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THE HEARTHSTONE

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE &

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

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No. 47

For the Hearthstone.

MY GARDEN.

BY RAY SYMOUR.

Only the commonest flowers
Grow in my garden small,
Like buttercups and bonning-bells,
And hollyhocks by the wall,
And sunflowers nodding their stately heads
Like grenadiers so tall,
But the purple pansy grows beneath,
The sweetest flower of all,
And tiny, feathery, filmy ferns,
You scarce can see at all,
From the shady side of the stones,
So dainty fine and small.

Only the commonest flowers
Grow in this garden of mine,
The larkspur flaunts her sky-blue cap,
And the twinkling columbine
Shakes her jewels of frockled gold,
And drinks her honey-wine,
Making a cup of her lucent stem,
So slender and so fine,
For you hear the laughing waves thatal do,
Slide—and shimmer—and shine
Under her delicate slippered foot,
My golden ocelandine.

The hands of the little children
Gather them without fear,
Wonders of beauty and gladness,
To them my walks appear,
I have seen them bend to listen,
With poised and patient ear,
The curlew chime of the fairies
In the lily's bell to hear,
Oh, blessed and innocent children,
With eyes so crystal clear,
That ye look with the dual vision
Of the baby and the seer,
To you the stars and the angels,
And the heavens themselves are near—
And the amarants of paradise,
That blossom all the year,
I would I could see what ye see—
And hear what ye can hear.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

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

CHAPTER I.

"DEAR DESMORO,—

"I am so glad to be permitted to write to you to tell you that you are now the father of a very fine boy whom I, his fond mother, think absolute perfection. But, strange to relate, the little fellow has been born with a red hand—one of his palms (the left one), and all the fingers belonging to that hand, being crimson as a poppy. At first I was quite alarmed when nurse showed me the extraordinary mark; but I am now growing used to the sight of it, and by-and-by perhaps, I shall not even notice it.

"He is very like you, my dear husband. Ah! you may laugh at me, but he is! He has your violet-coloured eyes, your forehead and chin; but his nose—well, as yet I can hardly say what that feature will be like. I am very proud of him, you may feel sure. All the mother is aroused in my heart, and I feel ready to risk my very life for my child—for that child which only a short fortnight ago I had not seen.

"But my own Desmoro must not be jealous of my new-born love. I do not prize my husband a whit the less because his son is nestling at my bosom.

"I am beginning to grow impatient for your return home. Has it been decided whether your regiment will be ordered? I do hope not to the West Indies, because of the unhealthiness of that climate. But whithersoever thou goest, my beloved, I will be by thy side."

"Feeling very giddy, I broke off a little while ago, and took a couple of hours' rest. Now baby is not very well, and nurse is advising me to have him baptised at once. Of course, I shall call him after his own papa, whose name is so musical to my ear that my tongue is ever hungering to pronounce it.

"You will soon return to me now, dearest, will you not? I fancy that the people here where I am lodging begin to look upon me with suspicion. The secrecy which you have obliged me to observe regarding your position has, I suppose, created in their minds distrust, which I perceive, now and then, peeping out in sundry ways.

"I trust you have broken the news of our marriage to your elder brother, as I am very anxious to communicate to my parents the name and the true position of my good husband. It is painful for me to remember that they refuse to credit the fact of our being man and wife unless I show them my wedding certificate, or disclose to them the name of the church in which the holy ceremony was performed, which you know I cannot do, having promised you most faithfully never to divulge to any one aught concerning our affairs, until you shall give me full permission to do so.

"But my Desmoro will recollect that he is a parent, and that it is now his duty to remove from his wife and child every shade of obscurity that may be likely to draw upon them either mistrust or impertinent observation.



FOUND IN THE SNOW.

"Although I have written you a very long letter, I could still find a great deal more to say to you, did I feel equal to the task of committing my words to paper. But my head is feeling very weak, and my hand is exceedingly tremulous as well, so I must conclude at once.

"With best love, believe me to be,
"Ever your affectionate wife,
"ANNA DESMORO."

The reader of this epistle, who was a remarkably handsome man of about six-and-twenty years of age, crushed the sheet of paper in his hand, and closing his fingers tightly on it, uttered aloud an impatient exclamation, which exclamation caused a gentleman present to suddenly look up from his breakfast-plate, and glance at the face opposite to him.

"What's the matter, Des?" he demanded, in a tone that was spiced with a little authority, at the same time fixing a pair of keen eyes upon the person thus addressed. "What's that letter about, eh? Got into some confounded scrape or other, I'll be bound; or is it one of the rascally tradesmen's bills that's annoying you?"

"Tradesmen's bill, indeed! As if such a thing as that could give me a moment's trouble of any kind!"

"Well, then, what is it that's making you look as if you had just seen a ghost?" Desmoro made no answer, but struck his clenched hand upon the table before him.

"Ah, I see! Another silly affair of the heart, Des! How the deuce do you contrive to remain such a fool?"

"Oh, as to that," replied the other, in piqued accents, "everybody hasn't your philosophy and adamantine breast; it is the weakness of some people to feel a little."

"Call it their misfortune rather than their weakness, Des," returned his companion, with considerable sarcasm. "But that is neither here nor there; it seems pretty plain that you've been suffering yourself to get entangled in some way; and, such being the case, I, as your elder brother, claim the privilege of addressing you on the subject. Whence came that missive which is now undergoing such ill-usage at your hands?"

"Percy, don't ask me!" stammered the other, his face now flushing deeply. "Elder brother of mine though you be, I cannot perceive what right you have to catechize me respecting any of my private affairs."

"Desmoro Symour, I am ten years your senior, and your guardian by the will of our late father, which facts furnish me with every right to prevent—if I can—your going astray. The truth is, Des, I've long been suspecting that something was wrong with you, and I have been waiting for a fitting opportunity of questioning you relative to—"

"It's of no earthly use your questioning me, Percy!" interrupted the young man, with an impetuous burst. "I can't marry Miss Calthorpe, let that information satisfy you."

"You cannot marry Miss Calthorpe—a lady to whom you have actually engaged yourself? Why, Desmoro, you are taking leave of your senses, I verily do believe!"

"I should just like to know whether Percy Symour himself has always done the right thing—whether he has ever pursued the straight path! It strikes me very forcibly that in many respects he has been every bit as weak as others. Is it not so, my mentor?"

"That is not the question at the present instant, Des. I want to be informed wherefore you cannot marry Miss Calthorpe."

"No, I cannot be so black a villain as to do so," burst forth the younger brother.

"Heyday!"

"I cannot make up my mind to commit such a piece of wicked injustice—such a cruel sin."

"Wicked injustice—cruel sin!" echoed Percy Symour, in great astonishment. "You are delivering yourself in riddles, my dear fellow."

"Yes, yes; I daresay I am," replied Desmoro, through his closed teeth. "Well, never mind that; I can't help doing so. I've been a dolt, and I am to suffer for having been such, and there's an end of the matter, I reckon!"

"I fancy not, Des," answered the other, shaking his head. "If you're not in the very middle of the quagmire, you may yet be extricated from it."

"But I am not only in the middle of the quagmire, but up to my ears in it, and unable to stir one way or the other in order to free myself."

"Make me your confidant, Des; you cannot do a better thing than that."

"I—I dare not!" was the faltering rejoinder.

"Tush, nonsense! Two heads are sometimes better than one. As a commencement, give me a peep at that letter."

"No, no, Percy; that I cannot—will not do. In heaven's name, let us drop this subject, and turn to some other."

Then there ensued a pause of some few moments, during which time Percy Symour sipped his chocolate in cold indifference, having no suspicion of how seriously his brother had involved himself.

Desmoro was sitting with his elbows resting on the table, his chin supported in the palm of his left hand, the letter still clutched in the other. His mind was in a perfect tumult, and he was wholly at a loss to know what to do or what to leave undone in the business now before him. At length his tightened fingers gave way, and the crumpled missive was tossed across the board close to Percy Symour, who immediately took it up, smoothed out its creases, and commenced to peruse its irregularly traced characters.

With a loud-beating heart, Desmoro watched his brother's changing features as he read. Desmoro was dreading Percy's anger and reproaches. He knew that he was deserving of all his brother's wrath, and that he should not be able to find any words wherewith to justify either himself or his conduct.

"Well!" cried Percy, severely frowning. "Well! you have prettily disgraced yourself and our old family name. Whom have you married? Who is this woman who thus writes to you, calling you her husband?" he asked, abruptly.

"Her father is a schoolmaster—at a place near which I was quartered some twelve months ago," was the stammering reply.

"And you are really married to the schoolmaster's daughter?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so, Percy; the truth is, I was desperately in love with the girl, and—"

"And seeing the simpleton she had to deal with, the made the best of the opportunity—um?"

"Yes, I suppose so, Percy."

"Confound her, and you too, Des!" exclaimed he. "But you were surely mad; knowing that another woman legally claims you, to enter into an engagement to wed Miss Calthorpe."

"I think I have been mad, Percy; but I was

fancying that I could get out of the other affair."

"Get out of it! How, I should like to be informed?"

"Well, you must know, Percy, that I didn't marry her in my own mind; and—and—"

"Go on," said the other, in a low tone, as he glanced towards the door of the apartment.

"She, herself, knows neither my name, nor the regiment to which I belong; and, what is more, I do not think that she will even succeed in finding me out. She is only a simple country girl, possessed of very little knowledge of any kind."

"And dare you venture upon taking a second wife, your first being still alive?"

"I have been thinking that I might do so," hesitated Desmoro, half-abashed at his wicked confession. "But now, I—I am losing my courage. There's a child you see; and, positively, I don't know what to do at all. I wish to heaven I could be spirited away, somewhere, out of this bother and difficulty! I've repented and repented the deed over and over again, until I'm fairly tired of repenting, and that's the plain truth of the matter, Percy!" he added, impudently.

Mr. Symour was sitting biting his nails, deep in reflection. "Look here, Des," he commenced; "if this projected marriage of yours with Miss Calthorpe be broken off, I shall also lose my chance with her sister Lucy, which loss, in the present state of my finances, would be the absolute ruin of me."

"I'm deceed sorry, Percy; I am, upon my honour! But I really think if we were to put our heads together, we might keep that mistake of mine in the dark, and hush her voice entirely. She might be told that I'm dead; she'd not be able to prove to the contrary. Of course, I'd have to give her a sum of money; then she'd go back to her father, and all the danger would be over."

"I'll undertake the task," returned Mr. Symour, with sudden alacrity. "Give me this woman's address, and leave me to manage all the rest."

"She is living at Noleman's Hill."

"And where is that, in the name of wonder?"

"In Yorkshire; about two hundred miles distant from London."

"A nice journey for me to have to take in this abominable wintry weather. Why, I shall not reach the place in less than nine or ten days. The letter, I perceive, is a fortnight old."

"Yes; but I suppose it has been lying some time at the London post-office (where all her communications have been addressed), and I have neglected to tell Ranson to call for it," explained this very honourable young gentleman.

"Ay, ay, I understand! And how am I to inquire after this person; what does she call herself?"

"Mrs. Desmoro Desmoro."

Percy laughed, and his brother proceeded to instruct him respecting the locality of Noleman's Hill, and on other important points for his particular observance.

While the brothers were yet concocting their wicked plans, Ranson, Desmoro Symour's valet, presented himself.

"If you please, sir, I'm so sorry," he began, twirling 'twixt his fingers a silver salver, on which was lying a clumsily folded letter, fastened with a large black wax, and a little patch of sealing-wax of the same hue, "but I forgot to give you this. There were two letters waiting for you at the post-office."

"Careless fellow!" exclaimed his master, snatching the missive from the valet.

"I hope, sir, you'll be so good as to overlook my neglect of duty," returned the man.

"Yes, yes; only be more careful another time! That will do."

"Thank you, sir," and the valet was gone.

"What on earth is that?" exclaimed Percy Symour. "Is that also a communication from the person at Noleman's Hill?"

"Wait a moment, and I'll tell you. The superscription is plainly is not in her hand," Desmoro answered, as he tore open the sheet, and prepared to examine its contents. "Great heavens, Percy, do you think she's dead?" he continued, his eyes devouring the written characters, his face becoming pale as ash. "Yes—yes, she is dead!"

"What! Mrs. Desmoro Desmoro?"

"Ay; read it for me, for I am unable to do so; my head is reeling round and round."

Percy took the communication out of his brother's trembling hand, and perused the following lines, which were penned in a flourishing copy-book style:

"Noleman's Hill, Yorkshire.
"February 21, 1815.

"To Desmoro Desmoro, Esq.
"Sir,—

"I am both shocked and grieved to be the communicator of unhappy tidings to you. Your dear wife, whom I, her most attentive, imagined to be progressing most favourably, took a sudden chill, from which she never recovered. She died this morning very peacefully, and with but little suffering; I am glad to say. The enclosed note, which was found in the deceased lady's desk, addressed to yourself, instructed me how to forward to you this sad intelligence.

"The infant, I rejoice to tell you, is doing remarkably well without its maternal nurse, and, such being the case, if I might presume to offer unasked advice, I should recommend you to leave him for a while in the kind hands into which he has fallen.

"I have taken the liberty of writing to Mrs. Desmoro Desmoro's parents, living at Shelington Moor, to inform them of this sudden and sorrowful event. To them, also, I have enclosed a letter, found in the before-mentioned desk. I hope that I have acted in accordance with your wishes, and that you will hasten hither as soon as possible, as I do not like to take upon myself any further arrangements in this matter.

"Obediently yours,
"JAMES BROWNLOW."

"Well, Des, I must say that you're one of the luckiest fellows alive! Here you are as free as air again, with nothing to apprehend from any one!"

"Poor girl!" sighed Desmoro, his eyes cast upon the ground. "She was wondrously pretty, Percy, with such a beautiful head of hair, of a colour I can scarcely describe."

"Well, then, don't trouble yourself to do so, I beg," laughed the elder brother, quite elated at the late news. "Pshaw! how relieved I feel! That journey to Noleman's Hill would have been no joke for me to perform."

"How do you counsel me to act in this business, Percy?"

"What do you mean?"

"Respecting the—funeral, and the child's future?"

"Will you promise to do exactly as I shall instruct you?"

"Certainly."

"Then take no notice whatever of this communication, and endeavour to forget, as soon as possible, all about Noleman's Hill."

"But Percy—"

"Not a word more," interrupted the brother, abruptly rising from the table. "Come, it's past twelve o'clock, Miss Calthorpe will be expecting us to accompany her in her morning ride."

"And Lucy, likewise, Percy," said Desmoro, forcing a smile.

"Precisely."

And away these two gentlemen went, to prepare themselves for a ride on horseback in St. James's Park.

CHAPTER II.

Poor Anna was consigned to the grave by her parents, who carried the motherless infant home to take the place left vacant in their hearts by their departed daughter, who had been their only child, their only joy on earth.

And years and years passed on, but no father came to claim the little boy, who thrived amazingly, and made the wintry days seem all sunshine beneath his grandsire's roof.

How the old couple loved him, and how he was caressed and petted, to be sure! Shelington Moore had not another boy like Desmoro Desmoro!

When Desmoro was just fourteen years old, his good grandmother died; and soon after that event another woman took her place at the schoolmaster's fireside, and domiciled over his humble household. She was many years younger than her husband, and rather a showy-looking woman, but a perfect vixen in disposition.

Poor Desmoro soon began to experience sad alteration in everything at home, and he was learning to dread the very sight of his new grandmother, who was ever scolding and buffeting him whenever he came within her reach.

She appeared to have taken a positive dislike to the boy, and she seized on every opportunity she could catch to vent her malice on him; and she put him to tasks of actual drudgery, to which he had hitherto been a complete stranger, and called him ugly names, the most offensive of which was "Red Hand."

But the lad made no complaint at all this, nor did he even utter a murmur, although the injustice and insolence he was daily enduring galled his proud little spirit, and wounded it to the quick.

His grandfather noted the treatment to which Desmoro was subjected at the hands of the virago; but the old man dared not utter a word pro or con; he could only sigh in secret over the mistake he had made in choosing such a woman to control his home, and his dead daughter's child.

Desmoro was an industrious and apt scholar, the cleverest in his grandfather's school; and the old man was exceedingly proud of the boy's knowledge, and was always endeavouring to instruct him further, for Matthew Petersham, notwithstanding that he was only a village schoolmaster, was profoundly learned, and, being so, was worthy of holding a much higher position than his present one.

Whenever she saw Desmoro over his book or his slate, it was Mrs. Petersham's peculiar delight to disturb him, to call him away from it, in order to make him perform some menial office for herself. She seldom addressed him by his name; she was innately a vulgar-minded woman, and she felt a cruel pleasure in repeating the *soubriquet* she had applied to him, and which she knew had a hateful sound in his ears. And her shrill voice, so often heard calling out "Red Hand," the boys in the school had caught up the significant appellation, which they were wont to use on all occasions, as if poor Desmoro owned none other.

