied the Chief of the Apostles, "Well," replied the Chief of the Apostles, "I find I was mistaken; you could not be the person I was thinking of Come; your time is such had been venom-charged; and recalling the door, healthy bowed himself out of the room, never once pausing until he was in the road, mounted on his horse, galloping away.

you are now dressed," he added, tying round the chevaller's neck the alseves of the pourpoint, which the iron on his wrists would not allow to be put on properly over his arms. "I assure you you look charmingly; the women will faint

you you look charmingly; the women will faint quite comfortably on seeing you. Your execution will be a real triumph for you?"

At that moment the lugubrious sound of the passing bell penetrated the dungeon,

"Will you follow me, Monasur Eforal?" said Benoist, coolly; "you are being called."

Eforal kneit, and for five minutes prayed forwently. He then rose, and his features bore scarcely any trace of emotion; his lips alone gently moved, pronouncing the name of Diane,

"Lead en," he said to Benoist.

The victim and the executioner passed from the dungeon together.

(To be continued.)

DESMORO;

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," " VOICES FEOM THE LUMBER ROOM," THE " HUMMING-BIRD," RTO., ETC.

OHAPTER XIX.

OHAPTER XIX.

Madame Volderbond was transfixed with tarror when sive was informed that her late husband's remains were about to be exhumed, and an inquest held on them, there being a suspicion that he had not died a natural death. It was Dootor Durgan himself who made this startling announcement to Olympia, who received it with white cheeks and ahitting eyes, and many other guilt-showing demonstrations which she could not hide.

The said she was surprised and distressed to hear that her poor dead husband was not suffered to remain in his grave in peace. How did they imagine he had died? Did he not have along it of illness, and did not sick people die? The captain was an old man; and as such, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should take his leave of life. Of cohese it was very unpleasant and painful for her to think that his hody was to be disturbed about such nonsensical rubbish as it pleased a sat of idle persons to circulate. Would gold have any power to put a stop to such disgraceful proceedings? If so, she would willingly give Dr. Durgan a thousand pounds to keep Captain Volderbond's vauit still closed upon him.

The listener shook his head. Olympla's eager words and scared looks had confirmed his worst suspicions; and she who had once appeared to him lovely and pure as an angel now looked nely and hideously deformed.

"You don't speak, Dr. Durgan," preceded she, anxiously, and rapidly changing color. "Can't you contrive to keep the poor old man in his grave? It's scandalous, that it is, that I, his wife, can't prevent you meddling with him! I wish magistrates, and such like pitying people would just mind their own beainess and let mine alone? Dr. Durgan I will give you a cheque for a thousand pounds the very instant, if you will promise to manage the affair for me. Of course, you can awear that the captain died of the cholera, or of favor, or of any other disease. I'll confirm your statement, whatsoever such may be! Do you hear me, doctor? Answer me—oh, snewer me!"

"I am a powerdoes indi

she was hemmed in on all sides.

She fixed her lustrous orbs on the doctor's stern face, and, filling her voice with all its melting tones, once more addressed him.

"Doctor, this affair will rouse the tongue of scandal against me, and fairly break my heart? Oh, lot me persuade you to stand my friend at this moment! I know that your infinence could do sauch—could do all that I wish! Do you really think that he was poisoned?" she taked, shruptly. asked, abroptly.
"I am almost certain of the fact, madama!"

"How horrible!" she exclaimed with a well-imulated shudder. "But who could have adsimulated shudder.

As the room door closed behind the medico, Olympia clenched her fingers, flung up her arms, and uttered a terrible cry.

She felt that she had been selling awkwardly

She felt that she had been soling awkwardly in the doctor's presence—that her conduct had been that of a guilty woman, and that he could not have falled to obcorve all her tropidation and all hor fears.

The doctor's errrend had taken Olympia by

The doctors erread had taken Olympia by surprise; hence the confusion and unguarledness of her behavior to him.

Olympia was a base woman, but she was far from being a clever one, else she would never have betrayed herself as she had done to Doctor Durgan. Too late she saw her folly—too late she repented of all she had done. Yet could

she repented of all she had done. Yet could she have laid her wicked hands upon the harmless medice she would not have hesitated in sending him after poor Captain Voiderbond.

She sat down to think. She saw the dangers of her position, and she was wondering how she could avoid those dangers—whether she could make another suffer for the awful crime she had herself committed.

She had already darkly sinned in order to gain wealth and freedom from her marriage tends, and she was prepared to sin still further. She had no real love for any mortal creature: she cared only for her own wicked self.

Suddenly she started; an evil thought had

Suddenly she started; an evil thought had just flashed across her mind. Should she accuse Desmoro of having poisoned her husband—should she throw the crime on his 'houlders? She did not exactly understand how she was to do so, but she had no doubt but that she would soon be able to weave a subtle scheme for his destruction. destruction.

That day, Olympia did not visit the garden and Desmoro waited for her in vain. Madame Volderbond was in ner chamber, brooding

gloomily.

Meanwhile, justice was making her solemn inquiries into the cause of Captain Volderbond's his body, and there now existed no doubt what-ever that he had been the victim of unscrupu-lous hands.

Buspicion pointed to Madame Volderbond-

Buspicion pointed to Madame Volderbond—to the beautiful Olympia.

Dootor Durgan who was privately examined concerning the revolting case, frankly stated all he knew about it, and also narrated the particulars of his late scene with the lovely widow, whom he believed to be a woman full of cruelty and wickedness.

Desmoro was amnzed to receive a summons from Madame Volderbond to attend her under

from Madame Volderbond to attend her under her own roof. It was the first time she had ever requested his presence there, and he felt there was some meaning in the act, and his senses grew confused, and somewhat troubled as well.

as well.

At this time he was completely under the spell of her beauty, and he felt ready to lay down his very life for her. She had fascinated him as many another evil woman had fascinated men, and he was not strong enough to resist her charming powers, which powers she was now about to test in full upon him.

She received him with a saddened air. Desmoro thought she had been weeping.

"Are you ill, inadame?" he asked, anxiously. He had never yet had the courage to address her as Olympia.

her as Olympia

her as Olympia.

She did not answer him, but mutely beckoned him to her side.

"Desmoro," she said, after a pause of some few seconds, and looking steadily into his eyes,—"Desmoro, I know that you love me; do you think that you will ever learn to hate me, and curse my very tame ?"

"Hate you, madame! Curse your name! Oh, never, never!" he cried earnestly.

"Be not too sure of that," she added, leaning her cheek upon her hand, her accents irresistibly sweet and touching. "Can you guess how deeply and fondly I love you?"

He did not answer her; his breast was the till make the contraction of the contraction.

He did not answer her: his breast was thrilling with emotion; he could only fall upon his knees before her, and, like a worshipful slave, stoop and kiss the hem of her garment. She was a widow, as free now as himself, he reflected; there was no sin in his adoration, sinces he was at full liberty to receive it.

He was superbly handsome: not even his humble dress could hide the exquisite proportions of his graceful form.

She bent over him, and laid her velvety cheek close to his. Never before had Olympia done thus much to him. But she knew her game, and was striving to win it.

Desmoro muttered some unintelligible words; he was in a state of coxacy, and knew not how

Desmoro muttered some unintelligible words; he was in a state of costacy, and knew not how to fully express his foelings. Had he been in a different position from that in which he now stood, his behaviour on the present occasion might probably have been less reserved towards the woman who was thus carossing him.

"Desmoro," whispored she, in a tremulous voice,—"Desmoro, can you surmise what I have done for your sake—in order that I might come day become your wife?"

He looked questioningly.

"Don't look at me, don't look at me!" ahe agitatedly exclaimed. "Shut your eyes and let me tell you all! But first promise that you will not spurn me—that you will pity and forgive me."

"Pity and forgive?" echoed he. "I cannot

"Pity and forgive 7" ochood he. "I cannot comprehend, madame."
"Call me Olympia," breathed she, in his

ear.

Bewildered, he did so: calling her by many

a loving spithet beside.

"Dosmore, I am about to be degraded," she went ou, gradually breaking to him the frightful falls she had to tell.

"Degraded! How!" he asked, somewhat

riled, and still on his knees before her.
It may be worse even than degradation—far, far vorse l' proceeded she. "It may be

oh, far, far t-orse?" proceeded she. "It may be death."

"Olympia!" half shricked he. "Death?"

"Ay, death, Desmoro!" she answered, solemnly. "Listen," continued she, glancing all around her, and sinking her voice to a whisper. "Captain Volderbond died by my hands; I administered poison to him—"

"Father of heaven!" he cried, suddenly starting to his feet, and shuddering all over. "Clympia, Olympia i rocall your fearful words—say that you have not spoken truly!"

"I cannot—I cannot!" she returned, her head bowed upon her breast, her eyes cast upon the ground, as if afraid to raise those eyes. "Don't turn away from me, Desmoro," she pursued. "It was my love for you that led my hand to commit that torrible deed, which has placed my own life in jeopardy."

haud to commit that torrible deed, which has placed my own life in jeopardy."

"Oh, Olympia—Olympia!" he shivered, recoiling from her as he spoke, and wringinght shands in bitter anguish of mind. "No, no; it is impossible. I'll not believe the tale!"

"Cease—cease, I current you, and hearken to me yet further. Doctor Durgan has been to inform me that, in consequence of a certain rumor affeat respecting the cause of the Captain's death, his body is to be exhumed, and an inquest held upon it. See, now, the awful predicament in which I am standing. I shall be suspected of the crime, accused, tried, and condemned—condemned to death—to die on a public scaffold!"

"Never, never, Olympia!" Desmore replied,

lic scaffold !"

"Never, never, Olympia!" Desmore replied, emphatically. "You shall not perish for me. If they accuse you, I will say that I did the cruel and terrible deed—I will say that I poisoned Captain Volderbond!"

"You, Desmorel's she broke forth with difficulty concessing her delight at his work.

soned Captain Volderbond!"

"You, Desmoro!" she broke forth with difficulty concealing her delight at his words.

"Yes; I am already dishonored and branded, and now I have but little desire to live. I will die, if they will it so—I will die in order that I may preserve you, Olympia."

"It cannot be, Desmoro."

"It must be! None but yourself can deny the false statement I shall make. Hat now I recollect! I was the purchaser of that poison at different times—was I not?"

She bowed her head affirmatively.

"That fact will be quite sufficient to condemn me," he said, with a resigned air.

While he was yet speaking, Olympia's acute ears caught the sound of carriage-wheels, and her guilty conscience told her that the officers of justice were already coming to drag her forth to answer to the law for what she had done.

She started up, wont to the window, and looked through it.

"They are here to selze me. Leave me, Desmoro—lave me!"

"They are here to seize me. Leave me, esmoro—leave me!" Desmoro

He hesitated, scarcely knowing how to shape his actions.

his actions.

He believed that Olympia had endangered the safety of her soul for his sake; and hence he was ready to make a sacrifice of himself, rather than she should suffer the punishment which was her just due. He felt that he was for ever divided from her; and he was reckless of the feture since that future could not be

which was her just due. He felt that he was for ever divided from her; and he was reckless of the future, since that future could not be spent by Olympia's side.

He little imagined with what an evanescent feeling she had inspired him, and how quickly he would learn to forget her and her bewitching, wicked smiles. He did not understand that the passion then holding such strong dominion in his bosom was one that a few days' absence would utterly quench. But Desmoro's knowledge of her late relentiess act had already shaken his affection for her; for, despite his fallen position, and all his altered feelings, Desmoro still respected honesty and goodness!"

"Leave me," repeated Olympia.

Desmoro answered not a word, but withdrew by the door through which he had entered, and remained in the hall, at the portal of which some one was now loudly knocking.

Desmoro hastily disarranged his hair, and putting on his cabbage-tree hat crookedly, opened the wide door to a couple of constables.

"Hollos!" hocoughed Desmoro, assuming a drunken, imbecile manner. "What are you two chaps come here for, ch? Now, I'll wager I know...."

At this instant, the butler appeared on the

two chaps come here for, on T Now, an wage. I know—"
At this instant, the butler appeared on the scene, and, surprised to see the two constables in the hall, wanted to be informed what business had brought them there.

"I'll tell you," said Desmore in the same manner as before, and staggering up to the butler as he spoke. "They're come here on a fool's errand—ha, ha! They're wanting to find out who poisoned somebody, and I shan't say—ha, ha!"

The butler stared at the speaker, and the two

ha, ha!"
The butler stared at the speaker, and the two officers of the law exchanged significant glances with each other.
"No, no; I'm notgoing to tell any tales about myself, you may be sure!" added Desmoro.
And once more the constables looked meaning at one prother, while the butlessemtehed.

And once more the constables looked meaningly at one another; while the butler scratched his chin in troubled silence, unable to understand how, when, and where the under gardener had managed to get into such a state of terrible inebriation.

"Now, I dareasy you follows think to worm a fine secret out of me; but I can tell you that you'll be weefully mistaken! I shall hold my tongue; for the dead can tell no tales, and the old fellow can't come out of his grave to accuse me!"

stables, with an expressive nod. vornment man, tan't he ?" "Yes," answered the butler. "He's a go

"And de's in a state of intoxication ?" added

"Yes," answered the butler.

"And note in a state of intoxication ?" added the agent of the law.

"Well, so he appears to be," returned the butler in perplexity; "though I cannot comprehend how he's contrived to get in such a condition. He was sober enough half an hour ago, when he went in to talk to Madame—"

"And who says that I am otherwise than sober now, eh?" interrupted Desmore, reeling up to the domestic, who was a little man, as broad as he was long, and as arrant a coward as ever was born. "Do you dare to say as much, old corkscrew?" continued our here, doubling up his fists, and squaring up to the butler, who turning at once, retreated behind one of the constables, crying out, "There—you are witnesses that he's threatening me! Selse him—selse him! I give him in charge, the ruffian!"

Desmore now assumed violent manners, and the constables laid hold of and secured, him.

Then the two servants of the law drew apart, and held counsel with one another.

"We've tumbled across the right man," said one to the other. "He sent the old captain out of the world, depend on't! Madame herself had nothing to do with the affair."

"But we have a warrant for her arrest, and we shall have to do our duty, and carry her before

nothing to do with the affair."

"But we have a warrant for her arrest, and we shall have to do our duty, and carry her before the magistrate," replied the other.

"Well, we shall have to do that much, just for form's sake; but we can relax the soverity of our orders a little, and let her follow us in her dwn carriage, for she's an innocent lady, as she'll soon be proved."

"Vory well; I'm an older man than yourself, but you're higher in office than I, and in this case you'll take every responsibility."

"Of course—of course; I am fully awars of that fact," replied the sorgeant, who now turned to the butler, and requested to see Madame Volderbond for a few moments.

Mystified now more than ever, Mr. Millies,

to the butler, and requested to see Madame Volderbond for a few moments.

Mystified now more than ever, Mr. Miffies, with a face full of importance, hurried away to inform his mistress that two members of the police force were desirous of holding a few moments' converse with her.

Olympia, who was fully prepared for this announcement, received it with the utmost calmness. She felt safe now, for she was relying on Deemoro, and on what his devotion would lead him to do for her worthless sake.

Of course, Olympia appeared much surprised at the constables' visit; she could not do less, you perceive, but she maintained her self-possession admirably; and when they told her that she must accompany them, in order to answer certain inquiries which the magistrate wished to put to her relative to her late husband's death, she agreed to attend them forthwith; and, ringing for sliffies, ordered her carriage.

Olympia shed some hypocritical tears, and uitered many sorrowful exclamations about her "poor, departed captain;" and the gallant sergeant, impressed with her beauty and his heart softened by the cunning waters of her eyes, drew her aside, and informed her that they had already secured a rascal who had half confessed to having poisoned Captain Volderbond.

Olympia's bosom bounded at this intelligence, and as he asked a score of questions, each and all of which she put with the assumed innocence of

Olympia's bosom bounded at this intelligence, and she asked a score of questions, each and all of which she put with the assumed innocence of a child. She was very weary of all her words and looks now; she had schooled herself thoroughly—every inflexion of her voice, every glance of her eye, was studied.

Dressed in her widow's weeds, looking pure and lovely as a flower, Olympia was conducted to the court-house, where she was shown into a private spariment, there to await the time when she would be summoned before the atting magistrate.

magistrate.

But the sergeant, who was most auxious to spare the lady every annoyance and trouble, had taken the seemingly-intextested Desmore before the bench, and made known to the magistrate all those particulars with which you are already fully acquainted.

At the period of which I am writing, there were many irregularities practised in the law-courts of the colony; and no wonder that such was the case, for both the magistrates and the judges there had much to learn before they could disponse justice properly.

But the colony was in its infancy then; and we do not expect wisdom to emanate from a cradic. And Desmore stood a confessed criminal—the poisoner of his late master, Carl Volderbond.

He told the magistrate that he was a guilty But the sergeant, who was most auxious to

He told the magistrate that he was a guilty ian: but his statements were all so bewildering that but little credence was placed in them at

first, "You appear to be particularly anxious to place a halter about your neck, young man," said the magistrate, an old man much given to snun-taking on the sly. "This is really a most extraordinary case.—a most extraordinary case, indeed," shaking his head at Decemore, and secretly conveying to his own nostrils a pinch of the bolson, et?"

poison, ch? poison, en ?"
"From a chemist's, in Eunter Street," answered Desmoro, without the slightest hesita.

tion,
"Yos, yes; we have here something about
arisine being bought on several occasions at
Doctor Nellson's shop, in Hunter-street. A most
singular case—a most singular case, indeed."
But wherefore should I further tax the read-

on the dead can tell no take, and the officer and the officer

But he was not sentenced to death, as he had expected to be. In consideration of his youth, the judge sent him to a chain-gang for seven long years.

Olympia had escaped. Desmoro had presented we write the wretched we man, and sacrificed himself.

Doctor Durgan shook his head and groaned, when he heard the sentence pronounced; for, despite Desmoro's confession, he felt convinced that Madame Volderbond was the guilty one.

CHAPTER XX.

OHAPTER XX.

Dressed in that hideous patchwork garb of grey and yellow, with his head closely shaven and his limbs heavily ironed, Desmoro was now herded together with hundreds of fallen men, breaking stones on the highway.

To death—even the death of a malefactor—Desmoro would have submitted in silence and resignation, but he could not do so to the countleas horrors of the chain-gang.

Was he to drag those heavy fotters along with him for seven long, weary years?

Oh, no, no!

Desmoro's brain was cooler now: his passion for the wicked Olympia was over entirely, and

for the wicked Olympia was ever entirely, and he was reflecting on her only with loathing and dread, such as she was deserved.

droad, such as she was deserved.

Once, again, he was a victim—a woman's victim, at the present moment. He had suffered his thoughts to ain; and even that offence had brought upon him a severe punis' ment.

What was before Dosmoro now? He was surrounded by a whole host of horrors which, to

rounded by a whole host of horrors which, to contemplate, nearly drove him mad.

He lay on his miscrable pallet at night, meditating an escape from his bondage. His foot, like his hands, were singularly small; he feit certain that he should be able to work off his leg-irons, could he but find an opportunity of so doing; then, hey for the bush, and a life of rockless, lawless freedom?

One day, while at work on the road, guarded by soldiers, with fixed bayonets, Desmoro protended to be suddenly scized with a fit of illness, and one of the overseers was called to his side.

"It's the effects of the sun," said the overseer, looking carelessly at Desmoro. "Here, two of you fellows, carry him into the shade for a

iooking carclessiy at Desmore. "Here, two of you fellows, carry him into the shade for a white. Now, look alive there!"

Accordingly, two of the prisoners lifted Desmore from the ground, and carried him to, and left him in, asmall canvas tent, at a short distance from the spot where the men were encounter work.

tance from the spot where the men were engaged at work.

Desmore was siene. This moment was full of hope and likewise of peril. If he mere discovered in this attempt, a hundred lashes would be his.

After listening for some few scoonds, Deamore began his task. His boots were large, hence it was that the smallness of his feet had never hear weather.

been remarked.

been remarked.

Desmore threw off the coarse unwieldy boots then he worked and worked, and squeezed and squeezed and squeezed, until both his feet were liberated from the iron rings.

Now, what was he to do? His heart was beating loudly. He crawled out of the tent unseen, and entered a tenanticss house close by. It was ruinous abode, full of all soris of rubbish.

bish.

Desmore looked up the chimney, but there was no place of concealment for him there. Then he examined a large oven and a waterbutt, but rejected them both. He looked around. Every instant was most precious to him.

"I'll tell you where to hide," said a squsaking voice.

"1'll tell you where to hide," said a squeaking volce.

Dosmore turned suddenly, full of slarm, feeling ready to sink to the floor.

"It's only me, Billy Neddy, the orphan. I
shan't tell on you, mister," spoke the owner of
an unkempt head from behind a heap of wood,
bricks, and mortar. "Here, you get under all
these, and I'll lie on top o' you."

"You'll betray me !" said Dosmore, in doubt
how to set."

"You'll betray me !" said Desmoro, in doubt how to sot.
"It I do, I wish I may be hanged. I once helped another feilow to run away, and he got off capitally. Oh, I aren't so allly as I looks, only at times, jest after I've bad a fit or two, them I'm rather quaer in my ed, that's all."
"Hark! I hear footsteps!" cried Desmoro.
"Hide, hide!" returned Neddy, making a great hole in the rubbish. "I shall tell 'em I've gotten a awful fever, and then they'll not come near me."

near me."

Desmoro uttered not a word, but slipped into the hole. Then the lad—such he was—half-covering our hero with all sorts of things, laid down upon him, and calmly awaited the ad-

vancing footsteps.

Presently, the overseer and two soldiers en-

tered the building.

"Anybody here?" naked the overseer, glancing all round, the soldiers behind him.

"Yes, me!" answered Neddy, from his rest-

ing-place.
"And who's me ?"

"And who's me?"

"Silly Neddy—you knows me—who's just getting better of a swful fever—a ketching one—the titus, I think they calls it?"

At this, the overseer immediately slunk back, so also did the soldiers.

The overseer now spoke from the door.

"Have you seen any one, Neddy?" he called

"How's it likely any one would come anigh me, and me had with a awful fever, sir!"
"You're a fool!"

"You're a fool!"

"So everybody tells me, sir."

"Did one of the gang, a confounded runaway, come in here just now? If you'll tell me, I'll give you a shilling."

"Pitch here the shilling, sir; and I'll tell you

"Fice nere the siming, ar; and I'll tell you all I knows about him,!" answered the lad, unwilling to lose the profered sum.

The overseer flung the coin upon the floor.
Neddy heard it trundle along the boards.

"All right, and thank you, air I A follow did come in here, but went back directly I told him I'd been bad of a awful fever—a ketching

one!"
"Ah! where did he go?"
"I couldn't get up to see, sir; I hadn't the

The overseer muttered something, and then went sway, followed by the two soldiers, Noddy listoned to their receding footfalls, then jumped up, and took possession of the shilling. "They'll may be come back again, mister," said Neddy to our hero, who was peeping from his place of concesiment.

his place of concesiment.

"Hoaven bless you, boy! You've saved me from something far worse than death!" Desmoro said, gratefully.

"What are you going to do?" queried Neddy.
In those clothes, you will be sure to be ketch-

ed directly.

"I must wait here till dark."

"And even then where can you go in those patchy groy and yallers? Lor I how I do hate the very sight on 'om! I have it! I've got a shilling, you know! Well, I'll go to Ben, the old clothes man, and get him to give me a pair of trousers for it!"

"Even wall life than wall of trousers for a billing than a pair of trousers are abilling than a pair of trousers for a billing than a bil

"For a shilling !-- a pair of trousers for a shil-

"They'd be chesp at that, wouldn't they?"
griuned Neddy. "Oh, Bon knows me, and I'll
get 'em for it?"

Desmoro shook his head.

"But he must give 'om to me i" persisted Neddy. "When it's dark, I'll go to him; and then you must have my shirt, and we'll make a bon-fire of the grey and yallers!"

"Bland my friend, now, Neddy; and I'll afterwards be yours—the best and truest you ever

The lad nedded his head, and put his finger on

"They may come back again!" he observed, alluding to the oversoor and the soldiers. "We must keep quiet until dark."

For hours and hours Desmoro lay hidden amid dust and didrits, dreading the return of the official and military, and parched with thirst

and fover.

At dusk, Neddy stole forth, and directed his steps to the Rocks (a locality which is about as disreputable as was the Seven Dials, in Loudon, disreputable as was the Seven Dials, in London, or the Five Point in New York); and, seeking a low-roofed house, of a most squalid appearance, knocked at its door, which was opened at once by an old Jew, with long white hair and board and sharp black eyes.

"Are you by yourself?" asked Noddy, winking manningly.

"Aro you by yourself ?" asked Roddy, while-ing meaningly.
"Come in !" was the answer. And the Jow admitted his visitor.
"I want a pair of old trousers, Ben, and there's the price on them !" said the lad, throwing down

the price on them is said this image second the shilling.

The Jew looked at Neddy; and then, taking him by the shoulders, turned him round about.

"These you've on arn't half worn out yet?"

Ben remarked, shrewdly.

"I know they're not?" was Neddy's curt

"I don't want 'om for myself: I'm buy-

reply. "I don't want 'em for myself; I'm buy-ing 'em for a friend of mine!"

"Umph!" ejaculated the Jew, fastening his glistening gase on the lad. "Is it for one who has worn the grey and yellow?" he asked,

osgoriy. Neddy hositated.

"You needn't fear to trust me."
"I wouldn't trust my own father with any secret that I'd promised to keep!" said Neddy,

sturdily.

"A good isd—a good lad!" cried the Jew.

"Take up your money! (Neddy did so.) Ben
will let you have a whole suit of clothes, provided that you will give me your word that I
shall some day be paid for them!"

"My word! Lor, what's my word good for
here! I daresay the rage 'li be paid for some
time or other; but I'd not like to swear that
they will!"

From the savera!

From the several pegs on which they were hanging, the Jew now took down the following nanging, the law new look down the following articles of wearing appared:—a pair of trousers, ditto boots; a shirt and waistoott, and a coat, neckerchief and cabbage-tree hat. Neddy was looking on in dumb amazement,

not feeling altogether comfortable at Bon's pro-ceedings. He knew the Jew to be exceedingly generous in certain cases; but Neddy was not prepared to see him give away his property by

holesale. "And there's my card," said the Jew, producing a bit of dirty pasteboard, on which was printed, "Bon Moses, Old Clothes Merchant, Shark's Point, The Rocks, Sydney;" "give it to your friend, and tell him that I shall expect to hear from him some day or other. Good evening."

And so saying, the Jew handed to Neddy the garments, which he had tied up in a bundle, and opening the outer door, showed his bewildered visitor into the road.

Neddy went on a little way, then stopped and waited for a few moments. He had his doubt regarding Ben's honesty of purpose; he was afraid of treachery at his hands—treachery towards the man whom Neddy had resolved to protect and befriend with, if need be, his very life itself. life itsolf.

The lad paused for some time; but, on per-ceiving that he was not being followed, he pur-sued his way rapidly, until he reached the place

of Dosmoro's concealment, which he entered

atealthily.

"Hist!" he oried, standing in the darkness.

No answer.
"It's mo—Silly Neddy."
retur

No answer.

"It's me—Silly Neddy."

"Thank heaven!" returned Desmoro, creeping out of his hiding-hole. "I thought you would never return to me."

"I've been a good, long way," exclaimed the lad; "and I've done a rare piece of business for you. I've got you a whole suit of clothes, almost as good as now."

"For a shilling? Impessible!"

"For credit! Can you obtain credit?"

"Yes, so it seems; it's wonderful, isn't it, mister? But, if ever you're able, you must pay old Hen for the things. I've got his bit of pasteboard, which 'ill tell you where he lives. You'll be sure to pay him, won't you, mistor?"

"If ever I have the means to deso, I will, you may depend on't," Desmoro returned, hastily pulling off his prison-dress, and receiving the other garments, one by one, from Neddy's

other garments, one by one, from Neddy's

"What's to be done with these grey and yal-lers?" the lad asked, "They musin't remain here, to be found by government, else I shall finely ketch it."

"I'm going on the South Head Road," au-swered Desmore, who had partly made up his mind as to what he should do; "I'll drop them as I go along."
"I don't think that 'ud do; I wish we could

make a bonfire of them."

Desmoro had now finished dressing. He felt Desmore had now finished dressing. He felt comfortable in his fresh apparel; but his limbs, which were now entirely relieved of the cumbrous and galling fetters, were stiff, and he moved with difficulty, as if he were stiff, and he moved with difficulty, as if he were stiff dragging along the heavy, clanking chain.

"I can hardly walk," said he. "I feel as if I had cannon-balls tied to my heels."

"Him as runned away, as I told you of, said the same," returned Neddy. "What are you going to do—turn bushranger?"

"Perhaps so."

"Let me go with you, mister; I'm a orphan,

"Let me go with you, mister; I'm a orphan

"Let me go with you, mister; I'm a orphan, and nobody cares for Silly Neddy. I could make myself handy at lots of things, if I had only a chance of doing so; for 2've helped in kitchens many a time, when my fits has been off of me, and seed how work was done; and I can mix a damper, pluck parrois, wash a bit, and cook a chop or steak. Say, mister, that I may go with yeu."

"Go with me, lad!" ropeated Desmore. "Heaven help me, whither? A homeloss, penniless, runaway convict; what have I that you can share with me?"

"You'll fly to the bush, there's no place else

"You'll fly to the bush, there's no piace else for you, and I'll go with you there," Neddy cagorly replied. "You'll, maybe, want some-body near you who'll be honest and true to you; I will be that somebody."

Dosmoro hesitated: his companion's appeal-

ing voice had a sound in it welcome to the convict's ear. But Desmore had not yet made up, his mind what he shouldde, or where he should turn to in order to find a safe home. Danger surrounded him. By this time the mounted police were scouring all the country round about for the missing man—for the runaway convict, for whom a hundred lashes were in store, or, oh, herror of herrors! probably Norsolk Island. ing voice had a sound in it welcome to the

Desmoro's soul sickened as he reflected on his , me begone i

fore he paused for his companion, who was not far behind him. Then onwards they proceeded together, in utter silence, until they reached Volderbond House, at the gate of which our

hero.atopped.

"What's the hour, think you, Noddy?" he inquired.

"Gracious knows, mister; I never thinks of the time."

"There's no one in sight, ch t"
"Not a blessed soul," answered the lad, glancing up and down the road as he spoke. "Walt for me here."

"Until next week, if you likes, mister," was And Neddy dropped to the ground close to the portal, and prepared himself for slumber.

Desmore new leaped over the gate, and disap-

peared.

He well knew the grounds around the house, he did not need the smistance of either moon or stars to show him his way. He walked round to the south wing, and paused directly under a balconted window, under the window of Olympia's chamber, which was full of brilliant light.

Tourney walled into the balcony and record

pla's chambor, which was full of brilliant light.
Desmoro vaulted into the beloony, and peered
through the easement, which, in consequence
of the warmth of the night, was half open. His
heart was throbbing with excitement, but not
with love. Oh, no, Madame Volderbond held
no place within his bosom now; he had nothing
but scorn and loathing for her at this time.

Olympia was sitting before her tollet-table, examining a casket of jewels; trying on brace-lets, then carrings, then necklaces and chains, and humming to herself as she did so, no visible trace of care about her

trace of care about her.

He was afraid to burst upon her toosuddenly, lest his unexpected presence might alarm her, so he tapped at the glass, and spoke in a low

voice.

"It is I, madame; be under no apprehension," he said, as he pushed the casement wide, and stepped into the apartment, and stepped into the apartment, are evaluated starting up in

"Desmore!" she exclaimed, starting up in

terror.

"Ay, Desmoro Desmoro, Madame Volderbond!" he answered. "Hush! raise no alarm, madame," he added, seeing her extend her hand to the bell-rope. "I am not here to harm you, I am here on business!"

"Business!" echood she.

"Business, madame."

"I thought you were....."

"Working in chains, breaking stones on the highway, ch? The occupation did not suit me, madame, so I have quitted it."

"And whorefore are you here!" she demand-

"And wherefore are you here?" she demanded, in a cold voice.

"On business, as I before stated, madan

once did you a signal service. I now require you

once did you a signal service, I now require you to return the obligation."

"What do you desire?"

"Money, inclame; only money."

"How much?"

"Half you possess," was the bold answer.

She looked at him; then, suddonly solving her jowel-casket, she thrust it aside.

"Labell not give you only money!" she you

"I shall not give you any money!" she returned, icily

You will not, Olympia Volderbond ?" Na."

Than here I remain until morning.

"Ruffiau, I will immediately call up my household!"

" You call me ruffian, madame; do you forget "You call me ruman, madame; do you forget what you yourself are? But a truce to words; I am here, penniless and hungry, without a shelter for my head, haunted like a dog. I am a desperate man, madame," Desmoro added, in a low voice, but with passionate vehemence;

" and monoy I must have !"

"You are a convict runaway, over whose head hangs the cat," sneered she. "I do not fear you! A single cry from my lips will bring about

you ! A single cry from my lips will bring about mo half-a-dozon domestics; you are in my power; you have placed yourself in a trap!"

"Is this a woman's gratitude in return for a man's disinterested devotion? I sold my partial liberty for your sake, in order to shield your reputation and your life; I dragged the hideous chain, broke stones upon the highway, and all to hide a woman's crime; and now when

all to hide a woman's crime: and now when I ask her for money, she answers me with cruei jeers and threats."

She made him no reply. She was amazed at the boldness of his speech, which was so very different from what it had ever been before. Olympia felt her entire security; and, feeling, such, she did not like to part with any of her money—with any of that gold for which ahe had so darkly sinned. The possession of wealth had developed in her hateful character another bnd trait—that of avarice, which "sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root, than summerseeding weeds." ding weeds."

"Come, madame, night and darkness will not last for ever; satisfy my demands, and let

Desmoro's soul sickened as he reflected on his position.

The night was now advancing, and inky darkness provailed. Desmoro pulled his hat over his eyes, and looked out into the dimiyinghter road, in which no person was to be seen.

The gloom was favorable for Desmoro's projects, and his resolves were taken at once.

"Follow me at a distance for awhile," he said; "and be careful," he acide!, "arningly.

"All right, mister," rejoine. Neddy, in satisfied accents.

And the couple sallied forth.

Desmoro walked awkwardly for some time, as though his ankles were tied together; but, by-and-by, he moved along with greater freedom, and at a quicker pace as well.

He had gained the outskirts of the town before he paused for his companion, who was not far behind him. Then onwards they proceeded together, in utter silance, until they reached."

Into light me begone!"

"I have already answered you l'she returned, with sullon haughtiness. "I do not foar you, nor will I satisfy your demands!"

Desmoro's face flushed, then paied again. His position was not such as to permit him to lose further time; for ever; satisfy my demands, and let me begone!"

"I have already answered you l'she returned, with sullon haughtiness. "I do not foar you, nor will I satisfy your demands!"

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"I have already answered you l'she returned, with sullon haughtiness. "I do not foar you, nor will I satisfy your demands!"

Desmoro's face flushed, then paied again. His position was not such as to permit him to lose further time; for every succeeding meant increased the perils of his situation. He knew that he must fly, fly into the bush, and, seek.

But he could not fly thither in this state of utter destitution. He must have his hungry to a bay.

But he could not fly thither in this projected calling—namely, guns, platois, and ammunition. Desmoro was about of combrace as freebooter's life, and he mu

He was not contemplating becoming a spiller receded He was not contemplating becoming a spiller reached of human blood — he would take nothing but lich our man's gold. To be sure, he would have to protect his own life, to act in self-defence; but he had resolved never willingly to fire on any one.

The world had thrust iron into his heart, and The world had thrust from into his neart, and made him a reckiess man, and Desmoro was ready to avenge himself upon that world—to avenge himself upon it fully. But not with violence did he propose doing so. No! Desmoro would rob and pillage boldly and featlossly; but never, unless compelled would he strike a hurting hillow.

Hanging on the opposite wall wash glittering sword which had belonged to the late Captain Volderbond. Desmoro suddenly caughtsight of the weapon, and in the next moment he possessed of it, and flashing it before Olympia's

response of the first interior of the control of th

give me some money, Olympia."
"I have none in the house."
He looked at her as if doubtful of the truth of

her words.
"You have jewels!" he rejoined, glancing towards the casket she had just put aside.
"But not for you," she answered, with flash-

ing oyes.
"Ingrato 1" he exclaimed, in intense score.

"Thank heaven, that I have tearned to despine and abhor you! But I have also learned to hate myself for ever having listened to your syren voice. Now, hearken to me, madame! I have no wish to degrade my manhood by offering violence to a woman, although that woman be one fit only to be leathed and execrated by all the world; but I warn you not to trifle with me further! If you have no money to give me, I must have those jewe's of yours!"

She looked at him forcely. Her jewels were her gods, which she worshipped night and day.

her gods, which she worshipped night and day, and the was unwilling to lose sight of them.

But Desmoro was desperate, and selzed on

the casket.

He cared nothing for her dark looks; he was regardless of all but the loud crics of his wants, "There are the worth of several hundreds of pounds there," said Olympia, stretching out her hands, and struggling to regain her treasure, "Give me back my property!" she continued, unthinkingly clutching at the sword, which Desmoro at once snatching out of her grasp, caused her to utter a sharp cry, and to stagger backwards, and fall into a chair.

Olympia's hand was hanging by her side.

backwards, and fall into a chair.

Olympia's hand was hanging by her side, wounded, and bleeding profusely, and her head had dropped upon her breast. She had fainted, Seeing her state, Desmoro flung down the sword, and flew to the bell, after having rung which, his booty secure in his possession, he regained the balcony, and fled, fast, fast as his limbs would carry him, until he gained the spot where Neddy was awaiting him.

The lad started up at the sound of Desmoro's voice.

voice.

" Look alive i" said our hero, as Neddy rubbod

his sloop; eyes.

"Ay, ay, what's up now, mister?"

"Come on a little further hence, and let us talk awhile," said Desmoro, leading the way in the direction of the town.

the direction of the town.
"I say, you aren't going back again, are you?
I don't think it will be safe to do so, mister,"

don't think it was observed Neddy.

"I'm hungry, lad!" returned Desmoro, almost fleroely. "I must have some food!"

Neddy, in sorrowful permost fiercely. "I must have some food!"
"Golly!" exclaimed Neddy, in sorrowful perplexity. "Oh, my shilling! Look here—jest you come along as bold as you please, and a little furder on there's a public house, where we shall be able to get something for the shilling."
"But afterwards, Neddy? Where shall we

sleep?" "Oh, when you have had something to est

"Oh, when you have had something to cat we'll talk about that matter."

Accordingly, Desmore and his companion trudged on; the former hungry and faint, the latter, accustomed to an empty stomach, full of cheerfulness and caution, and of devotion for his new-made friend

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL CHILDREN IN THE EAST.

They read their lessons in a sing-song tone, swinging their bodies to and for to mark the time, like soldiers marching to music. No doubt you would like just to see an Eastern school; but how would you like to stay a whole day, or a week, where there was so much noise? If any a week, where there was so much noise ? If any of the children stop repeating their lessons out aloud, the master uses his stick, or even puts their feet in the stocks. In this way the children get the habit of reading everything sloud; and the habit so formed does not leave them when they grow up. So that in Eastern countries, whatever a man is rr ding, he reads it aloud, whether it he a private letter or a book; and whother he be at home, in his bazaar, or in the street. The people are so used to it, that no one thinks of stopping to listen; and so no one is afraid to read out his private papers. The men read in the same singing tones as when they were boys at school, and often swing their bodies backwards and forwards in the same way. They seem as if they could not understand unless they read thus.

BEECHER ON THE CROW

Mr. Beecher makes the following witty reromarks about the crow:
"Aside from the special question of profit and

loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is ioss, we have a warm sate toward the crow, no is so much like ourselves. He is cunning, and that is human. He takes advantages of those weaker than himself, and that is so manlike! He is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence, He learns showing a rost human providence. He learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy nature. He thinks his own color the best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are entirely human traits. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he a guinno muan time. Ho case whatever no can lay his claws upon upon, and is loss mischic-rous with a full stomach than when hungry, and that is like man. He is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them when things except his own gind, and with them when he has nothing else to do.—No wonder men despise crows. They are too much like men. Take off their wings, and put them in breaches, and crows would be fair average men. Give men wings, and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crown."

A young lady of Philadelphia was recently struck with the uselessness of her life, and immediately went to work with vigour to learn plain sewing. At latest dates she hommod one side of a—in fact, any future busband's pockethandkerchief, which the proud parents have framed and hung in a conspicuous 1-2 ition,

ONLY A WORD.

A BUSINESS-LIKE POEM.

" Come," was the only word she said: The only word—but oh, her look! I read it like some fairy book;

And, as I read,

And, as I read,

The swimming blaze of perfumed light
Grew faint. I watched her sudden flight
Like one enraptured in a trance;
Then swiftly cleft the whirling dance,
And followed blindly where she led.

Through jewelled throng she swept in pride. She stood alone, and by her side I stood! She felt her magic power. Came music soft and sweet.

plucked a choice exotic flower: I longed with worlds my love to dower-

She spoke again. She whisper'd "Go!"
My blood rose hot! I cried,
"Go, darling! Yes, from land to land,
O'er raging seas, o'er barren strand!
A wanderer from clime to clime,
Ou to eternity through time—
Rethier my let sur On to etermity through time—
Be this my lot, supreme, sublime!
No joy shall charm, no spell entice.
Repeat thy mandate. Ready, see,
I stand prepared to fly for thee!"
She said, "Go—get a strawb'ry ice!"

WHO DID IT?

FALSELY ACCUSED

(In Eight Chapters.)

BY CAPTAIN JAPEAR.

OF MONTREAL.

(Concluded.)

"As we ran along, I noticed a little boy peeping round the corner of the fence, as if fearing to venture out into the road. I hastly put a plece of silver into his hand, promising to double it on his return, if he would run up to the barracks, and let them know that one of the officers was in danger.

"The little fellow engerly clutched the coin, and promising to be back in no time ran off at the top of his speed.

"This caused me some little delay, so that

and promising to be back in no time ran off at the top of his speed.

"This caused me some little delay, so that Rorke was now a short distance in advance.

"Come in men!" he roared, as though he had a regiment at his back. "Charge! Forward!"

"This little ruse had the effect of checking the assailants for a moment, and allowed us to get nearer to Henley, whom they had penned up in a corner, and who appeared nearly exhausted.

"However, they soon rallied, on seeing there were only two of us, and commenced the assault more fiercely than ever; but they had, now, three swords to contend against instead of one, and as Rorke was a first-rate swordsman, and I, myself could handle the weapon tolerably well, we might have managed to make good our retreat had it not been that at that moment the attacking party received a reinforcement, and now numbered over a dozen men.

"This was considerable odds, and it might have gone hard with us; but fortunately the weapons they used were not of a very deadly kind, being merely sticks which they had taken from a neighboring fence. Nevertheless, we received some ugly blows, and I could see that Henley had not escaped unscathed, for there was a little stream of blood trickling down his cheek. By a little manœuvring we contrived to get one on each side of him, so as to give him a little rest; for I saw that, in his weak state, he could not hold out much longer.

"Rorke seemed to be working in earnest, for more than once the tip of his sword left its mark in the arm or leg of some more daring assailant.

"Come on ye madhauns! Stand fair before a man, if ye have the sould of a f— 'he exclaimed, naming an insect not often mentioned in polite society, but noted for its gymnastic performances.

"This continued for some time longer, till at length I fancied I heard the sound of many foet

ormances,

"This continued for some time longer, till at length I fancied I heard the sound of many feet approaching. I began to hope it was our fellows from the barracks coming to the rescue. Rorke heard it too, but it seemed not to afford him much gratification.

much gratification.

"I say, Wharton,' he grumbled, between his thrusts and parries, 'I'll be hanged, an' that's a nasty death, if I don't hear a whole regiment o' the durty spalpeens comin' along at gallop! Och! 'tis now we'll be swallowed up inttirely!"

"As the sound came nearer I could make out that it was not the irregular tramp of a mob, but the measured military steps.

"We're all right now, Rorke,' I said, 'we shall soon be out of this fix.'

"A few moments after and we heard the old

"A few moments after and we heard the old colonel's voice give the command, 'Charge bayonets!

"'Arrah! me swate boys, but that sounds nice! shouted Rorke as the troops came down at the double. 'Hare they come, trot-de-trottrot! Clare away ye durty wasps! Whew! Home with ye, or be the piper, ye'll get such a spurrin' that ye'll have to use cushions, or maintain a standin' posture fur a wake to come!"

"The individuals so addressed were not long in acting on Rorke's advice, for on catching sight of the advancing line of levelled steel they decamped with all haste.

"'What's the squabble about ?" asked the colonel, approaching Rorke.

colonel, approaching Rorke.

"'It's meself that don't know, Kurranel, at all, at all,' replied Rorke. 'Wharton an' I were comin' along, when we hair'd some one callin' out for "blood—blood!" in a very unpleasant manner, an' as we thought that maybe that was an article thay had no right to we hurried may manner, an' as we thought that maybe that was an article they had no right to, we hurried up with our bits o' steel an' found Henley an' these beggars at it, hammer an' tongs. That's how we came to have a finger in the pie.'

"'So that the fray began with you, Henley?' said the colonel, turning to him.

"'Yes, colonel,' answered Henley, 'but what could be their reason for attacking me, I cannot conceive.'

"''Tis strange!' returned the former, 'but I see

you are wounded, nothing serious I hope?'

"'A mere trifle, colonel,' replied Henley,
'only a scratch from one of their clumsy weapons.
"The a little patient, but nothing more.'

conly a scratch from one of their clumsy weapons. This a little painful, but nothing more.

"I don't think we came at all too early,' remarked the colonel, 'for you appeared to be fighting against great odds. How we came to know of the affair was from a little ragged fellow who came running in saying that the "boys were hammering one of the officers.'"

"It was I that sent him,' I said, 'and that reminds me that I must fulfil my part of the contract,' and espying the little fellow standing near, I rewarded him as I had promised, and then we began our march home, but little thinking what was about to transpire that night.

thinking what was about to transpire that night.

"About two hours later Rorke and myself were sitting with Henley in his room, and speaking of the evening's affray.

"There is one circumstance connected with the affair which I have not told you,' remarked Henley, looking very pale and agitated. 'It is this: When they first rushed upon me, I heard one of them call out, "Here's the foreigner that killed the poor fatherless girl! Death to the murderer! Blood for blood!" These were the very words. What did they mean—oh, what did they mean?' he asked, with such an earnest, beseeching look. nest, beseeching look.

"Av. what could they mean? That was the There could be but one meaning, I thought, yet how could I tell him that?

"Is it their palavers ye'd be afther mindin'?"

"'Is it their palavers ye'd be attner mindin'?" broke in Rorke, trying to look as though the thing was too absurd to think about. 'Wisha now, Henley, I thought ye had more sense than to be listenin' to the ravin's of a few drunken gossoons 'at maybe didn't know whether they were standin' on their heads or their heels. Arrah, me dear boy, the idaya is prepostherous!"

ous!"
"But this did not seem to satisfy Henley,
who looked at me, as if anxious to hear what I

nad to say,

"'If their language really did refer to you,
Henley,' I said, 'it may have come about from
their having heard of your intended meeting on
the hill, and from this they may have argued,
in their own peculiar way of reasoning, that
you were in some degree responsible for what
occurred.'

"As I come."

I ceased speaking Henley shuddered. and walked to the other end of the room, but

with unsteady steps.

"'Ye seem to be most fagged out, Henley,' said Rorke. 'Hould on a bit an' I'll fetch you something to strengthen ye. I have a drop of fine ould port down there,' and he hurried away for the wine.

"When we were alone, Henley came over, and leaning towards me, he whispered:
"But they said, "Murderer! murderer!" and "Blood for blood!" Oh, God! what could they mean? and he sank into a chair, covering

his face with his trembling hands.
"I was about to speak, when I heard voices in the passage below speaking in loud and ex-

"I looked towards Henley, but he did not appear to have heard what was going on, for he sat with his arms folded upon the table and his forehead resting in his hands.

"I was on the point of going out to see what could be the cause of the disturbance, when Rorke's voice caught my ear speaking in no very gentle tones. I heard him say, 'Well,'av ye must come up, I s'pose ye must, but will ye promise not to disthurb him, till I give him this drop o' medicine, fur he's woful sick, I can tell ye? Will ye promise me this, or the dooced a step further ye'll go?

"A few moments after, Rorke entered with the wine. I knew there was some person outside the door, for I had heard the footsteps follow Rorke up, so far.

Rorke up, so far.

Rorke up, so far.

Rorke poured out the wine with a trembling hand, and took it to Henley, saying: 'Drink this my boy, 'twill do ye a wurruld o' good.'

"Henley looked up with a mournful smile, 'You're very kind, Rorke,' he said, 'Iought to be thankful for such friends.'

"As he held out his hand for the wine, the flame of the lamp, shining through the liquid, threw a patch of blood-red light upon his fingers, and he started back with a smothered cry.

"'Don't ask me, Rorke,' he faltered, in answer to Rorke's entreaties, 'I could not drink it.'

CHAPTER VI. THE ARREST.

"There was now a loud knock at the door which was opened almost at the same moment, and Berkley the Chief of Police entered the room.

He moved towards Henley saying: 'This is Lieutenant Henley, I believe?'
"Henley rose, and handed him a chair, saying: 'I suppose you've come about this horrible murder; have you discovered any clue to the

perpetrator? "Berkley was silent for some moments, then

coughed several times. At last he said, "I have a painful duty to perform, Lieutenant Henley,—I have orders to arrest you."
"The last tinge of color faded from Henley's cheek. He gazed at each of us in turn, with a

"The last tinge of color faded from Henley's cheek. He gazed at each of us in turn, with a vacant stare, pressing his hand upon his brow, as though to ease its aching.

"I don't understand it,' he faltered, I don't understand it!' Then turning to Rorke he murmured brokenly 'He says—he—has come to arrest me,—Rorke—ask him what 'tis for.'

"All this time Rorke had been standing by the window, as if looking out. When he turned, his eyes were red, and there was a nervous twitching of the lips, which told how great was the struggle to hide his emotion.

"Look ye, Mr. Policeman,' he began, trying hard to steady his voice, I'll be hanged, (an' that's a nasty death) if there ain't a towerin' mistake somewhere. Don't ye know that Lieutenant Henley is a gentleman 'at's sworn to defend Her Majesty, Her Crown an' Dignity, an' what in the ould boy's name, d'ye mane by arrestin' him! Why, tare-an-ages, the idaya is prepostherous;' and Rorke looked as if he felt very much inclined to use stronger arguments than words. ments than words.

ments than words.

"'I have my orders, Captain Rorke,' replied
Berkley in a firm tone, 'and they are to arrest
Lieutenant Henley. He is wanted to give what
information he can, concerning the death of
that poor girl.'

"'But I have told all,—all I know,' mur-

mured Henley, gazing anxiously at the speaker.

"'That may be, sir,' returned the other, 'but I was ordered to bring you with me.'

"'And I must go to gao!?' he said, with a

shudder.

"'Those were my orders, sir,' replied Berkley. "A look of intense pain passed over Henley's face, and he was obliged to lean against the mantel-piece for support. I thought he was about to fall, and ran towards him.

'I am not well,' he said feebly, 'I feel very weak.

"'I am not well,' he said feebly, 'I feel very weak.'
"'I say, Mr. Policeman,' said Rorke striding forward excitedly, 'that gentleman is very ill, as ye can see fur yerself, an' be the powers o' pepper, if anything should happen on account o' this aivenin's doin's, ye may call me a pailer—eh—ah—I mane, ye may call me a Dootchman, av the gents that had a hand in it, don't get their dissurts, av there's law or justice in the counthry,—marruk my wurruds!"
"'Will you be good enough to get ready, Mr. Henley?' said Berkley, somewhat impatiently, 'for I've already delayed here longer than I should have done? I own, 'tis a disagreeable duty that falls to my lot, but you're aware that I must obey my superiors, and, I trust, gentlemen, that you will try not to make it more unpleasant than need be.'
"'I am also authorized to search your room,' he continued. 'I can do that part of the business while you are getting ready.'
"This seemed too much for Rorke, who put up his hands, exclaiming. 'Och, may I niver, av the wurruld isn't come to something! But there! I shouldn't wonder at anything afther what I've seen this blessed night. I'll be hanged if 'twould surprise me, av he was to say I was borrun in the Fayjay Islands. Ah, wisha! Paddy Rorke, but ye've seen quare things this day!"
"I took up Henley's boots, and brought them

wisha! Paddy Rorke, but ye've seen quare things this day!"

"I took up Henley's boots, and brought them to him to put on.

"'You'll find a lighter pair, there, Wharton, he said. 'I'll take them.'

"I looked around, but could see no others.

"'I dare say they are in the closet yonder,' said Henley, 'I have not worn them this day or two.'

or two.'

"Berkley was standing near the closet indicated, and on hearing this, he opened the door, and took out the boots. He was about to hand them to me, but suddenly changed his mind; and after looking at them intently for a few moments, glanced up quickly at Henley, saying:

'I beg your pardon, but I must take these with me.'

me.'
"'Just as you please,' said Henley, as though
reconciled to his fate, whatever it might be.
"'Tis a wonder ye don't take 'em all, and
lave him to go barefoot!' said Rorke in a tone

He accompanied Henley as far as the outer gate, where two other policemen were waiting.