Many and many a time had Desmoro thrashed a senior scholar for applying to him the objectionable nickname which had been bestowed upon him by his grandfather's spiteful wife.

My hero now grew thoughtful and gloomy, avoided all his former companions, sought solitude, and clung closer than ever to his books. His young heart was so brimfull of unhappiness that he knew not what to do. He loved his grandfather too dearly to trouble him with a relation of his heavy sorrows, which he kept locked up in his own bosom, hidden away from every one. He walked about the village with his left hand thrust deep in his trousers-pocket, a threatening scowl upon his handsome face, his acute ears straining to catch every sound, thinking that he heard the whispering syllables of "Red Hand" on every passing breath of wind.

One day, Desmoro secretly sought the surgery of the village doctor, and showing him his marked hand, asked his advice about it.

"Can the red skin be removed by any means, sir? I don't care for the pain of the operation; I could bear anything rather than this terrible red hand," said Desmoro, very earnestly.

The medico laughed in the boy's face, saying, "And what harm is there in the colour of the hand, as long as it is well formed, and you have the perfect use of it? I suppose it never fails to do its duty when called upon; it assists you quite as well as the other?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, in the name of heaven, what can you desire more?"

"I want the stain removed, as I said before, sir."

"But wherefore? The mark, being only on the inner part of the hand, will seldom be seen."

Desmoro was silent for a few seconds. He was longing to open his whole soul to some one, but shrank from doing so. Why did the doctor think so lightly of that disfigurement which appeared so hideous in the lad's own eyes and which had obtained for him such an unwelcome and singular *soubriquet*?

"Can't it be done, sir?" persisted Desmoro, in eager accents, his open palm held forth again.

"I'm sure, boy, I do not know," the doctor returned, lightly. "You are really the oldest youngster ever came across! Go home again, and thank heaven that you have a good appetite, healthful digestion, straight limbs, and the use of all your senses, and never more come here concerning that trumpery mother's mark of yours!"

Abashed and hurt, our sensitive Desmoro made his bow, and quitted the medico's presence.

A whole year had now passed away, when, one day, Mrs. Petersham ordered Desmoro to sweep the kitchen-chimney for her, an office which had hitherto been performed by the sweep of the village.

"No, ma'am, I can't do that!" was the lad's sturdy reply. "I have brushed your shoes for you; but I will not become a chimney-boy for you or any one!"

At this, down came Mrs. Petersham's broad, heavy hand upon the luckless speaker's countenance, upon which she left the swollen impress of her five-fingered and cruel fingers.

Desmoro staggered backwards under the force of the blow; but he uttered not a cry, though blood was issuing from his nostrils, and, though his eyes were sadly smarting.

No, he uttered no cry; but he breathed an inward vow that his grandfather's roof should not shelter his motherless young head another night.

With this fixed resolve in his breast, Desmoro sought his little chamber, where, after having bathed his hot, tingling visage in cool spring water, he sat down, and indited a farewell letter to his kind grandsire, who had been his best and only earthly friend. Then the boy made a bundle of his small possessions, left the house secretly, and sallied forth he knew not whither; nor did he seem to care; his first object being to put distance between himself and Mrs. Petersham.

It was late in December, bitterly cold, and the leaden-coloured clouds over the wanderer's houseless head betokened an approaching snow-storm. But he heeded not the threatening aspect of the heavens; he was thinking of the blow he had so recently received, and his youthful indignation knew no bounds as he reflected on it.

On he trudged through the gathering gloom of eve, without any definite purpose in his mind, and with only two copper coins in his pocket.

Shifflington Moor was a couple of miles behind him when the snow-flakes first began to fall, whitening the earth, the trees, and every object around. Thicker and thicker descended

the pure crystallized drops, and colder and colder grew the piercing blast as it whistled by the lad's inflamed cheeks, and howled through the leafless branches near him.

Nothing daunted by the tempest, Desmoro strode onwards, an entire stranger to the road he was pur-suing—onwards and onwards, until the snow was knee-deep, and the hour was that of midnight.

He was now waxing hungry, and his feet being quite numbed with the biting frost, he did not proceed so quickly as heretofore. By-and-by, feeling drowsy and weary, and unable to go on any further, he sank down on a hillock by the roadside, and at once fell fast asleep.

On the brow of the hill, at a very short distance from the slumberer, there was now discernible a heavy, cumbersome caravan, drawn by a poor, jaded horse, by the side of which two men were tramping with tired footsteps.

But despite their evident bodily fatigue, they appeared to be a couple of light-hearted fellows, for one of them was whistling loudly, and the other was spouting Shakspeare to the air.

"I wonder how far we are from the town, Ralph?" said the whistler, suddenly breaking off in the middle of a strain. "I'm getting com-foundedly hungry and sleepy."

"Pshaw! What is a man, if his chief good, and merit of his time, be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more!" answered the travelling companion.

"Thank you. You're not over-complimentary, I must say!" laughed the other.

"The words were not mine own, friend Jellico," Ralph returned, with a grand theatrical air.

"I don't care whose they were—they were far from pleasant to me," retorted the other.

"That they were not so, blame the divine William, not the humble Ralph Thetford."

"I wish to gracious there had never been such a fellow as that Shakspeare!" answered Jellico, somewhat fretfully. "I declare he seems to be driving you all mad! Come on, Bobby, you lazy brute!" he continued, breaking off suddenly, and addressing the lagging animal.

"If your master, who is an older chap than you, by many a long year, can manage to trudge it on, so likewise must you!"

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way, And merry hent the stile— A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile—a."

sang Ralph, gaily.

"Ay, sing on, my lad, I like that better than the spouting; for thou hast a voice that would charm the birds from the trees."

Ralph Thetford laughed, made a careless step forward, slipped, and fell headlong in the road.

"Stop, Bobby!" cried Jellico, checking the horse, and preparing to assist his companion, who was now endeavouring to pick himself up.

"Hurt yourself, my lad?" added he.

"Hurt myself?" echoed the fallen man. "By the mass, I verily believe I shall never walk straight again—never more be a gallant Romano!"

"Why, what's the matter, Ralph?"

"A broken leg, my master, nothing more," was the light rejoinder.

"A broken indentick!"

"I would it were the fiddlestick and all, so long as my limbs were safe and sound."

"Nay, are you serious?"

"Serious! Ha, ha! When was Ralph Thetford ever known to be serious?"

"Be so now, I beg and pray!" returned Jellico, in accents of real distress, for he saw that the young man was unable to move himself from the ground.

At this moment, a dog which was chained to a swinging kennel under the caravan, began to show certain signs of uneasiness, howling loudly, and struggling to get free.

"What ails the beast? Lie still, Pluto!" said Jellico, impatiently addressing the dog; which, heeding him not, continued its cries still more loudly than before.

"For heaven's sake, Jellico, let loose your brute! His yells are almost distracting me!" Ralph entreated, his gay spirit beginning to succumb to pain.

Jellico murmuringly undid the chain; and, having set the noisy animal at liberty, once more returned to the side of his prostrate companion, who was trying to raise himself into a sitting posture.

Presently the dog, which had bounded down the road, was heard to bark with all his might and main; but our two travellers were too much engaged to notice his fresh cries, and Pluto barked in vain.

Discovering that fact, the sagacious brute flew back again to his master, whose coat-tail he seized upon, and tugged at with all his strength, whining piteously the while.

"Take my cap, Jupiter!" shouted Ralph, joyfully. "My limbs are whole; my ankle-bone is a little wrenched, that's all! What ails thee, Pluto?"

"The creature's mad," think, returned Jellico.

"If he be, there's method in his madness, so pay attention to him. Follow him, Jellico. Never heed me now. I'll soon be able to assert my prependicular again. Follow him, I say; depend on't, he'll not lead you on a fool's errand."

Taking down a lantern from the front of the caravan, Jellico followed the dog; which, after rushing on about a hundred yards, suddenly paused, and commenced barking afresh.

"Holloa, holloa, Pluto, old fellow! What's all the row about, eh?" inquired his master, drawing nigh the spot where the noble animal was rubbing his nose on some object lying on the ground.

Jellico lowered his lantern, and glancing downwards, perceived a still figure half imbedded in the deep snow.

"Brave old Pluto!" exclaimed the man, in choking accents, putting aside his light, and lifting up the inanimate form of Desmoro.

"Mercy upon us! is he dead? Here, youngster, open your eyes, and speak, and tell us who you are, and what you're doing here, in this forlorn and frozen state?" he continued, in broken and confused sentences.

But there came no word from Desmoro in reply.

"What on earth is to be done with the poor fellow? There's not a drop of spirits left in the flask to assist me in reviving him. I wish to goodness that plucky accident had not occurred to Ralph; he'd have been almost as good as a doctor in such a case as this. What am I to do? Hollon!" he shouted loudly, sending his voice in the direction of his associate.

"Holloa! back again, my master!" answered Ralph, in cheery tones. "What have you found—some lovely maiden in distress?"

"Be hanged to his frivolity!" muttered Jellico, beginning to chafe Desmoro's hands. "I never met with such a come-day, go-day, happy-go-lucky fellow in all my life! Not even a sprained ankle can steady him a bit. Eh?" he continued, addressing the motionless form now stretched across his knees; "you appear to have been in the wars, youngster, if I may judge by the damaged condition of your physiognomy, and this uncommonly red hand of yours. Oh! somebody has been giving you a licking, I guess, and you've run away from home! You're no tramp, as I can see. And there's his bundle, sure enough! There's a little history here, I fancy; may be, a cruel step-mother—I had such, as I too well remember; but would not be what he is at this moment—a poor stroller! That's right, Pluto!" he added, seeing the dog softly licking poor Desmoro's face.

At this moment the caravan approached close to the spot where this little scene was passing; and Ralph, half supporting himself on one of the shafts of the vehicle, appeared hopping along.

"Confound you, Jellico! Why couldn't you answer me? What have you found?" asked the young man, still speaking in his former strain; retaining all his gay spirits, despite the pain he was enduring in his injured limb.

"What have I found! A poor chap here, half-buried in the snow, and quite insensible."

"Asleep! Great heaven! you must arouse him at once, or he'll never wake again!"

"I'm doing my best in his service," returned Jellico, "and here is Pluto helping me as much as the kind brute has the power to help."

"Oh, were it not for this sprained ankle of mine, I also might render you some aid in this sad business! See, see—yonder is a light! Some dwelling is near."

"Where?"

"Not half a quarter of a mile hence. Look straight down the road, and to your left."

"Ay, I see it. What do you advise?"

"That you take the poor lad on your shoulders, and at once carry him to a warm fire and some blankets."

"If such a lot to be had there: if they prove to be charitable folk."

"None will surely deny their charity in such a case as this."

"Observe the height of yon light," pursued Jellico. "It's a big house, and it's inhabited by big people, I dare say, who'll not like to be roused out of their comfortable beds by a couple of poor strollers, and something which may be trouble to them;" he added, glancing ruefully at Desmoro, who was lying still motionless, like one dead.

"We have a duty to perform, Jellico, so say no more on the subject. I, myself, shall ask them for nothing; I'll manage to drag my body along to the town, which cannot be far off. So."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath-way, And merry hent the stile— A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile—a."

At this, Jellico, who was possessed of a strong, massive frame, raised his charge, and threw him across his broad shoulders.

"Mustn't forget the youngster's property, anyhow," said he. "Here, Pluto, you must take care of that for the present," he continued, giving the little bundle to the dog, which, taking it between his teeth, immediately bounded onwards.

And now the little *cortege*, consisting of the caravan, our limping Ralph, and the sturdy Jellico, bearing Desmoro, proceeded towards the building where the twinkling light was showing itself.

Jellico was now in advance of the caravan; fatigued as he was already with his long day's journey, he walked on as briskly as his load would permit, for his kind heart was feeling anxious for the preservation of the lad's life.

The night was far from being a dark one. Nature's white mantle lighted up the scene, and the stroller could perceive that he was standing before a large old-fashioned mansion, having a porticoed entrance provided with seats, one of which he laid his inanimate burden, before he essayed the portal.

Jellico passed his hands over the door, on which, finding no knocker, he next sought for the bell, at which he gave a vigorous pull. Then he waited in aching impatience for an answer to his summons; but there was utter silence. He rang again and while the bell was still resounding throughout the whole dwelling the sash of an upper window was flung up, and a female's shrill voice was heard demanding who was there?

"At this, Jellico stepped out of the portico, and disclosed his presence to the night-capped questioner at the casement.

"For heaven's sake, ma'am, make haste! Here's a poor boy whom I have just found half-buried in the snow, and who will perish if you do not afford him instant assistance."

"Eh? What? Oh?" she shrieked out at the top of her voice, "you villain! Thieves! thieves! Mary Jane, Lotty, Kitty, all of you; bring here the blunderbuss, and take care of it, for it's double-loaded. Thieves, thieves!"

"My dear ma'am, will you listen to me; you mistake my object—you do, indeed! Consider a fellow-creature's life is at stake, and—"

"Be off, or I'll shoot you, you robber and midnight assassin! You know there's not a man in the house, and so you're come here with your false pretences, just to get us to open the door, so that you may massacre us all in cold blood! Mary Jane! Lotty, Kitty, all of you! Thieves, thieves!" she screamed, louder even than before.

At this moment, another window-sash was thrown wide, and a head without a nightcap peeped forth.

"Whatever is the matter aunt?" inquired the owner of the head, speaking tremblingly, but in sweet feminine accents.

"Go back to your bed, child, or you'll catch your death of cold. Mary Jane, the blunderbuss, quick!"

Just then Ralph and the caravan halted in front of the mansion, and a full tenor voice, marvellously rich, rose on the calm frosty air, singing:—

"Pity, kind gentleness, friends of humanity, Keen blows the wind—"

"Oh, aunt, listen!"

Suddenly the strain changed to one quaint and characteristic.

"Oh, aunt, they are not thieves!" cried the younger of the two females, in winning, coaxing accents.

"I don't know that; it's best to think them

rogues, and then we shall not be deceived by them in any way," returned she.

"Ma'am, we are unarmed men, a couple of poor strollers," spoke Jellico, his tone full of entreaty and humility,—"asking nothing from you for ourselves, only Christian charity towards this stranger—a boy, who, if you deny him immediate help, may never unclothe his eyes to life again."

"See, aunt, there's their caravan; he must be speaking the truth! Wait a minute, and we will admit you!" added the old lady's niece addressing Jellico, and at once disappearing from the casement.

And by-and-by the door was unclosed, and they were received by a young lady of about nineteen years old, behind whom were standing three shivering maid-servants, huddled in cloaks and loose garments, all of them holding candles in their hands.

Jellico had Desmoro in his arms, and Ralph was hopping on one foot, enduring excruciating pain.

"Is the poor boy dead?" asked the lady, in kind tones. "Quick, girls, hasten and stir up the kitchen fire, and get hot blankets ready as soon as possible! Hasten, hasten!" she continued, hurrying the servants out of the hall.

"This way. I will conduct you to the kitchen, and see that all your wants are properly supplied. Who is the boy, he is well-dressed; I do hope that he will soon recover! If he have a mother, what a state of anxiety and terror she will be in at missing her son! This way, this way!" she continued, leading them across the hall, then along a stone passage, at the end of which a spacious kitchen presented itself to their view.

Here the scene soon became exceedingly stirring, every one being employed in the service of our hero, whom kind attention, assisted by a glass of hot brandy and water, and plenty of glowing warmth, soon restored to a normal condition again.

The lady of the shrill voice now made her appearance in the kitchen, and looked suspiciously at her guests, informing them that she was Miss Tillysdale, the mistress of the mansion, which was known as Tillysdale Hall.

Miss Tillysdale was a tall, bony maiden of sixty years of age, dressed in a juvenile fashion (for she had made her toilette before appearing) with manners to correspond. The moment she entered the apartment she was attracted by the handsome face of Ralph Thetford, who was sitting on a settle, with his maimed limb supported on a chair before him.

"Dear, dear! why I didn't understand that anybody was injured!" the lady cried. "I thought that it was some unfortunate boy who had been found buried in the snow!"

"Oh, madam, don't notice me, I beg," returned Ralph, very politely. "The poor boy—thanks to your kind hospitality—is almost recovered!" he added, pointing to Desmoro, who was crouching over the fire, endeavouring to hide his swollen face and blackened eye from observation.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Tillysdale, raising her hands in astonishment at sight of our hero, whom she had roughly seized by the shoulder, and turned round about "Gracious, what a contumacious! Who are you? Whence come you? And who on earth has given you such a frightful black eye?"

Desmoro, whose heart was full almost to bursting, made no reply.