"He pressed our hands at parting; and, in a broken voice, he whispered: 'You'll do what you can to clear me of this comrades. You cannot believe I am guilt—

"Now, don't say another wurrud,' interrupted Rorke, 'not another wurrud, or ye'll make me vexed. D'ye take us for borrun simpletons?—Wisha, the idaya is prepostherous!

"I assured him we would do all in our power to unravel the mystery, and told him to try and bear up as well as he could, for that 'twould surely all come right in the end.

"There's never a doubt o' that,' said Rorke, 'an' I'm hanged if I don't wurruk as if all me ancesthurs, from the Conqueror down, were detectives, and I inherited their janius! So my dare boy, ye may rest aisy on that score,' and, He accompanied Henley as far as the outer

after another interchange of farewells,

parted.

"'Wharton,' said Rorke to me, after we had returned to Henley's room, 'come down into little me den, for this place seems wofully lone-some and desolate now.' So I went down with Rorke, and there we sat together, till the grey dawn began to break,—talking of the great trouble that had befallen our friend, and puzzling our poor brains to find some cine to the mystery.

There was great excitement in Ochlone, during the week following, for the assizes were to be held, and Lieutenant Henley was to stand his trial for the murder of Elizabeth Carthy; events having come to light in the meantime, which, in the eyes of the authorities, tended to featen suspicion uncer the

"A seal, with a fragment of gold chain attached, had been picked up near the spot when the body was discovered; and is was found that such a piece was missing from the chain that Henley wore.

"Again, the only tracks of a man's shoes that could be found on the spot, were exactly such as would be made by the shoes found in Henley's room.

Henley's room.

"There was another fact, which was considered to be strong evidence of the prisoner's guilt. In the interstices between the sole and over-leather of these shoes, was found a quantity of coagulated blood. This told strongly against the accused, as it was known that the foot-prints could not have been made at the time the body was found, for none of us had walked over that part of the road where the blood was, but had gone along by the edge, as requested by Berkley. Besides this, Henley acknowledged that he did not wear these shoes the second time he went on the hill.

"We visited Henley as often as circumstant."

"We visited Henley as often as circumstances would permit. For the greater part of the time, he appeared to be in a sort of lithars, not conscious of what was transpiring, nor displaying any anxiety as to the issue. Yet there were times, when his dragdful position would

not conscious of what was transpiring, nor unplaying any anxiety as to the issue. Yet there were times, when his dreadful position would flash upon him suddenly, in all its awful reality. "Then, indeed, it appeared as though the preceding torpor had only rendered the mind more keenly sensitive to suffering. At such times it was a painful sight to witness the sudden contortion of the features,—that look of unutterable agony, the thin white fingers tightly clasped upon the brow, and to hear the long-drawn, choking sigh!

drawn, choking sigh!
"But, fortunately for the overburdened spirit, the intervals were rare."

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE WITNESS.

"So things want on, till the day appointed for the trial, Rorke and myself with some other were summoned as witnesses. We were standing outside the Court House, when Henley passed in guarded by several policemen.

"Be me sowl, he don't look like a man 'st would murder the ounly child of a poor widther,' whispered one of the bystanders.

"Arrah! bad luck to him! said another, 'ain't the proofs plain enough; an' haven't ye iver hair'd tell of a wolf bein' dressed in a sheep's skin. Av I was so sure av gettin's huntherd poun' as I am that that oily lookin' chap murthered the poor gairl, I'd be purly well off."

"Rorke turned and made a step towards the

"Rorke turned and made a step towards the last speaker; but knowing what the consequences were likely to be, I caught him by the arm, and managed to lead him away, but not without nany remonstrances against my interference, 'Didn't ye hair me, yerself,' he exclaimed after sending a fiery glance in the direction of the offending party, 'didn't ye hair me wow to uphould his innocence before any mortal man; and the one that 'ud conthradiot me, why, I'd—' and putting his forefinger and thumb together, he gave his hand a suddent twist, thereby intimating how he would treat the nasal organ of such an individual.

"I was the first witness called. On entering, I found the Court-room crowded to excess; and many were the black looks and angry frowms I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I many were the black looks and angry frowns I was well-known to be a fast friend of the prisoner's. "Rorke turned and made a step towards the

"As I took my place in the box, I glanced at enley. He appeared scarcely able to stand, and "As I took my place in the box, I glance and Henley. He appeared scarcely able to stand, and Henley. He appeared scarcely able to stand, and leaned heavily against the railing of the dook for support. His eyes were bent upon the floor, for support. His eyes were bent upon the floor, and he looked very pale and worn, but there was and he looked very pale and worn, but there was and he looked very pale and worn, but there was only an expression of calm resignation.
"What I gave in evidence has been already stated. Rorke came next, and then followed several others.

several others.

"Of course the evidence tended in no way to shake my belief in Henley's innocence; could see it was different with the jury. I noted the effect produced upon their minds by the speech of the prosecuting Counsel, as, one after speech of the prosecuting Counsel, as, one after which seemed to connect the crime with the prisoner, and as I listened, I trembled for the result.

result,

"Gentlemen,' he said, 'it has been my duty

"Gentlemen,' he said, 'it has been my duty "'Gentlemen,' he said, 'it has been my due to lay before you the facts, it is now for you to draw the inference. You must be sensible, Gentlemen, of the solemn responsibility that Gentlemen, of ritis you that must decide upon rests upon you, for it is you that must decide upon the life or death of the prisoner at the bar. By the life or death of the prisoner at the bar. By the laws of our country, he whole wilfully detel has we of the laws of our country, he whole wilfully derives a fellow creature of life, thereby forfets prives a fellow creature of life, thereby has been my determine when the country is to determine when the accused has incurred that penalty."

"He then went on to review briefly the chief

1\$

points in the evidence. I There is one point in particular, he said, to which I would draw your attention. With regard to the foot-prints found on the spot, where the fatal struggle took place it has been shown that they were of two kinds—thote made by the decased herself; and several others, larger, and in every respect different, being evidently those of a man.

If Now it has been proved beyond a doubt that the latter were made by the shoes found in the prisoner's possession. I do not heatiste to say that you yourselves are convinced of this. You have seen the plaster easts brought into Courit They are the exact size of the shoes referred to. The marks of the nails correspond in number and position. The same may be said of several indentations in the soles; as also a slight crack across that of the right foot. What one would naturally be led to conclude from this is obylous.

one would naturally be led to conclude from this is obvious.

"However, Gentlemen, if you can account for it, in any other way than by supposing the accused to have been present at the time the deceased met her death, of course such a doubt must go to the benefit of the prisoner. But if, on the other hand, you believe it was the prisoner who were those shoes at that fatal meeting, then I say, Gentlemen, you will remember what you ows to yourselves, and to society, and render a verdict accordingly."

"Then followed a profound silence lasting for several minutes. The only sound to be heard was the occasional rustling of paper, or the acratching of the pen as it hurried along the sheet.

"Although strongly urged to do so, Henley would not consent to employ counsel for his defence, so that he was now left to his own re-

sources.

"Prisoner at the bar,' said the stern-looking judge, in a softer tone than he usually spoke, 'have you anything to say in your defence?'

"Henley glanced up hurriedly at the judge, and then at the jury, with a hopeless, sorrowful look; then, recovering himself somewhat he began in a low sad tone:

"My Lord, and Gentlemen, what I have to say can be said in few words. I have no hope that anything I may advance will tend to influence.—"

"Here, he was interrupted by some distur-

here, he was reterripted by some distur-bance at the entrance to the Court-room.
"Let moin. I must get in! exclaimed a female voice in excited tones, "'tis a matter of life or death!"

" Will you ascertain what is the cause of this

uproar? said the judge addressing the sheriff.

"At this moment a pollowman hustily entered, and, going up to the judge, he said: "Mo Lurrud, here's a woman out here what sex she have some important evidence to give in this

".Let her come in, said the judge, and all

"At her come in," said the judge, and all oyes were turned towards the door,
"A tall woman in black was now seen pushing her way towards the open space in front of the bench. Her long black hair fell loosely over her shoulders. There was a wild sparkle in the jet-black eyes, and a bright red spot upon either check, while the rest of the face was of a marble with the rest.

cheek, while the rest of the face was of a marble whiteness.

"At length she reached the dock and stood facing the judge. As she turned towards me, I recognised that face with its wild florce beauty, it was Mail Mone

"I came to tell you, my Lord,' she said in a soft musical voice, which contrasted strangely with her excited appearance, 'I came to say, my Lord, that this man,' pointing to Henley, 'knows nothing of the crime with which he is charged.'

"Who is this person? Do you know?' asked the judge speaking to the sheriff in a low tone. Then addressing Mona he said, 'What grounds have you for making such an assertion?'

"My Lord,' she replied, 'I can prove the truth of what I say, I tell you the prisoner is innocent. It was I that did the deed,' and holding out her right hand, 'It was this hand that struck the blow! I say again, he is innocent, why don't you let him free?'

"Again there was a commotion in the Courtern

"Again there was a commotion in the Court-com. An old man was struggling to make his way through the crowd. It was Mona's grand-

"On hearing Mona's words he called out "She's not right, yer Honor, don't mind what she sex-she's not right in her mind—'tis only her ravin's.'

""Young woman, said the judge, solemnly, you cannot be ignorant of what such a confession may load to. Are you aware that if your statement be true you will have to take the place of the prisoner?"

covered that he cared nothing for me,—that she who—who is now dead, was the one he really leved. From that moment I hated her—oh how I hated her P and the black eyes sparked like living coals.

"I found out," she continued, "that it was their custom to meet on Erocklow Hill. I disguised mys.if one night and watched there for soveral hours, but they did not come. The next night I went sgarn, and this time I was more fortunate. I saw her come slowly up the hill rom Brocklow. I allowed her to reach the oneliest part of the road, then I went out and outronted her. I told her that I knew whom

she was looking for. She looked frightened, and saked me what I meant.

""" You are looking for some one," I said, whom you will never see sgain."

""Then she turned, as if to run away, but I soon had her in my grasp, and then the struggle began.

"" She was strong—very strong,—and once or twice I thought I should fail. But at length I throw her upon the ground. ""As I held the knife over her, and saw her

eyes turned up to mine with such a pittful, de-spairing look, I pitled her—I pitted the poor paning creature, and my resolution began to

"Hut at that moment she uttered one word Arthur. That sealed aer doom, and the blade was buried in her breast. More than once she called to her Arthur to save her, but every time she uttered that name it only nerved my arm

one descriptions that name it only nerved my arm for a more deadly blow.

"I't was soon over, and as I stood looking down upon her, lying there still and dead, I felt sorry for what I had done. But it was too late then.

"Having satisfied myself that she was really dead, I turned and hurried away across the moor to where I had hidden my own clothes. These I now put on, and left in their place the clothes which I had used to disguise myself. I can point out where they are, my lord, and I think, also, I can find the knife, which I thrust into the turf on my way across the marsh. This, I think, should prove that what I say is true."

"It would be impossible to describe the sensation produced by this confession. The old man, Mona's grandfather, was in great distress. His groams and lamentations were painful to hear. " Having satisfied myself that she was really

"'Ochone i ochone i' he cried, in grief-stricken tones; 'but the gairl can't be in airnost! Sure yer Honor wouldn't be afther mindin' what the poor crazy crather sez! She do be always say-in' things widout ahny manin'! Ochone!

"Not so in this case," replied the judge, for

"Not so in tris case," replied the judge, "for there lies a terrible meaning in the words she has just uttered, and we must be satisfied as to whether they are true or not."

"The result proved the truth of Mona's statement. The knife and clothes were found as she had described. And many things were now explained which before seemed my sterious. I had been nursted by the fact of there being only two plained which before seemed my terious. I had been puzzled by the fact of there being only two or three of the larger footprints to be found on the spot where the struggle took place. This was now fully accounted for. The boots which Mona were were similar to those of the deceased. There was no thought of the murder being committed by a woman, hence little attention was given to the smaller tracks. The larger impressions were doubtless made by Henley, when he passed over the spot after the murder. With regard to the fragment of chain, it most likely became detached when we caught hold of Henley to prevent him from falling.

"Of course Henley was liberated. Mona was taken into custody, but was pronounced to be of unround mind, and was sent to an asylum."

CHAPTER VIII.

REST AT LAST!

"From the day of his release, Henley seemed to pine away gradually. He was advised to try change of seeme and air, but he seemed unwilling to leave the old place.

"As the days went by, he grew weaker and weaker, till at length he was seldom able to go out, unless in the cool evening, when he would wander away to a little nook in the quiet old grave-yard, where slept his poor lost Lizzle.

"At last he was confined to his bed, and began to sink rapidly. I well remember his last night upon earth. The dector had just left him, after having given his opinion that he might linger through the night. Then, as Rocke and myself sat by his bedside, he told us his last wishes.

"At his dictation, I wrote a short letter to his father and another to his sister in their far-off home. Ir the former, he added as his dying request that an annuity might be given to Lizzle's mother sufficient to keep her comfortable for life.

"That to his sister entrated her to de her

able for life.

"That to his sister entreated her to do her best to cheer up his father, 'for,' he said, 'I know he will grieve a good deal; but the parting will be only for a few years, stater, and then I trust we shall all meet our dear mother in

"Is that all?' I asked, as he had not spoken

or some time.

""Yos, Wharton,' he said, with a faltering voice; 'just say good-bye, and tell her I feel happy, for I shall soon be with my Lizzie."

"As I was about to close the letter, he said

maddenly: "I have just been thinking she might like a lock of my hair. Wharten, would you mind cutting one off?

cutting one off?!

"Rorke went and brought in the scissors, but when he looked down on the pale, thin face of our dying friend and saw the longing, wistful look in the preternaturally bright eyes which were turned upwards, as though gazing into some faroff world, then he appeared quite overcome, and held the scissors towards me behind his back, as if to ask that I would do it for him.

"But I pretended not to notice this, for I did not feel equal to the task, so that Rorke was obliged to do it himself, though I could tell that it cost him a good deal; for his eyes were most, and his lip quivered as he bent over the dying man, and, with trembling hands, severed the glossy curl.

"When all had been arranged as he michael

"When all had been arranged as he wished, as much

Honley hold out his hand, saying, 'I wish I know how to thank you both for your goodness, but I hope you will have your reward.'

"Then taking a ring from his finger, he put it into my hand. 'Twill do for a little keepsake,' he said, with a faint smile; 'I wish it could speak the gratifude of the giver.' Then turning to Rorke, he said, 'You'li find a chain and seal in that desk. 'Will you take there, Rorke, just to remember me by?'

"Ah, then, faith, my dare boy, it isn't that I'll want to remember ye by, for many's the

"Ah, then, faith, my dare boy, is into time I'll want to remember yo by, for many's the time I'll think of yo and the long happy years we've passed together. However, I'll take it av yo're so minded, an' every time I look at it I'll pray to be as good a man an' a soldier as the one that gives it."

"But do ye feel comfortable now?" continued Rorke. "Are ye sure, ould boy, there's nothing

"But do ye feel comfortable now? continued Rorke. 'Are ye sure, ould boy, there's nothing else we can do fur ye. Av ye'd beather wantin' a wurrud with the clargy, or anything else that mortal man can get ye, jest spake yer mind, fur Paddy Rorke is here fur that same.'
"'Thank you, Rorke,' replied Henley, feebly, 'there is nothing more that I want. As for the clergy, you know that I saw the chaplair this evening. I have no fear of what's to come. I would is shall be better off. Not that I deserve

clergy, you know that I saw the chaplain this evening. I have no fear of what's to come. I know I shall be better off. Not that I deserve it, my dear friend, for I feel that I have not lived as I ought. This when death gets his hold on us that we see how much evil we have done, and how much good we have left undone; and many things which before we regarded as trifles look very black at the closing up of accounts. But, thank God, we have not to go on our own merits, so that I trust to hear my name, when the "roll" is called for the "muster," in a better land." Then, with a sigh he added, 'I feel very

Then, with a sigh he added, 'I feel very

"Then, with a sigh he added, 'I feel very tired; I think I shall rest now."

"'Arrah!' whispered Rorke, shaking his head, while two big drops coursed down his checks, 'tis the long rest he manes—the rest that knows no wakin?"

"He was soon asleep. His breath came quick and heavy, and often he would start and shiver, meaning as if in pain.

"I shall never forget that night; for though the death-dow gathered on many a brow and feit the hand of more than one dying friend grow cold and rigid in mine, yet I never had such sad and mournful feelings as while keeping our lonely watch by that bedaide.

"As hour after hour slowly passed, and I lis-

"As hour after hour slowly passed, and I lis "As nour after nour slowly passed, and I lis-tened to the dismally monotonous ticking of the clock, which seemed to be tolling the knell of the departing spirit; and as I gazed upon that pale face, worn and haggard, but still noble-looking in its manly beauty, my thoughts wan-dered away to those things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard." I wondered whether that seen nor ear heard. I wondered whether that spirit was gradually approaching the unknown shore, or whether it would suddenly take its flight and be instantaneously wasted away to that abiding home, where the weary rest forever. How solemn to think that before another sun death would have drawn saids the veil which no mostal ever an places and the mysother sun death would have drawn saide the veil which no mortal eye can pierce, and the mysteries of the world beyond the grave, the theme of such vague conjecture, would be revealed to him in all their stupendous reality.

"Such were my thoughts as the hours went by. At length the clock in the neighboring steeple struck the third hour past midnight, and while yet the last stroke of the bell lingered fainty on.

yet the last stroke of the bell ingered lainty of the air, Henley started up with a cry, and staring wildly around, he exclaimed in astrange choking wilce, 'Not guilty, not guilty!'
"Then came a prolonged shudder, and the fees flushed a crimson hue. The next moment a death pallor overspread the features, he slowly fell back upon the bed, and then all was still. still.

"The weary spirit had found rest at last.
"The weary spirit had found rest at last.
""He's gone! said Rorke, as he held the
pulseless wrist, 'he's gone, poor boy, an' all his
fretin' an' throuble' sover. An' he didn't go harrud aither, poor fellow, considtherin'. Though he was mighty unalsy in the alvenin', antil he made me rade him a bit out o' the good book, where it sez 'There'll be no night there, nay-ther sorrow nor sighin', for the tares shall be wiped away from off all faces.' Then he saimed quieter, an' he sez to me, 'Rorke,' sez he 'that's comforting to me, 'tis there they bind up the broken harrited.' But faith, Wharton, that was the harrudest bit 'at iver I had to rade, for the letthers kept dancin' an' tumblin' over one another, an' be the same token, I saimed to have a lump in me throat, at felt like a twelve-pound shot. So that I gave it a very ondscent radin'. May I be forgiven fur that same.' was mighty unalsy in the aivenin', antil he

"The last volley had been fired over the grave "The last volley had been fired over the grave, and Rorke was accounting for the superfluous moisture in his eyes, by telling me that the posthiforous smoke had made them water, when one of the bystanders approached him saying: Your friend went off quickly,—a short time ago, I should never have judged him to be indecline."

"Apparences are desaitful, to be sure," was all Rorke answered. But when the speaker had gore, he muttered under his breath, much gots, he mutered uncer ms breath, much they know about it, with their decline and consumption,—I know the decline he died of—'twas a broken heart.'"

"And I am much of the same opinion," said
Wharton sadiy, as he proceeded to light a fresh

diger.

THE END.

Ir is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times

MODERN EGYPT.

The land of the khédive is likely soon to rival in greatness the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. Modern Egypt or not, it is true, compare with ancient Egypt in the number of its inhabitants, for Diodorus tells us that the latter contained 30,000 towns and villages, while Herodotus says that in the reign of Amasis there were in Egypt 20,000 cities. What successive sovereigns, however, from Scaestris to the caliphs, failed to effect, or accomplished only in part, has been completely achieved under the rule of the khédive by the opening of the Suez Canal, while Alexandria opening of the Suoz Canal, while Alexandria and Uniro are fast becoming cities and palaces, and the wealth of the country is every day in-

and the wealth of the country is every day increasing.

Western prejudice attributes the present ignorance of the Mussulman population of Turkey to Islamism, and concludes that the religion of Mohammed is a bar to all human progress. Any one, however, who visited Egypt ten years ago, and could now see the vast improvements that have been and are still being made by the khédive, would at once have his prejudices very much modified, if not altogether removed. He would see the harbor of Alexadria, the finest, probably, in the world, crowded with ments that have been and are still being made by the khedive, would at once have his prejudices very much modified, if not altogether removed. He would see the harbor of Alexandria, the finest, probably, in the world, crowded with the shipping of all nations, with a new breakwater and new docks in course of completion, warehouse filled with cotton, grain and other agricultural produce ready for export, railways in operation or in course of construction—everywhere, in fact, the signs of increasing civilization and prosperity. He would see Alexandria itself more like an European than an Eastern city, with its magnificent building and its "Place des Consuls," that exceeds in size and beauty any square to be found in Europe. He would see the land, irrigated by the Nile's overflow or by means of machinery, everywhere teeming with rich crops of wheat, maize, barley, beans and peas, clover and flax, rice, sugar-cane, tobacco and cotton, coree, indigo and madder; the garlens producing apricots in May; peaches, plums, apples, pears and carobs in June; grapes, figs and prickly pears in July; pomegranates, temons and datos in August; oranges in October, sweet lemons and bananas in November, and the mulberry and Soville orange in January. In old times we know there was "corn in Egypt;" now there is also "cotton in Egypt;" and cotton, too; of the best description. Even flx years ago there were not less than two hundred steam-ploughs at work in cotton cultivation. Every mechanical aid to production has, in fact, bean made use of, and the result is an enormous increase of wealth both to the people and their ruler.

The romance of travel in Egypt, is fast disappearing. A new bridge has been recently built by the khedive over the Nile, so that travellers can how go direct in carriages from their hotel to the pyramids without being obliged, as formerly, to cross the river in boats and fluish the excursion on camels or donkeys. The old "dahabeah," or Nile boat, is giving way to the comparatively luxurions Nile steamer, and the ch

to \$600 a month for increase role months, which now the voyage — 580 miles — from Cairo to Philm, a few miles above the first cataract, and back again, can be made by the passenger steamers on the Nile belonging to the khédive administration at a cost of \$220, including steamer, living, guides and all other necessary

DRUNKENNESS IN SWEDEN.

In Sweden the first time that a man appears intoxicated in a public place he is condemned to a fine of about twelve shillings.

The second time to a fine of twenty-five

shillings

The second time to a fine of twenty-five shillings.
The third and fourth time the punishment is more rigorous; not only does the offender pay a larger sum in the thape of a fine, but he loses his rights as an elector, and on the Sunday after the offence he is compelled to stand in the pillory in front of his parish church.
The fifth time the punishment is six months' imprisonment with hard labor.
The sixth time a year's imprisonment with hard labor.
Any person convicted of having induced another to drink to excess is fined twelve shillings; or, if the person solintoxicated is under age, the tempter is fined twenty-five shillings.
A priest or minister of religion found in a state of drunkenness is immediately deprived of his cure.

In no case is drunkenness admitted as an

of ms cure.

In no case is drunkenness admitted as an excuse for the commission of a crime (as it too frequently is in our law courts.)

Lastly, a man who dies when drunk is not permitted to be buried in consecrated ground.

Hz who will take no advice, but be always his own counsellor, shall be sure to have a feel for his client.

THEFAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1872.

"THE FAVORITE"

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ANOTHER NEW STORY.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with the world renowned author

MISS M. E. BRADDON

for the production here, simultaneously with its appearance in London, of her new serial

PUBLICANS

SINNERS

which will be commenced in an early number, and be handsomely

ILLUSTRATED BY OUR ARTIST.

Miss Braddon's reputation as an authoris too well established to need any comment from us Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of enjoying "Lady Audley's Secret," "To the Bitter End," "The Outcasts," or any of her other works will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity to peruse her latest production as speedily as it is written.

ADULTERATION.

The so-called Adulteration Act which was passed in England last year is now in operation, and we hope to see it rigidly enforced. The Act provides for the appointment of analysts who will examine any articles of food or drink which may be brought them by the purchaser. Any person selling adulterated articles is subject to fine and imprisonment. The Act is a wise one and ought to prove of great service in the preservation of health. Adulteration has grown to be one of the arts of the age, and scarcely any article of common use is sold in its pure state, cheaper, and often deleterious matter being generally added to increase the profit. The poor classes, of course, suffer most by adulterations, not only because they are most numerous, but, also, because they very frequently do not possess the means of protecting themselves which the rich man has; generally they must deal with the nearest shapkeeper, they cannot afford the time to go half a mile or so out of their way to get a better article, and if the shopkeeper is dishonest they have to cat and drink whatever poisons he pleases to sell them. A rich man can punish a dishonest shopkeeper by withdrawing his cuctom and patronising someone cisc; too often th. poor man has to put up with an inferior article because the shop is conveniently situated for him. We hope to

see a similar Act introduced into Canada where it is sadly needed not only in food and drink but in manufactured articles of all kinds. We are wonderfully fond of "imported" goods; anything foreign must be excellent, while home productions are looked bu with doubtful favor, and generally ranked second class; but if we could know what some of these foreign articles an composed of our arder would probably be somewhat abated. We want a strict law against the adulteration of food and drink, especially the latter. We think a good stringent liquor inspection law would do more towards decreasing drunkenness than any prohibitory Act which could be passed; a prohibitory law would be unpopular and hard to enforce; but a law protecting the consumers against the liquor dealers would be popular, and the liquor drinkers undoubtedly form a large majority of the community. There will, probably, always be people who will use alcoholic stimulants, and it is the duty of the government to protect them and see that they are not poisoned, or their health ruined, any quicker than alcohol can do it, by the introduction of deleterious substances into the liquor they drink.

POSTAL CARDS.

Every good thing may be turned to evil uses by improper application, and it appears that the postal card in England has not escaped the general rule. There have been many cases in the improper use of postal cards but one of the most curious is that of a man in London who, a short time ago, was convicted of libelling his own niece by sending her a postal card containing an accusation of grossly immoral conduct which lost the woman her place. The Judge sentenced him to two years imprisonment and a fine of £50 and regretted that he did not have power to have him flogged. This was certainly an outragoous case and the villain well deserved his sentence. We have heard no complaints about postal cards since their introduction here, except from some persons who object to receiving the large number of circulars which are so commonly printed on the backs of the cards, and which are frequently almost a nuisance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this departent should be addressed to J. A. Phillips, Editor FAVORITH.

W. Howard, Toronto.—"Leath Alton" is the nom de plume of a gentleman of your city who has contributed to the PAVORITE. We are not at liberty to disclose his name.

Mr. Jones, Quebec, wants to know "the most suitable kind of engagment ring." We have not been engaged lately in the matrimonial line; but, we think a solitaire—diamond, or other stone, according to the circur stances of the parties, is the most appropriate gift. We gave our girl a solitaire, and she is here yet.

ARTILLERY, Plattsburgh, N. Y., says: "Being a reader of your paper, I have taken the liberty of asking you two questions, having grost faith in your answers. Ist. Has a cannon ever thrown a shot or shell three miles? 2d. What is the furthest ever a cannon did throw a shot or shell, well authenticated?" The Armstrong gun has thrown shot and shell more than five miles. five miles.

CHARLIE Awrites that he wants one to love." He is "twenty-eight, five feet four inches in height, black hair and eyes, natural car?"—the hair, not the eyes, we suppose and has a good situation. He has only been and has a good situation. He has only been in Montreal a short time, and having no lady acquaintances, would like to correspond with a few ladies with a view to matrimony. Address to care of Editor.

FRANK FORD, Toronto, saks: "list How much will it cost to learn telegraphy, and where would be the proper place to learn? Could not one operator teach it as well as another? 21. What is the reason Indians nover have any beard or whiskers; don't they grow at all?" list The Dominion Telegraph Institute, Montreal, would, we think, be the bist place. We think there is a branch in Toronto. place. We think there is a bleath in 2d. We believe Indians pull out their beard and whiskers and rub on some preparation to prewhiskers and rul
vent the growth.

iTon Brown, Hamilton, asks: "1st. If there were several young isdies going home with my

aister from church, would it be necessary for me to ask one of them if I could accompany her? What should I say? 2d. How is "fine-cut" tobacco prepared? Is it more unhealthy to chew than "home-spun?" Ist. Of course—why not? Is it so difficult to ask a simple, politic question? Young ladies justly feel a slight contempt for a gentleman who is so extremely diffident. They like a man to be a man, and not a mouse. 2d. We do not chew tobacco, and therefore know very little about the difference between "fine-cut" and "home-spun." We should advise you to chew just as little of either as possible. If you have proper care for your possible, if you have proper care for your

ANNIE says: "lst. I have heard it stated that out about half way in the Atlantic Ocean there are springs of fresh water that bubble up from the bottom and do not mix with the salt water, but remain pure and fresh. Is there anything of the kind? and if so, can vessels get it to use? 2d. Can a Roman Catholl. be President of the United States?" Ist. We do not know as to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, but there is a fresh-water spring—a very large one—in the ocean, some distance off the coast of Florida, where vessels can take in fresh water to any extent. And we have heard of a vessel off the coast of South America, and out of sight of land, which halled another vessel for water, as they were perishing for it, and the of sight of tails, which hand another voscies for water, as they were perishing for it, and the answer came back, " well, fling a bucket over-board and get it." They were in the outflow of that great river, the Amaxon. 2d. Certainly, if he gets a majority of voice.

JANET F...., Montreal, says: "I am a young lady, seventeen years of age, and have been engaged to a widower for some time. We were to have been married soon, but my parents obtains to have been married soon, but my parents obtains and the same with the same says." lected, saying I am too young to marry a jected, saying I am too young to marry a wid-ower with three children and take charge of his house. Now, what am I to do? Must I marry him against my parents' will, or dismiss him? I love him dearly, and I know he loves me. He says he will run away with me if I am willing, but would rather have my parents' consent. What ought I to do?" You have not state? all the alternatives in the case. If the only objecthe alternatives in the case. If the only objec-tion your parents have is your youth, you have only to wait two or three years to overcome that. We know that two or three years seems along time to a girlin love, but perhaps in after-years you may thank us for the adviso. A girl of seventeen years is rarely capable of taking charge of a home and we think your parents

Several letters are unavoidably left over for answer nextweek.

PASSING EVENTS.

CHOLERA has appeared in two villages in West Prussia.

Don Carlos is said to have ordered the relasse of prisoners on their parole

MR. BANNATINE'S horse "Duffy" wen the Grand Steeple Chase at Baltimore

It is reported the ex-Empress Eugenie is in

Paris, and has been there two days. LIEUT.-COLONEL PETERS will command the next Wimbledon Team from Canada.

Hox. JOSEPH Hows, Lt. Governor of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax on the 15th inst.

EDINBURGH and Glasgow have resolved to invite the Shah of Persia to visit "hese cities.

THE magistrates of Belfast have determined prohibit all processions on the 12th of July.

BRADLAUGH, the Republican emissary to Madrid, has fallen into the hands of the Car-

THE United States Government is at a loss what to do with Capt. Jack now that he has surrendered.

An accident occurred on the Great Western Railway by which twenty persons were injured—aix seriously.

THE reception of the Shah of Persia in Berlin esion of a great popular and military demonstration.

A DESPATCH from Rome says the Pope approves of the candidature of Cardinal Bonaparte as his successor.

THE Pall Mall Gasette publishes an appeal of the ex-Empress Eugenie to the people of France in favor of her son.

A RUMOR prevails that the Court of Appeals has given decision adverse to application of Stokes for a new trial.

TWENTY thousand persons attended the trades meeting held in Hyde Park, London, to promote the interests of labor.

THE French Assembly having made an ap-propriation to re-build the Vendome monument adjourned until the 5th June.

THE Carlists under Don Alphonso have suffered a defeat in the Province of Barcel were compelled to seek safety in flight

SEVERAL parties for the Pacific Railway Survey are now being organized, and witheir departure during the ensuing week. Will take

A TELEGRAM from Gaspé announces the death by drowning of Captain Leblanc and three men of the Government schooner La Amadienne.

THE London Times urges the immigration of

the Chinese to East Africa as the means of bringing about the abolishing of the slave trade.

THE writ of certificant applied for in the case of McDonald, the Bank of Ergland forger, having been refused it is thought his extradition will follow.

THE Russian expedition against Kiniva has been haard from, the several columns having sufficiently approached each other to establish communications.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new Town Hall at Bolton, and their Royal Highnesses were received by the inhabitants with the greatest enthudiam.

By a circular to the Prefects, the Minister of the Interior urges the maintenance of Con-acryative principles, and the rallying of the people in support of order as the only means of rectoring France.

THE Oriennists having refused to coalesce with the Legitimists and, also, with the Bonspartists, are said to have made propositions to the party of the Left Centre, or moderate Republicans, but without success.

GREMANY is said to take exception to Mac-Mahon's address to the Assembly, and diplo-matic relations will, in consequence, be of an informal character until France shows that the Frankfort Treaty will be faithfully earried out.

Jim Brown, the alleged inurderer of the two old ladies, Mrs. Johns and Mrs. Dosier, was captured at Richmond, Va., on 4th inst. He confessed the crime. The feeling against him is intense and it is more than probable he will be lynched.

Ture Constituent, Cortes assembled at Madrid on Saturday. A policy of order was promised as a majord on Saturday. A policy of order was promised spain was not concerned with any revolution in other European States and did not seek territorial aggrandizement. The abolition of slavery in Cuba was also promised, and the separation of Church and State advocated.

Boston has been visited by another devastating fire, which has laid in sales a rich and populous portion of the city, and caused a loss of about two millions. The police rendered efficient service in keeping back the crowds that, as usual under such circumstances, threatened seriously impede the efforts of the Fire Bri-

TRANSFIXED.

The following rare bit is from the Saturday Beening Post: We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magru 's's year ago. We admire Mise Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the plazza. The carpenter had been there that day, gluing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said: "Don't be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to sak Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went ing whether it would be better to sak Miss Magrader to withdraw while we disrobed and wont home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and them ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magrader yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magrader must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father, and acreamed. Magnuder came down with a double-barrelled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magnuder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart. must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for

A wealthy Russian lady, Lidia Rodelrens, has just presented to the St. Fetersburg Academy of Medicine \$40,000 to endow a department for the medical instruction of women. It does not speak well for the good sense or good taste of American girls or their mothers that a lady visiting abroad—Dr. Mary Safford—

makes such a report as the following "While visiting a school at Frankford-on-the-Main I saked if there were American pupils, and the preceptor replied: 'No; we do not take them. They dress so extravagantly, they think and talk so much of their clothes, they think the guidal the countries. that they disturb the quiet, simp. 'ways of our German girls, and we find that their influence does us more burt than their money does us good.' In Dresden I knew an American lady who could not find a private school where they would take her daughter, for similar reasons."

MRS. JONES PIRATE.

BY MAY ADVICE

A sanguinary pirate sailed upon the Spanish

main, rakish-looking schooner which was called the Mary Jane.

Bhe carried lots of howlesers and deadly rifled

guns, With shot and shell and powder and percussion cape in tons.

The pirate was a homely man, and short, and grim and fat;
He wors a wild and a awful scowl beneath his slouching hat.
Ewords, pistols and stillettoes were arranged around his thighs,
And demoniacal glaring was quite common with

his eyes.



His heavy black mustaches curled away be-

And dropped in elogant fustoons about his very

toes. He hardly ever spoke at all, but when such was

the case, His voice 'twas easy to perceive, was quite s heavy base.

He was not a serious pirate, and despite hisan-xious cares, He rarely went to Sunday School, and seidom said his prayers. He worshipped lovely women, and his hope in

res this:

To caim his wild, tumultzous soul with pure domestic bliss.

When converging with his shipmates he very

often swore,

That he longed to give up piracy and settle
down on shore.

He tired of blocd and plunder, of the joys that
they could bring;

He sighed to win the love of some affectionate

young thing.

One morning, as the Mary Jane went bounding o'er the ses,

o'er the sea, The pirate saw a merchant back far off upon his

He ordered a pursuit, and spread all sail that

he could spare,
And then went down, in hopoful mood, to shave
and our his hair.

He blacked his boots, and pared his nails, and

tied a fresh cravat

tied a fresh cravat;
He cleaned his teeth, polled down his cuffs, and
polished up his hat;
He dimmed with flour the radiance of his flery
red nose,
For, hanging with some vessel's wash, he spied
some ladies' hose.

Once more on deck, the stranger's hull he rid-

dled with a ball,
And yelled: "I say! What bark is that?" In
answer to his call,
The skipper on the other book answered in

thunder tones : "This here's the bark Modildo, and her Captain's

The pirate told his bold corsairs to man the jolly

boats.
To board the bank and seize the crew and slit

their tarry throats;
And then to give his compliments to Captain
Jones, and say
He wished that he and Mrs. Jones would come
and spend the day.

They reached the bark, they killed the crew :

they freeched the bark, they shied the crew;
they threw them in the sea;
And then they sought the Captain, who was
mad as he could be,
Because his wife—who saw the whole sad tragedy, it seems—
Made all the ship vociferous with her outrage-

That, his social ctatus being very evidently

She might meet some common people, whome

Hor husband's agod father, she sigmitted, dealt

in bones, But the family descended from the fymous

Duke de Jones;
And such blue-blooded people, that the sabble

might be checked,
Had to make their social circle excessively
select.

Before she visited him in the ship she wanted

him to say, The Smythes had recognized him in a social,

friendly way;
Did the Jonsons ever ask him, round to their ancestral halls?
Was he noticed by the Thomsons? Was he asked to Simms' balls?

The pirate wrote that Thomson was his best and

oldest friend; That he had stopped at Jonson's when he had a week to spend.

As for the Smythes, they worried him with their incossant calls;
Lis very legs were weary with the dance at Fils very legs were Simms' balls,

(The scoundres flobed most shamelessly, Infact he only knew

A lot of Smiths without a y—a most plebelan orow.

His Johnsons used a vulgar h, his Thompsons spelled with p,

His Simsos had but one m, and they were common as could be.)

Then Mrs. Jones mussed up her hair and den-

And went with Captain Jones aboard the schooner Mary Jane.

The pirate won her heart at once by saying, with a smile,

He never seen a woman dressed with such exquisite style.



The pirate's claim to status sho was very sure

was just, When she noticed how familiar that Jonsons he

Her aristocratic acruples then were quickly laid aside

And when the pirate smiled at her reciprocally she sighed.

No sooner was the newer love within her bosom

born,
Than Jones was looked upon by her with hatred and with scorn.
She said 'twas true his ancester was famous Duke de Jones,
But she shuddered to remember that his father

dealt in bones.

So then ther of at Captain Jones and backed

And chopped aim intolitile bits and tossed him overboard.

The Chaplain road the service, and the Captain of the bark,

Before the widow's weeping eyes, was gobbled

by a shark.

The Chaplain turned the prayer-book o'er, the bride took off her glove,
They swere to honor, to obey, to cherish and to

And freighted full of happiness, across the

ocean's foam. The schooner glided rapidly toward the prate's

And when of costsey and joy their hearts could hold no more, That pirate dropped his anchor down and rowed

his love ashore.

And as they sannered up the street he gayohis bride a poke,

And said: "In them there mansions live the friends of whom I spoke."

ous screams.

But when the pirate's message came she dried her streaming tears,
And said, although she'd like to come, she had unpleasent fears

She glanced her eye along the plates of brass, upon each door,
And then he, anger rose as it had never done before.

"That Johnson has a hi that Thompson has uppleasent fears

That Sm' I that spells without a y is not the Smith for me." And darkly soowled she then upon that rover of

the wave.
"False ! False !" she shricked, and spoke of

him as "Monstor, traitor, slave !"
And then she wept and tore her hair, and filled
the air with groans,
And cursed with bitterness the dayshe let them

cut up Jones.



And when she had spent on him the venom of

her tongue,
She selzed her pongee parasol and stabbed him
in the lung.

A few more energetic jabs were at his heart required,
And then this scand'ious buccaneer rolled over

Still brandishing her parasol, she sought the pirate boat;
She loaded up a gun and jammed her head into its throat;

And, fixing fast the trigger, then, with string tied to her toe,
She breathed "Mother" through the touch-hole,



A snapp, a fizz, a rumble, some stupendous rearing tones—

And where on earth's surface was the recent Airs. Jones ?

Go sak the meaning winds, the sky, the mists,

the murmuring sea;
Go sak the fish, the coroner, the clams—but
don't sak me.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXVI THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

Accepted, and assured of his prize, Frank Gresnam had not been in quite as great a hurry to make it his own beyond dispute as one would

whate it his own beyond dispute as one would have expected.
What to some mon would have been a source of mortification to him was rather a matter of pride and congratulation.

Having determined to neglect the daughter of

an earl, and seck for his wife a poor mill lass

an earl, and seck for his wife a poor mill lass, he went in for a good deal of what our American cousins would term bunkum.

"He could afford to please https://west.and he meant to do so," he said, with a pleasur addition of opinions about a "bleasted aristocracy," and third-rate expressions of the kind, which are far too much worn, and too solled in the process to be worth or indeed fit for repetition here.

here.

From which you may gather that although Frank Greeham had been favored with a good education, a moderate supply of brains, and pockets full of "brass," he was by no means the refined gordeman one would have expected to find in his position and with his advantages. Much of this might, without doubt, he traced to his proud, indulgent, yet ignorant and towborn mother; for Frank had been her favorite,

white John, with his talent, even genius and upright, noble character, had always been

while John, with his talent, even genius and upright, noble character, had always been tolerated rather than loved by her.

It was without doubt his mother's determined opposition to the match which made her pet son more intent upon it, and hurry it on.

In fact, it being the first time in her life that

In fact, it being the first time in her life that Mrs. Gresham had opposed him, Frank, like all spoils children, felt decidedly hurt and aggrieved at her dreaming of deing so now, and Florence could not have had a greater ally than her bitterest foe, in hastening on the wedding day. It wanted now less than a week to the time when the poor outcast was to exchange her humble home for the handsome residence taken for her by her future husband.

Her troussau, which had been his gift throughout, was nearly ready, even to the white satin dress, lace veil and orange blossoms, which the bride was to wear.

For "an and absurd as it was, the cotton spinner had determined to have a grand wedding.

spinner had determined to have a grand wedding.
Vainly Florence tried to persuade him otherwise. He was mad with purse-proud vanity and irritation against those who opposed or derided his choice, and he was determined to brave it out, to let the world see how little he cared about them, to be the talk of the town and neighborhood as a plucky, daring fellow; and also he intended to excite the enty of his

and also he intended to excite the entry of his mate friends by exhibiting the beauty of his fair bride.

All of this vulgar extentation accorded but ill with the feelings of the intended bride.

Poor and friendless as she was, she despised ever more than she disliked the love of display which seemed to actuate not only her intended husband, but his choice acquaintances; and more than once the impulse came upon her, almost too strong to be resisted, to run away, while there was yet time, from the union which was not only distasteful to Ler feelings, but could only recommend itself from the worldly

was not only distastoril to Ler reelings, but could only recommend itself from the worldly advantages to be derived from it.

She trembled, too, with a vague feeling of alarm at the prospect of being the object upon which so many eyes would rest with curiosity if not with admiration.

What if in the number but one should be

there who had seen her before and would know

there who had seen ner before and would know and recognise her? Her breath came quick and short, her check blanched, and her hand trembled at the thought. She was striving for a rich prize, it seemed, yet one breath of suspicion, and how much would be revealed—how much would be lost. Whet think of it?

Why think of it?

would be revealed—how much would be lost. Why think of it?
Obscurity might be safety, but it was torture, and a life of grinding toil was too new to her ever to be more than a temporary resource for a frantic, half-despairing nature.

"No, I have dared so much that I must go on to the bitter end," she groaned, flereely.

Though even she could not picture the utter horror of the fate she scemed destined to tempt. Mrs. Bolton, like many other weak-minded women who are in the habit of worshipping weaith, had grown civil, almost kind and affectionate to the girl who was soon about to leave them, and to whom fortune seemed to have been so exceptionally kind.

Moll alone was unchanged.

She was giad for her friend's sake though she more than doubted that the spinner would make a good husband to the woman whose only dowry was her beauty, and besides, her own heart was '50 sore and heavy, with Willie Bolton's sad fate ever before it, so make her either very joyful or even envious at mother's good fortune.

Mrs. Gresham had gone through the formality

good fortune.

Mrs. Gresham had gone through the formality of invoking her curse upon her eldest son if he married the girl, and had made a free gift of the same to Florence, whether she became her daughter-in-law or not, so of course she was not

daughter-in-law or not, so of course she was not coming to the wedding.

John Gresham had been invited by his brother, but courteously declined, not that he cared much who Frank marrie. provided Lady Helen Beltram was not the bride.

His near relatives having declined, one would have thought Frank would have yielded to Fforence's desire that they should be married quietly anywhere out of Oldham, without guests, noise or fuss.

quietly anywhere out of Oldnam, withous guests, noise or fuss.
But this would not have suited his ideas of bounce, show, and the importance he considered his wealth and position gave him in the TOWER. He intended to stop work at his mill, to give all his hands 2 holiday and a great treat on his wedding day, and let the world know that he Frank Gresham, chose to take unto himself a wife.

As for guests, to such a worlding broakfast as he would order, there were dozens, nay hun-dreds that would be but too glad to come, and the expectant bride was silenced, if not con-

The gail of the fetters, though they were of gold, were beginning to fret her even before

they were riveted.
What would they do if the time ever came when they could not be shaken off?
Thus the eventful day, or rather the eve of if, approached.

approached.
Everything was ready.
Moil had declined to be bridesmaid, not from want of friendship or allection for the bride, but because she thought it would be a tacit forget-fulness of Willie Bolton.
Poor Willie, Innocent or guilty, there he is in his stone prison, herded with felons, denied the beauties of spring and summer, denied everything that could make life bright and happy, and to him even the thought of wedding bells must, in his present condition, seem a meckery.

So Moll, out of love for the poor felon, would not attend the rich man's wedding, and Florence callous, cold and seinsh as she was, had suffi-cient gratitude left in her towards the one being who had treated her well, without hope of who had treated her well, without hope of reward, to appreciate Moli's motives, and deter-mined to stay with her to the last, and go from ber house to church.

Thus, sadly cramped as they were for space all the bride's preparations were made and atored up in the two little rooms, and so gracious had Florence become now she was leaving her hard lot, as it seemed for ever, that Moll's friends were allowed to feast their eyes upon the beautiful troussess prepared for the bride.

Among those thus favored was Jem, the deformed still.

deformed girl.

She not only came, but stayed some time, and, upon leaving, received a small present from the bride elect, which she eyed so curiously that one might have supposed sue thought it a piece of fairy workmanship which would dis-

piece of fairy workmanship which would disappear almost as soon as it was grasped.

The tiny gold brooch was genuine enough, however, and, chuckling over it, som hobbied away like some wicked sprite who considered all she had seen a capital jest and anare that, like the transformation scene in a pantomime, would disappear, leaving scarcely a rack behind.

As this was to be the last night of his bachelorhood, Frank had explained to Florence that he had invited some of his old friends, many of whom were to take part, or rather form the party at the wedding, to spend the evening with him; hence he should not be that night at the cottage.

Unlike many a bride elect, Florence received

night at the cottage.

Unlike many a bride elect, Florence received the explanation with perfect good tempor, as indeed she always did any excuse the young mill owner gave for absence from her aide.

No one could say she was exacting towards him; indeed, I am afraid on the whole that he would have been better pleased had she been a triffe more curious for his society than she ever seamed to be. mod to be

seemed to be.

It was perhaps the secret of her hold upon his fickle heart. He could have sacrificed her, but for her very indifference towards him and the little pains she took to hide it.

A true, noble-hearted woman's love would A true, noble-hearted woman's love would have been thrown away upon him; it would indeed have been like casting pearls before awine; he would have trodden, soiled, and trampled upon it, but the very consciousness that he had not so much as touched this woman's inmost soul threw a fascination over

woman's inmost soul threw a fascination over her such as an ignorant and imaginative bey might feel for some new and unexplored land. However, the time between anticipated and actual possession is becoming short.

Everything is ready, the license has bown procured, the carriages are ordered, dress-makers, tailors, and cooks have been at work for the last week, and all is arranged and provided for, and the bridegroom is going to entertain a select party of "jolly dogs," for the last time. last time.

The revel, for it usually degenerated into that and reven, for it manary aggregates into that, was to take place at the spinner's private rooms at the mill, specially adapted for bachelor parties, and where they were all entitled to make as much noise as ever they liked.

Being the last of those social gatherings, the host determined to finish off with what one

might metaphorically term a flourish of trumand consequently a very delicious suppos pets, and consequently a very denotous support of oysters, lobsters, pics, paties, and champagne was ordered in before the real amusement of the ovening commenced.

Among the guests were half-s-dozen fellows who were strangers, or comparatively, so, to

Men whom Greeham had met years ago at Hell whom Greenam and met years ago at Hugby, come across two or three times after in-tervale of time aloos, and whom he had not without difficulty booked, as they termed it, to come and see him turned off at church on the coming day.

o of them were officers in the army, quartered with their regiments not far off, three others were barristers, briefles you may be sure, and the sixth was an author, of whom I need say little more than that he was a friend of Edwin Leinster, the artist, who was likewise

present.
Add to these a dozen choice spirits from the neighborhood, and you have the company.
Supper was over, champegue had flowed pretty freely, followed by brandy and other spirits, and the tongues of the party had well kept time with the drawing of corks.
They we've getting tired of their nigger melodies and other performances; some indeed had discreetly left and sone home to bed, fastful of appearances in the morning, so that only a dozen out of about twenty remained.
"I say, suppose somebody spins us a yern."

a dozen out of about twenty remained.

"I say, suppose somebody spins us a yarm," suggested the host. "Now, Blackie, you used to be a famous one at it, in the old days; suppose you begin now."

"Aw, well, I don't mind if I de," responded lieutenant Blackie, taxily removing the cigar from his monatached lips.

"And as you are to be married and done for to-morrow, Gresham, the story I'll begin with may suit you. It's true; perhaps, that's the worst of it, for it happened to a fellow I know as wall as I know you, and what became of the girl is, I believe, still a mystery. But I saw a face to-day for a moment that brought it all tack to my mind as freshly as though it had happened yosterday, instead of a year ago.

"That woman's face has hanned me all day inog. I don't think she saw me, but she gave me the allp as though she did. I'd give a hundred pounds to meet her again, for I am sure it is a minute or two before he could sufficiently caim himself to listen to the explanation of the other.

"You showed me the portrait of the lady you intend to marry last night," said the visitor, kindly though firmly. "Let me look at it again. If she is the woman I believe her to be, she cannot become your wife."

"Why not?" demanded Gresham passioning is she."

"Here, we don't want gloomy stories to-night," interrupted Gresham, almost roughly. "I'm going to be married to-morrow, it's true, and I'm not going to be frightened out of it to-night. Tell us something joily, Blackie, or else

night. Tell us something joily, Blackic, or else drink the bride's health and say good night. It's three in the morning, by George!"

"I can never refuse a total to a lady," replied the ileutenant, gallantly. "By the bye, what's she like?—handsome, of course."

"I should think she is; if you doubt me, indeed to require!"

Judge for yourself."

And the half-tipsy bridegroom elect handed

And the half-tipsy bridegroom elect handed his guest a looket, in which was a splendid copy of Florence Carr's lovely face.

Was it the heat of the rooms, the effect of the wine he had drunk, or some sudden and terrible recognition that made Liebtenant Blackle's face become coloriess, and his eyes extended as if with borror?

extended as if with borror?

I cannot tell, and he would not, but dropping the locket on the floor as though it had stung had, he muttered something about being ill, staggered and seemed as though he must have fallen if one of the others had not caught him in his arms.

in his arms.

In reply to every question he only shook his head, and requested to be taken back to his hotel, and put to bed.

So his brother officers, with Leinster, expressed their willingness to go, and the rest of the party, having a damper put upon them, almost immediately broke up.

"That face," muttered the lieutenant again when alone, "and Gresham going to marry her? It must not be; yet how can I preventit; yes, how?"

Sleep settled at last upon his weary and heavy eyelids, but left the question he asked himself still unsolved.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"BLOOD! THERE IS BLOOD UPON HER!"

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the old proverb, and certainly the sun shone brightly enough on this day, the one fixed for the marriage of Frank Gresham, the cotton spinner, with Florence Carr, one of his own mill

It might have been a day of mourning in many houses; no doubt it was so, for joy to one person but too often implies and inflicts pain

person but too often implies and innicts pain and misory upon another.

But Frank Gresham thought nothing of this when he opened his eyes, later than he had intended, on this identical morning.

I might find it somewhat difficult to describe his sensations, hence will leave the matter to continuation.

your imagination.

He was to give up his old, wild life, and settle

He was to give up his old, wild life, and settle down into a sober, respectable member of society, and the thought of this helped to calm, if not to damp his otherwise excited spirits.