"Is he deaf and dumb?" she demanded, looking at those around her.

"He has not yet uttered a single word, aunt!" returned the niece.

"He hasn't! What a thankless little monster—that is, if he can speak!" corrected the lady. "Can your hear?" she shouted in Desmoro's ear.

"Quite well!" he answered, chockingly. "And I am not a thankless monster, ma'am, for I am very much obliged to you and to all the others; although it wouldn't have much mattered if I'd been left to sleep it out, as nobody would have missed me had I died."

"Who are you?" again questioned Miss Tillysdale.

Desmoro hesitated, reluctant to disclose his name.

But the lady, who was not to be denied, persisted in questioning him, until he became quite bewildered by her queries.

"It's very natural that I should desire to know what I have admitted under my roof," she continued, her keen eyes fixed upon the boy's quivering face, which he would fain have kept hidden from her view. "What's your name?"

"I can't tell you that, ma'am; at least, I would much rather not mention it, if you would kindly excuse my doing so," muttered he.

"You're mysterious, and everything that is so is either wicked or wrong!"

The weary boy raised his hand to his brow, which was feeling hot and greatly confused, and thus showed his crimsoned pain.

"Well, if ever!" exclaimed the antique maiden, catching sight of Desmoro's red hand. "I vow and declare there's blood all over the inside of your fingers!"

"No, no, ma'am; it's only a mother's mark!" returned the boy, shrinkingly.

"A mother's mark?" echoed Miss Tillysdale. "But what about your black eye—that's not a mother's mark, is it?"

"No, ma'am."

"No, indeed, I should think not! I'm glad you see that I'm not a person to be imposed upon! Well, since you will not tell me your right name, I shall call you Red Hand!"

At this, Desmoro uttered a sharp cry of distress, and covered his face. Red Hand! Great heaven, would that hateful *soubriquet* pursue him for ever!

Miss Tillysdale now turned to Ralph Thetford, and asked feelingly after his ailments, while the lady's niece was speaking gentle words into the motherless boy's ear.

The eyes of the mistress of Tillysdale Hall had fallen admirably upon Ralph Thetford, the strolling player, and she was ready and eager to afford him and his companion every assistance that they required; and Jellico had a stable, coach-house, and provisions in plenty placed at his command; and Bobby was fed and lodged more comfortably than he had ever been fed and lodged before.

With her own two hands, Miss Tillysdale now bathed and poulticed Ralph's sprained ankle; and beds being prepared, the lady invited her guests to remain at the hall for as long as ever they pleased: the truth of the matter being, that she was only too happy to retain them for a while; perhaps she felt disposed to retain one of them for ever, I will not say.

The following day was the Sabbath, Ralph's

ankle was considerably better, and Desmoro was perfectly well in every respect.

But he appeared to be ill at ease, and he avoided all the questions that were put to him.

At length Jellico drew him aside, and thus spoke.

"Youngster, have you any father and mother?"

"I have been told that I have the former, but the latter died when I was only an infant."

"You are no common sort of lad. By whom were you brought up?"

"By a grandfather, sir," was the reluctant reply.

"What has driven you from his home, which I presume you have just forsaken?"

"My grandfather's new wife."

"Oh! Precisely as I expected."

"You see my eye? She struck me, sir, and I would not remain near her after that."

"And you would tell me your name?"

"I am called Desmoro Desmoro."

"And who was your father—do you know?"

"He was a gentleman, I have been told, and an officer in the army."

Jellico nodded his head, and straightway fell into a fit of musing.

Presently he spoke again.

"What are you going to do? Have you any friends to whom you mean to apply?"

"I have not a single friend in the whole world, sir; nor have I any knowledge of where my father, if he be still alive, might be found."

"Poor fellow—poor fellow!" exclaimed the stroller, with swimming eyes. "I can feel for you, for I myself was once a desolate little chap like yourself, having no haven to anchor in."

"And what did you do?" asked Desmoro.

"I turned stroller—a strolling actor—a vagabond in the eyes of the law."

"Did you ever act in any of Shakspeare's plays?" inquired the boy, with sparkling orbs.

"Yes," drawled Jellico, pinching his chin with a preoccupied air. "Though I must say that I'd much rather not have done so, for to me he was always more trouble than he was worth."

"Shakspeare?"

"Yes. I never could get his language into my brain."

"I know nearly all his plays off by heart," returned Desmoro.

"Do you, my lad?"

"I do."

"Would you like to become an actor?"

"Yes; a great one."

"Umph! Ambitious! Well better so than not!" cried Jellico, within himself. "I'll talk with you again on this subject, Desmoro."

And there the matter dropped for the present.

Tillysdale Hall had long been wrapped in darkness and repose, when one of the servant-maids, who was distracted with a raging tooth, rose, and lighted a candle, that she might search in a certain drawer for some laudanum she had there.

The soothing drops being applied to the aching tooth, the girl, heedless of the guttering candle by her bedside, soon dropped asleep.

Presently, the wick of the tallow light grew long—then a red spark fell upon one of the cotton garments near; and soon afterwards there was a smell of fire, and the room gradually filled with a thick, hot, stifling vapour.

But the girl slumbered on, unconscious of the danger which surrounded her.

Desmoro, who was sleeping in the next chamber with the two strollers, now awoke, and started up in bed. The room was filled with smoke, and he could hear the sounds of cracking timber.

With one bound, the lad was out of bed, in search of his garments: in the next instant he was screaming "Fire!" at the very top of his voice, at which Jellico and Ralph sprang up, and added their cries to those of Desmoro, who, only half-dressed, had flung open the chamber-door, and rushed out to alarm the sleeping household.

(To be continued.)

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

To the south of Kaffa and Sussa, there is a very sultry and humid country, with many hazebow woods, inhabited by the race called Pigmies, who are no bigger than boys ten years old, that is, only four feet high. They have dark, olive-colored complexion, and live in a completely savage state, like the beasts, having neither houses, temples, nor holy trees, like the Gallas, yet possessing something of an idea of a higher being called Yer, to whom, in moments of wretchedness and anxiety, they pray—not in an erect position, but reversed, with the head on the ground, and the feet supported upright against a tree or a stone. In prayer they say:—

"Yer, if thou really dost exist, why dost thou allow us thus to be slain? We do not ask thee for food and clothing, for we live on serpents, ants and mice. Thou hast made us. Why dost thou permit us to be trodden under foot?"

The Pigmies have no chiefs, no laws, no weapons; they do not hunt, nor till the ground, but live solely on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants, honey, and the like, climbing the trees and gathering the fruit like monkeys; and both sexes go completely naked. They do not marry, but live indubitative lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little parental instinct; the mother nurses her child for a short time only, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. They have thick, protruding lips, flat noses, and small eyes; the hair is not woolly, and is worn by the women in a cap over the shoulders. The nails on the hands and feet are allowed to grow long, like the talons of vultures, and are used in digging for ants and in tearing to pieces the serpents, which they devour raw, for they are unacquainted with fire. The spine of the snake is the only ornament worn around the neck, but they pierce the ears with a sharp-pointed piece of wood.

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

It is useless to expostulate on the many advantages of sound health, and if you are now in quest of the precious gift, you are strongly recommended to procure a supply of the Great Shakeshones Kennedy and Pills and take as directed.

OUR BRAIN whose development is unusually large in comparison with the body, are most frequently singled out for a premature final resting place. Why is this? Simply because the functions of the body are too frail to supply the waste going on in the brain consequent upon active intelligence. Follows "Croup of the Brain" or "Epilepsy" is so prepared that it imparts the vital principle directly to the brain, while it assists in developing a vigorous and robust body.

ANGELS WATCH O'ER ME.

When night her sable mantle spreads,
And waives the earth in ruddy dawn,
When nature yields to soft repose,
And twinkling stars their vigils keep,
And when upon my knees I bend
To offer up my evening prayer,
That Father's blessing may descend—
Angels are watching o'er me there.

When "nenth afflictions ro'd I bend,
When some dread die is rudely given,
When I have lost some cherished friend,
And feel there's nothing true but Heaven,
When bitter tears of grief I shed,
Seeking relief in fervent prayer,
Feeling that earthly hopes are fled—
Angels are watching o'er me there.

When loved ones o'er my couch shall weep,
When life's short dream is almost o'er,
When I must sleep death's final sleep,
And pass to an eternal shore,
And when the silent, awful roll
Of death's cold river greets my ear,
May angels bear my fainting soul
To rest in a celestial sphere.

THE DISCARDED WIFE

A Romance of the Affections.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BURGLARY.

A week soon passed by, and Eleanor found her life with Lady Joyce a very pleasant one, and had she only been in a state of mind for happiness, she might have enjoyed herself to her heart's content.

But what was pleasure now to her? She could not think of anything but her ladyship, but her mind was far away, and Lady Joyce once went so far as to call her cold and apathetic.

Still the time passed on, and Eleanor day by day became more reconciled to her fate, and accepted the position which had fallen to her with thankfulness.

One night, sorely against her will, Lady Joyce forced her companion to go to a grand ball. It is needless to say how little she enjoyed it, nor how glad she was when the hour for departure arrived.

Her heart was too full for music and dancing, and the spectacle recalled too forcibly the happy days which had gone, never to return.

It was late when they returned to Park Lane. Lady Joyce at once retired to her own room; Eleanor, making some trifling excuse, remained in the drawing-room, mechanically turning over the leaves of a book, but in reality thinking with tear-fraught eyes, of the husband whom she feared she would never see again.

The hours passed quietly on, and Eleanor sank into a doze upon the sofa, from which she was awakened by a sudden noise.

She started to her feet. The candle had gone out, and the room was in total darkness.

She listened and thought she heard a sound as of subdued voices.

Her heart beat violently, but she determined at once to ascertain whether or no there was any real cause for alarm.

Carefully and noiselessly she opened the room door, and advanced with noiseless tread along the landing, till she came to the top of the stairs.

Then she bent over and peered anxiously in every direction, but she could see nothing.

All was dark and silent.

She was almost disposed to laugh at her own idle fears, when a gleam of light from one end of the passage attracted her attention.

Holding her breath again, she bent forward, but could see no more than this one long ray of light, which it was evident, proceeded from a dark lantern.

Then came the sound of feet. The light advanced, and she was able dimly to distinguish the forms of two men.

One suddenly shifted his position so that the light fell full upon him.

He was a strong, stalwart man, dressed in a countryman's suit, but his face was hidden by the black crape which hung over it.

In his arms were some of the most valuable pieces of plate which Eleanor had noticed on the night of her arrival.

There could no longer be any doubt about the matter.

It was evident that the house had been broken into, and that the burglars were about to make off with their spoil.

What should she do? If she were to cry for help the robbers would have ample time to make their escape before the servants were aroused.

She was not deficient in courage, but what would her strength avail against two men? While she yet deliberated the burglars advanced towards the door.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment, she ran down the stairs, and threw herself between them and their means of escape.

For a moment they were paralysed by the suddenness and unexpected nature of the attack, but only for a moment.

One of the ruffians raised a formidable life-preserver. Eleanor uttered a shrill scream for help, and strove to seize the hand which held the murderous weapon.

It would have gone badly with her, but that simultaneously with her scream a door at the other end of the hall had been thrown open, and two men had rushed upon the scene.

There was a pistol-shot fired, and one of the burglars fell wounded at Eleanor's feet; the other turned savagely upon his assailant, but resistance was useless, and in a few moments he was bound and helpless.

It appeared that the butler heard the noise made by the robbers, and had awakened one of the servants who slept in the next room, and then together they had hastened to interrupt them, with what effect has already been related.

The surprise of the servants at discovering Eleanor on the spot was great, but that was nothing to her own when the light fell full upon the face of the burglar who had made so desperate a resistance.

It was Silder!

He too, in his turn felt surprise, but he betrayed none in his manner.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vane," said the butler, "but hadn't you better go to your own room?"

"Yes," she answered, "directly—but I must speak to that man first," and she pointed to her brother, who lay securely bound on the hall floor.

The butler was too discreet to make any comment, but then he thought it great deal

"Well, Eleanor," said the burglar as she bent over him, "you didn't expect to see me here to-night, did you?"

"No."

"But it's most infernally lucky, for otherwise I should have been marched off to prison, for a certainty."

"I should think you would meet the punishment you merit."

"What do you mean, Eleanor? Surely you are not going to turn against me?"

"Against you?—no. But I can do nothing to help you."

"It seems to me that you can do everything."

"In what way?"

"Hang me if your coolness isn't quite amusing. Why, until these cursed strings, and lot me go."

"I cannot do that."

"You can't?" cried Silder, with an oath. "Is it true or isn't it?"

"Both, I cannot, and I would not were it in my power."

Silder growled a curse between his teeth, as these words, spoken calmly and deliberately, told him he had no hope of freedom to expect from her.

"You mean to say you'll have me sent across the seas again?"

"It is certainly your own doing."

"Now listen to me, Eleanor, I'm not going to stand any nonsense—either give me my liberty or—"

"Or what?"

"Or it will be the worse for you."

"I have all along assisted you in every way in my power, but now you have brought yourself into the hands of the law, and must pay the penalty. You must stand again in the prisoner's dock."

"Then mark me, Eleanor, as I live, you shall stand by my side."

To this last speech she paid no attention, believing it to be but the impotent anger of a baffled man. She left him, and went up-stairs to the solitude of her own room.

The servants had, in the meantime, been attending to the other burglar, who had been wounded by the pistol ball.

He was apparently badly hurt; but no vital part appeared to have been injured.

The hall was by this time full of servants, who had been aroused by the noise, and Silder, as he lay on the ground, gnashed his teeth, and cursed the ill luck which led to his discovery.

Both he and his companion declined to answer any questions until they were legally interrogated, and as nothing was to be gained by keeping them in the house, policemen were sent for to remove them to the station-house.

When Eleanor went up-stairs, it must be confessed she had not given Lady Joyce a thought, so busy had she been in thinking of the strange meeting with her brother; but she had not been long in her room before a gentle knock at her door recalled her to her duties.

It was Lady Joyce, who asked Eleanor into her dressing-room to narrate what had occurred.

She had just finished the account, when the sound of voices outside the door made her pause.

"Go and see what's the matter now?" said Lady Joyce, who took the whole matter very quietly.

Eleanor opened the door, and found standing outside a policeman, and behind him several anger-faced servants.

"Is Eleanor Jerrold here?" asked the officer.

Eleanor turned ashy pale; but before she could make any reply, Lady Joyce had stepped forward.

"Who is it you want?" said she.

"Eleanor Jerrold, my lady!"

"Nonsense! There is no such person here!"

"Stay!" cried Eleanor, feebly; "that is my name! What do you want with me?"

"It is my duty to take you in custody!"

"In custody! Bless the man!" cried Lady Joyce; "he doesn't know what he's talking about! What do you want to take her in custody for?"

"For being implicated in the burglary, my lady!"

"Oh, the man's mad! Why, but for her the man would have got clear off with all the plate!"

"But for her, my lady, the men would never have laid a finger on the plate!"

"What does the man mean? Why can't you tell your silly story straight through?"

"One of the burglars, my lady, on being questioned, states that one Eleanor Jerrold living with your ladyship as companion, is his sister?"

"Is that the case?" asked Lady Joyce, sharply, turning upon Eleanor.

"It is!"

"Well?"

"He says, my lady, that she told him of the valuable plate always kept in the house, and opened the door to admit him and his companion to effect the robbery."

"What made you wish to stay down stairs last night after every one had gone to bed?" Lady Joyce, asked Eleanor.

"Oh, my lady!" sobbed the accused, "I thought things may appear suspicious, do not believe I am innocent! I declare, before heavens, I am entirely innocent of the crime!"

"Can you prove your innocence?"

"Alas! I fear not!"

Lady Joyce shook her head sorrowfully.

"Surely, my lady, you do not believe me capable of this conduct! You, at least, believe me to be innocent!"

Eleanor fell on her knees before her kind patroness, and covered her hand with kisses.

"Thank you—thank you again and again for those words! If, on one day, you will listen to my story, you will learn that all throughout my life I have been more sinned against than sinning!"

"What is it you wish to do with this young lady?" asked Lady Joyce of the policeman.

"Well, my lady, she must go before the magistrate with the other two to be examined."

"So be it, then?"

The circumstantial evidence against Eleanor was strong, and she, together with Silder and his companion, was fully committed for trial.

Lady Joyce was present at the examination, and offered bail for Eleanor, but it was refused, and she, poor delictently-nurtured thing that she was, was removed in the prisoners' van to Newgate, with culprits and felons of the lowest order, there to await her trial for participation in the attempted burglary on the premises in Park Lane, occupied by Lady Joyce.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIAL.

We must pass over the long, dreary weeks which Eleanor passed in prison, mixing with the most debauched and wicked of her sex. The days dragged slowly onward to that appointed for the trial when she, Eleanor Jerrold, who but a few months before had been the proud, happy wife of a gentleman, and the owner of a comfortable home, should stand in the felons' dock, friendless and forlorn, to answer the charge of being a burglar's accomplice.

Lady Jerrold had sent her a message that she believed in her innocence, in proof of which she had given her own lawyer instructions to prepare her case, and to see that full justice was done her on the day of trial, but Eleanor obstinately refused to consult with the solicitor.

She contented herself with protesting her innocence of the crime laid to her charge, but at the same time professed to believe that oscape for her was impossible, for, owing to Silder's false accusation, the crime seemed fairly fixed upon her.

The day of the trial arrived at last, and it was

with a sense of relief that Eleanor left the prison's gloomy walls.

After a short delay, she was conducted into a large, close room filled with people.

Shame made her bend her eyes upon the ground, and it was only a faint glimpse she obtained of the sea of white faces turned towards her, as she entered, of the judge in his robes of office, of the barristers, buzzing hither and thither in their wigs and gowns, making a vast deal of bother about some very small matter.

Then she became aware that she was confined in a small pen, with a fellow individual in a blue uniform keeping water over her, and then, last of all, she became aware that standing next her, close by her side, was Silder.

There was a buzz throughout the court for some minutes, after which the eric made a great noise in proclaiming silence, and then the proceeding commenced.

Then the indictment was read, and the prisoners were called upon to plead guilty or not guilty.

"Guilty!" said Silder, boldly.

"Not guilty!" pleaded Eleanor, in a firm, though low tone, and the trial proceeded.

But where was Silder's companion?

Eleanor looked around, but he was not to be seen.

He had died of the wound he had received? She longed to ask this question, but she could not summon up sufficient courage to do so.

First Silder's deposition taken at his preliminary examination was read, in which he stated that Eleanor had assisted in planning the robbery, and had given them admittance to the house.

Then Lady Joyce was called as a witness.

She deposed to having returned with Eleanor late at night from a party. She had at once retired to rest, she said, but Eleanor had remained in the drawing-room, giving some trivial reason for so doing.

The butler was the next witness examined.

He related how he had been awakened by a noise in the house, and had immediately aroused a fellow servant, and they two, proceeding to the hall, found the two burglars and Eleanor together.

He heard a cry for help as he entered the hall. He could not say whether the two prisoners were struggling together or not.

His fellow servant confirmed this statement in every respect.

After that another witness was called.

He was a servant of Lady Joyce's. He recollecting a conversation respecting the plate and its being kept in the house taking place between his mistress and the prisoner one day at dinner.

These were the chief witnesses for the prosecution.

Many others were examined, but only on comparatively trivial matters, into which it is needless to enter here.

When the case for the prosecution was ended, Silder glanced at Eleanor with a malignant smile upon his face. Certainly, so far the case had gone very much against her. The evidence was purely circumstantial; but still the links appeared to be complete, and but a narrow chance left to Eleanor to prove her innocence.

Lady Joyce had engaged one of the first barristers of the day to defend Eleanor but it seemed as if he had but little hope. He had asked few questions of the witnesses, and, by his demeanor, had led most to imagine that the case he had in hand was a hopeless one.

But when he rose to his feet his whole manner changed, as he plunged into a plain forcible speech, showing matters in a very different light to that in which they had been hitherto viewed.

He told the truthful story of Eleanor's gallant endeavour to arrest the burglars; he declared no reliance was to be placed upon the word of the convict Silder, and picked to pieces the whole of the evidence given by the witnesses.

"Now," said he, "in conclusion I have only one witness to call for the defence; but his statement will, I feel sure, be so satisfactory that the prisoner will leave the dock triumphant, not only without a stain upon her character, but with the one blot which now darkens her life completely removed."

Eleanor listened and wondered.

"Call Jabez Rourke," said the Barrister.

There was a movement in the crowd as a pale, crippled figure was helped into the witness box.

Silder turned pale and sidged uneasily, for he knew that his hour of triumph was at an end, and that his devilish machinations would be exposed, and he himself held up as an object of universal disgust.

It would be tedious to give the whole of Jabez Rourke's story, as elicited from him by examination, but the substance of his evidence was as follows.

He commenced by narrating facts already known to the reader, respecting his engagement to Phoebe, and the arrival in the village of Percy Handwick, of whose attentions to his sweet-heart he became jealous.

He told how it was the talk of the village that Mrs. Jerrold was in the habit of meeting some man at night, in the fields near her husband's house; and he told of the sudden disappearance of Percy Handwick, and the subsequent discovery of his body, hearing marks proclaiming that he had met his death by violence.

Then, amidst the breathless silence of the whole court, he told how Captain Jerrold had accused his wife of crime, and had turned her forth from his house, and how now that wife, Eleanor Jerrold, stood before them the prisoner at the bar.

So far his story had been but a recapitulation of facts already stated.

The audience wondered to what it was to tend, for, as yet, the only facts elicited connected with the prisoner were rather adverse to her cause.

"Did Mrs. Jerrold know anything respecting the murder of Percy Handwick?" asked the Barrister.

"Nothing."

"Do you know who was the murderer?"

"I do."

"Who was it?"

"Myself!"

An exclamation of surprise and horror broke from all within the court, but Jabez Rourke continued—

"I was madly fond with jealousy, I hardly know what I did. Phoebe was as good a girl as ever lived, but it was hard to me to see another man making love to her before my eyes. When I'd done the murder and the first hue and cry was over, I came up to London, but my conscience wouldn't give me any peace. I took to drink, but it was no use. I couldn't forget it. Then I went from bad to worse and fell in with him," and he pointed to Silder who, pale and cowering, shrank before his gaze.

"Did the man, Silder, over intention Eleanor Jerrold to you?"

"Often. He boasted of being able to obtain money by the means he resorted to. He told me he was her brother, but that Captain Jerrold did not know of the existence of such relationship between them, but was awfully jealous of him, supposing him to be his wife's lover."

"What did he say when he heard Captain Jerrold had discredited his wife?"

"He laughed, and declared it was the best joke he had heard for a long time."

Jabez Rourke then related how he had been tempted by Silder to join in the burglary at Lady

Joyce's, and fully confirmed Eleanor's statement, declaring that they had forced an entrance for themselves.

This turned the tide of popular feeling in Eleanor's favour; but when the witness continued, and related the substance of the conversation which he had overheard, between Silder and Eleanor, in which the former threatened to implicate his sister unless she aided his escape, as he lay wounded on the floor of the hall, it settled all doubt, and there was not a person present who did not firmly believe now in Eleanor's innocence.

"My Lord," said Rourke, as he finished giving his evidence: "I surrender myself as the murderer of Percy Handwick. It has eased me a great deal making a clean breast of it, and clearing Mrs. Jerrold of all of which she has been accused. It's a doubt if I live to come to trial, but if I do, I'll face it."

He was removed in custody, but his foreboding was a true one. He never came to trial, for two days after giving his evidence in the witness-box, he died in the prison infirmary, of fever, caused partly by the wound he had received, but principally by the great excitement to which he had been subjected when in so weak a state.

Silder had pleaded guilty, but it did not avail him in procuring any mitigation of his punishment, for he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

In Eleanor's case, the judge summed up very shortly, and the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

No sooner had the words left the mouth of the foreman, than a wild cheer, contrary to all rule, rang through the court, and in spite of the sternian cries made for silence, it was some moments before quiet was sufficiently restored to enable the judge to pronounce the few short sentences which enabled Eleanor to leave the court—free—and with the stain entirely removed from her character.

No words can describe the emotions with which she had listened to the whole of Jabez Rourke's evidence.

It was the opportunity for which she had hoped and prayed, and her one thought throughout had been, "Will my husband ever hear of this?"

"Oh, kind Heaven! grant that he may know one day how much he has wronged me in his suspicions," she prayed within herself, as the cries of the crowd told her she was free.

Stainless she left the court which a few short hours before she had entered as a prisoner only to quit, she had expected, as a convict.

Lady Joyce had been waiting for her to take her back in triumph to her house in Park Lane, there to receive her, not as an upper servant, but as an equal—an honoured guest—until such time as Captain Jerrold should return from sea, and bear how cruelly he had wronged his wife in suspecting her! but Eleanor, dreading the crowd which had collected round the principal entrance, implored to be let out a private way.

The crowd, waiting to cheer her on her acquittal, dropped off one by one, finding that she did not make her appearance, but Lady Joyce still remained.

"Where is Mrs. Jerrold?" she asked. "Has she not yet left the court?"

"Oh, yes, my lady! she left half an hour ago."

"Come! Where—where?"

"I've no idea, my lady."

Lady Joyce got into her brougham, and rode home in an uneasy and unhappy state of mind. She had fully reckoned on having Eleanor's face opposite her at the dinner-table that day, but she was disappointed, and in consequence, inclined to be cross to her servants.

"Where can she have gone?" she asked herself. "Where can she have gone?"

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

One fine summer morning, two days after the trial related in the preceding chapter, the ship "Good Endeavour," Captain Jerrold, dropped anchor at Spithead.

She had sailed some time previously for the west coast of Africa, but had encountered severe weather in the Bay of Biscay, during which she had sprung a leak and lost several of her spars; it therefore became necessary for her to put back to port for repairs, and to supply the requisite deficiencies.

This delay, as may easily be imagined, was very distasteful to Captain Jerrold, for he had hoped not to set his foot in England for many years.

The sight of the shores of his native land did not present the attraction to him that it did to many of his officers, who had left behind them happy homes which they longed to revisit.

At one time he would have been among the first to welcome the white cliffs, but now he had no ties to bind him to England, and nothing but painful recollections connected with the country.

The wife he had loved so dearly, he believed to have been unfaithful to him—may more, he had suspected her of a hideous crime.

Where was she now?

He could not refrain from asking himself the question, though he believed her in every way unworthy of the thought of an honest man.

Where was she now?

Lady Joyce was asking the same question.

Business took Captain Jerrold on shore, and routine prevented his speedy arrangement; so, after his visit to the dockyard, the Captain of the "Good Endeavour" went to the "Foundation Hotel," and ordered

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OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We must ask the competitors for the prizes offered by us for stories to have a little patience. We had a very large response to our offers, receiving upwards of sixty stories of various lengths, making the task of reading a much longer and heavier one than we had anticipated. As we are unable to devote our whole time to reading, it will take us some time yet to get through, but we think a couple of weeks more will suffice. As soon as the reading is completed we will publish the titles of the stories which have gained prizes, and will communicate with the authors, as well as the authors of stories which do not gain a prize but which we may still wish to use. All rejected manuscripts will be kept three months, during which time the author may have it returned by forwarding stamp. In writing to have manuscript returned correspondents will please give the name of the story, together with *nom de plume* used, if any. Parties who have been writing to the Editor to know the fate of their stories will oblige us by accepting this as a general answer for the present, and may rest assured that we will make the awards with as little loss of time as possible.

PROTECTION OF INFANT LIFE.

The impossibility of making people sober by Acts of Parliament is often asserted as demonstrative of the absurdity of the prohibitory laws for the repression of drunkenness. Be this as it may, the impossibility of rendering men humane by means of such instruments is obvious; the most that laws can do in this direction is to restrain or punish the public commission of acts of gross brutality. The owner of a horse can be deterred from openly abusing his faithful servant, but that is all. The law cannot soften the disposition which it restrains. Still, powerless as the law may be to inspire those under it with humane sentiments, it can do much towards preventing inhuman acts, and one of the most pleasing signs of progressive civilization in our day is the growing faith in its efficacy in this direction—an efficacy which is being tested to the farthest in almost every land. At the first glance it seems rather remarkable that the brute should have priority over the human being in enjoying the advantages of this humane legislation, and that while statute after statute has been passed for the protection of brute life, and generally with gratifying results, so little has been done for the protection of human life in its feeble and more helpless stages of development. But a moment's reflection will account for this seeming inversion of the order in which beneficence might be expected to act. It is an infinitely easier thing to legislate against the merciless flogging of a horse than against the over-working of a servant-girl, or the neglect of an infant; in the one case the outrage is open and gross, in the other case private, and not easily brought under the action of the law. You can legislate away cock-fighting, and cut the ropes within which professional members of "the fancy" maul one another to their mutual damage and their patrons' delight, but to discover and redress wrongs of the other class you must invade the domestic circle, and take note of an infinite variety of details which, in the aggregate, are the cruelty the perpetration of which it is desirable to arrest. But, to do this, violence must be done to the idea which every Englishman has—an idea to which he holds with a tenacity as great as that with which the religious bigot clings to his favourite dogmas—that his home is his castle, and having done this violence, there must then be a

secretary so penetrating and incessant as to be possible to the sleepless eye of the Omniscient alone. Laws for the regulation of the household must of necessity be very general, and a law is inoperative in proportion as it is general. There are some cases, however, in which law can be brought into very effective and beneficial play. Of late years we have heard a good deal about baby-farming in England, and some disclosures of the ill-treatment to which infants put out to nurse have been subjected have led many to regard the system as bad from beginning to end, and as one which the legislature should, in the name of humanity, suppress. There has, however, as is generally the case, been a decided reaction of late in public opinion on the subject, and attention is now turned to the regulation of the system, and the extraction from it of social benefits, the existence of which was naturally overlooked in the first heat of indignation. We now hear almost as much said on behalf of this method of bringing up pauper children as we heard only a few months ago in condemnation of it; and an Act of the Imperial Parliament, which came into force on the first of this month, not only recognizes it, but, by the imposition of very stringent regulations, promises to modify it so as to do away with very nearly everything that was objectionable in it. Under this timely and well-conceived statute, the local authorities are required to keep a register of all persons undertaking the care of infants for hire, only such as register being allowed to do so; it being further left to the discretion of the authorities to refuse registration, to determine how many infants may be received into any one house, and to strike names from off the roll in cases of proved ill-usage. The law seems, as we have hinted, to go almost as far as is either possible or desirable, but of course its efficiency will depend very largely on the energy of those who are to enforce it, and perhaps still more largely on the activity of amateur workers in the cause of humanity. With fidelity to their sacred trust on the part of the former, and vigilance on the part of the latter, we are inclined to think that baby-farming will work to the advantage of the community, and in it one of the main feeders to the dark, foul stream of British pauperism, and physical and moral deterioration, will be cut off.

COQUETTES.

There are few people who do not desire to be held in the very best estimation by their neighbours. We shall not, then, be accounted libelous in asserting that admiration is very sweet to women. Even the ardent village maid, when she hears for the first time the timely compliments of some rustic youth, blushes with grateful pleasure, the blood literally dances in her veins, and from that time a new world lies open before her. She feels that a practical recognition of her might has been given, a genuine tribute paid to her beauty and her powers of fascination; and however simple and innocent she may be, it is something extremely remarkable if she does not cultivate those powers which provide her with that which gives her so much pleasure. In the very nature of things this must be so. Life would be an intolerable burden unless we felt that our existence was in some way necessary to some one else's—that we possessed power for good or for evil over other people. In complimenting a woman, a man is recognizing this power in the only way that he can, and she is made aware that if she is a unit in the vast universe, she is not at any rate a cipher. It is very well known that there are village maidens who tantalize poor youths in a most cruel manner, playing with them as a cat does with a mouse, and ultimately casting them adrift. And it is also equally notorious that their more experienced sisters, who have been cradled in the lap of society from the very day of their birth, act in quite as wicked a manner.