"I suppose it's what everybody has to go through," he muttered, by way of self-consolation, as he tried, for the twentieth time, to the in some peoullar fashlen his white cravat, and he had scarcely completed the performance, when a servant tapped at the door, and informed him that Lieutenant Blackie had called, and was anxious to see him.

was anxious to see him.

"Confound the fellow, what does he want
with me at this hour of the morning? Tell him
I'm dressing, and shan't be ready in time for

"Aye, sir."

The sorvant departed, but returned again immediately with the message that Lieutenant Blackie was sorry to disturb Mr. Gresham, and would delay him as little as possible, but his business was of the utmost importance, and he must see him before he went to church.

Not a little surprised, and not without indulging in a few oaths, the young mill owner ordered the man servant to show the visitor up, and then make himself accross

and then make himself scarce

"A queer time to insist upon seeing a fellow, Blackie," he said, in a petulant tone, as the young officer entered the room,

Ent his tone and look changed to one of

oncern, almost apprehension, when he noticed the extreme pallor of the soldier's face.

"Why, what's the matter, man?" he demanded, with real sympathy and concern; "you seem horribly down in the mouth."

"Yos; and I haven't a pleasant piece of work horrists.

before me. Are we secure from esveedrop-The tone and manner were so unlike that of he usually frank, reckiese officer, that Greeham was more awed and impressed than he cared to the

little dream of, so pray sivre your anathemas for those who deserve them."

"Somewhat overs wed and impressed by the shern face of the speaker, Gresham very slowly and sulkily handed the locket with the portrait inside it to his companion.

Long and chrusetly did the lieutenant examins the fair face outlined and imprinted there, and when he litted his eyes from it, there were exceptionally and the base of the contract of t

was evidently a doubt, though it might be a faint one, vista on his countenance. "Well?"

was all that the expectant bridegroom but the single word asked and meant Tt. ասշե.

more humbly.

"Because, if I am wrong, I shall have slandered an innocent woman. That I will not do. Surely what I ask is no great thing. We have plenty of time to drive to her residence; I have

"So be it," returned the would-be bride-groom, doggedly; "but if you've made a blunder or a fool of me, by Heaven, you shall pay for it!"

idler bowed his head, unmoved by the threat. Perhaps he felt there was but little risk or doubt upon the question they were about to

solve.

Hurriedly finishing his toilette, and looking strangely gloomy for a bridegroom on his wedding morning, Gresham, accompanied by the lieutenaut, entered the cab waiting for them, and drove off to Gretty's Cottages.

"Howlong have you known this lady?" asked Blackie, as they rode along.

"About six months."

"She is not a native of the town, I suppose?"

"No," was the brief reply.

"Do you know anything of her connection or family?"

family ?"

"Only what she herself has told me."

"Or of her previous history?"
"No; except from her own secount."
"Strange. You wouldn't think she had be "Strange. You wouldn't think she had been married, I suppose?"
"Married I" and the young man burst into a "harried I" and the young man burst into a

"siarried!" and the young man ourse into a laugh, a hearty, genuine laugh too. The terrible something which he had dreaded seemed to be melting into the thinnest vapor.

Florence, his Florence married! The idea was simply prepeterous, and he looked at the friend by his side more than once, with a most decided doubt as to his sanity.

Even Blackie was for the moment shaken in hia helief

his belief.

Was it possible that he had been betrayed into making all this fuss in consequence of a fancied, even a strong resemblance between a photograph and a woman with whose life he was but too well acquainted?

The thought made him nervous and uncomfortable. If, after all, he was manaken, what a blundering, meddiceome fool he would look. Thus he thought as the fly drove on, and a cloud settled ov. his fair manly face, while that on the countenance of his companion had disappeared.

that on the countenance of his companion used disappeared. Indeed, for the moment they seemed to have changed places; the bridegroom, at least, was himself again. By this time they had reached Mid Lune,

and the fly presently stopped at Gretty's Cot-

tages. The two young men alighted, then stood amazed, looking at the house they had meant to enter; for the shutters were closed, and the door and lit'le wooden gate locked, the latter with a palicek, as though the occupants had goneaway for a lengthened time.

"Her courage failed her at the last moment, I suppose?" remarked Lieutenant Litzckie, feeling likewise somewhat relieved.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed the spinner, holly. "There were two other women living

The officer's face reddened at the insult, but this companion paid no heed to him, cared nothing indeed for his anger.

He was like a wolf robbed of its young; a lion of its mate. Treachery and violence had been at work, he knew—was sure of it, and it turn upon the nearest of the possible causes of the disseter.

A pare insula from the was broken, and with a wild ahriek the rushed out to meet her son.

As she takl her hand upon him, he opened his eyes, then seeming to recognise, ahrunk from her with horror, muttering—

"Blood I blood I There is blood upon her?" and when she resevered, he even thrust her from him viole utly.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DAFF

the dissector.

A few minutes later, and a knot of people, nay, a small crowd had collected round the door of the humble cottage.

It will be remembered that Gresham's mill had supped working for this day, and all the hands were to kave holiday and a treat at the master's expense, in honor of his wedding; honor there were many of Frank's own hands at home on this eventful morning.

His anxious inquiries soon brought a chorus

His anxious inquiries soon brought of answers.

"Us thort they was galing to a grand bause to be wedded fro," replied one woman.

"Us seed the hause shut up," added another, but us thort nought about it, sin' it war the wedding day."

"Praps the mither's come an' took'd her away," suggested another.

Frank, however, knew but too well that some dreafful tragedy had taken place, otherwise the bride and her two companions would not now be shut up in these darkened rooms, or missing.

anid, but the single word asked and meant much.

"There is just the chance and possibility that I may be mistaken.—I don't think I am—still I must see the original to be resitive."

"But what are you driving at? Confound it, man, do you take me for a doit or an idiot, to keep me gaping here while you taik about a mysterious something as though you were going to reveal an awful tragedy?"

"Perhaps I have some dreadful tragedy to unfold," repiled Blackie earnestly. "Can't you trust me for one hour, Gresham, and take me to see the woman you are about to marry before you go to church. There is time enough yet, and I would spare you both if I can."

"No. Tell me what you mean now — at once, or hold your tongue and loave me."

"No, I won't tell you until I am quite sure that the girl you are about to marry is the criminal I suspect her to be."

"Yes, criminal; if the commission of crime can make a woman so. All I sak is to see her before you go to church to make her your wife. If you refuse, you must take the consequences; I shull have done my duty as your friend."

"Why not tell me now?" urged Gresham, more humbly.

"Because, if I am wrong, I shall have simd."

"Brank, howover, know but too well that some dreadful tragedy had taken place, otherwise the bride and her two companions would not now be shut up in those darkened rooms, or missing.

Kracking at the door had been fruitless, and at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his moment, as if to complete their dread at his mome

It was the voice of Lieutenant Blackie, who spoke as he stood with his back to the darkened

spoke as he stood with his back to the darkdhod room, holding the crowd at bay.

Well might be turn his back on the scene which lay bohind, and demand that the officers of justice should be sent for.

The sight of it had had Frank Grosham stagger and fall back in the Brank Grosham stagger and fall back in the sead man, and the rough, coarse, good-natured faces of the men around him waxed pale as they saw his condition, and the vague something which lay, stretched so motionless upon the ground beyond.

yond.
Evil news files apace. Five minuter after, and the police were on the spot, and had taken possession and charge of everything; while, before another hour had spod it was rumored all ever the town, that murder had been done during the still, allent night, and that mourning and horror, rather than marriage feasiing and rejoicing, had come to visit them that bright May morning.

As for Frank Gresham, when he opened his eyes after the deathlike swoon which had come upon him when his eyes saw that pool of blood, and the motionless human form lying by it, it was not to sense and reason, but to the vague, shapeless delirium of brain fever.

They carried him home, not to his rooms in

shapeless delifium of orain rever.

They carried him home, not to his rooms in the so often noisy mill, not to the house he had furnished with such lavish wealth for his intended bride, but to his mother's house, the house which had till recently been his home Bankside.

Mrs. Grosbam had put on mourning this day. Deep, thick, heavy mourning, with a profusion of crape and jet, without one speck of white to relieve its sombre gloom.

Her son, she had announced, her eldest born,

her best beloved, was dead to her; died this morning, which he termed his wedding day, and she had put on the garments of wee for him ac-

morning, which he termed his wedding day, and she had puton the garments of woe for him accordingly.

Very stern, hard, and set her handsome face looked, and so stately and proud was her carriage and bearing, that she might have claimed an earl instead of a pothouse keeper for a father, and none, not knowing to the contrary, would have dared to contradio her.

Scarcely had she descended to the morning-room, and reached the window which looked out upon the carriage-drive, when an equipage drawn by prancing white horses, and adorned with wedding favors, entered the grounds.

Words fall me in trying to paint the hatred, scorn, and white, speechless fury which came over the proof face of that woman, clad from head to foot in her sable garments.

Her eyes blaxed like coals of fire; her breath came thick and fast, as she noticed it was the bride's carriage which thus boldly dathed up to

bride's carriage which thus boldly dashed up to Spell-bound with agony and rage, the stood

Spell-bound with agony and rage, ane stood there, watching it as it paused at the door.

No blushing bride or triumphant bridegroom stepped from it, however.

Instead of that, a form, the form of a man with white face and fair hair, was lifted from it, and as she recognized that face, the spell which held her was broken, and with a wild shriek she rushed out to meet her son.

As also led her hand upon him, he cheesed

The clock had struck ten, and the three we-men for the 'ast time, ast down to subper in Moll Arkshaw's humble though pretty sitting-

"Aw shall miss theo when thee's gone, lass," and the Lanca-Fregirl, turning to her com-panion whom * s had befriended, with a wist-ful look on her bright, healthy face.

"Yes; and shall no doubt look back to the

oulet hours I have spent with you, Moll," was the r ply. "You have been very kind to me, and I hepe, if I ever have the chance, I shall not forget to return it."

"Dun't ye," talk on it, Florence. I've only done to yo' as aw'd bedone by, and thee's no ca' to snak on't."

to aneak on't.

Ah, thou'rt a rais gude un, Moll," said Mrs. Rolton who had buried her cumity to Florence ofton, who has buried her country to Florence, this night, in consideration of its being her to with them.

Now, mither, do na say no more about un.

Yo's got all the traps ready, F.orence, arn't

thee in the kyon, Moll. The boxes are ready packed to send to the hotel directly I leave here in the morning, and my dress is all ready to put on. I am only sorry that you won't come to the wedding, Moll."

"Ns, thank'ee, lass. Aw'll go to the church and see thee married, but aw'll ma go with the grand folks; and ay tak'it very keind on thee, lass, to stay wi' us to the last, and leave here for the church. It shows thou'rt not astamed on thy poor friends, and it's more nor mony a lass would ha' done."

"I wonder how Frank gots on to-night with

"I wonder how Frank gets on to-night with his bachelor party? I dareasy the follows with him are pretending to read the funeral service over him."

"More likely they'll be singing and gatting

over mim."

"More likely they'll be singing and getting drunk," returned Mrs. Bolton. "Thar war some officer chaps coming to the wedding, I heard, and they'll be sartin to be thar."

"Yos, I remember Frank told me so, but I

forgot to ask their names."
"Eigh, but aw didn't, though. One war
Cap'n Bracket, and t'ether was Leftenant

" Who?" half shricked the girl.

The old woman repeated her information in more emphatic tone, falling to notice the trange pallor which came over the girl's face, r the singular manner in which her hand

For at that moment, late as was the hour, was a knock at the front door.

Aw'll see," returned Moll, straightway go-

ing to the door and opening it.

"Good even, lass. Be moy aunt gone to bod

It was John Barker, Willie Bolton's cousin, who asked the question, and seeing his aunt in the room, he stepped into it almost unin-

"Mither's worsor, aunt, and sho's sent me for yo," he said, addressing Mrs. Bolton.
"Eigh, aw'm sorry fur't, but aw canna go to her to-night," was the positive reply.
Florence had taken a candle in her hand and

walked into the inner room on the entrance of the visitor.

A few seconds after and Mell followed her.

The young man bent over as thou to whisper

to the old woman, saying—
"Eigh, but, aunt, she wants to tell thee summut—summut about Willie."

"Aw will na go to night, aw tells yo'," was the positive reply.

The next moment there was a gasp, a sob, but so low that it was unheard by the girls in the next room.

A handkerchief, saturated with chieroform. had been pressed upon her mouth and nostrils, and the next instant she lay back in the chair

Cautiously as a snake in the grass, the man slipped to the front door and opened it, admit. ting two confederates.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA IN ASIA.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Public attention has recently been directed to Publicationion has recently been circled to the movements of Russia in that the off region known as Central Asia, a land of which we knew next to nothing a few years ago, when Vamberg, at the peril of his life, penetrated to the heart of its mystery, but which is now rising into importance in view of these aggressive movements. For continues rest one chieft has movements. For centuries next one object has movements. For centuries past one object has undeviatingly occupied the attention of the Mus-covito race. Since Czar Ivan, early in the six-teenth century, imagined the establishment of a great Tartar kingdom, all the emperors of Rus-ats have made the accomplishment of this object a prominent feature of their military poli-

The eastern limit of their country bordered, throughout the long range of the Ural, on Western Asia, while in the Casplan Sea they possessed a water-way reaching far into the central regions of this continent. But the Asialic bonders of the Casplan are sandy descris; and long after the conquest of the Tartar kingdoms of Kasan and Asiakan extended the Russian dominions to the Ural, an unaccountable ignorance of the vast regions beyond these mountains prevailed.

In the year 1580, a Cossack leader of a band of robbers, being outlawed by the government, led his two hundred adventurers across the Ural. After pillaging the Tartars until his band became too much reduced to maintain itself, it occurred to Yermak to return to Moscow, announce his discoveries and make peace with the cast. The robber at once became a here, and

CEAT. The robber at once became a here, and

was given command of an expedition for the conquest of Siberia. Within eighty years from the date of this movement nearly all the Siberian tribes were subdued by Russia

rian tribes were subdued by Russia.

From this not very creditable beginning arose the long career of Muscovite conquest in Asia. The Cossacks, conquered by Russia about the middle of the fifteenth century, have ever since served as her military pioneers, and have been indepensable in the Asiatic movement. This hardy race overran Northern Asia with remarkable rapidity, and in 1639 stood on the shores of the Sas of Chicark, having in about fifty continues. able rapidity, and in 1639 20000 on the shores of the Sea of Ohkotsk, having in about fifty years taken possession of the whole vast width of Si-beria, and established many thriving settle-ments. Spreading southward, they discovered the Amoor River, that magnificent stream which traverses the western half of Siberia, and opens a grand water-way to the Pacific.

opens a grand water-way to the Pacific.

Here they had no longer the Pachacous Tartars to deal with, but infringed upon the borders of the great Chinese empire, through whose northern limit this river ran. In their daring depredations upon the Chinese villages they suffered a signal defeat, followed by a treaty which secured China from molestation for two hundred years.

But in those two centuries China had been going down and Russia up the hill of progress; and when the next aggressive movement was made, in 1864, the result was in strange contrast to the futile efforts of the seventeenth century. A strong fleet sailed down the river, built forts and quietly took possession of the whole north bank. A treaty with China followed, which wrested from the latter kingdom this acquisition, together with an important province on the Pacific to the south of the river. The northern half of the island of Seghalien was seized, and in 1881 on important pland in the Straits of Compa 1801 an important island in the Straits of Corea was annexed. A year or two ago Russia drove out the Japanese garrisons from the southern half of Saghalten, and coolly possessed herself of the whole island. These forcible acquisitions have given her a very important coast-line on the Pacific, and she will have a controlling voice in the future of that region.

The Russian influence is being gradually extended more and more southward into the Chinese empire, and at any moment her astute politicians may discover that her natural boundary-line lies somewhere in the heart of Chinese 1801 an important island in the Straits of Cores

ary-line lies somewhere in the heart of Chinese Tartary. For years she has been preparing for

artary. For years she has been preparing for such a discovery.

While thus possessing herself of the vast extent of Siberia, with all its great wealth of metals, minerals, fur-hearing animals, timber, etc., together with the fertile soil of the south, so etc., together with the fertile soil of the south, so prolific in agricultural products, she has been no loss active in other directions. South of Western Siberia lies the immense region possessed by the Kirgheez nomads, a mighty desert, yet with cases and mountain valleys that give subsistence to a considerable population, and to vast herds of catile, sheep and horses, the property of these wandering tribes. The Muscovite plan of conquest embraced this region, and for years Russia has been quietly extending her influnce over the inhabitants, till now her authority is almost supreme. By cajolement of the simple-minded natives, by purchase, by forcible seizure, by cunningly aiding their dissensions and establishing agents among them so as to take advantage of every opportunity of aggrandizement, and by severely punishing every aggression on an established fort or settlement, this authority of Russia has been extended, till the whole vast detert region has been devoured by the hungry Russian gion has been devoured by the hungry Russian empire. Every acquisition has been secured by a line of forts, successively abandoned as the boundary stretched southward, while important towns, such as Kopal and Vernole, arose in the region left behind by the onward sweep of ag-Michie, in his "Overland Route," tells us:

Michie, in his "Overland Route," tells us;
"The Cossacks at the Russian stations make
raids on their own secount on the Kirgheez, and
subject them to rough treatment. An outbreak
occurs which it requires a military force to subdue. An expedition for this purpose is sent
every year to the Kirgheez steppes. The Russian
outposts are pushed farther and further south,
more disturbances occur, and so the front is year
by year extended, on pretence of keeping peace.
This has been the system pursued by the Russian
government in all its aggressions in Asla."

This movement, however, is but a means to
an end. South of these steppes lie the settled
regions of Contral Asia, the thickly populated
kingdoms of Toorkistan, on which Russia has
had for centuries a covetous eye. This region,
too, is in great measure a desert, its nomad inhabitants being more warlike than the Kirgheez.
It includes, however, three great osses, with

habitants being more warlike than the Kirgheez. It includes, however, three great cases, with several smaller ones, in which the soil is of the highest fertility. Each casis has its distinct government, forming the khanates of Khira, Eokhara and Kokan, which haves been ruled with the most absolute tyranny. Their principal cities—Khiva, Bokhara and Samarcand—which appear vast in the mirage of Oriental extravagance, and the latter of which has a reputation reaching far into antiquity, are described by Vamberg as chiefly mud-built towns, far below the Persian cities in character, while these latter are immeasurably below the grade of a European

language and in the habits of a dervish, and language and in the habits of a dervish, and thoreh he envelled in all the rags and discomport of the most bigoted fanatic. No portion of the earth making the least claim to civilization can equal this in ignorance and fanaticism, and so intolerant that they endure the members of the opposing sect of the Mohammedans, to which the Persians belong only as slaves. The flerce Toorkoman tribes of the desertdiversity their pasteral labors by piratical excursions on the Caspian and by ratical into Persia, whence they annually bring large

ratical excursions on the Caspian and by raids into Persia, whence they annually bring large numbers of captivers, to be sold into slavery in the neighboring cases.

This exclusiveness, which has rendered the khanates to the present day almost terra (neopnita, has kept their inhabitants in ignorance of the world of outside barbarians. They imaging that the mantle of strength and intelligence, which in the four end afficenth conturies rendered this region the richest and most enlightened in the East, and its cities centres of Islamic learning, has descended upon their shoulders, and they despise the exterior infidels accordingly. The Turkish invasion of Europe, and the dismay into which it threw all Christen. accordingly. The Turkish invasion of Europe, and the dismay into which it threw all Christendom, remains to them a thing of yesterday, and they entertain extravagant ideas as to the power and influence of the Sublime Porte. To their ignorant fancy Europe still bends in cringing submission to the Turk, and they imagine that a bare promise of assistance from the Sultan would drive the invader in terror from the holy soil of Tockistan. They depend also on two other powerful aids against aggression. One of these, and the most effective in our eyes, is the exensive deserts surrounding their territory. The other, which in their view is far more efficacious, is the large number of Moslem sainti The other, which in their view is far more ellica-cious, is the large number of Moslem saints buried in their soil. They seem to imagine that the bones of the saintly dead will rise against aggression and form a spectral cordon utterly impassable to infidel feet.

The aggressive movement of Russia in this direction dates back to 1602. In this year the The aggressive movement of Russia in this direction dates back to 1602. In this year the Cossacks took the city of Khiva, but were attacked and defeated in their return across the desert. Again, in 1703, during the reign of Peter the Great, the khan of Khiva placed his dominions under Russian rule. But since the commencement of the present century a change in the ruling dynasty has destroyed the friendly disposition of the Khivans, and they have become bitterly hostile.

It was not until 1835 that the modern advance really began. In that year a post on the castern

It was not until 1836 that the modern advance really began. In that year a post on the eastern shore of the Caspian was seized and a fort built, while several armed steamers were placed upon this son for the purpose of suppressing the Toorkoman pirates. In 1839 war broke out with Khiva, and a Russian expedition was sent into the latter country. It proved unsuccessful, except in rightening the khan into the release of some four hundred Russian prisoners whom he held.

held.

But the most available avenue of advance into this region was its rivers, the desert proving a dangerous obstacle to land expeditions. The most favorable of these in position—the Amoodaria—is full of shifting sand-banks, and its waters are drawn off to such an extent by the irrigating canals of agriculturists that it is not safely navigable. The Syr-Daria is unvigable for a long distance, and forms the only safe route to Kokan through the wide desert that intervenes. Russia made her first hostile appearance on the Sea of Aral in 1847, building a fort at the mouth of the Syr. This excited the hostility of

the Sea of Aral in 1847, building a fort at the mouth of the Syr. This excited the heatility of the Khivaus, and saveral attacks occirred, Steamers were accordingly brought, in sections, from Sweden, and put together upon the Syr. These advanced up the river, in connection with a land expedition, which marched through the fertile belt slong its shores. Several conflicts occurred with the Kokanians. The latter had built a strong fort about six hundred miles up the river, which was used as a base for incursions upon the Kligheez.

For two years the Eussians sought to take this

For two years the Eussians sought to take this stronghold. and finally carried it by assault Fais was a severe blow to Kokan, who attacked with a force of 13,000 men the Russian garrison of 1,000, but was defented by a sortio of the

Year after year the movement up this river continued, till finally, in 1864, the important town of Tashkend was selzed, and in 1866 a large portion of the khanate was occupied. This aggression excited the hostility of Bokhara, whose forces had in 1862 conquered Kokan. The emir proclaimed a holy war against the infidels, religious emissaries were sent throughent the country, and "Death to the invader?" was everywhere preached. By such means a powerful force was soon raised, and the Russians defeated, the latter having marched into Bokhara for the purpose of liberating Colonel Struve, the imprisoned Russian ambassador.

But while theremir was exciting pror his suc-Year after year the movement up this river

But while theemir was exulting aver his suc But while the omir was exciting over his suc-cess, his fees were completing their conquest of Kokan. In May, 1868, deceived by an extern movement of the Russian forces, the emiragain proclaimed a holy war, and marched against the Russian garrisons. The troops of the exar-rapidly returned, entered Eckhars, defeated the forces of the emir, and took possession of the city of Samarcand. Thus was the foot of the infidel at length planted upon the very heart of unadulterated Mohammedaniam, in a city the date of those origin reaches lack beyond the the Persian cities in character, while these latter are immeasurably below the grade of a European city. Through this region run the two great rivers of Central Asia—the Syr-Daria, which empties into the Sea of Aral, and the Amoo-Daria, which traverses Khiva and Bokhara, and has its mouth in the Caspian.

Toorkistan is the headquarters of Islamism, its inhabitants displaying a fanaticism and a flerce intolerance which make the life of an flerce intolerance which has the some of these origin reaches Lack beyond the date of those origin reaches Lack beyond

for eight days. They were relieved, however, and the emir driven from the city. In July, 1868, a treaty of peace was made, whose terms were highly advantageous to the Russians. Sawere highly advantageous to the Russians. Sa-marcand was ceded to them, along with three other stations, shrewdly chosen to give them mulitary control of the country. Other impor-tant advantages were gained, the long policy of sectuation being ended, and fixed ruies of com-mercial intercourse established. During the five years which have sincle clapsed the Auscovite rower, has been more and more strengthend in power has been more and more strengthened in this quarter, till the two khanates are now vir-

this quarter, till the two knanates are now vir-tually provinces of the great Russian empire. While these events were transpiring, Khiva, the most westerly of these kingdoms, lay un-molested. Its occupation, however, was an established part of the programme, and this por-tion of the military game is now being played. Russia is preparing a force which will be irre-sistible by the barbarous troops of the khan, and within another year all Central Asia will be but an outlying province of that mighty, grow-ing empire which now embraces the whole of Northern Asia and of Eastern Europe. But this last movement has excited opposi-

But this last movement has excited opposi-

Northern Asis and of Eastern Europe.

But this last movement has excited opposition in another quarter. England has long viewed uneasily these aggressive movements, which brought an ambitious power within striking distance of her Indian possessions. It is not the open acts, but the secret intentions, of the crar that she fears, and her late protest is called for by reasons not visible on the surface.

For what we have detailed is but the apparent flow of the Russian stream into Asis. Beneath this military wave lies a strong current of diplomacy which the astute Muscovite has been for years industriously forwarding, and a vital change in the habits and modes of thought of the Asiatics which the leaven of civilization is producing. She is not content with the work of the sword. The school and the newspaper, settled government and security to life and properly, accompany her progress. The conquests of the Cossack are rapidly succeeded by the advance of the farmer, with his family and stock. Every fort becomes the centre of a thriving conony, and all the advantages of civilized life are laid open to the grasp of the wondering barbarians. Russia has gone into Asia tostay, and she is taking a course which his rapidly converting her late fees into quiet and contended subjects.

In a political point of view, Russia is becoming the central figure in Asiatio affairs. She has

In a political point of view, Russia is becom-ing the central figure in Aziatic affairs. She has impressed the value of her friendship on all the nations, and by the aid of gold, diplomacy and nations, and by the aid of gold, diplomacy and all the tricks of policy has gained a footing with her influence much farther south than her sword has gone. The Russians, in spite of their fair complexion, are more than half Asiatic, and know how to meet the Oriental on his own ground. No plain-dealing suffices here. Cruft must be encountered with craft, policy with relief and the policy with profilers. must be encountered with craft, policy with policy, patience with patience. Time is seemingly a matter of indifference in their calculations. Each works for the weak point of the other, and will spend hours over a matter which a blunt European would cut through with a word. Hence it is that the Englishman is at such a disadvantage. The Russians understand not his bluntness, nor he their intricacy of diplomatic intrigue, and they prefer to be chested diplomatically than served directly.

The Russian diplomat has all the snavity of

matically than served directly.