But this is not at all surprising. There are very few spheres open to ordinary women. They cannot all become celebrated as authors and painters; and there is at present an unreasonable prejudice in the minds of many people against their appearing in public. The most that the majority, who are of ordinary intelligence and in no way remarkable, can do is to remain quietly at home until change brings unto them a being from whom they can exact knowledge. They cannot go about seeking notoriety—or, in other words, admiration, which is undoubtedly what all but very strong natures crave after; and as they must first obtain a smile or a word from her, to the ignoring of the others. It is very entertaining to her to see the half-disguised mortification and jealousy of the majority if, for the time being, she favours one more than she does the rest. She feels naturally elated at the thought that she can bring those to her feet who make such a stir in the outside world. That is an acknowledgment of her influence which no one can ignore; and if it is a matter of considerable difficulty to bring a man to her feet, when at last success crowns her efforts her triumph is very sweet indeed. There is the pleasure of spurning him, and boasting to her friends that she has made one more conquest. Besides, the labour itself is an agreeable break in the dull monotony of her life. In order to display her many points to the best advantage, she has an opportunity of exercising those intellectual powers which might otherwise lie dormant. She is troubled by few twinges of conscience on account of the misery and heart-breaking causes, for she regards the whole tribe of men as her lawful prey, who are to be treated just as her own sweet will directs. If the stupid creatures choose to become gloomy misanthropes because they are played false by a coquette, that is their look-out, and no con-

cern of hers. Besides, she has an undefined impression that men's hearts can only be wounded temporarily; they are such big, burly, coarse creatures that it is not likely they should possess such acute sensibilities as frail women. One or two rebuffs will do them a great deal of good by knocking some of the superfluous conceit out of them. And so at the outset of her career the coquette plunges into the amusement of flirting with infinite zest, and does as much damage in a short time as possible. But as she grows older her triumphs become fewer and her disappointments many. Her powers of attraction grow less; unconsciously she acquires an overbearing demeanor, the natural result of her many victories. She gets the notion into her head that men are bound to admire and pay their homage to her; that, as a superior creature, she has a right to demand their openly expressed admiration. And she does not take the trouble to make herself very agreeable to them. She assumes a half-defiant attitude, and snubs and ridicules them unmercifully. Strange as it may (and does) appear to the coquette, they do not like this sort of thing, and are not attracted thereby. The consequence is that they rarely avoid than just as she would. She becomes, too, as ill-humoured and unamiable as any one could be, and she will be gliding into contempt and confidence, and the next cold and distant and bitingly sarcastic. Then, again, her reputation gets impaired; for at last the truth leaks out that she is a coquette. People decline to place themselves within reach of her baneful influence, for they shrink back from the probability of being trifled with. Her voice is to them as that of the syren, and her eyes as the light of the will-o'-the-wisp, luring poor mortals on to a miserable fate. And so, if she is not altogether avoided, her society is courted only by those who mean just as she and are as heartless as she is, who are proof against all her sallies, and who have no objection to carry a flirtation to its most extreme limits, and end the matter there. They will press her with meaningless compliments, and praise her in deftly-turned sentences; but the compliments have no charm for her, because she knows they are meaningless, and are very different to those which were addressed to her in earlier times by elucisier but more sincere admirers. And the delights of a true friendship are denied her, she is deserted upon the first opportunity; for in dealing with her men have few quains of conscience. She is only willing to part back in her own coin. The end of the matter is that she, too, frequently becomes really seared in love; the man upon whom she has set her heart ignores her as a heartless coquette, nor can all her devices bring him to her side. Then she is miserable, and feels what a mistake she has made. But her humiliation is not complete. As years roll on, admirers grow scarcer and scarcer until there are none left. She becomes seared in disposition, and ultimately develops into a waspish old maid or contracts a loveless marriage.—*Graphic.*

FISH AS A DIET.

The prodigality with which nature supplies the wants of man is exemplified in no instance more fully than in the case of fish. The sea is an inexhaustible source, from which food is ever gushing in boundless profusion and of excellent quality; it is a fount from which we may draw supplies of nourishment, apparently of indefinite extent, with but little trouble and expense. The waters all along our coast, north, south, east and west, teem with myriads of fish in countless shoals and of innumerable varieties, which only require catching and utilising as food. Cheap fish should in our sea-girt island be obtainable throughout the length and breadth of the land. Interspersed with railways lying like networks upon the surface of the country, not a town, and hardly a village, in the United Kingdom but should daily receive its supply of fresh fish recently drawn from the depths of neighbouring seas, and rapidly transported to wherever any number of the community living together have caused a town or village to spring up. But from the want of uniformity of action, or rather of concert, on the part of the fisherman, the fish-seller, and the fishmonger, there are but few inland towns which receive good supplies of fresh fish, and those generally obtain them from London. There is a network of the coast, as they call it, sent straight to its ultimate destination by the producers; hence we have waste and needless expense. An immense quantity of fish is sent to London from both the east and west coasts to be again dispatched to the midland counties, and frequently to towns within a score miles or so of the coast off which it was caught. So that arriving at last its condition is not as fresh as it might be. But what is to be done? This is one reason why fish, comparatively speaking, is a dear food. But even with all these disadvantages there are certain kinds of fish which may be purchased, one of the other, almost always in large towns throughout the country, as haddock, herring, halibut, cod, ling, skate, and many others. How is it that, with the present fearfully high prices of provisions, the demand for fish has not increased? But somehow or other there is not a great demand for fish as they do upon oranges or cabbages, as being very nice edible substances, but hardly cheap food. There is no goodness in it, they say. They believe, for instance, that a working man could not do any amount of work on a fish diet. In short, they do not believe in the strengthening properties of fish.

This is the usual way of explaining the strange apathy which exists amongst the poorer classes as regards fish. Fish, undoubtedly, is not so nutritious as meat, but then the poorer members of the community can seldom afford to indulge in meat. The class of food they live on is not of such a strengthening nature as fish. Without entering into any explanation of the nature of fish (it would be easy to show that it possesses nourishing properties of a high order), we will take an example to show that it may be a nutritious food; for look at the physique of the fishermen of our coast, men who live almost exclusively on a fish diet, and then say if fish is not food which is calculated to produce, and adequately nourish, physical development of the highest and healthiest order. May we not, therefore, look for some other reason to account for the little use which is made of fish as food by the poorer classes? Is it not rather to be attributed to the lack of knowledge in the poor of inland towns of the best method of cooking it? The English woman has a great idea that, so long as the pot can be kept boiling the household is provided for; it is not to be expected that the wife of a labourer or artisan should be endowed with the talent of a Boyer, or possess the genius of a Carême, or the skill of a Ude; but it is surely surprising that it should never occur to such persons that boiling is only one of the many simple processes of cooking which were known ages back before the dilligence, and still are practised even by the red savages of North America, and the black negroes of Africa. Very many fish are very good boiled; but it is a curious fact that but few of the cheaper kinds of fish are good when dressed in that way; some

of them are absolutely unpalatable—all their goodness has evaporated. But boiling or frying is not an expensive method of cooking fish, and hake cutlets are a dish fit for a prince; can't be expected that the hard-worked wife of the working man should dress his fish *au feu de la Richelieu*, or that she should serve up for her lord fish *en matelote à la maître d'hôtel*, or in any other of the thousand and one ways which are written in the annals of *La grande cuisine*, but it is to be expected that she should first consider what she is going to cook before she decides upon how she is going to cook it. Now, it is simply a question of pot; everything goes to pot, more senses than one. The homogenous capacity of this utensil is of an all-absorbing nature, and as long as it is allowed to swallow fish without discretion, so long cheap fish cannot be regarded with much favour as a food by the working classes, independently of the false notion which prevails regarding its nutritive properties. But with the winter close at hand, butchers' meat taboos to many on account of price, Australian tinned meats desecrated and disregarded with a strange and unaccountable stupidity, and potatoes too dear to be regarded by the poor in any other light than as a luxury, surely something might be done to improve the condition of the working classes, and improve the nature of their diet, by disseminating a correct idea of the value of fish as food. The supply is unlimited, and it is easily cooked. Toasted in a Dutch oven, grilled, broiled, or baked, fried whole or in slices, almost all kinds of fish are palatable as well as nourishing. But all kinds of fish boiled are not always good, and frequently lose their flavour. When broiled, however, fish always retains its flavour, and is excellent. When fish is to be procured, some one or more varieties of cheap fish are generally to be obtained, and those who feel the pressure of the times in those stations of life above the poorer classes, will find the introduction of fish daily at their tables promotive of an appreciable economy, reducing the butcher's bill and producing a pleasing variety of diet. The saying in the butchers' bill will more than counter-balance the cost of the fish.—*Levee and Water.*

THE SAD CONSEQUENCES OF A DRUG-GIFT'S BLUNDER.

Max Adler gives an account of a dreadful accident which recently befell a young man in London. In consequence of the blunder of a drug-store, the youth, it seems, went to the drug store and asked for some calomel, when the amateur in-keeper behind the counter, by some inappreciable mistake, handed him a bottle of mucilage. The unconscious victim went straight onward to church, where he sat by the side of a being to whom he was engaged. During prayers he thought he would sop his handkerchief with calomel, so he turned the mouth of the bottle upon the linen and gave it four or five shakes. During the sermon it occurred to him that it would perhaps be a good thing to blow his nose. So he grasped it with the handkerchief and held on tight for a minute or two until the operation was completed. To his dismay he found that the handkerchief would not come off without tearing the skin with it. So he held his hand up to it, and wanted to make the congregation believe that his nose was bleeding, which they didn't, but conceived an idea that he smelt something bad; while the minister, seeing the tears that stood in his eyes from the pain in his nose, preached right at him under the impression that the unfortunate youth was being attacked by something in the sermon. When his arm got tired he took his hand away and let the linen hang there none. And so he marched down that aisle, and to his dwelling-place, with that flag of truce fluttering in the breeze. His loved one walked not with him upon that beautiful Sabbath morning because she thought he would attract too much attention, and she was shocked at such outrageous conduct in a place of worship. After soaking his nose for an hour in hot water, he called in to macerate the drug clerk, and then he went around to make up with his darling. She was easily pacified; but it took a month to fade the roseate hue from that nose.

STATISTICS OF THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL OF IRELAND.

The agricultural statistics just published by the Registrar-General of Ireland will be scanned with unusual interest this year on account of the unsatisfactory character of the harvest weather. The general result of the return may be stated very briefly. Cereals show a decrease, green crops an increase, and grass an increase, the extent of increase in the latter case being very considerable, namely, 170,000 acres. The total acreage under all crops this year is 5,488,522 acres, as against 5,621,137 acres in 1871. Wheat shows a decrease of 16,262 acres, out of 14,233 acres, barley of 2,056 acres, and oats and rye of 1,599 acres, potatoes of 66,632 acres, vetches and rape 1,200 acres, flax 31,067 acres, and meadow and clover 29,111 acres. In beans and peas there is an increase of 809 acres, turnips 19,129 acres, mangold and beet-root 2,999 acres, cabbage 6,337 acres, carrots, parsnips, and other green crops, 1,311 acres. The area under grass in 1872 was 10,211,511 acres, while in 1871 it was 10,071,255 acres. Fallow decreased from 20,920 acres in 1871 to 18,512 acres in 1872. Woods and plantations covered 32,999 acres in 1871 and 33,173 acres in 1872. The "byre and waste unoccupied" is stated at 4,247,261 acres in 1871, and 4,253,973 acres in 1872. A table is also given showing the extent under the several crops for the last five years, from which it appears that in the five years from 1868 to 1872 the area under what was 235,150, 280,160, 259,846, 241,461, and 228,139 acres respectively. Oats for the same years covered 1,701,613, 1,885,240, 1,650,039, 1,626,136, and 1,621,813 acres respectively. Barley, which this year covered 218,891 acres, and last year 229,979, is still in excess of what it was in 1868, although much smaller; the return for 1870, when the acreage was 211,285. There is a smaller breadth under potatoes than in any year since 1868, the figures for the five years being 1,931,081, 1,011,902, 1,013,583, 1,053,431, and 891,802 respectively. The acreage under turnips is 316,461, as against 327,035 last year. Mangold and beet-root show a steady yearly increase, from 19,109 acres in 1868 to 31,020 in 1872. The minor green crops also show an increase. Flax shows a great decrease, the acreage for the five years being 206,483, 229,252, 194,910, 156,070, and 122,003. The returns of live stock for 1872, when compared with 1871, show an increase in the number of horses of 2,650; of cattle, 80,781; and of sheep, 28,682; and a decrease of pigs, amounting to 230,037. The total estimated value of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs this year is £5,717,517, being an increase of £232,781, when compared with 1871; but this estimate, it should be stated, is based on an assumption that the value of live stock has not increased since 1841, when the estimate for horses was £5 each, for cattle £6 10s., sheep 2s., and pigs 2s. These rates, Mr. Donnelly says, have been retained in order to facilitate comparison, and "a percentage may be added by any one at pleasure on account of the increased value of live stock since that period."

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The dentists of Montreal are about raising their fees. Mr. Prévost will lecture in Montreal about February. It is not yet known whether Prof. Tyndall can come or not. A by-law for raising \$70,000 is to be submitted to the ratifiers of the County of Peel. The bonus is to aid in the construction of the Credit Valley railway, which is strongly opposed by the people of Hamilton. In the Quebec Assembly the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved by Alexander Charvay, son of the Premier, and seconded by Mr. Sawyer, of Compton. A short but lively discussion ensued. The address was ultimately carried without a division.—Mr. M. De Plainville, Chief of the construction of the Credit Valley railway, through the United States and the Dominion for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the workings of the different police systems.—Five motions have been commended in Montreal for the purpose of testing the legality of the million dollar loan through the introduction of the action instituted some time ago by Mr. Molson for a similar purpose.—The Canada Southern Railway Company ran the first train on their road on the 21st inst., as far as Welland. At a meeting of the shareholders of the Hamilton and Lake Erie Railway, the proposed agreements for the road and the Grand Western Railway, Grand Trunk Railway, and Grand Trunk Railway, were unanimously adopted.—Mr. Bertram, barrister, of London, has entered an action against the Hon. J. P. Lacombe, on behalf of J. L. Cornwall, now in the penitentiary for the purpose of claiming the Phoebe Campbell murder case.—The section of the Intercolonial Railway between Amherst and Dorchester was opened on the 16th inst. The train left St. John, N.B., at 10 o'clock, and arrived at Halifax at 10 o'clock. Passengers can thus leave Halifax in the morning and reach St. John at night, in time to take the night express for Bangor, which connects with the Grand Trunk train for all points to the westward.—It is understood that the Provincial Government have notified the publisher of the Quebec *Revue* that the contract will cease at the expiration of three months. The railway, through the aid of Sir George Cartier, indicates that he would shortly proceed to Toronto, in Devonshire, upon the advice of his medical attendants.—A Montreal paper announces that it will shortly issue a second edition of the life, letters and speeches of the late James Howe.—Mr. S. J. Dawson will return from Manitoba about the 20th inst.

ENGLAND.—Steps have been taken in London to send relief to the sufferers by the disastrous floods in Italy. Subscriptions have been opened, and quite a large sum is already received.—A colonial question having arisen between England and Portugal, both parties have agreed to resort to arbitration for its settlement, and have selected President Thiers as arbitrator.—The anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Wales was celebrated with much enthusiasm. The day was ushered in with chiming of bells, and the firing of national salutes. A great sum was expended at the Stock Exchange and other public places. In the evening there were fireworks, illuminations, and bonfires.—A fire broke out in London on the 21st inst. in the City of London, in the street. The entire mills were destroyed. The losses exceed £10,000. The iron was killed and several injured. The fire is the most extensive and disastrous which London has witnessed since the late Premier Gladstone is confined to his home by illness.—The Foreign Governments which were requested by Great Britain to co-operate in the movement of being made in England for the suppression of the East Africa slave trade, have not yet expressed their sympathy with the cause, but declining to unite in the active measures contemplated by England.—It is believed in London that the amount of insurance in London has increased since the fire in the burnt district of Boston amounts to \$5,000,000. A commission is to be sent to Boston by the London companies to make an investigation of the amount of insurance in London relative to the conflagration, as the matter is of general importance to insurance interests.—All the London papers express the deepest sympathy for the sufferers by the disaster in Boston. The City of London Corporation has authorized the directors of the Fire Department, the police, and municipal authorities of that city.—A heavy gale has prevailed on the British coast, and much damage has been done to the coast.

SPAIN.—Serrano has been elected President, and Serrano and Olazoga Vice-President of the society of the Exhibition of 1875.—A decree has been issued granting a concession to an English Company to cable from the Cape Verde Islands, direct to some point on the coast of England.—The Carlists who entered Spain near Figueras have cut the telegraph lines between that town and Corona, and made an attempt to force a government to grant *Esper* publishes a letter from Cadix, reporting the discovery of a conspiracy to inaugurate an insurrection among the employees of La Carrara, the Royal docks, and arsenal, situated near that city, in the city of Cadix. The movement was of a serious character, and was actively fostered by internationalists. Upon the discovery of the plot a large number of persons were arrested, and it is believed that the would-be insurrectionists will make no further attempt to carry out their design.—A bill has been introduced in the Cortes, providing for the abolition of compulsory service in the Spanish Navy.—It is said the Government has consented to allow the transmission of Spanish telegraph lines of cypher despatches destined for foreign countries.

UNITED STATES.—The Alcoholic Board of New York is Democratic.—President Grant attributes his first election to the vote of New York, and to honour to him as a military man, and his re-election now to his desire to express approval of the political character of his Administration and to free from stain his own character as an individual. He attributes the late Republican success to good organization and the system of thorough espionage, which his party exercised over the movements of their opponents.—The New York Tribune publishes an immediate and thorough sweep of all the commissions and subordinate offices in the city.—A terrible calamity has befallen the important city of Boston, the principal business of the city, having been almost entirely destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at about \$90,000,000.—Chicago, with its usual spirit, lends her aid with a subscription of \$100,000 for the relief of Boston.

FRANCE.—A shocking accident occurred on the 8th inst. in a coal-mine at Villeneuve-la-Villeneuve, in the Department of Saône-et-Loire. While the miners were at work, an explosion of fire-damp took place, causing the death of thirty-eight of their number. In removing the dead bodies from the mine, the deliberations, and indications point to the speedy discussion of the political future of the country. The Republicans claim to have greatly increased their strength.—M. Grey has been re-elected President of the Assembly.

RUSSIA.—The Imperial Foreign Office is about to conclude a treaty of commerce with the three principal States of Central Asia, viz: Khokan, Bukhara, and Samarkand.—The Russian Government has refused to allow the present relations between Russia and Khiva cannot be maintained, and declares that the safety of the Russian border depends upon our relations with Khiva.

GERMANY.—The issue of the *Levant Herald* has been suspended for two months in consequence of the publication of satirical articles upon the deficient water supply of Constantinople.—An English steamer arrived at Constantinople recently from Malta, having on board twenty slaves. All these slaves trade is carried on between Tripoli and Constantinople, by way of Malta.

SWITZERLAND.—The elections for the Grand Council took place on the 10th. The action of the government in removing Marmier from his Bishopric, and forbidding him to exercise his Episcopal functions within the diocese, was made a test question. The government was sustained by a vote of 8,900 against 1,500.

GENOVA.—Cholera has appeared in Drosina from Pesh.—The dead-lock in the German diet has been reported during the present session, and it is reported that the Emperor has given his concurrence.

MEXICO.—By order of the Supreme Government the tariff of 1867 for importation of merchandise to the interior remains in force until 31st Dec. 1872, and privileges have been fully restored.

TUNIS.—Cardinal Luigi Aimo, Vice-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, died at Nice on the 7th, aged 76.

An itinerant musician has created some excitement in the streets of Waterford and Tralee during the past few days by walking about with a really excellent grinding organ placed in a donkey cart. It has been found out that the wanderer is a gentleman of some property in one of the central counties in Ireland, and a percentage may be added by any one at pleasure on account of the increased value of live stock since that period.

"HELP ME ACROSS."

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

"Sometimes ago a little girl in Ithaca, just before she died, exclaimed—'Papa, take hold of my hand and help me across.' Her father had died two months before."

The day was dying, the world was still, The sun was sinking beyond the hill.

The clouds in the far west upward rolled, In a gleaming hood of crimson gold.

Like a golden bar in the quiet skies, Reaching from earth to paradise,

The last warm sunbeam slanting down, Fell on a cottage old and brown;

And, through a window, gleamed and smiled On the beautiful face of a dying child;

Pacefully fell on her snowy bed, Like a heavenly harp sound her head.

Softly, she opened her dreamy eyes, And gazing into the distant skies,

She saw a vision of perfect rest, Beyond the light of the glowing west;

Saw white-winged angels, and afar The golden gates of heaven ajar;

And the form of her father, bright and fair, On the crimson flood of glory there.

But a dark, deep river rolled between The dreary world and that heavenly scene.

Yet, looking over the dismal tide, She longed to stand by her father's side.

"Papa, take hold of my hand," she said, "And help me across." The day was dead,

For the sunbeam faded and passed from sight, And on that beautiful ray of light,

A soul ascended by angels borne, To a world where mortals may never mourn;

Passed away from its earthly clay, Like the glowing light of the dying day,

While a thousand beautiful angels smiled, At the perfect faith of that holy child.

A SERVANT TO-DAY, A DUGHESS TO-MORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

CHAPTER I.

SHOWING HOW NORAH BECAME A SERVANT.

As a rule, villages are very quiet, and dull, and uneventful. The people who inhabit them have little to amuse them, and seldom open their eyes wider than usual, except when visited by a wild-boast show, a travelling circus, or when fair-time is approaching.

Middleton-on-the-Midway was supererminent in dullness. The cronies and the wild-boast shows gave the Middletonians a wide berth, for they did not respond in a liberal manner to the efforts which were made to amuse them. The sun did not seem to shine upon Middleton as it did upon other places. Its rays might have had a cold bath before reaching the ground, which would account for their want of geniality.

The Midway was a small stream, which the ambitious pride of the local geographers had dignified with the appellation of a river. Its waters were black and muddy, and its stream was sluggish, even to the verge of stagnation.

Of course, the great man of Middleton-on-the-Midway was the squire, and after him the parson, then came the tradesmen in order of merit. The beadle and bellman, also the pastry-cook, was thought a great deal of, chiefly through the fact of his writing verses at Christmas time, and distributing them with an alms-bag.

But the curiosity of Middleton was its tailor. He had been a married man for twenty years. A year or so after his marriage, his only child—a girl—was born; and, in order to celebrate the event, he got tipsy, and continued so, more or less, ever afterwards. At length, he was talked about, and looked upon as a social phenomenon; and when people were har-pushed for a subject, upon which to discourse, they would speak of the drunken tailor of Middleton, in a way that showed he was a notorious character, to whom the pledge should be administered without delay.

Arlent temperance people sent him furtive copies of the "Band of Hope," with which the hardened reprobate lit his pipe. Mr. Thomas, who kept a school at Middleton, wrote some touching lines to a dripping well, showing the evils of intemperance, and the blessings with which the paths of the water-drinker is strewed.

Dionysius Pascal, the drunken tailor of Middleton, had one blessing accorded him by heaven, which he did not at all deserve.

His daughter, Norah, was the ornament and the pride of the village. Had the old custom of celebrating the advent of spring been kept up at Middleton, she would have been made Queen of the May; as it was, she was beloved and respected by everybody, and had plenty of rustic admirers.

Her mother managed to obtain a scanty living for her daughter and herself, by ironing. Norah was an excellent needlewoman, and helped to swell the meagre income, which was never augmented by so much as a penny from Dion Pascal himself.

Whatever money he made, he spent in drink, and made his wife and daughter lodge and board him.

One evening, in the month of May, when the sweet country air was redolent of perfume, distilled by the flowers, and budding shrubs, and blossoming trees, Mrs. Pascal and her daughter were sitting over their tea, in a quiet, not to say dismal, manner. Trade of every sort, in Middleton, was dull. Nothing was brisk, and the dressmaking business seemed to have come to a standstill. No one seemed to want a new dress, and old ones obstinately refused to fall into decay.

On a side-table lay a blanket, upon which Mrs. Pascal ironed, and sundry collars and cuffs, strangely coloured with starch, were awaiting her ministrations.

"Do you think father will come in to tea, mother?" exclaimed Norah. "If not, I will put the things in the cupboard, and you can get on with your ironing."

"There's not much chance of his coming, my dear," replied Mrs. Pascal, heaving a deep sigh. "He took a coat home this morning, and got the money for it. He can hardly have spent it all yet; and you know he never comes near us as long as he has a penny to spend."

Mrs. Pascal had scarcely finished speaking, when an unsteady footfall was heard without. A hand was laid upon the door-knob, and continued to fumble, as if incapable of grasping it firmly.

"Oh, there he is!" exclaimed Mrs. Pascal;

"what shall we do? I hope he is not in one of his bad tempers."

Her heart fluttered against her side, and her cheeks flushed anxiously. No woman can tell what it is to have a drunken husband, until she has experienced the affliction, and understands it in all its terrible reality.

Mrs. Pascal appeared to have made up her mind to her fate, which was to put up tamely, and submissively, with the brutalities and inconsiderate treatment of Dion.

Norah, however, on this particular evening, felt a feeling of antagonism spring up in her heart. For the first time in her life, she felt inclined to rebel against her father, and interfere, if necessary, to protect her mother from his violence. His character had always been thoroughly detestable to her, but she had made allowance for him. She had, like a special pleader, invented ingenious excuses for him; and thought that the fact of his being her father palliated his moral crimes, and, in her eyes, should make his hideous blackness as white as snow.

"Open this door!" shouted Dion Pascal, in an infuriated voice. "Open this door, I say, or I shall have to break it down."

"For goodness sake, run, Norah, and let him in," said her mother, in trembling accents.



THE ACCIDENT.

"There is no saying what he may do in his passion. Run, my dear—do not keep him waiting."

"He should stop out altogether, if I had my way," replied Norah. "If you were firmer with him, you could manage him better. You yield too much by half."

"Oh, no, I do not. His temper is dreadful, when he has been drinking. I know him too well, my child. If I were to anger him, there would be something dreadful between us."

Norah made no further objection. She opened the door, and Dion Pascal reeled in—reeling against the wall, across the room, and then into a chair. The kettle was singing its merry song upon the hob, the coals burned with a bright clear blaze, and everything spoke of order, neatness, and contentment—but how falsely!

The tailor's eyes were bleared and swollen, and there was a tremulousness about his whole frame which spoke of excessive drinking. His skin was dry and crisp, as if burnt up by an infernal fire, seeming ready to peel off at the slightest touch.

"Make me a cup of tea!" he exclaimed, in a voice he intended to be imperious; "and make it strong, or you know what will happen to you."

Norah felt an irresistible desire to speak. "If I were mother, you should get your tea where you get everything else you have to drink! The infamous way in which we are treated by this man is so disgraceful, as to be unbearable. Strictly speaking, you have no right at all in this house! You pay nothing for it; everything is my mother's and mine!"

Her mother looked up in surprise at this bold speech, which she very much feared would be followed by disastrous results.

Dion was also astonished, for this was the first symptom of revolt he had remarked in his daughter, who was generally mild-tempered and obedient. He determined to crush her, once and for ever, with a bold stroke, which should be as final as a wasp's overwhaling.

"You dare to talk to me like that!" he cried. "Who are you, that you should sit in judgment upon me? When you say that nothing here belongs to me, you are absurdly mistaken, for everything your mother has is mine by law—mine to break, to sell, to give away, or to toss out of the window where, when, and how I like!"

"You had much better not attempt anything of the sort."

"If you do not hold your tongue, I will begin with you!" he roared, in a furious tone. Without a moment's delay, he snatched the action to the word, and, seizing the table-cloth, dragged everything to the ground: jugs, plates, saucers, cups, teapot, knives, forks—all fell in one common ruin; and the tears sprang to poor Mrs. Pascal's eyes, as she witnessed the wreck of her crockery. Where was she to obtain money to buy any more? Such ruthless destruction of cherished property was enough to break the poor woman's heart.

But this holocaust did not appease the drunken man's wrath. He was not nearly satisfied. He took up the kettle of boiling water, and hurled it at Norah. Fortunately for her, his hand was unsteady, and the kettle went wide of its mark; but, as it struck against the wall, to the right of her, the lid came off, and the boiling water fell on the floor, steaming as if the house were on fire.

Next the fender and fire-irons made a journey half across the room. A glass which stood over the mantelpiece caught his eye, and a blow from his bulky fist shivered it to atoms.

Hardly knowing what she did, Norah darted forward, grasped her father by the arm, and said, "You shall not go on destroying things like this! You must be mad! You cannot know what you are doing! Pray, for heaven's sake, desist! There is something so awful

about it all, I can scarcely bring myself to believe it!"

The ruffian raised his hand, his fingers bent and doubled close together, and he aimed a blow at Norah, saying, "Believe that, then!"

Isappily, she moved a little on one side, and the blow descended upon her shoulder. It was lucky that it did not fall on her face, as the author of it clearly intended that it should.

Mrs. Pascal, naturally enough, sympathized with her daughter, and endeavoured to protect her. "Strike me!" she exclaimed, "if you must strike somebody; but do not touch the girl—you will break her arm!"

During this scene a considerable noise had prevailed, which was heard by the passing constable, and, as the loud screech arose, he entered the room.

Mrs. Pascal looked more alarmed than before. The tailor continued to strike his daughter, and Norah, in self-defence, gave him in charge.

"Oh! don't do that, Norah!" exclaimed Mrs. Pascal; "do not lock him up—look at the disgrace!"

"That is nothing. Nothing can disgrace him; he has already descended to the lowest sink of shame and infamy. I cannot submit to ill-usage, mother. If he stopped in the

Mrs. Gregory was very anxious for Norah to enter into the line that she had adopted, but it was not to her liking, and she declined the offer of half-a-crown-a-week and her board and lodging, provided she would serve behind the counter, and attend to the shop.

The registry-office was situated in Oxford Street. Mrs. Gregory spoke very highly of it. "It is, from all accounts, by far the best," she said. "I have known several young girls who have had good situations from there, and are doing first rate."

"There was that Jane Parsons—you know her. Well, she's got a place as companion to an old lady, who is very ill, and can't live long, and she tells Jane that she will leave her the bulk of her property, for her care and attention. The fee for registering is only five shillings, my dear, which I will let you have with pleasure, and pay me back at your earliest convenience, or by instalments of sixpence a week, whichever is most agreeable to yourself."

Norah followed Mrs. Gregory's instructions, and found the office, which was a showy-looking place. The notices outside were strongly suggestive of the slave-market at Constantinople, where the effendis of Stamboul buy the beauties of Greece.

"Servants waiting to be hired from ten to six," was calculated to bring forcibly before the mind a statute-fair, or "nop," at which farm-

"You wish to be. Have you never yet been in service?"

"Not yet."

"Do you understand dressing ladies' hair, and waiting upon them?"

"I think I could soon learn, ma'am," was the quiet reply.

"What wages do you want?"

Norah thought of her mother, and asked more than she expected to get, because if it were given her she would be able to make Mrs. Pascal many presents.

"Twelve pounds a year, ma'am!"

"And all found you, I suppose?" said the lady, sarcastically.

Norah replied in the affirmative.

"That will not do for me. I would not mind giving you five pounds a year, and find you in everything; but you must remember that you are not an experienced person. My daughter and I shall have a very great deal of trouble with you. You will be under an obligation to us for having trained you and taught you your business. If you like to accept my terms, and your references are satisfactory, I will engage you. You can think the matter over, and call upon me to-morrow. Here is my card and address. Do not be later than eleven."

The lady gave Norah her card and swept away, sending to some more servants before she left. Norah looked at the card, and read—"Mrs. Spiltpepper, Kilham Gardens, W." She sat still a little while longer; but seeing no one else, she went to the office; told Mr. Peter Pollard of the office made her by Mrs. Spiltpepper, which he advised her to accept. Uncertain what to do, she thought the best thing she could do would be to walk home and consult Mrs. Gregory. "I think, sir, I will talk to my friends about it," she said.

"Do so!" replied Mr. Pollard. "Take a turn in the Park, it is close by. A stroll under the trees will enable you to find out your own mind."

This was such good advice, that Norah made her way to the Marble Arch, and entered Hyde Park.

CHAPTER III.

IN DANGER.

Norah had certainly chosen the season of the year for her journey to London. In the month of May, those families which have not already arrived in town come in in hot haste, for the season is beginning, and with it comes the everlasting round of fashionable amusements.

Hyde Park, as a matter of course, was crowded; when it is otherwise than crowded in the summer? The houses were sitting; the Queen had given a drawing-room and held a levee. Everything that is done when everybody is in town was on the tapis; and the Row was thronged with riders.

Norah was bewildered at finding so large a space as the Park unbuild upon in the heart of a great city. The quantity of trees, the sheep, the grass, the carriages, the post-chaises, the nurses and children; the wonderful number of broughams, barouches, and phaetons, and every kind of fashionable vehicle; the ornamental water with its boats and its roundabout ducks, its black swans and geese, over-revolved her.

It was like a fairyland; the wand of a magician could have conjured such a spot and such a scene, but she would never have imagined it.

And those magnificent ladies, in those elegant carriages—so stately, so proud, and so dignified! Norah bent over the railings, and looked at those wonderful people—looked at them admiringly, and with veneration. A gaily-painted carriage went by, drawn by richly-embroidered horses, driven by a coachman sitting on a hammer-stool; a powdered footman stood behind. In this carriage sat Mrs. Spiltpepper. It did not appear to be her own equipage. She was talking to a friend.

Norah envied her, and wondered who the thin, marble-faced young lady sitting near her was. Could it be her daughter? In a short time, she would know.

After a while Norah's thoughts wandered from the ladies to the gentlemen. They were very different from the Middletonians; they appeared to belong to a different race—they were the thorough-bred, the highly polished, and the exquisite.

She moved on by the direction of an officious policeman, who took delight in hearing his own voice. Her vagrant footsteps took her towards Rotten Row, where the really splendid horses excited her admiring wonderment anew. A gentleman, on a powerful black horse, arrested her attention. He was a tall, handsome man, of very dark complexion, looking more like a foreigner than an Englishman; he stopped nearly opposite Norah to speak to a couple of young ladies, with whom he was evidently acquainted.

All at once a cry arose of "Mad dog! mad dog!"

Norah looked up, and saw the people on the path rushing helter-skelter in all directions, leaving the way clear for a fierce-looking, black-and-white dog, which was galloping along with its tongue lolling out of its mouth, and its eyes rolling wickedly.