The Russian diplomat has all the snavity of his Asiatic congeners. He can glide through their closest nots of policy without displaying an angle of his body. He conforms to their customs, and allows them to delay and provarient to their hearts' content. But a point once gained, he is unyielding. He is an adept at bribery, has emissaries everywhere—is, in fact, at home in Asia, and is too fully imbued with the Oriental spirit for European patience. As Michio says, "You must beat about the bush with the Russians. You must faiter them and humbur "You must boat about the bush with the Russians. You must finiter them and humbug them. You must talk about everything but the thing. If you want to buy a borse, you must pretend you want to buy a cow, and so work gradually round to the point in viow." This well illustrates the character of Asiatic diplomacy, and shows how the astute Russian has made his way with the half-barbarous Orientals.

The Briton in India pursues a strikingly dif-The Briton in India pursues a strikingly dif-ferent course. There is no assimilation between him and his subjects. His conviction of superi-iority induces an arrogance which the natives bitterly resent. He is not only overbearing to-ward there, but worse yet, he falls to appreciate the hereditary difference between them and himself, and constantly offends their prejudices and interferes with their local customs. The submission of India to England is greatly the result of fear, and lacks that feeling of interest and citizenship which the Russian implants in the minds of his new subjects. minds of his new subjects.

minds of his new subjects.

No one can predict the result of these movements. Within ten years Russia has absorbed Contral Asia. In Lower Asia her influence is becoming preponderant. Persia has been bought over, and is ready to become her tool. Afghanistan is treacherous to the English and a friend to the Russian. Secret agents of the court of St. Petersburg are supposed to be constantly on hand in these countries, taking advantage of every opportunity to advance the Muscovite interests. The Cossack advance is within fifteen days' march of India, and England has reason to be alarmed at the approach of this ominous cloud of war. In the event of a war between the two powers at home, how long would the meantain barriers of Northern India protect her soil? Were the Cossack troops strengthened by a powerful force of Afghan and Tartur recruits—warlike races for whom the Sepoys are no match—and strengthened by Moliammedan defection in

-and strengthened by Mohammedan defection in

India, the rule of England in this region would be greatly imperilled.

Projects are on foot which may give Russia a

continuous water-way from 8t. Petersburg to the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains. massed in force on the northern border of India, with a fertile and submissive country in the rear and the warlike and friendly Afghans in front, India would lie open to invasion at any time that European troubles might give p etext for such a course; and in the event of any home for such a course; and in the event of any home difficulty between England and Russia, we may safely look to the war's being transferred to the plains of Hindostan, and fought outon the banks of the Ganges.

MY DEAD CLIENT.

Sitting alone in my chambers: I have dismissed my clerk, there being no chance of clients calling at this late hour; and, indeed, I myself ought to be off westward, but I sit, dreamily gazing into the glowing embers, my mind wandering to other scenes and to times long past. dering to other scenes and to times long past, There is a great wind out-of-doors, and it is howling and roaring in the chimney. It rushes in violent gusts across the Thames, which is now as rough as a little sea, and seems to spend its force upon the Temple, as if the spirits of broken-hearted suitors, victims to forged evidence, disappointed inwyers, unjust judges, were abroad upon the biast, endeavoring to wreak their vengeance upon the pites of buildings they so diligently haunted in their fives. Why do I still sit here? I hardly know. From no love for my gloomy chambers, assuredly,

no love for my gloomy chambers, assuredly. The fact is, I have nothing particular to do this evening, and I thave failen into a roverine: old faces and old scenes are crowding upon my memory—bright eyes and golden hair—low whitpers and soft hands! Ah! I know no such things mystadars. But II a Asid polerant lone. whispers and soft hands! An I I know no ment things nowadays; but it is sadiy pleasant to remember them. Pleasanter, perhaps, to at here thinking of them than to be fighting my way along the gusty streets toward the club for my solitary dinner, with the prospect, afterward, of a lonely evening in my lodgings. Time was when I hoped my evenings were not to be when I hoped my evenings were not to be forever lonely—when I looked upon one fair young face, and thought the eyes looked more than kindly at me. But that hope soon passed, and it has never come again; and I do not think It ever will

A knock at the door—a soft, solitary knock. What can that be? Was I mistaken? Not there it is again. I rise hurriedly and go to the door—open it: outside is standing the figure of a woman. I can hardly see her, as the passage is but dimly lighted.

"Is this Mr. Grantley's place?"

"Is this Mr. Grantley. What is it?"

"I wish to speak to you for a moment. I am afraid I have not come at the right time, but please let me speak to you for a moment."

There is a hurried earnestness in her manner;

There is a hurried earnestness in her manner; and I admit her, close the outer door, and place a chair for her by the fire, Now I can see her plainly: apparently a young woman, but her face is marked by sorrow and suffering. She is plainly dressed; but I take her to be a lady. Fox a few moments she sits silently gating into the fire. Doos she see there any of the scenes that I have been gaxing at? I wonder, vacantly.

"Mr. Grantley, I will tell you shortly why I am here. Some years age you were intimately acquainted with George Marr?"

"I was indeed. Foor fellow I—if you could tell me where he is now, you would indeed be welcome."

You also knew Denis Hilton?"
Yes, I did."

Are you as anxious to know where he is at this moment?

"I can not say I am. Friendship existed be ween us once. His conduct broke that friend-hip in such a manner that it can never be re-

"I know it. He slandered you, Mr. Grant

"Pardon me. It can hardly be for the purbose of teminding me of outsilb of ice, the later

"No. it is not. I have come here to intrust you with something. I have heard your name mentioned often, and I know that you are an upright and houset man, and I may trust you."

and 'veaks in, hurriedly, as she sees the question , in my face—" from what I have heard of you, I . believe that you will faithfully comply with my pennat."

She rises from her chair and gathers her shaws about her, as if to go out 1000 the stormy

From her pocket she draws out what seems to be a letter, scaled.

contents, and then set as your henest conscience

bids you."

I take the packet mechanically. Bits adds nothing more, and in a moment or two I am alone again in my chambers, peering into the ombora as bofore.

am more than ever disinclined to move What can there be inside this mysterious packet? I must put it away carefully. Have I ever seen this woman before? No; I can not recall her features. And then, what can she know of George Marr and Denis Hilton? We will be a consider the state of the content of know of George Mari and Denis Filton? We were all three at college together, and at one time were great friends. But that is a long while ago. Denis and I did not continue friends; for upon one occasion—the particulars of which there is no necessity for me to mention how—his conduct was such that high words passed that they are and out intimated came to an end his conduct was such that high words passed between us, and our intimacy came to an end. But Denis had great influence over George Marr, and they continued to be as much together as before. The consequence was that Denis Hilton, prejudiced George against me—or, at all events, succeeded in keeping him away from me—though George and I had at one time been inseparable. It is three years ago now, nearly since I last saw Marr, and I have heard that has left England, having got into some pocuniary difficulties, the exact nature of which I never tearned. Ah, Georgel why did you not come to me, as you would have done in old times? Why me, as you would have done in old times? Who me, as you would have done in old times? Why did you not confide your misfortunes to me, and see whether I could not help you out of them? Well, well; it's no use thinking about that now. What is Donis Hilton doing with himself, I wonder? I hear is name occasionally in conwonder? I near is name occasionaty in con-nection with curf matters, but from what I have heard at the club, I don't think his reputation stands very high. A sullen, evil-tempered man, who breaks out now and then into gay and bulsterous spirits, but that is only when he has had pienty to drink. No one likes him—no one calls him friend.

I really most go now. Staring at the red-hot coals, and mentally surveying the past, may be very useful employments, but exhausted nature requires to be restored. I must go to dinner.

requires to be restored. I must go to dinner. The months passed on. Summer came, and my gloomy chambers positively became somewhat cheerful, but in proportion as they grew cheerful I grew restless; for I had had enough of reading and writing, and was longing for a holiday. The packet given me by my mysterious client still remained safely where I had deposited it, and I believe I had almost forgotten all about it; and, indeed, whenever I did think of it, I endeavored to satisfy myself that it was quite possible the woman who had given it me quite possible the woman who had given it me was only some harmless innatic, who had been sequainted, in her same days, with Marr and

I was going to pass three months upon the Continent with an old Oxford friend of mine; and the morning before our departure I was bus packing up, and my traveling companion was in my sitting-room, consulting "Murray" and the Continental "bradshaw." I was in the bedroom, which communicated with the sitting-room, and the door was open. Suddenly my friend called out:

"I say, Grantley, do you ever study the second column of the Times?"

"Of course I do; but I have not had time to

"Doy you remember Marr, who was at Oxford with us?"

Yes, to be sure," I reply, entiring the room.

"What about him ?"

"I soo he is advertised for. Listen:

"floo Reward,—The above reward will be given to any person or persons who can give such information as will lead to the discovery of George Marr, son of the late Colonel Thomas Marr, of Marr Court, in the County of Gloucester. The said George Marr was last seen in London, in November, three years ago, and has not been heard of since. It is supposed that he emigrated either to America or Australia. The same reward will be given on satisfactory proof of the death of the said George Marr. All communications to be addressed to Messra, Bingley & Bell, solicitors, Gray's Inn." I said "I should like ""£100 REWARD,-The above reward will be

"Pardon me. It can hardly be for the pur"Pardon me. It can hardly be for the pur"Pardon me. It can hardly be for the pur"Pardon me. It can hardly be for the pur"I know that firm," I said. "I should like
to ask some questions about this. Marr was a
great friend of mine, as you remember."

I managed to find time, in the course of that
afternoon, to call in at Gray's Lin, and I saw
Mr. Bell. From him I learned that George
that and honest man, and I may trust you."

Before you go any farther, I must remind
in, on a cousin, and this cousin was naturally
that you have not varied in me who you are."

This was have not remove were
"I know that firm," I said. "I should like
to ask some questions about this. Marr was a
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Mir. Bell. From him I learned that George
Marr's eder brother was dead, and as he ich
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managed to find time, in the course of that
managed to find time, in the course of There you go any lartner, I must remind | nim, on a count, and this count was naturally you that you have not yet told me who you are," | rather anxious to know whether treorge was "There is not the slightest need that you | saive or not. Private inquiries had been made should know my name. I have my name—it | finiteesity in all directions, but it was hoped shall not pass my lips unnecessarily. The favor | that some information might be obtained by that I am about to ask of you is a very slight, means of the advertisement which had appeared one at present; and I believe that you will not, that morning in the Times, and had been sent after me man.

"You are about to confide something to me. Well, we went abroad to spend our holidays, it is unreasonable that I should sak why you, and so pleasantly did the time pass that the confide in me, if I may not sak who you are I long vacation seemed uncommonly short; but will confide in you because, from what I have, as what we did said where we went have nothing heard of you... It is no use to sak when or where,", to do with the main point of this story. I may she weaks in, hurriedly, as she sees the operator. , to do with the main point of this story, I must come at once to the day of our return to Eng-

it was the last day of October. The autumn of that particular year broke up hurriedly, and of that particular year broke up hurriedly, and sometimes he would talk about George, but close to him; and he removed, after great difficult for the rises from her chair and gathern her, winter seemed to be aiready upon us, and when a warried and counting manner, but carried it can be from the floor of the life was no storny that some doubt was expressed as to the possibility of the mail-boat crossing the Channel, blinty of the mail-boat crossing the Channel, and there, at life was in a reserved and cautious manner, but carried and sometimes he would talk about George, but close to him; and he removed, after great difficulties and sometimes he would talk about George, but close to him; and he removed, after great difficulties and sometimes he would talk about George, but close to him; and he removed, after great difficulties and sometimes he would talk about George, but close to him; and he removed, after great difficulties and sometimes he would talk about George, but close to him; and he removed, after great difficulties from the floor of the life was in a reserved and cautious manner, but carry, three flag stones from the floor of the life. What could I do but scatter to the wind; this moment, lite cellar, flog out grave beneath, and there, at last I learned from him that treeded and sometimes he would us was in a reserved and cautious manner, but carry, three flag stones from the floor of the life. What could I do but scatter to the wind; this moment, lite cellar, flog out agrave beneath, and there, at lite of the carry was an arrived. What could I do but scatter to the wind; this moment, lite cellar, flog out agrave beneath, and there, at least I learned from him that treeded from him that treeded from him that treeded and cautious manner; but carry the cellar, flog out agrave beneath, and sometimes he would in the sound.

It is all start I learned from him that treeded to the carry that leave the carry that last I learned from him that treeded and cautious manner; but carry, that carry the carry that las

crossing, the wind and sea increasing in their fury; and when we were safely in harber at Dover the storm rose to a hurricane. Many persons had gathered together on the pler and quays, waiting to see the boat come in. As I was walking toward the railway station, I particularly noticed one figure in the crowd. It was a man closely muffied up, who, I observed, was continually glancing first over one shoulder and then over the other, as if to nee if any body was following him. His face was a peculiar one, and it seemed not anfamiliar to me. I heard him ask a custom-house officer what he thought about the weather, and would it prevent the n'ght mail from crossing. The custom-house officer merely replied that the weather was about as bad as it could be, and that the boat would cross if the captain thought it could be done in safety. It was not till I was comfortably seated in a corner of the railway carriage, and half-way to town, that I remembered to whom that strange face belonged. It was Denis Hilton that I had seen at Dover, evidently intending to cross over that night if possible.

On that night the storm raged on. The papers, the next morning, were fall of accounts of great

on that hight the storm raged on. The papers, the next morning, were full of accounts of great damage that had been done by the violence of the wind, and its fury had not moderated when I walked down to my chambers.

I was busily engaged in the perusal of a case

which had been sent for my opinion, when I fanded I heard the sound of a confused murmuring, and of many footsteps upon the staircase. A minute or two afterward there was a lurching at my door. It was opened by my clark. I at my door. It was opened by my clork. I heard a whispering outside, and then my clerk came harriedly into my room, with a horrified expression on his face, and said.

"It is the Thames police, sir; they have brought something for you to see."

"Let them bring it in," I answered, rather astonished.

satonished. Great Hoaven! What's this?

thing to a succeeding open which is lying something covered up.

"Beg your parlon, sir," said one of the men.

"We found this here in the river this morning.

He partially removes the covering.

My God I It is the same woman who called on me nearly ten months ago, and left a packet in my charge.
"Why have you brought her here?" I ask,

"On s sarching her this bit of paper turned

The man handed me a crumpled piece of paper, on which I could read these words: "If ever my body should be found drowned, let it be taken to the chambers of Mr. Grantley, in the Temple. He will know what to do."

"Policoman," I began, "I have only seen this unhappy creature once in my life, and I cannot impedia..."

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted the man "but you are a lawyer, and you know as there must be an inquest. Wouldn't it be as well to reserve anything you have to say for that occarion ?

I saw at once what the man hinted. I might be implicated in her death. So I merely ob-

"All I say is, that I have not a notion who also is, nor who her friends are. You had better take the body to the usual place; and I shall be

quite ready to the usual place, and give all the information in my power."

Silently the men bore away their ghastly bur-den, and I was left alone. Now, then, to open that packet I was to read the next time she who had given it to me should be in my room. She had come to me sgain, and I began to suspect that I inderstoe : the motives of my Dead Client. I took the packet from its place of safety, broke the seal, and read as follows:

"If you keep the promise which I shall ask you to make when I piace this paper in your hands, you will not read this letter till I am dead. If I do not die in the manner in which I firmly believe that I shall tile, it is possible you may never read it at all; but I know what must

happen, sooner or later, and I leave to you the task of first avenging me.

"You will say, "What has this woman to do with me? Why am I to avenge her?" My auswer is—You were once George Marr's bestloved friend.

"Six yours ago I was a happy and light-hearted with Ali my future life seemed to amile upon me, and I had a happy home. But iovo camo to me, and, insensibly at fire, an my happiness faded away. It was at a sinait jamy happiness laded away. It was at a small party in the country that I first met decrye Mart and Denis Hitton. Both of them paid me great attention, but I liked the former, and disliked the latter. Time passed on, and decrye and I grew to love each other, but suddenly my father took to love each other, but suddenly my father took, poor. If this is discovered, we shall both be a viocent prejudice against him, declared that, hung. He hissed this last word into my ear. George had been making love to me against his; 'Come, we must hide it away.'
—my father's—desires, and forbade him to enter; "Hung! I believed him. I believed that I the house again. So strict a watch was kept on; should be thought to be his accomplice in the me that I had no chance of communicating with; murder, and I feared to die. Oh, what a coward him, and for aix months I saw and heard not in heard not have done worse than die every thing of him. Then Mr. Hitton began to come; day since then; and yet — the trial I the senfrequently to our house; my father liked him; tence! the scanfold!

and was constantly throwing him into my company. He was kind and genue in his behavior; —at least he worked, while I isy on the ground and sometimes he would talk about George, but I close to him; and he removed, after great difficult was in a reserved and cautious manner, but, only, three fag-stones from the floor of the lit-

—yet I strove to be a good and obedient wife to him; and for a few weeks I believe I was contented. But I soon discovered that he had a contented. But I soon discovered that he had a terrible propensity for drink, and though he had kept a careful guard over himself while he was courting me, and for a short time after our marriage, the old habits soon came back upon him, and night after night he would come home terribly intexicated; and when in this state he would be madly jealous about me, and would fancy that there was some one concealed in a cumberal or in one of the mome and would coupboard, or in one of the rooms, and would compel me to go through the house with him, and search every place. His dissolute courses were the cause of his losing an excellent ap-pointment which he held and consequently we became very poor indeed; and we had to rebecame very poor indeed; and we had to remove from our pleasant quarters in Bayswater to a small house in Chelsea, close to the river. Denia's manners, too, became so violent when the effects of drink were upon him, that we never could get a servant to stay with us any length of time. One day, after he had been particularly outrageous the night before, our two servants left saying they would not stop another hour. Denis went out in a great rage, and I was left alone.

servants left saying they would not say another hour. Denis went out in a great rige, and I was left alone.

"I was sitting solitary that dark November evening—crying, I think—mourning for the lost happiness of earlier days, when there came a gentle knock at the door. I ran to open it, and

there I found George Marr.

"George Marr!" I exclaimed. 'What are

you come for?"

"To see you, Fanny," he replied. "I passed you accidentally the other day. You did not see me. I watched you in here. I had not time to try and see you then, as I was engaged. May I not come in?"

"You can come in, if it will afford you any cleane." I answared. "I should seeroely think

pleasure. I answered. " I should scarcely think it could do that. What makes you wish to see

me again?"

"What makes me? Oh, Fanny! I have never ceased to love you."

"We were now in the sitting-room.
"Hush, Mr. Marr. How dare you speak to

me like this?

" Why not, Fanny? Good Heaven! you are not married?" " I am—to Denis Hilton. What reason had you to suppose that I should keep true to you,

when you were so soon false to mo?

"False to you! Nover for an instant,

"George, they told me that you were married. When I learned that you had so forgotten me I abandoned all hope."

ton me I abandoned all hope."

""Who told you this?"

""My husband—Denis Hilton."

""He told an infamous lie!"

""Perhaps he did; but it answered his purpose, said another volce, in mocking tones.

"I had left the street door open, and Denis himself had standard in the street had a purposed to the street

"I had left the street door open, and Denis himself had staggered in, just sober enough to understand what was going on. "I told you, Master George," he continued, that you weren't always going to have it all your own way with the girls." "Denis went back into the passage, and closed

"Donis went back into the passage, and closed the front-door; came back into the little parlor, and closed that door too.

"And now you think you are going to make up to the old love, do you?"

"I say that you are a scoundrel, Denis. I care not so much for your having tricked me as for your being her husband, and showing yourself before her the drunken brute you are."

"What! Say that again. Drunken brute, ch? "how often have you been here before — you, Marr—when I have been out, ch?"

"Never before this evening. I have been abroad. I never even knew that you were married."

"You lie—and I will have your life for it!"

You lie—and I will have your life for it!

"You will not come again. I think, he mut-

" You will not come again, I think, he mut-tered, savagely, after the last blow.
" What have you done, Ernis?' I shricked.
" He looked up at me, with a malignant smile upon his face.
" You and I have killed him,' he replied, in

a low tone.

"Killed him !-I! I have done nothing.

A. Killed him!—I! I have done nothing. You ville in! I will call the police.

... No, you won't,' he said, rising. What had happened seemed to have quite sobered him. Booner than that you should do that, I would serve you the same. Don't be a fool, Fanny—the law will believe you to be as guilty as I am. See here;' and he took a pocket-book from George Marr's breast. there are plenty of banknotes inside. We are known to be wretchedly poor. If this is discovered, we shall both be hung. He hissed this last word into my ear.

Mr. Bell read the document attactivery.

"I see no reason to doubt the gen tineness of this," he said. "We must instruct the poince to watch the house at Chelsea, and search it as soon as we can get a warrant, and then we must lay hold of this infamous bents Huton."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed—"I had for rotten. I saw him at Dover last night. He was evidently intending to cross, but the rough weather prevented the mail-packet from starting."

"Then we must stop him at once. The wind has scarcely abated its violence, and it is quite possible the boat may not have started yet."

We went up to the Southeastern Railway station. There we learned in a few minutes, by telegraph, that the boat had not yet been abid to leave Dover. Mr. Bell, myself, and two palled offices in plain clothes went down by "call train. Airlyed at Dover, the two detectives set about their inquiries, and Mr. Bell and Jalked upon the pier. The pier was not at tives set about their inquiries, and mr. Ben and Jalked upon the pier. The pier was not at that time nearly finished, but on account of the roughness of the weather, the works were for the time suspended. On in front of us, toward the end, I saw a muffled figure which I thought i recognized.

"There he is." I whispered — "there stands Denis."

"And here come the detectives," said Mr.

They had evidently learned where they were likely to find the man they had described. It was arranged between us that I should go up to him first : and so I walked on aheau of The murderer was leaning against a plie of massive stones, his back tow d him, turned back, and looked him in passed him, surrout the face.

"Denis Hilton," I said, "do you remember

He bent his yes upon me; and I never shall forget the expression in them. I saw in a mo-ment that no law could harm the man—for he had become insane!

After gazing at me for a few minutes or two,

"How do you do, Grantley ? I am glad to see "How do you do, Grantley? I am glad to see you. I have a strange thing to tell you. You see this whirling, raging, boiling sea? You would not think that a small craft could live in it f a moment, would you? And yet all yesterday afternoon, all last night, and all this morning my wife and George Marr have been in a boat tossing about the pier. The waves break round them and over them, but they will not sink! If there was a third in the boat, I think they would!" uslet to

would it He said these words quite calmly, and looked me full in the face. Then, with a wild and awful ory, he sprang from my aide and leaped into the fearning water. Once only we saw his livid upfurned face; and then my Dead Cilent's hualness was completed it.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

BY NED P. MAH.

OF MONTREAL

I, R. Terry FitzJones, Esq., was a full-fiedged doctor at last, duly authorized to bring into the world, or send out of it, to kill or to cure such fresh cffort of the animal to disentants to most interest or female humanity as the thousand natural ills that hair to, might induce to seek my satisfance to be treated to the best of my ledgment as a healer of the fiesh, and my sincerest sympathy as a man and brother. Yes, I had won my diploms—and I was not a little proad in the inward certainty that I had also wonthe esteem of my fellow-students and the favorable hostes of my ledge. These of, I had found time during the bottoes and good-wishes of the processor of my resperatory discipline to win something more—the affection of a delightful little creature, all light and smilles, and sampline, who seemed in my eyes at least, as nearly the realization of what an ideal woman should be, as any young practitioner of the healing, or any other, art may reasonably hope of ones. My darling, Anna Thuule, was only waiting till I found my practice sufficiently regressionable to eliminate ber unpersalelled stock on which to eliminate ber unpersalelled stock on which is the street door made us both start, include the summons," and, slipping a freshty sharpened.

orable man, and to you I commit the trust of retribution. I know that Denis fears that I shall vored papa's consent, Mrs. FitsJones.

In ow that Denis fears that I shall vored papa's consent, Mrs. FitsJones.

In ow that he meditaxes:

Now, it so happened that in the little community, half town, half village, in which I made and throw my body into the Thames, for ne my first appearance as a professed disciple of has often threatened it. White I live my inpates accounts.

FANNY."

The number of the house and the name of the strange perversity of nature most people at trange perversity of nature most people surgoon, with all the intest improvements in accurately given, as was a definition of the the cut of his coat and the manufacture of his pot where the remains of my poor friend would be found.

The savertisements for George Marr had been sanctioned, or my own togenuity suggested, as be found.

The advertisements for George Marr had been fifully continued, and I saw that all I had to do now was to place this document in the hands of Mesers. Blingley & Boil. Without test of time in notice and speedy patronage from my I hurried off to Gray's Lad, not unaware that a buttoned-up individual was following that a copy apon me, in consequence of the direction that the body should be brong to the my chainster.

"I see no reason to doubt the gen timeness of this," he said. "We must instruct the poince to war attention to the glowing percention conmust lay hold of this infamous Denis Hinton." wrapt attention to the glowing percention conwrapt attention to the glowing percention con-tained in the fifth section of his discourse, steal with stealthy swiftness down the aisle, tap me on the shoulder, whisper anxiously into my ear, till I rose, and with a face in which an ex-pression of the deepest concern struggled adpression of the deepest concern struggled ag-mirably for the mastery, with a sense of de-corum proceeded to the door, where, before the porch stood my feat trotting mare hurriedly nitched to the highest of buggles into which I caspt and dashed away through the long street in the face of the astonished congregation just issuing from the Methodist chapel—at a speed tuat told that I was bound on a matter of life and death at the very least.

No, it was evidently in vain to attempt to cut out the old Joctor, so the only thing to be done was to sit down quietly and wait for his death or retirement from professional duties, one of which events, as the hate old gentleman one of which events, as the nate out gentleman used already exceeded the threescore and ten years, which biblical authority allots as the fair duration of human existence, might be reasonably expected to occur at no distant period. Meantime, I gladly accepted a suggestion made by an old friend of my father's that I should receive under my roof his only son with a view to his proparation for the profession.

a view to his preparation for the profession I had embraced.

had embraced.

It was in the spring that my pupil first became a resident beneath my roof. In the winter it became advisable to procure some specimen of defunct humanity, vulgarly called "subjects" in the stang of the dissecting-room, for the more practical illustration of our anatomical studies. The exact manner in which I determined to obtain these or the process channel through which they reached their destination it is needless here to specify. Suffice it to say that late one moonlight night I drove up to my door behind my fast trotting mare and proceeded with Tom's aid to extricate an oblong case, legibly labelled as fish, which was closely wodged beneath the seat of the vehicle I had case, legibly labelled as fish, which was closely wedged beneath the seat of the vehicle I had occupied. Our next care was to excavate a space of sufficient magnitude in the deep snow with which the recent storms had liberally filled the limited square formed by the fine planked fences of the backyard, and to deposit therein with due regard to their better preservation till required, the contents of the deal packing case.

packing case.

It was near midnight one evening after this that it became necessary for me, with a view to the due explanation of a difficult point in our studies, to obtain a book from the library which lay at the back of the house, its windows overlooking the yard in the rear. As I know the
whereabouts of the work in question I proceeded
to search for it without the aid of a lamp. My
fingers had just come in contact with the cover
of the volume upon the table when my attention was stirzeted by a noise as of scratching accompanied by the flerce snorts and snarls of a
deg, and, in looking out I beheld, by the light of
the moon, a large mastiff who was tearing and
worrying at the freesen snow, and gleaming horridly in the white beams, a long lean white hand
which the brute had extreated from its loy grave,
waved with a ghastly somi-circular aweep at lay at the back of the house, its windows over-looking the yard in the rear. As I knew the

shining skating iron into either pocket of my saming stating from into cituer pocket of my pupil's fur overcost which hung in close proximity to the front door, I proceeded to give admittance to the stranger whose hasty summons had alarmed us. A tail, portly man, tightly buttoned in a closely fitting overcost of military cut enter-ed the house and was ushered by me into the

consulting room.
"Doctor Fitz Jones within?" inquired he.

"The Doctor is attending a case in the neighborhood," I replied, "but if the matter is urgent I know where he is to be found and will summon him at once.

"Have the goodness to do so," he replied, "I will await him here."

will await him here."

I slapped on my pupil's overcoat and was out of the house in a second. A policeman trampling heavily along the pavoment, apparently on the ordinary duty of his beat, was passing the house as I went out, and halting a moment at the street corner surveyed me keenly as I passed. I continued unmolested at a quick pace for some distance, and then, rounding the corner block, ran with all my might down the dark side of the street towards the river. Once upon the frozen surface I adjusted my skates, which fitted with a spring to my strong laced boots, and durted away at the 'p of my speed along the broad piece of smooth ice which extended its uninterrupted the top of my speed along the broad piece of smooth ice which extended its uninterrupted spread on either side of the rough ice blocks which had accumulated in the centre of the

had proceeded in this way for some two I had proceeded in this way for some two miles when I became aware of a sieigh, drawn by a spare, white, wiry screw, stretching himself in n long gallop, which was evidently in pursuit, and rapidly gaining on me, in its progress over the road upon the river bank to my left. Portunately I was rapidly approaching a bay or inlet of the river which here can between an island and the bank of the stream, presenting to the stream a plean surface of some presenting to the skates a clean surface of some two miles in width, and causing a ditour of several miles in the road which skirted its bank. Felicitating myself on this circumstance I arged myself to renewed exertions, but what was my horror when glancing over my shoulder after a run of some minutes to perceive that the sleigh horror when glanding over my shoulder after a run of some minutes to perceive that the sleigh supposed to contain my pursuers had left the road and was now proceeding at a hand gallop in a direct line across the smooth surface of the ice. In vain I redoubled my efforts, the horse, evidently a fresh one, refused to be distanced. Already I could hear, in the intervals of the "skim" of my own skates upon the black ice, the rapid click of his hoofs upon the glasslike road, nay, even the short quick sobs which the speed at which he travelled evoked from his panting chest, and the angry shouts of his driver urging him to atill more headlong speed. Then there was a mighty crash, something in the harness had given way or he had "gone to prayers," and stealing a rapid glance behind me I saw horse, sleigh and passengers rolling in a confused black mass upon the slippery way. Now, I had hope, and collecting my forces, I sottled down into a swift even stride of something over fifteen miles an hour, which I continued in uninterrupted sequence till I approached the road leading from the city of — to a village upon the opposite side of the river.

home.

I named a price somewhat in excess of his

I named a price somewhat in excess of his ordinary face.
"Taint worth the trouble," said Jehu, "but I'll but yer outer the opposite bank for a dollar."
"Done," cried I, and in moment we were speeding back towards the village.
Arrived on the crown of the bank my carter

stopped and descended to disarrange the buffaloes for my more convenient exit.

I put the price of my liberty in his hand.
"But," said I, "just see if that bill is a good

one."

He turned his back for one moment to the sloigh to examine it by the beams of the waning sloigh to examine it by the beams of the waning moon. That moment was sufficient. Before he could turn I had leaped into his seat, and, shortening the reins, belabored the fast trotting steed with the buckled end in a manner which could not fall to inform him that something more than his usual spirited style of going would be weatherd of him that night.

PEOPLE WHO NEVER GET ON.

There are people in this world who seem to There are people in this world who seem to be so constituted that they keep all they have and add more to it. There are others who are always losing their scant possessions and rarely finding themselves able to replace them. It begins in childhood with children of the same household. One will have her Christmas book with the gilt covers, her doll, and her fancy box, and little trinkets, almost as good as new the next Christmas. Nay, the doll will have a new wardrobe, and be fresher than at first. Her sister, with the same presents, will have torn her book into bits, broken her doll, given away her trinkets, and be quite unconscious of the her book into bits, broken her doll, given away her trinkets, and be quite unconscious of the whereabouts of the fancy box. They live in the same house, and have the same education, but one is different from the other, and remains os all through life. As a young lady, one never can find her thimble or her scissors, nor the book she wants, nor the music she has but half learnt, while her states to be seen learnt, while her sister is never at a loss as to such matters. And as married women, one, with the same amount of pin-money, will possess fine clothes and jeweiry, while the other

goes shabby.

Two boys start in life with equal means.
One finds himself, at forty, with a fortune; the uther is wretchedly pour, and without prospects. The pennies he scorned to save have made The pennies he scorned to save have made the other a rich man, perhaps. Something has, at any rate. One has been no more vicious than the other, but while one has accumulated wealth, the other has not.

I am not sure that any thing can be done for

people who are not born to get on. Something within them clogs their movement. We should no more be angry with them than with a cripple who cannot climb a hill. Nature made them so, and so they will stay as long as the soul cleaves to the mortal body. They are often sood neonle, often desirour of being generous. good people, often desirous of being generous. They are generally people who can't say "No;" and the others are sometimes a sittle inre-fisted, but still, the good things of the world cling to the one class and fall from the other, no, for some inscrutable reason, known only their Maker, do not seem to be born to get

RICHARD IIL'S REDSTEAD.

In the corporation records of Leicester, there is still preserved a story curiously illustrative of the darkness and precaution of Richard's character. Among his camp baggage it was his custom to carry a cumbersome wooden bedstead, which he averred was the only couch be could sleep in; but in which he contrived to have a secret receptacle for treasure, so that it was concealed under a weight of timber. After Bosworth Field the troops of Henry pillaged Leicester; but the royal bed was neglected by overy plunderer as useless immber. The owner every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner overy plunderer as useless inmbor. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the heard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought isad, and at length became Mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards his widow, who had been left in great milluence, was assessmated by her servant, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trust of this culprivy to the affair; and at the trial of this cul-prit and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light. Concerning this bed, a public print of 1830 states that, "about haif a century since, the relie was purchased by a funiture-broker in Leicester, who slept in it for many years, and showed it to the curious; it con-tinues in as good condition, apparently, as when the thing Below below formated of the and used by King Richard, being formed of oak, and having a high polish. The daughter of the broker having married one Babington, of Roth-ley, near Lelcester, the bedstead was removed to Babington's house, where it is still preserved

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

Religion does not shrink from the stern test which modern science insists upon applying to all things—the test of experience. We are told to be content with no authority, no command to believe this or that, for observation, experience, experiment must settle everything. We answer, "By all means; for then you cannot brush our beliefs saide with a sneer, a jost, a scornful word like unscientific." We also claim to be experimented upon. We assert that a vast and varied experience of men now living proves Christ to be the Lord of the dead, of the dying, of the death-chamber, and the dark hour. We say that He is to-day breathing not only caim, but exultation into numberless breasts at the approach of the King of Terrors. Hundreds are feeling to-day that when to live has been Christ, then to die has been something better than even the enjoyment of His favor here. What is that "gain?" Not the negative gladness of release from angulah; for they have not been the querulous and heavy-laden; and this would be conterbalanced besides by the wrench from full many a delight. It is to enter a brighter company; to drink of the river of life nearer to its sun-lit fountain; to stand in the vestibule of a stateller temple, and in earshot already of sweeter anthems than ours, ascending continually like incease unto God; it is the vision of Him whom we have not seen after the feet, the tooch of His hand, the screene profoundity of His gaze. Religion does not shrink from the stern test

It; has been proved that, after kindling his fire, an Aberdeen gentleman stock noork in the endjot the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them.

PEACHES.

BY IBABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

An orehard climbing up a steep hill-side, and, hanging like a swallow's nest amid its fragrant bowers of pearl and rose, an old brick farmhouse mellow in hue as a golden near with all sunshine it had bathed in during many and

many a summer.

At the foot of the hill a lordly grave of rust ling maples "hidden to the knees in forn," a river flowing to the sea, and on the river the white wings of fairy fleets and the jetty smoke

river flowing to the sea, and on the river the white wings of fairy fleets and the jetty smoke of great steamers.

Under a peach-tree, white, in a wedding garment of bloom, a girl feeding pigeons.

Up the orchard path, an enchanted roadway of incense and bloom domed with the highlifted sapphire of a May sky, came a young man towards where the pigeons were cooing, fluttering, wheeling round the girl's head as, like some rural Divinity, she scattered them scaling grain. golden grain.

The young man is Hugh Pentrith, an archi tect and engineer; and the kirl is—my heroine. Hugh looked at my charming heroine who looked at him, a white pigoon poised on her pretty shoulder and her arch eyes brilliant as oriental amothysts in the pearly shadows

of the peach-tree.

Hugh has since declared to me that the first glance of the 3 orbs prostrated bim mentally as a ball from a rifle in the bands of one of our "Canadian Team" would have done physically, and for the first time in his life my doar friend felt a violet-like sentiment of modesty upon

He blushed (yes! he asked me to credit that), stared, and was dumb.

atared, and was dumb.

"Good evening," said the Divinity, in the Dolly Varden chintz, cultivating a maddening dilmple at the corner of each roseate lip. "You wish to see grandmamma, I suppose?"

"All—h—yes, if you please," said Hugh, gathering himself up (mentall), and whisking off his Panama with n bow worthy of Prince De Tallyrand, "Miss—ah—b—"

"Mrs. Lawrence," corrected the Divinity, a flying squadron of dimples, bannered by a blush sweeping across that face. "Mr. Pentrith, I presume?"

High bowed and was lowered instantly into a coal-mine uncounted fathoms deep, from which, however, he re-ascended as speedily as he remembered that Mr. Lawrence had some two years before retired to the elegant privacy of a fashionable place of sepulture near Montreal, in the sunshine of which lucky memory he blos-somed immediately into his full glory.

He ran his fingers through his brown curls, pulled his whiskers and threwout that chest of

polled his whiskers and threw out that chest of his (my Hugh is a blond young Achilles,) and as they walked up the remainder of the enchanted roadway to the house, the head of the Divinity, an Ary Scheffer-like creation, was just on a level with his shoulder.

How preity sho was, how sweet, how gracious! What ripples of silver stirred the ennopy of peach-blooms when she laughed, what quivering rose tints died and were born in those lucid cheeks! What arch lights made themselves arrows in those eyes and were planted in Hugh's manly bosom.

"A flight of fairy arrows aim'd All at one mark, all hitting,"

by that arch deceiver, with the wings and the bandage over his baby eyes, an arrant young knave, that same Cupid who leaves a hole in the bandage to spy through.

"Grannie expects you," said the Divinity "Your mamma was an old and dear friend of hers, she tells me."

Hugh was coming to spend the long summer there with a letter of introduction in his pocket

and a porte-manicau full of plans for a new bridge near by, which he was to superintend. Grannie proved to be a most bewitching old lady with soft curls of sliver framing her sweet face, and eyes bright with a certain glory which had its birth beyond the stars.

had its birth beyond the stars.

Before Hugh went to bed in a room over the orchard, he was conscious of two things, firstly, that the late Mr. Lawrence had shown himself the first second to the seclusion remotely referred to before in the family vault, and secondly, that he (Hugh) shouldn't care in the least how soon old Charon brought his ferry round to paddle him eyer the Styx if Rowens, that was the name of the Divinity, proved ruthless and Ulympian Dieties where the nectar was browed, placed her dainty alipper on the delicate bud of his young affections.

He fell asleed with the incense of the peach-trees beneath which in their spring glories he had first seen the veranda trotting about smongst her flowers, and dear old grannie was visible on the veranda trotting about smongst her flowers, stands, but no guiden head caught the sun, and hooked exgeriy about him.

An aromatic perfume, warm and ambrosial as might have issued from the externe of the stole out on the air from the open kitchen window, in sudden puffs and honeyed guats.

Had Hugh been gifted with the valuable acorner,

orchard swaying round him, and dreamt that, he and Rowens were rushing through space on a thousand horse-power engine decorated with garlands of peach-blossoms to spend their threatment of relient honeymoon on the glittering shore of radiant Hesperus.

I am in the office of Hugh's "chef," and when that estimable old gentleman turned black in the face one fine day with rage, and handed me over one of Hugh a business letters, with a margin devoted to portraits of Mrs. Howens crowned with mes, and asked me if I knew what young woman with anub noses (he called that nose, "tip-lifted like the petal of a cover?" a stepth for healted of with anyth anyth

I felt called upon to reply meckly, (I am not

I felt called upon to reply meekly, (I am not rich my friends) that as engineers indubitably nothing, but as men perhaps a great deal.

He looked thoughtfully over this and said:

"Hal hum! Perhaps such may be the case, Mr. Compass. I have heard that young men are addicted to sentiments other than professional. I never was myself. Scratch out the young woman's face and docket the letter, if you nesses." if you pleaso."

I stratched out Rowena's charming little phiz with rose-colored ink and a gold pon, and felt that my poor Hugh was up to his ears in that ambrosial quagraire, yelopt love; and the next letter I had from him, parole d'honneur, it was early in July, they were engaged.

It was a chilly evening about the end of Sep-

tember, and Rowens wrapped up in the reddest tember, and Howens wrapped up in the reddest of shawls, tripped down the maple-shaded side-walk of the village to do an errand for grannic at the store. The moon was doing a fine illuminating business, just coming over the him with a pink mist rolled round her golden head, and though the leaves of the maples were justing in an aerial ocean of her bounteous silver largesse, beneath them on the sidewalk it was as dark as need be.

Rowens was a shade pensive. Hugh had not been near her all day, and what woman, except

been near her all day, and what woman, except perhaps a female lawyer, (only perhaps, re-member) does not resent her lover being able to exist twenty-four hours, if within reasonable

distance, without sunning himself in her cycs?

Rowens sighed, and this and a pair of the nestest kid "bottines" you everbeheld brought her opposite the village hotel, an arcadian looking building tricked out in a vast hopsquare of poplars pointing great spires dant foliage to the rolling globes of gold twink-

dant foliage to the rolling globes of gold twink-ling above.

There was a bright light in the hotel parlor, and as Rowens tripped past she looked in me-chanically over the snowy muslin blind and instantly stood still as white as any little ghost that ever flitted through a chorenyard, her eyes fixed on the snug parlor and on the tableau vivant therein displayed.

vicant therein displayed.

There was Hugh standing in the full light, looking distractingly handsome, and with his faithless right arm round the itthe waist of a lovely woman, a fair-faced Juno, crowned with glimmering golden hair, and into whose upraised eyes he was looking down with the most pronounced tenderness, and as Howens looked he bent and kissed the pluk cheek more than once.

Albekgday I here was a preity affair. Ro-

Aleckaday I here was a pretty affair. Ro-wena's checks blossomed like roses, her eyes opened wide and sparkled, finely her little wenes cheeks blossomed like roses, her eyes opened wide and sparkled, finely her little figure straightened like an arrow, and presently she marched into grannle's with her head in the air, and was so gay in her talk and laughter, that grannle never noticed that the protty little sugagement ring, a sapphire set in a circle of pearls, was not on her finger, and that once or twice the corner of her sweet ups quivered, but not with a smile.

Next morning Mr. Hugh had a pleasant surpriso when he was insided a near little package containing the ricg, his own vignette, and two or three little billets he had written to Rowens, tied all together with a knot of carnation ribbo and on it pinned a slip of paper with this legend written on it:

"I saw you last night with her. It is all over I never wish to see you again.
R. L." Good-bye.

Hugh was too honest-hearted a man, too sincere and swhole-souled to experience that ecstatic joy which frequently possesses the mas-culine mind when its owner has succeeded in rendering the woman who loves him as miserable as only a jealous and loving woman can

be.

He said "Confound it! here's a pretty business!" and instead of laughing in his heart at poor little Rowens's jealousy, as would have become a man of the world, he tore up through the nodding maples and crisp ferms as though he had come in for the seven-league boots and

was going to run a race in them with the alim young god with the winged hoels. The red September sun was playing finely over the old house and a crisp wind coquetted with the Tyrian splenders of the Virginia creeper running up to the very caves, as Hugh stalked up under the bare peach-trees beneath

Ulympian Dieties where the nectar was browed, stole out on the air from the open kitchen window, in sudden pulls and honeyed gusts.

Had Hugh been gifted with the valuable accomplishment of being able to see round a corner, he might have seen in that kitchen a weekernelistic face flushed feveriably, as its owner sat by a great basket of peaches under the open window, the similight playing as many tricks through the flaunting wine leaves as a kitter, while her nimble white flusars countered the while her nimble white fingers quartered the blushing fruit, and her sad little heart was trying to push his own image out of its golden door, and from the shrine in that little temple in which he had sat secure.

handed me over one of Hugh a business letters, which is margin devoted to portraits of Mrs. But as Hugh could not see round a corner he with a margin devoted to portraits of Mrs. Howens crowned with rises, and asked me if I knew what young woman with snub noses (he called that nose, "tip-lifted like the petal of a nower," a "snub!") had to do with engineers?

Africa, to get away from a haunting face that yet filts before them on the driving surf or floats in the tropic hase and will not be forgetten or left behind.

That Rowens, whom he loved-and how much that Rowella, whom he loved—and now indentitat means with a man like Hugh—could imagine than false, was as griovous a blow as could walknessruck him, and, like many a wiser man, for once in his life he did a very foolish thing. He Ho

became uncontrollably angry.

He was a perfect grutieman, indeed had he been a scavenger there was a certain lunate chivalry and kindliness about him that would have shown brightly through the mud, and his low voice was gentle as usual as he poured out his wrong, to sympathetic little grannie, and wound up with what the papers style "a glowing peroration."

"I won't explain," he declared, "if Rowens

"I won't explain," he declared, "If Rowena does not trust me so far as to believe that I meant her no wrong, it is better that we should part. Why, grannie, if all the world pronounced her as false as hell, if she looked in my eyes and said, Hugh, I am true to you and I love you with all my heart," I would believe her."

my heart,' I would believe her."

Grannic could only cry a little at this, and entreat him to explain, as she was confident that Rowena was breaking her heart about the matter, "and remember, my dear," she said with simple cloquence, "that you love each other, and that love is as sharp to wound as hate, and leaves a far, far deeper scar."

But Hugh had mounted so very lofty a charger of dignity that he was deaf to grannic's charmed the very log of the problems.

of dignity that he was deaf to grannio's charming voice, and got'up'from the rustic bench beside her with an air of haughty misery.

"Good-bye," he said taking her handsome old hand and kissing it, for he had become very much attached to this lady, who was only Rowena grown old, "I shall leave Canada for ever next week. I could not breathe the air with Rowena whom I love and who cannot trust me."

There is very little doubt that Hugh meant what he said, and that at this moment his scalp might have been decking the belt of some

what he said, and that at this moment his scalp might have been decking the belt of some amiable chieftain on the Rocky Mountains had not that saying been written to instituough time and eternity, "L'homme propose et Dieu dispose."

A sudden scream, shrill and piercing with bodily angulsh, followed by another and another, and scream from the summer billed memorit the

and coming from the summer kitchen, smoto the air, and Hugh's heart leaped to his throat. Gran-nie rose trembling, and crying out "Rowena!" sank down agalu and cried out to Hugh "go to

her."
Hugh hurled himself round the corner and met flying towards him a little figure lapped about in golden flames, waving above the bright head in cruel, graceful, slender tongues, and whirling and writhing into the crisp air.
He opened his arms and caught her, crushing the flames down, and yet blinded and cruelly scorched by them as he sprang towards an open cistern, which he remembered mechanically.

It was full thanks to the autumn rains and in

It was full, thanks to the autumn rains, and in

a second he had plunged with her into it.

By every rule of remance the cistern ought to have been a river, and Hugh ought to have laid Rowena dripping on the grass, pressed a frantic kiss on her brow and departed by express train

kiss on her brow and departed by express train for the Rocky Mountains.

He did nothing of the kind. He fished her out of the cistern, and when he saw what the fiames had done to the pretty white neck, the dimpled arms and the poor little hands, he forgot that one side of his own face was cruelly scorched, and his arms literally masses of raw, hideous blisters; he forgot everything but the fact that she still lived and breathed faintly, and that he had saved her. had saved her.

had saved her.

Six weeks later Rowena, with a faint pink beginning to dawn coyly in her white little face, lay on a sofa drawn before the fire, which was winking ruddily through the dusk at the little tea-table set out with gay old china and a huge silver toapot that had so a great deal of life during its cighty years connection with the family. Hugh, both his arms bound and bandeney we sat on a footstool heride the sofe and daged yet, sat on a footstool beside the sofa, and grannie was away in the buttery, where she had the good taste to remain for a considerable time. Rowens has one arm round Hugh's neck, and

what do you suppose she is saying to him as she smooths his scarred check tenderly?

"Hugh, darling, won't you tell me who she is?"
"Who, my precious girl?" says Hugh, who
has quite forgotten the little misunderstanding which had nearly resulted in the Rocky Moun-

tains,
"Too lady in the hotel parlor, dearest,"

"Into lady in the hotel parior, dearest," says. Howens, and has the grace to blush. Hugh looks comically round at her "I can't encourage my future wife in jealousy," he says, shaking his head, and Rowens cries out with tears in her eyes:

"Hugh, you know there never was a less jealous woman than I am."

Hugh looks at one of the little fincers, on which

his sapphire ring is sparkling in the firelight, and laughs as he answers,

"She is my slater Bertha, who was passing through the village with her husband, in such haste that I had not time to introduce her to

"Oh!" says Rowens, with a sigh of perfect content, "but please don't call me jealous, Hugh, because you know I am not anything of the

Hugh hides a laugh by stooping and kissing the hand that wears his ring, and thinks that after all perhaps a wife entirely without that falling would not suit him as well as one with an aromatic dash of it through her sunny little

DODS

peach blossoms, and Hugh thinks that except for that peach preserve attending to which Roweina's dress took fire, she might never have stood beside him crowned with a resy coronal of

stood beside him crowned with a rosy coronal of the same set blooms, while Le slipped on the third finger of her left hand a plain gold ring, with the supplier set with pearls to guard it. That is the reason I call this humble tale "peaches," and as that delectable fruit has a kernel, so this has a moral which you are heartly releame to if you can find it.

HOW IT WORKED WITH GRIPPS.

Jenner Gripps was a man of brains, so he said. He was also an apostle of medicine, and a human benefactor; he also said this of himsoif. self. But at all events, Gripps was a wide-awake man, and by careful attention to busi-

awake man, and by caroul attention to bust-ness he had accumulated quite a fortune.

This business, by the way, was advertising a great medical discovery of his, a compound that went far ahead of the renowned "Poke-berry Extract," and was warranted (in his ad-vertisements) to cure everything, from a parched corn to the most hopeless case of consumption.

And yet in spite of this remarkable medi-And yet in spite of this remarkable medicine, the death rate ran about as high as before, and the human flesh seemed subject to quite as many ills as ever it was. According to Dr. Gripps, this was owing to the fact of the recopie refusing to buy his medicine, or of not taking enough of it when they started with it to save their lives.

But as the fools are not all dead, or because the new crop is quite as numerous as the old

the new crop is quite as numerous as the old one was. Gripps succeeded, by dint of extensive advertising, in getting rid of quite a large quantity of his stuff, and got quite rich at the business. It don't matter much how worthless a thing you have to sell if you advertise it well, you can sell it.

you can sell it.

One day a long, lanky fellow shuffled into his office in search of a job. He didn't care much what it was, or what he was paid for it: his greatest ambition was to get a job.

Gripps was instantly taken with the greenhorn; that is to say, he liked his ideas regarding wages, and he had always wanted a man to experiment on—somebody he could thoroughly impress with his greatness and importance—somebody he could bestow good advice upon, and show them how he made his mark in the world.

So the countryman was hired for general utility. Daniel, that was his front name, came the next day and began to work. Gripps also began on him, giving him all sorts of smart maxims to spur him on; and, above all things, inferming him that enterprise was what he wanted—what every man wanted in this world, and that it was the exercise of this God-like attribute that made him what he was attribute that made him what he was

Things went on for about a week, and Daniel Things went on for about a week, and Daniel found himself almost exhausted by struggling with the old man's maxims; but still be tolled patiently on. Sometimes bottling the "Life Breeding Elixir," or washing bottles, and sometimes posting bills. In fact, this latter branch of the business occupied the most of his time; for the doctor showed him how handy it was to take a paste pot and bruch, and a lot of bills with him as he went home at night, and put them up wherever he saw a chance. He also convinced him how enterprising it was. them up wherever he saw a chance. I convinced him how enterprising it was.

But, somehow or other. Daniel showed mere But, somehow or other, Daniel showed mere chances for improvement than the old man could attend to, and do everything else. He was altegether too honest, and so far as posting bills was concerned, he was too timid to make half a show. He was soft and honest enough to respect the bills of other people, and avoid places where it said "Post no Bills."

To this weakness the old man directed his best efforts, for it affected him the most nearly. One day he got in a large lot of very large, showy postors, on which "Dr. Jenner Gripps' Life Breeding Elixir" was printed in flaming type. Those bills must be thoroughly posted. so he took Dan in hand.

"You must have more cheek, or I must have "You must have more cheek, or I must have a man in your place. Timidity may do very well in the country, but it will ruin a man in London. Now, I want you to take a lot of these posters and post them. Understand? Slap 'em up everywhere—ever anybody's, on anybody's fence or house—what's the odds? The more audacity you display, the better the bills will show off, the more excitement they will create, and the more Elixir will be sold. Be enterprising, be cheeky. Go over to the West End, go out into some of the broadest streets. If you find a space, also 'em uu. Go to night: paste one go out min some of the broadest street. If you find a space, slap 'em up. Go to-night; paste one on every vacant spot you can find, on every vacant house. Be enterprising, be bold. I'll back you in it, so don't be afraid. Follow my in-structions, and I'll make a rich man of you yet. Understand ?"