Terribly alarmed at the idea of being bitten by this ill-conditioned animal, she exerted herself to the utmost to get away.

She looked eagerly for some means of escape. Without she could find under the railings, and went into the space set apart for the horses, there was no chance for her.

It so resolved upon this course, she ran the risk of being ridden over.

There was a choice of evils, what should she do. She was not long before she decided. The stooped down, passed under the railings, and ran across the Row.

The powerful black horse had noticed before she was frightened at the cries and shouts of the spectators. It bore on the curb, and pulled at the rein.

As its rider was not at that moment holding him well in hand, the animal got the bit between his teeth, and with a wild snort started off.

In spite of its rider's efforts to restrain it, the horse ran at speed.

Norah was directly in his path, and her destruction seemed imminent.

She might have saved herself; but she stood in the middle of the road as if fascinated by the dark, fire-flashing eyes of the gentleman, who was exerting himself to the utmost to effect her salvation.

"Out of the way! run for your life!—out of the way!" he shouted.

"Hi, hi!" roared the spectators. "You'll be run over!"

But Norah did not move the eighth of an inch. Nothing but a miracle could save her.

More than one person turned away, and hid his face, to shut out a sickening sight.

CHAPTER IV.

GOOD FROM EVIL.

Norah's danger was imminent, for she was utterly incapable of motion.

On came the horse, which was altogether beyond the control of the rider. The fiery blood of the well-bred Arab swelled in its veins, and, with nostrils dilated, it rushed

labourers of all descriptions, are hired at a certain wage for a given term.

There was a brougham before the door. Most likely some lady had been conveyed to the office in it, and had gone to select a domestic.

A sluggish stream of men and women poured in and out of the office, some looking confident and happy, others nervous and dejected.

Norah walked into the office, and saw a tall, thin man, with keen, restless eyes, roving about from one to another. He was dark, and dressed in sombre garments.

This man was Mr. Peter Pollard, the proprietor of the establishment. He was talking in an obsequious manner to the lady who had arrived in the brougham.

When he had conducted her to the carriage, he re-entered the office, and not recognizing Norah, concluded that she had come after a piece; but he did not take that fact for granted, for he had once insulted a highly-respectable and very worthy lady, who, despising the pomps and vanities of a bad world, dressed quite as plainly as the most unassuming servant-girl.

Mr. Pollard took her for a domestic, and told her, in a cavalier manner, to sit down until her turn came. The lady quickly withdrew, and went a little higher up to a rival establishment, where she was treated with more discrimination and civility.

"What do you want, if you please?" he said to Norah.

"A place."

"What as?"

"Lady's-maid."

"Object to travel?"

"No."

"Been out before?"

"Never."

"No character?"

"I can refer you to the Rev. Mr. Williamsley, of Middleton, and Miss M'Thomas, and—"

"What will do. What age?"

"Nineteen."

"Protestant?"

"Yes."

"Where residing?"

"Mrs. Gregory's."

"Where's that?"

"Oh, I forgot," said Norah. "She lives at No. 1, Little Gerard Street, Soho."

"Talk any languages?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Peter Pollard looked at her critically, and then said, in a blunt manner, "Five shillings!" Norah put her hand in her pocket, and took out the money Mrs. Gregory had kindly lent her. Mr. Pollard asked her her name, put it on his books, placed the money in his pocket, and told Norah to go up stairs, where she would find a good fire and several companions, who, like herself, were waiting for an engagement.

She ascended the stairs, and entered a long room, in which were both chairs and sofas, but no table—with the exception of a small occasional sort of a what-not in a corner near the window. On this stood a large Bible and a decanter of cold water, with a glass.

The women looked inexpressibly weary, and those who were talking conversed in a low tone. Their voices were subdued as if it were penal to speak above a whisper.

CHAPTER II.

THE REGISTRY-OFFICE.

Mrs. Gregory, formerly of Middleton, then of Little Gerard Street, Soho, was delighted to see her old friend, and inquired very kindly after her mother, and spoke in a doubtful manner of her father, as if she thought that reformation might be at hand for him, but that the chances were a hundred to one against it.

Norah expressed a wish to be accommodated for a short time until she could get a place. She told Mrs. Gregory all that had happened in the frankest manner, and lost no time in seeking a registry-office, upon the books of which she could inscribe her name.

upon the defenceless girl, who was hurled violently to the earth.

Fortunately, she fell some distance from the animal, so that she escaped the cruel fate of being crushed and mingled beneath his iron hoofs.

It was quickly apparent to the sympathetic bystanders that she was not much injured. The shock to the system was, no doubt, great; but, happily, no bones were broken.

Norah raised her eyes, and encountered the gaze of the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life.

"I trust you are not in any way hurt?" he said.

"I feel a little faint; but, thank heaven, I am not seriously injured."

"I am sincerely rejoiced to hear you say so! I was afraid that you had done you some great injury."

"Norah took the card he tendered her, and held it for a moment in her trembling hand.

It struck her that the gentleman was a foreigner.

She had actually been in conversation with one of the magnates of the land—with a duke!

After a time she rose to her feet, and allowed herself to be conducted to a seat, and the curious crowd dispersed, and left her to herself.

"Oh, yes; I am well now," replied Norah.

How long she sat on this seat Norah never knew.

At men times the same kind of old fighting for self goes on.

She did not sleep well. She dreamed that she was a duchess, and wore a wreath of diamonds.

"Norah gave her friend a history of the day's proceedings, and Mrs. Gregory said, 'Of course you will call on Mrs. Spiltepper first, and take the Countess Adullam on your way back.'

It was late when she got up to go home. All the way back to Mrs. Gregory's, Norah fancied the Duke dining with the rich and great preparatory to going to a ball, where he would meet the very cream of English loveliness and beauty.

Norah tossed her head, as if she did not think a commoner good enough for her, since she had had the honour of being nearly ridden over by a duke; but she said no more to Mrs. Gregory, and at ten o'clock dressed herself with unusual care.

"I have come about the place, if you please," Norah replied.

"Seven!" Oh, dear! that will never do! My servants get up at a quarter to six.

"I got up at seven, ma'am."

"I can assure you, I do not care to do anything but my duty."

"I don't think it is any business of yours to be a servant."

"I am sorry to hear that, but I must do my duty."

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heads and the young men laugh; and the happy pair who quirel without restraint and any unappreciated and disagreeable things to each other in an audible voice.

As for flirtations indeed, these are always going on in hotel life.

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The women who dress to excess are balanced by the walking advertisements of fashion.

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were great friends; and when, in the evening, the villagers assembled at the little inn to talk over such news as had reached them.

He was returning home, having finished work in the field on which he had been engaged.

"What is the matter, neighbour Phillip, that you seem so angry?" asked Oben, as he came up.

"Matter? Matter enough! Here is this vagabond, who says he has no money, and wishes me to keep him, or feed him.

"Good day to you, neighbour Oben, and much luck may you have from your guest."

"Never mind him," said Oben to the stranger.

"He is over angry to-day, from preparing for the Justice and his friends; but generally he is the best natured man."

After they had reached the cottage, Oben and his good wife set the best they had before the stranger, and did all they could to alleviate his wants.

The day before Christmas, as Oben started to visit his friend Phillip, he heard the jingle of bells, and stopped to see what was coming.

"You do not remember me," said the Prince, with a smile, as Oben drew near.

"Do you not remember the stranger you cured for when your friend Phillip thrust him into the street?"

"Yes," continued the Prince, in answer to his inquiring look.

The next day there came a sledge, as the Prince had said, and Oben and his family were taken to the palace, where they lived happily ever afterwards.

Thus Oben entertained a Prince, though he was dressed in ragged clothes.

He was dressed in ragged clothes.

The man about town is to a great extent peculiar to large centres.

In insignificant villages there is no scope for him.

Beyond the chief hotel, and one or two respectable haunts, there is no place where he may comfortably put himself.

cepted as evidence that he possesses a high spirit and infinite light-heartedness.

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HUMOURS OF HOTEL LIFE.

If any one wants to see human nature stripped of certain conventional disguises and reduced to some of its primary elements, let him try a boarding-house or a "family hotel" for a while.

The Passions Developed at Meal Times.

At meal times the same kind of old fighting for self goes on.

The Loving Couples and the Hypocrites.

The feelings of people are expressed with the same kind of defiant individualism as are their tastes.

CHARITY'S REWARD.

Once upon a time, there lived, in the dominions of a great German Prince, a man by the name of Oben Yorkstown.

The Smiling and Begging Widows.

Quite recent widows with fluffy heads, and no sign of their bereaved state, come to the hotel to ask for help.

MEN ABOUT TOWN.

The man about town is to a great extent peculiar to large centres.

AN ABORIGINAL POLITICIAN.

BY MAX ADERER.

During the recent visit of a party of Indians to the East, one of the number, Squantling Bear, was observed to behave himself in a very remarkable and mysterious manner.

and when the scalps were counted around the camp-fire, he invariably had secured the greatest number. Gradually, however, certain of the braves were impressed with the notion that Squattling's trophies sometimes did not bear a very correct proportion to the ferocity of the contest or to the number of the slain.

The braves thought it was queer, but they did not give the subject very serious attention until after the massacre of a certain band of emigrants which passed close by the camp of the tribe. There were just twenty persons in the company, and after the battle several Indians took the trouble to count the bodies and keep tally with a hatchet until upon the side of a chip. That night, when the scalps were numbered, each brave had one or two aplomb, but Squattling Bear handed out exactly forty-seven of the most beautiful bunches of human hair that ever were seen west of the Mississippi.

of earnest sympathy that may be told in a grasp of the hand. As there is a cause for everything, so it is not difficult to find the root from which sympathy springs. It is not strange that every virtue and all nobleness in our nature grows out of, and is the direct result of, suffering, and that the tribute paid to virtue and nobleness is the simple but earnest expression of human sympathy with self-denial, hard work, endurance, and faithful devotion? So that sympathy really is not only the expression of affection for the suffering, but also of genuine appreciation of the good that grows out of suffering.

AN ADVENTURE. A MODERN FRA DIAVOLO.

Miss Violetta Colville, a young American prima donna and her mother were waylaid the other day by highway robbers while enjoying a carriage ride between Albisola and Savona, Italy. The elder lady gives the following account of the affair: "The day before we left Savona I thought it would do Violetta good to go to the beach and walk in the sea air, she being yet not entirely strong, so we took a carriage and drove to the little village of Albisola."

When they returned, the entire camp devoted itself to merriment and celebration. Twenty men killed and forty-seven scalps in the possession of a single brave, without counting those secured by other participants in the contest! The more the warriors pondered over this fact, the more perplexing it became. A brave, while eating his supper and reflecting upon the problem, would suddenly imagine he saw his way clear, and he would stop, with his mouth full of baked dog, and fix his eyes upon the wall and think desperately hard. But the solution invariably eluded him. Then all of them would glide behind their wigwams and perform abstruse mathematical calculations upon their fingers; and they would get sticks and jam the points into the sand and do hard sums out of their aboriginal arithmetic.

They tried it with algebra, and let the number of heads equal x and the number of scalps equal y, and then they multiplied x into y and subtracted every letter in the alphabet in succession from the result until their brains reeled, but still the mystery remained unsolved.

Sympathy is a virtue about which there is nothing heroic. If it is seen on a battle-field it is not met with among the generals and their glory, but is found with the surgeons and their science. If we look for it in the city, it is not on "Change or in the banks, or with the bill-discounters, but it is there where unexpected commercial misfortune threatens ruin to the upright man. It is a virtue that, like most others, does not pay—I speak as the world speaks. It is directly opposed to the "pound of flesh" principle. It tempers justice with mercy; indeed, I am afraid it is even glad that justice is blind, so that it may sometimes weigh down the scales with mercy.

A GOOD SWALLOW. Mules and donkeys and camels have appetites that anything will relieve temporarily, but nothing satisfy. In Syria once, at the headwaters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye all over, with much interest as if he had an idea of getting some made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything so good as an overcoat before in his life.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. LIGHT INDIA INK.—Dissolve the powdered ink in hot water, and when deep black, add one-tenth its volume of glycerine, and shake well together. SUGAR FOR GLAZING CAKES.—Put into a vessel with a little water the white of one egg well beaten, and stirred into the water; let it boil, and while boiling, throw in a few drops of cold water. Then stir in a quantity of powdered sugar. This must be used as the sugar is used; this makes a beautiful glazing for cakes. STEWED FRUIT.—Put into a stewpan four ounces of sugar, the thin rind of a large lemon, and one pint of cold water. When the sugar is dissolved add one pound of beat figs, and place the pan on a stove so that the fruit may swell gently, and stew very slowly, in a very tender, and the strained juice of two lemons. Arrange in a glass dish and serve cold. CLEANING WOMEN FLOORS.—The dirtiest of floors may be restored beautifully clean by the following process:—First scrub with sand, then rub with a lye of caustic soda, using a stiff brush, and rinse off with warm water. Just before the floor is dry, moisten with dilute hydrochloric acid, and when dry, mix this with a paste of bleaching powder (hypochlorite of lime). Let this remain overnight, and wash in the morning. TO CLEAN GOLD CHAINS.—Put the chain in a small glass bowl with warm water, a little tooth-powder, and some soap. Cork the bowl, and shake it for a minute violently. The friction against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and water remove the dirt and the particles of grease and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intricate pattern. Rinse it in clear cold water, wipe with a towel, and the polish will surprise you. CHOCOLATE BLANCHING.—Grate a quarter of a pound of sweet chocolate into a quart of milk; add a quarter of a pound of gelatine, and a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar. Mix all in a farina-kettle or a pitcher, and stand it in a kettle of cold water over the fire. Stir occasionally until the water boils, and then stir continuously, while boiling, for fifteen minutes. Dip a mould into lard water, pour in the blanching, and stand aside to cool. When cold, turn it out of the mould, and serve with sugar and cream.

swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to start out, and his fore-legs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as still as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public.—Mark Twain.

SOIENTIFIC ITEMS. TO STAIN WOOL BLACK.—A correspondent of the English Mechanic gives the following directions:—Brush the wool over with hot linseed oil, to remove all grease. Then give it a good dressing two or three times with log-wood and nut-galls in decoction, first having removed the lint with alkali lye, and having cooled the grease with turpentine, and mixed with some vinegar, in which some old nails have laid. When black enough, rub well with a piece of black cloth and linseed oil, and either varnished or polished it will look equal to ebony, and will stand all weathers for years.

TO DRAW A CURVE.—A plan but little known among draughtsmen, and most efficient for drawing fair curves, is the following: Cut a strip of soft putty similar to that used for covering bar counters, about one-sixteenth of an inch wide, the length of the longest curve required. Dress it straight, and smooth the edges with a file, drawing the strip through the closed fingers of the left hand or over the thumb, a very regular curve may be obtained, which can be altered at will till it matches the line to be drawn or copied. For fine or quick curves a slightly strip should be used.

THE FLAVOR OF BUTTER.—The German Aeronaut says that a great portion of the fine flavor of fresh butter is destroyed by the usual mode of washing, and he recommends a thorough kneading for the removal of the buttermilk, and a subsequent pressing in a linen cloth. Butter thus prepared is eminent for its sweetness of taste and flavor, qualities which are retained for a long time. To improve manufactured butter, we are advised by the same authority to work it thoroughly with fresh cold milk, and then to wash it in clear water; and it is said that even old and rancid butter may be rendered palatable by washing it in water to which a few drops of a solution of chloride of lime have been added.

RELICS OF THE STONE AGE.—There are but few valleys in Arizona which may not be met the remains of ancient or half-civilized races. A gentleman who had attained a high standard of civilization, among the most remarkable of these relics, whether in the form of variety or abundance, are those recently exhibited from a mound of the valley of the Colorado River, on the head owned by Mr. McKinnis. This gentleman has, for some time past, employed his leisure hours in excavating among the ruins which are still scattered about the valley, and has, in two or three hours, after having removed the debris which covers the ruins to a depth of about two feet, discovered a number of apartments, varying in dimensions from nine to eleven feet square, regularly built with mud, and with the walls of which some of them are coated within. Besides various kinds of agricultural implements made from fragments of siliceous rock, he has obtained several stone hatchets and various kinds of arrow-heads, and other different kinds of colored stones, shells, and the bones and teeth of animals. It is quite probable that further research will lead to discoveries of further importance—as the work has thus far been confined to the removal of the debris, and to the excavation of the mud which probably be deposited at or near the center. Mr. McKinnis is sending a few of his most remarkable specimens to the Smithsonian Institution.

FARM ITEMS. TO RESTORE BROKEN BRANCHES.—Often our plants get broken and hang by a thread of bark. Raise the branch gently and place it in perfect contact with the trunk, and it will heal in a few days. A good adhesive plaster—cut about one-quarter of an inch wide. Press it neatly and closely to keep out the air. The heat of the hand will be sufficient to make it stick.