Dan thought he did, and he resolved to follow out his instructions to the letter. So he took about a thousand bills, a paste bucket and brush, and started. He struck out for the West End. and whenever he found a space that nobely was watching, he "slapt 'em up,"

About midnight he came across a new house, alling would not suit him as wall as one with a About midnight he came across a new houst, one are across a new houst, one are across a new houst, one are across a new houst, as yet unoccupied, although eviduhtly already to be. There was no light to be seen, and so be began on the newly painted fence that surrounded it. He went over the fence regardless well perhaps not much. They met under the of cost. Then he went for the house. He permanents are across a new houst, and the permanents of the cost of the pered it he high as he could on all sides. He daubed a dosen or so over the front door. He ornamented the windows, the blinds, the plazza, the newly-laid paint assisting the bills to stick all the tighter; and, as nobody came to molest him, he finished his night's work there, putting up all he had, and then he went home happy, conscious of having done as directed.

The next day he reported what he had done, and the old man patted him on the back, and told him he would yet make his mark in the world, told him to go and do some more. This made Daniel feel proud and contented with his

made Daniel feel proud and contented with his lot, so he took another lot—of bills, and started

in another direction.

That afternoon Gripps took a couple of friends out to see his new house at the West. They found it tin-roofed and mansarded with Gripps' posters. Then Gripps got mad. He laughed hysterically, and mumbled something about a Daniel come to judyment. And his friends laughed. They saw the joke almost as quick as he did, but they didn't feel it so much as he did, for it cost him about fifty pounds to sorape those bills off and repaint his house.

And that's how it worked with Gripps.

And that's how it worked with Gripps.

FAMILY MATTERS.

To MAKE BLACK INK .- Soak eight ounces of powdered nutgalls in three pints of rain water for forty-eight hours.

To Preserve Cider.—Bring the cider while new to a scalding heat, then put it up in bottles or jugs, and cork tightly.

To MAKE CIDER INTO VINEGAL.—Add half rain water and a little molasses, and set in the sun or where it will keep warm.

TROY PUDDING.—One cup of chopped suct, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, one scant cup of molasses, one and a half of milk, two teaspoonfuls of creem of tartar, two and a half cups of flour, and one cur of chopped raisins. Add spices if liked, and boil three hours.

To Behove Stains flow Marble. paris of common sods, one part of pumice-stone parts of common sous, one part of purious atoms and one of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sleve, and mix it with water; then rub it well over the marble, and the stains will be removed. Wash the marble afterward with soap and water.

A VERY superior cement for joining wood may be made by scaking isingless or gelatine in water until it swells. The water should then se drained off and spirit poured on it, and the vassel placed in a pan of hot water until the isingless is dissolved. This cement must then be kept in a well-stoppored bottle.

kept in a well-stoppered bottle.

JELLIED VEAL.—Take a knuckle of veal, washit, put it in a pot with water enough to cover it, boil it slowly for two or three hours, then take out all the bones—be sure to pick out all the little ones—cut the meat into small pieces, put it back into the liquot, scaon to your taste with pepper, salt, and tage; let it stew away until pretty dry, turn it out into an oblong dish, or one that will mould it well to cut in allocs.

This is a relish fur broakfast.

Beviser were Europe and the contraction of the contraction.

This is a rollsh fur broakfast.

POLISE YOU FURNITURE.—One-third of spirits of wine, one-third of vinegar and one-third of sweet oil, or rather more of the last. Shake the bottle well daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use, but the longer it is kept, the better it is. The furniture must be rubbed till the polish is dry; use every two or three months, and rub the furniture over daily when dusted. For divingroom tables and sideboards, use it overy week; it makes them beautifully bright.

it makes them beautifully bright.

An Excellent Bread Pudding... Soak two pounds of plopes of dry stale bread, or toest, all night in planty of water, with a plate laid on the top to keep them under water. Next morning pour off, and squeeze out all the superfluous water; then much flue the pleose of bread, mix with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of closued currants, a quarter of a pound of closued currants, a quarter of a pound of moles, successfully. moist sugar, four ounces of suct, chopped fine, an 'two teaspoonfuls of fresh-ground alispice; then grease the inside of a baking-dish with a bit of suct, put in the pudding, and bake for two

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Pope completed the 81st year of his age, on the 15th May.

A NEW gold-field has been discovered in South Africa within a hundred miles of Capetown.

OVER \$,000 persons have been either killed or wounded by street accidents in London in the five years 1806-1870.

riage dogs; following the vehicle, these unforriage dogs; following the venicle, those union-tunates received suddenly a downpour; taking fright, they sought refuge in the carriage, de-stroying valuable tollettes. The practical joke has been discontinued, and the Municipal Coun-cil has had to make good nyless than seven damaged coatumes.

GULDEN GRAINS.

Norming in the universe is independent.

Wx pass our life in deliberation, and we die

Wz open the hearts of others when we open ur own.

How poor are they who have neither patience

THE heart never grows old, but it becomes sad from being lodged in a ruin.

TRUTH irritates those only whom it enlightens, but does not convert.

BOAST not of thy good deeds, lest thy evil deeds be also laid to thy charge.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering.

NEVER show that you suspect, nor accuse till you have found that your suspicion was well founded.

Love is a science, rather than a sentiment It is taught and learned. One is never master of it at the first step.

HE who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.

WE never can be hurt but by ourselves our reason be what it ought, and our actions according to it, we are invulnerable.

Those who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us. True progress requires either faithful friends or severe enomies

HAVE frank explanations with friends in cases of affronts. They sometimes save a per-ishing friendship; but secret discontent and mistrust always end badly.

How often a sound night's sleep changes on feelings towards those who differ from us! And how cautious, after this experience, should we be in hasty, ill-digested denunciation of the conduct and opinions of others!

A FERRILE and delicate exterior is not unfrequently united with great force of intellect, and it would appear at if, occasionally, the onergies of the one increase in strength as the powers of the other decline. Would Moscow powers of the other decline. Would proceed have illumed the sky with her thousand fires had she been built of more durable material?

HEALTH UNDERVALUED.—Such is the power of health that, without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifetes, as the powers of vegetatior without the sun. And yet this bliss is contimonly thrown away in thoughtiess negligenee, or in foolish experiments on our own strength; we let it perish without remembering its value, or waste it to show how much we have to spare.

SCIENTIFIC AND UREFUL.

An ordinary iron water pipe lasts about in yen years, but if laid in a box and run in with asphalte, there is no limit to its durability.

M. JONGLET SURGOSES, as a method for cooling air at will for hospitals, broweries, granaries, dc., the forcing of air through a perforated metallic plate over which a stream of water continually flows.

PLASTER of Paris—so called beause of the vast beds near that city—has been discovered in Sussex at a depth of 131 feet, in such quantities that the landowners are thinking seriously of working it. The variety is crystalline, generally known as alabaster.

erally known as alabaster.

CLEANSING GLASS.—At a recent meeting of the American Lyceum of Natural History, Dr. Walz suggested a method for cleansing greasy beakers and photographic glass plates which must at once commend itself to all practical chemists and photographic operators. He takes a dilute solution of permanganate of potash, and pours in enough to wet the sides of the vessel to be cleaned. A film of hydrated manganic oxide is deposited, which is then rinsed with bydrochloric acid. Chlorine is formed, which acits in the nescent state on the organic matter, which becomes readily soluble. The permanganate solution can be used again and again till its oxydising power is exhausted.

Pulverneed Solid Cod Liver Oil.—The

or wounded by street accidents in London in the five years 1868-1870.

It has been ankounced by the Duke of Cambridge that the camp at Wimbledon would be ready for occupation on the 5th July, and the abooting would commence on the 7th.

The directors of a London co-operative ombibus company have just adopted an ingenious method of inducing the public to use their ombibuses instead of those of the copposition company. They offer a set of prises every three months to the persons who can produce the largest number of tickets in proof that they have porformed the lourney. The prises consist of sums of 45, \$42.10\tilde{\text{c}}_{\text{c}}\$, \$11.10\tilde{\text{c}}_{\text{c}}\$ and four or 5s.

The man employed for watering the avenue of the Churaps Elyscos, by means of hand hoses in the habit of "laying" on the dou che on car
It has been ankounced by the Duke of Cambridge that the camp at Wimbledon would be ready to occupation on the 5th July, and the addificulty of overcoming the nauseating qualities of cod liver oil has attracted the attention of many pharmaceutists, among others of M.

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The takes of white gelating the same of the takes of white gelating the same of the same of the same of the case of the same of the case of the same of

a mortar. The second addition of powdered sugar will bring the quantity up to 250 parts, of which 20 percent, will be cod liver oil. It is to be kept in a tightly-stoppered bottle.

LIFE IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS.-The unscion-LIFE IN THE OCKAN DEPTHS.—The unscientific man is generally startled a little when Agassis tells him that "the ocean is the true home of animal life." He is so accoustomed to think of the sea as barren and desert that he "makes great eyes," as the Germanssay, when the naturalist assures him that it is the land that it is comparatively been of entimal life. "makes great eyes," as the Germanssay, when the naturalist assures him that it is the land which is comparatively bare of animal life. The land, to be sure, is the habitation of the most perfect of animals; and, as it is, besides, the home of our species, we naturally connect the idea of life with it rather than with the occan. The land, moreover, affords more favorable conditions for the development of a greater variety of functions, among which is the faculty of uttering sounds, while almost all marine animals are dumb. The latter have such a quiet way that we are apt to overlook them—the fate of quiet people generally. Sure it is that in the number both of species and of individuals the ocean far exceeds the land. begin to realize this when we look down in. a shallow, waveless sea, and observe the variety of creatures of all sorts—crab, snalls, worms, starfishes, polyps—which have their homes among the sea-weeds; and yet those animals which we are able to see in their submarine abodes are nothing in comparison to the heats of smaller creatures imperceptible to our eyes—the infusiona, myricks of which the microscope brings to our view, and which are all, without exception, aquatic. tion, aquatic.

HUMOROUS SCRAZS.

A MATTER of corse-A coroner's inquest.

What game does a lady's bustle resemble? Backgammon.

To Make a Joke go the Rounds. to a circus clown.

QUERY.—Is there more spring about a leap-year than any other year?

When his friends toest him.

CONGRUOUS COUPLES.

If there's a well-matched pair in married life It is a Horsey Man and Nagging Wife.

An eminent testotaller would only sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water-colors.

WHAT is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?...One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.

What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow?—The one has to pay rents, the other has not two parents.

THE Legislature of Nevada, just prior to final adjournment, passed a resolution thanking the chaplain for the brevity of his prayers.

A young lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed penwiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him enter church wearing it as a cravat.

SELF-BACRIFICE — Eoy (to Lady Visitor):
"Teacher, there's a gal over there a winkin' at
me!"—Teacher: "Well, then, don't look at
her!"—Boy: "But if I don't look at her, she'll
wink at somebody else!"

The latest labor-saving invention from the land of wooden hams is a toothplek that picks both rows of teeth at once. A leading advantage of it, according to the inventor, is that it can also be used as a comb.

An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated by some of his countrymen. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an bour before."

It is a fixed fact that certain propensities run in families, like red hal. A man who was hung in Ohlo for murder some years ago left six sons, and every one of these children is now a medical practitioner. It's of no use trying to suppress these strong hereditary instincts.

A WRITER in the Californian, delivers a Sunday School address, of which the following passage is an example:—"You boys ought to be kind to your little sisters. I came knew a had boy who struck his little sister a blow over the cyc. Although she didn't fade and die in the early summer time, when the June roses were blowing, with the sweet words of forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling-pin, so that he coaldn't go to Sunday School for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his best nat

account of not being able to put his best nat on."

WHERE THE ADVANTAGE WAR.—"I had more money than he had to carry or the suit."

said a very mean Glasgow individual who had just won a lawsuit over a poor neighbor, "and; that's where I had the advantage of him. And his family were ill while the suit was pending, so he couldn't attend to it, and thore I had the advantage of him. And his said attend to it, and thore I had the advantage of him. And his lattend to it, and thore I had the advantage of him. And his lattend to it, and there I had the advantage of him again. But then Brown is a very good sort of man, after all."—"Yee," said his listener, "and there's where he had the advantage of you."

THE Lancauter Express falls able—

70. CLABSICAL MENTAL PICTURE.—The mas.

77. Double Acrostic.—Scott, Byron, thus:

89/labub, Canary, One-ander, Thio, Tin.

78. Letter Puzite.—L. E. L. (Miss Landon);

79. CLABSICAL MENTAL PICTURE.—The mas.

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W. Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, Robert Burns,

W. Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, Robert Burns,

WRY HYEMAL OWL.

WEY HYEMAL OWL.

ON L.

80. B. TANGLE R.O.

WEY HYEMAL OWL.

WEY HYEMA

cultnary matters herself, and, hearing her husband coming in the kitchen, thought the would surprise him as soon as he entered the door by throwing her hands over his eyes and imprinting a kiss on his brow, as in the days of the honeymoon. The husband returned the salute with interest, and asked, as he discagaged her hands, "Mary, darling, where is your mistress?" The wife discharged "Mary, darling," the next day, and has adopted a new plan of "surprising" her husband.

UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

The wind was damp with coming wet When James and blue-eyed Lizzle met; He held a gingham o'er his head, And to the maiden thus he said:

"Oh, lovely girl my heart's afire With love's unquenchable desire; Say, dearest one, wilt thou be mire, And join me in the greecy line?"

The maid, in accents sweet replied: "Jim, hold the umbrolla more my side; My bran-new bonnet's getting wet— I'll marry yer, yer needn't tret."

OUR PUZZLER.

87. CHARADES.

- 1. My first is a globe; my next is a fish; and my whole io a bird,
- 2. My first is a portion; my next's on the top of a house and my whole is a bird.
- My first means equal; my next's to decay; and my whole is a bird.
- 4. My first is an animal; my second a shred; and my whole is a flower.
- 5. My first may be seen in a book; my next is an insect; and my whole is a show or display.
- 0. My first is a part of your face; my second a letter; and my whole is used at breakfast, dinner, and tea.
- 7. My first is a woman; my second a man; and my whole is a man.
- 8. My first may be seen in a field; my next is a measure; and my whole is a bird.

88. ANAGRAMS.

1. G Lisle, he's cranky. 2. Just roll him, Nat. 3. Briber not wrong? 4. H. Scylla at Rome. 5. Marry old Ben or Hugh. 6. Rare Jo's, dull dog?

G. LISTIK.

89. SQUARE WORDS.

1—1. A German river. 2. A French poet. 3. A Grecian god. 4. An artifice.

2—1. An English town. 2. A spanish river. 3. An Italian river. 4. An Irish cape.

90. NUMERICAL WORD PUZZLES.

1.

A hundred, five, one, nought, and an E., You often may hear, but never can see !

II.

One thousand, two fives joined, nought, and Is the choloest of blessings given 'monget men't

ш.

Fifty, a five, one, nought, and E.
Is the emblem of peace to both you and me!

ANSWERS.

Two hundreds, a fifty, a nought, and a K. Is seen by most people, at least once a day. J. G. PENNY.

74. CHARADE .- Earring.

75. CROSS PUZZER. ASS
OAT
ATE
MULLINGAE
SATISFIED
SHEFFIELD RED o Dr

z o W	TANGLE	Rog
WRY	HYEMAL	0177
O B B	OUTLAY	Bow
RAP	MAR	ELL
DAY	AGATE	Rog
8 o B	STILL	TIM
WET	KOUNT	Bup
O Z O	OFT	Urn
RACHIS	ODIOUS	RAVINE
TALENT	RANSOM	NORMAL
HUDBCE	Boorsu	SOIRKE
79. Lococki	PII.—Cod, thus:-	_DC add O.

THE TRYSTING-TREE.

RY AMY KEY.

"Sweetheart, high on our trysting-tree, I carve the name that is dearest to me; Below, the date of that happy day When we meet again. "The ninth of May. Eighteen hundred and sixty-three."

In green folds over a waking world, The banners of life are all unfuried; The glad reveillé of the flowers Rings through the sunny gladsome hours, And every fair and fragrant thing Answers the roll-call of the spring.

"Sweetheart, good-byo i" Across the calm
Of the summer sea, rings the funeral psaim,
Fold the gay colors across his breast,
In the spring of his manhood gone to rest;
Lay him low in the pathless doop;
The trysting hour he yet may keep.

Sunshine gleams o'er a minster spire, Touching a cross with summer fire— A marble cross, a faded wreath, Dead as the mem'ry of her beneath. The name, the date, 'the the meeting day of the lovers beneath the 'rysting tree "Margaret Olive The ninth of May, Eighteen hundred and sixty three."

SCENE WITH A MADMAN.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,

OF MONTREAL.

Many years have elapsed since the incident i am about to relate occurred, yet it is still frosh in my memory, and I shudder when I think of

it.

In 18— my husband, who was in the Government Engineer Department, was ordered to Trinidad, an island in the British West Indies. I accompanied him, of course; the change to a tropical cilime was very pleasant and novel, as I had never left home before. We lived in a pretty cottage on the outskirts of the barracks, near the Grand Savannah, as the ground for roviewing the troops was called.

It was baimy, beautiful weather, one of those delicious evenings which are sometimes experienced in the tropics, and perhaps more noticed and appreciated, after the burning heat of the day.

My husband and myself were sitting in an my husband and myself were sitting in an open verandsh in front of our Louis abitiously awaiting a friend, whom we expected for dinner, a gentleman who owned a plantation some few miles from us. He was a great havorite of ours, for besides being a very agreeable companion, he was a countryman from the same country. Devonshire, which created a greater country. Devonshire, which created a greater interest in him, although we had not been acquainted with each other at home, having only met accidentally after our arrival to Port of

Spain.

I had just turned to my bushand and said,

"Shail we have dinner? It is long past the
hour," when I espied our expected guest riding
rather furiously through the avence of trees
teading to our house. In a few moments he
came up to the steps and jumped off the torse.

As he spute to us, I saw at a glance that there

As he spuke to us, I saw at a glance that there was something unusual about him, for the horse, and was quite excited.

At first I attributed it to the influence of wine, although I had always known him extremely temporate. However, we were soon seated at table, and Mr. Glenn's (which was our friend's name) vivacity increased. Of course, I thought then that he had broken through his abstemious rules and was intoxicated, and was much surprised to observe that he refused wine when it was handed to him.

Our guest rattled on wildly and incoherently from one subject to another. My husband exchanged a glance with me, and second

Our guest rattled on wildly and incoherently from one subject to enother. My husband exchanged a glance with me, and seemed as much puzzled as myself. I felt inclined to rise and leave the table, but did not like to do it. In spite of my discomposure, I could scarcely forbear laughing when I observed our butler, John, who was handler a dish around, stand amased at something our visitor said, his great white teeth gleaning out of his about face in a broad the ind has eyes opened wide in astonishment, when the table, canning all the glasses to clatter, and

the table, causing all the glasses to clatter, and exclaimed:

"I say, Wainwright, will you exchange your wife for my last new horse. I rather like her, and then you will not be a loser, for my horse is a splendid animal."

a spiendid animsi."

That was a climax; I could endure nothing more. It came instinctively to my mind that the man was mad, and I jumped up and atmpted to quit the room, but my design was "carated, for Mr. Glenn selzed me and seated we back in my chair, giving me at the same

"Leave my wife, Glenn. Let us go out into

The poor madman (which undoubtedly our friend was) relinquished his hold on me and passively followed my husband.

I escaped to my bodroom and locked mysolf in determining not to quit it until Mr. Glenn

in, descriming her to quit it that are Genh had left the house.

Hour after hour I sat at the window of my bedroom watching the fire-files flitting through the trees like myriads of tipy lamps, and listening to the unceasing busy hum of the night insects, for the evening had closed in. My husband had not come to seek me, and there I sat, have there has to be consected outside here. band had not come to seek me, and there I sat, bewildered as to the cause of our friend's becom-ing so suddenly insane. I was grieved to lose the reciety of one I er'-emed more than others, for even if he recovered I should always feel afraid of him. At last I could bear the suspense no longer, but summoning my maid, I sent to call my husband. call my husband.

"Robert," I said, "haye I been ill ?" seemed pleased to hear me speak.

"You have been ill for some days, my love, and I am glad to find you looking better. You had a narrow escape, my dear. I was just in

time to save you."

As my husband said this, the whole terrible scene, in which I had fainted, came sweeping back to my memory, for I had entirely forgotten the occurrence.

"I remember it all, Robert, now, but I did

"I romember it all, Robert, now, but I did not at dist. Tell me how he found me. I can-not think how he gained the window." "I will tell you, my dear, what happened. That night, when I found it getting late, and could not get Glenn away, finding him rather unruly, I went to get Barry to come over and stay with me until the morning, when I would be able to have the unfortunate man inken



"THE NAME THAT IS DEAREST TO ME."

\$ "Robert," I said, as he entered my room, not this a terrible occurrence? What could have occasioned Mr. Glenn's sudden madness?"

not this a terrible occurrence? What could have occasioned Mr. Gienn's sudden madnoss?"

"Impossible to tell, my dear," he replied, "he is too incoherent for me to have a clue. He is, without doubt, perfectly insane, and I am trying to persuade him to leave the house quietly, as I should feel sorry to have to resort to force, but as yet I have not succeeded, and very soon I shail have to get assistance, for he is becoming worse. But I can stay no longer You had better go to bed, for younre perfectly safe here."

Then my husband went out. I sgain locked the door, and sat down to my solitary watch. Sieep at last stole on me, and I throw my head back on the chair, which I pushed a little away from the window, for I determined not to undress and go to bed until matters were settled in the household.

How long I dozed I cannot say, but I was accused by a sound at the window by my side, and as I jumped up and sat erect, I was selzed in a powerful grasp, by whom I did not see at first. Then came a demonise laugh, and I knew that I was in the power of the maniac.

Ah! the intense horror of that moment! I was too terrified to think, but gave myself up to death, only giving one despairing cry for help, which seemed to infuriate the mad crae-

to death, only giving one despairing cry for help, which seemed to infuriate the mad creature, for he seized me more violently, and attempted to choke me, while he yelled in my time a furious glance.

Oh! the terror I felt I can never forget, for I had never seen an insane person before. My tempted to choke me, while he yelled in my hastened in a moment was at myside, and quite ears:

"You hid from me, did you? You shall not me agoin."

"Leave my wife, Glenn. Let us go out into
the versudah and have a smoke."

I was surprised at the time at my husband's and knew nothing more until I found myself in
coolness, but I knew afterwards that he used
the wisest course.

I told John to keep a watch on him for

To bi

away I told John to Reep a waten on him for the short time I should be absent.

"It appears that Glenn wandered out into the garden, no doubt in search of me, and seeing a light in your bedroom above, the idea entered into his insane brain that you were in that room, as he had been inquiring for you the

whole evening.

"As soon as John saw the attempt made to

whole evening.

"As soon as John saw the attempt made to clamber the tree towards your window, instead of remaining to guard you, the cowardly fellow ran away to call me. I came back directly, bringing with me assistance.

"Not being able to get to at the window, as the poor madman had done, I burst open your door, which was still tecked from the tastigs, and imagine my horror when I found you lying half across the arm of the chair, apparently lifeless, with the madman grinning over you. In a moment the poor creature was selzed, smidst howls and yells, and placed in a barn in the yard, where he remained until morning dawned, when the proper authorities being notified of the sad occurrence, the unhappy being was taken away, and placed in the Lunaute Asylum in the course of the day.

"Medical aid had been, in the meantime, procured for you. You were in a critical state for more than two days, but yesterday you appeared better, although not quite conscious, but I am thankful that to-day you seem all right again."

You thank God. I was myself again physic

again."
Yes, thank God, I was myself again physically, but not mentally, for such a shock could not be got over readily, and I was Lot sorry when my husban some short time after this, was allowed to go home, for our tropical home had become quite distasteful.

We never saw our poor lost friend egain, and the last we heard of him was that he still remained in the asylum. We never discovered the certainty of the cause of his insanity, but the only clue that could be found was there was a rumor that Mr. Glenn had received an analysis his band some years before and was was a rumor that Mr. Glenn had received an injury in his head some years before, and was then insane for some time, and the doctors feared a relapse if he ever received a mental shock, and it transpired, through his old house-keeper, that on the morning of her master's sudden insanity he had got a letter from England, which "he had gone on dreadful had about," according to the old woman's words. Whether it was the letter, which may have brought direful news, or whether he had been becoming insane previous to it, will ever remain a mystery.

main a mystery.

Thus ended my first, and, I truly hope, my last experience with manisc.

THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM IN ORUST.

The circulatory system is more definite, compact and perfect than that found in insects. The heart, instead of being long and divided into chambers, is an oval bag which sends vessels forward to the eye, head, antenne, and stomach, sideways to the two large lobes of the liver, and downwards through, a great trunk which divides into two; one running to the gills and legs, and the other backward to the tail. The blood from the gills finds its way into spaces lying immediately under the shell, which all communicate with one another, and the largest communicates with the heart by slits in the side of that organ. This higher and better developed blood system is rendered necessary by the breathing organs being confined to certain definite parts — the gills. In those Crustacea where there are no gills, the circulatory system is not so perfect. The gills are organs which sprout from above the basal joints of the walking legs. In the lobster there are several to each leg. They consist of a tapering triangular stem, upon which a vast number of little tubular projections are set. These are of thin membrane, and are supplied internally with blood from an artery which mounts the stem, diminishing sait ascends, while the scrated blood is discharged artery which mounts the stem, diminishing as it ascends, while the acrated blood is discharged into a vein, which also lies in the stem and enlarges as it decends. Although these organs are essentially gills or outward extensions of the integument, yet they are too delicate to be exposed to the casualities of the outer world. They are therefore included under the dorsal shield. posed to the casualties of the outer world. They are therefore included under the dorsal shield. In the lower orders, however, they are exposed and attached to the members of other segments of the body. The gills are thus included in a chamber under the shield. It is of course cascattal that a free stream of water aboutd pass over them, and to effect this there are two crifices which form the entrance and exit of the water. The entrance lies forward on the side of the mouth, and it has covering it a large flap from the second pair of marilies or fooliaws, which is continually worked so, as a drive the water inwards. The exits a long slit behind and below the chamber. As a long slit behind and below the chamber. As a long slit means within the chamber, for at the top of each leg there is, beside the gills, a long, sliff, leaf-like projection, which passes up between the gills, and as the animal walks this sliff fabellum squeezes the gills, and so rensws both the water without and the blood within them.—From "Cussell's Popular Educator."

THE shooting of prisoners by the Carlists forms the subject of a circular to the diplomatic agents of the Spanish Government abroad. By this document, the statement so persistently denied by the Carlist organs, would appear to receive that weight which an official expression of the circumstances, brought formally to the notice of the different powers, must give it.

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