CUTTING GRASS IN BLOSSOM.—A farmer of thirty years' standing informs the New York Tribune that the best time to cut grass is when it is in the length of the leaf, and at various subsequent stages of growth, and he invariably found that he got as much in bulk by the early as by the later cuttings, while the quality of the former was greatly superior, as shown by the weight of the hay, and by the amount of bone, more butter, cheese, beef, veal, but to the end that haymaking may be finished before the grass is badly injured by standing too long, he would start the mower a day or two before the period of full bloom.

FENCES.—The immense cost of sustaining fences; the inconvenience of having them always in the way of thorough tillage and of easy access, and the progress to the prairie; the impassable snow-drifts accumulated by them; the shelter they afford to weeds and briars; the protection they afford to many of the most pernicious insects, and the fact that they are so much of a nuisance generally throughout the country, as the receptacle of piles of brush and dead leaves, to say nothing of the enormous areas rendered worthless by their occupancy, would seem sufficient reason for proposing a fence, where not indispensable for purposes of pasturing.

SORENESS IN HORSES.—Sweeney's shoulder in horses is not a disease of the shoulder originally, but a representative of other diseased parts, through sympathetic action of the limbs from the feet. A horse suffering from sweeney has been known to suffer in the same way. Contraction is not so much a disease as the result of bad management on the part of the smith in shoeing the horse. —Cor. Rural New Yorker.

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STEWEED FRUIT.—Put into a stewpan four ounces of sugar, the thin rind of a large lemon, and one pint of cold water. When the sugar is dissolved add one pound of beat figs, and place the pan on a stove so that the fruit may swell gently, and stew very slowly, in a very tender, and the strained juice of two lemons. Arrange in a glass dish and serve cold. CLEANING WOMEN FLOORS.—The dirtiest of floors may be restored beautifully clean by the following process:—First scrub with sand, then rub with a lye of caustic soda, using a stiff brush, and rinse off with warm water. Just before the floor is dry, moisten with dilute hydrochloric acid, and when dry, mix this with a paste of bleaching powder (hypochlorite of lime). Let this remain overnight, and wash in the morning.

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Domestic discomfort is, in many cases, to be attributed to the ignorance of wives on the subject of housekeeping, and particularly in the matter of good cooking. An uncomfortable home and ill-prepared meals drive many a man to take refuge from domestic troubles in convivial company. The knowledge of French, drawing, dancing and music does not fit a marriageable girl to superintend a household, and an acquaintance with the various duties of education, is a life-forming and important branch of female education. The view has been adopted by the directors of the Santa Clara Agricultural Society of California. These gentlemen, at their recent exhibition, offered premiums ranging from \$10 to \$50 to encourage in general the proper preparation of the best plain dinners, not to exceed the cost of \$4. A committee was appointed to examine the tables, test the quality of the viands provided, decide upon their respective merits, and award the prizes.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. It is one quarter safer to fall into the Atlantic Ocean than into the Pacific; for the latter is four miles deep, while the Atlantic is only three. A New York lady of fashion wears a beautifully cut diamond ring set in a setting of red gold. It is the first of its kind since the marriage of the young lady having induced him to stop smoking, now wears his pipe as a trophy.

A New York, recently, a gentleman was reclining on a lounge, when his child was playing with a peach stone at him. It lodged in his ear, whence it required a surgical operation to extract it. The moral is obvious: A fellow with ears like that should look them over the top of his head.

A lady, despatching a letter to a friend on the subject of her own appearance, said: "What do you do to make yourself so strong and hearty?" "Inquired the despatcher. "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

A SCHOOLMASTER gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of the "Merchant of Venice" in which the "pound of flesh" scene occurs. The reading finished, he asked the children to repeat the scene as they had read it. My dear sir," he said, "my dear sir, I don't know, unless he carried his papers in his hat."

A MYSTERIOUS and disgraceful vandalism has been committed in the Royal Gallery at Berlin. Five of the finest pictures in the museum, the "Andromeda" of Rubens, "The Boy with the Apple" of Van Dyck, a "Cornelius de Haerlem" of Verelst, and another not specified, were found pierced with cuts from a knife. The singular feature of the affair is that the mutilations were accomplished successive days, and each morning a fresh picture was found in the room. The investigations that were instituted developed a clue, and the authorities have had to content themselves with patching up the canvases as best they might.

The United States is not the only country where soft-eyed, golden-haired murderers and assassins flourish. In Italy there has just been tried, for the poisoning of eighteen persons, a gentleman connected with many of the noblest families of his country, and although there was the usual display of method in his madness—his eighteen victims being near relatives and standing between himself and disinheritance—the case was a most interesting one in declaring it impossible that one so well connected could commit such horrible crimes, and the verdict likely to be returned is insanity.

There used to be in one of the hotels of this city (New York), a very lady-like, tidy, pretty, chambermaid, named Rosa, who used to call Rosa. A grave-looking, good-looking, but gray-haired gentleman of fifty odd, occupied No. 107, and as he sat at his table one morning, Rosa came in to put things in order. "Rosa," said he, "I've been thinking of you for some time. Can I venture to hope you will think well of me?" "Be sure you may, your honour," replied Rosa, with a twinkle of her bright eye, "for me father and the days of my life!" Rosa returned to her room, and the elderly gentleman went to the barber's, to have his hair dyed.

GENES OF THOUGHT. NOTHING overcomes passion more than silence. Victory is a rock from which rebound all the arrows shot against it.

The timid man is alarmed before the danger, the coward dreads it, and the brave man after it. He who restrains himself in the use of things lawful will never overreach upon things forbidden.

No man is a better merchant than he that lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor. If on looking back, your whole life should seem ruffled as a palm-tree stem, still never mind, so long as the leaves are green, and you have your harvest of leaves and shade to comfort you at the fruit of the tree.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest. The teacher who would be successful must cultivate the gift.

Love has been called a warfare. Blessed, then, is the periodical notice of the Sabbath-day, not merely as a day of rest, but also a retrospective of the only in the pauses of the fight that we can see how the battle is going.

If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of a roar which lies on the other side of silence; it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

A celebrated writer, De Sauf, once said that the demon anger had not hurt his bonds one day, the hasty words would have remained unspoken, and we should still possess that which cannot be regained—a friendship lost. If we had but waited one little day ere we uttered the words, whose every word was bitter, whose self-reproaches, and bitter tears of regret would have been saved to us! We are tired of this old home. If we could only go out into the great hustling world, and do what others have done! If we might win the great prize, if there were only one sun, and less of cloud on our pathway! If we could only be content with what we have and are! If flowers bloomed, and Mother Earth wore her robe of green all the year round—If we could walk with other good tempered people never found fault with other people—or if we were all as good, and kind, and loving, as it lies in our power to be—what a sunny paradise we might make of our world!

WIT AND HUMOR. CAUKETS are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

A woman who tells fortunes from a soap-sud need not be a soothsayer.

buggy killed one bird and shot the top of his horse's head off.

BUSKIN-LOADING CONSPIRACY.—When a Tailor's success as a Sportsman?—When he cuts out and makes 'em.

SMART ENOUGH.—A school-board having advertised for a "smart teacher," a man named Mustard applied for the situation, and was accepted.

A DANBURY man has an interesting hairloom in the shape of a hat which was worn through 182 drunks, and still retains traces of its former beauty.

Max and wife are generally called on. Some people, though, reckon them as two. But you in the proper calculation of some couples—the wife one, and the husband a cypher.

A WIDOWER who had never quarrelled with his wife, said the first day of his marriage was as happy as the first of another widower said the last day of his marriage was the happiest.

A DEBATING society discussed the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" After full discussion and mature deliberation, the decision was: "Not wrong, but too difficult to say for the trouble."

A CALIFORNIA man had one of a pair of calves, which he had bought, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the cow had been his chief singer in a Danbury choir is making a reputation for himself in his own country. He can turn a back hand-spring with his voice over thirteen of the highest notes without dropping his hat.

There is one young lady in town who ate oysters all through the month of August when she could get them, under the supposition that there was an "A" in that month. "August" was the why she split it.—Tribune News.

A DE. NICHOLS, in a work entitled "How to Live on a Home and a Half a Day," makes the remarkable assertion that "Sir Walter Scott wrote his stories on an empty stomach." In fact of this amazing fact Mr. Zirk's drum-head sinks into comparative insignificance.

The other Sunday the following was posted up in the lobby of the Cambridge, Washington county, Presbyterian Church: "Notes—The persons who stole 'Songs of the Sanctuary' from seat No. 32, should improve the opportunity of singing them here, as he will have no occasion to sing them hereafter."

A Boston merchant having advertised for a porter, was called on the next day by a stalwart Yankee, who said, "I say, boss, be you the man who advertised for a porter?" "Yes," sternly replied the merchant, "and I expressly stated that all applications must be made by name." "Just so, boss," said the Yankee, "and I ain't a name 'I'd be obliged if you'd tell me what I ain't." He got the situation.

When oysters cost three less than now, And people used to wonder how People grew in such cheap bow.

If Oysters rising keep in price, Soon, you'll find that over us while, Will make the tyator, morsel nice, More precious than the Peas.

BEARTHSTONE SPINX.

Complete, I'm a fish; behatted, I'm a token of grief; again, I'm a useful seed; again, I'm an animal; transposed, I'm a vegetable.

Complete, I am a fish; behatted, I am the author's foe; behatted and transposed, I am again a fish.

Complete, I am a tree; behatted, I am an animal.

Complete, I am a reproof; behatted, I am a quantity of land; again and transposed, I am sunk before useful.

Complete, I am a fish; behatted, I am a woman's name; behatted and transposed, I am a boy-erage.

Complete, I am a report; behatted, I am violent again and I'm a tree.

23. GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMETIC. 1. 160 and a law, (A borough in the county of Cork.)

2. 51 - - - - - eborac. (A small island in the Caribbean Sea.)

3. 4 - - - - - seeburg. (A town in Brandenburg.)

4. 160 - - - - - boat oblo! (A fortress in Hindustan.)

5. 51 - - - - - keur. (A small port in the Black Sea.)

6. 56 - - - - - an. (A town in Turkey.)

7. 160 - - - - - ing n. (A town in Bavaria.)

8. 51 - - - - - br. (A bay in Holland.)

9. 160 - - - - - or ran. (A town in Cuba.)

10. 51 - - - - - O! Noro. (A island in France.)

The initials and finale will give the names of two considerable cities in the Americas.

24. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES. 1. Five half-pence weigh an ounce, how many will make a pound?

2. What eight numbers multiplied by nine will give a product of all odd's? And what eight numbers multiplied by nine will give a product of all two's?

3. If the half of ten is five, what is the half of sixty? J. CAESAR.

25. STREETS, &c., TRANSPOSED. 1. Call a pot row.

2. Read, Gov'nor, read.

3. Lines we can't do.

4. Put's plenty place.

5. Mr. Fair's square.

6. All her arts extend.

7. He'll pay the grant.

8. Check I open our Grandly over at Kingston.

9. Celebrate parson's gun.

10. At the site of Palustrine.

11. Government date rack.

12. My son likes a crab tart, sir.

13. P. G. Killor, sent a gent to a crab rack.

Selected from the contributions of several subscribers.

26. SQUARE WORDS. 1. I'm a stubberfoot who will allow. Embued with power I will avow: A fruit that is wild and in hedgerows found, Sharp and severe in a word or a wound.

2. My first is one of great power, And made my seat meet every hour: To all my third a token show, My fourth is when sweet violets blow.

3. Arts handy craftsmen, oft I've heard it said, Hath raised on high, In days gone by, My first upon my second's luxurious head, My third fell sweetly on a stripling's ear— I deemed to say— "Turn not away."

4. One day a great man surely you'll appear. B. C.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN No. 45. 20. PUZZLE.—R-II.

21. ENIGMA.—Train; rain; pain.

22. NUMERICAL CHARADE.—Cap; cat; top; car; rat; out; cart; out.—APRIL.

23. RIDDLE.—Phyren; Hawk; Hart; Monte-quin; Advertiser; second; Goshawk; Goshawk; TU; Wareham; Arundel; Yorkland.—THOMAS ORWAY.—EDMUND BURKE.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

THEN, AS NOW.

BY NATHAN D. CENNER.

Then, as now, the woodlands were reddening. As the blast of Autumn blew; Then, as now, the chestnuts were dropping, And rustling the dead leaves through. Then, as now, we were roving together O'er the stony Maryland road; While the lute in our wildly beating hearts Like the tints of the woodlands glowed.

MARJORIE.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS.

We three, Marjorie, Hugh and I, were seated that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in the cozy nook of our little country home. I was knitting, and Hugh, my son, was seated near me, covertly watching the girlish figure standing near the window. With one hand she held back the scarlet curtain, while the other toyed with a tassel at her waist. Her face was turned so that its pale, pure outline looked like an exquisitely carved cameo against the leaden sky.

illuminaries were arranged, the place of rendezvous fixed upon, and then the men parted, one saying, "Oh, Marjorie! Ugh Chatterton will be in eternally at noon sharp."

They were so pale the next instant that I thought it must have been the sunset glow that tinged them. Presently the door opened, and in walked Hugh; coming straight to the couch where Marjorie was reclining, he bent down and took her hand, saying: "Miss Hathaway, you have not let me see you before to thank you for the life you saved by your bravery."

"Overheard the plot, and there was nothing to do but to go. It was my duty," she answered coldly, withdrawing her hand. "Blushing his lip, he paused, a minute, and then continued, "You are better, I think. The next time, I hope your duty will call you on a less dangerous errand."

She looked very pale and wan as she lay on the sofa, but exquisitely beautiful. It was the first time she had come down-stairs since she had been carried up that winter night by Hugh. She had been terribly ill; we thought at one time she would die, but there she lay, convalescent at last, the yellow sunlight streaming over her, and looking in her weakness tenfold more lovely now that the old cold had died away from her face.

Marjorie mechanically consulted her watch by a pale moon-beam that had struggled through the clouds. It was half-past eight. Hastily reviewing the circumstances, she reflected that in the house there was only an old woman and a timid servant. Their one horse had been driven to town by Jim; their nearest neighbor was three miles off. Nothing remained but to go alone, and on foot, to warn Hugh of his peril.

Marjorie mended very slowly, and was still so weak four weeks after their first meeting that she was carried down-stairs. That afternoon there was no one in the house besides herself except Jane. I had been called to town on business. Lying on the sofa the girl was thinking so deeply that she did not hear a man's step crossing the hall, and did not see Hugh stop at the library door and look at her with the mask of coldness fallen from his face.

Another and another frantic effort, but in vain: he only turned his head, muttering the word "Marjorie." Never before or after did Marjorie suffer as she did then, and in after-years it was never forgotten. If she could only share it they were trying the back door. One of the men had pushed it heavily, and it creaked in a way which showed it would soon give way.

One of the central figures of English aristocracy, and perhaps the central figure of the wealthy ones of the Old World, is Lady Burdett Coutts. We see by an English paper that at a recent meeting at Brighton, Louis Napoleon and Eugenie were given seats very near to the lady in question, which reminds us of a paragraph that we saw in a French paper in Marseilles in 1848, to the effect that a contract of marriage had been arranged between Prince Louis Napoleon and Miss Burdett Coutts.

Huriett Coutts. The originator of the fortune was Thomas Coutts, a banker of the last century. When a young man Coutts formed a somewhat romantic marriage with a servant girl, named Susan Starke, by whom he had three children, all daughters. These daughters were handsome, and their father's wealth lifted them into good society. One of them married the Earl of Guilford, another married the Marquis of Bute, and the third became the wife of Sir Francis Burdett. To Sir Francis and his wife was born a daughter whom they named Angela Georgina—the subject of this sketch, and of course granddaughter of the old banker.

An antiquated writer in the Memphis Appeal has dug up out of his memory the following little story: The young lawyer referred to is still flourishing in Memphis. His name is never greater local excitement than that which grew out of this infernal navy-yard business. Half the people were in favor of accepting the property, and half or more opposed to it, the latter thinking that the government might be induced even yet to make liberal appropriations and perfect the navy-yard and build ships and steamers here.

Here is a capital plot for a melodrama. We comment to the attention of Mr. Daly. "Near Waverly, Illinois, a year or two ago, a young man, named Frank, who was tragically and mysteriously assassinated some six years ago, by a party by the young lady he loved, took up with, and afterward married, another, with whom he had earlier associations, and who, as he learned sometimes after his marriage, had caused the misunderstanding on the part of his real sweetheart by retarding and sending to the latter a letter originally written to herself. The husband subsequently smothered his wife with a pillow, escaping detection at the time, but dying recently of a broken heart left a confession of the fact."

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It is a somewhat curious revolving of fortune's wheel that has brought this vast wealth to Lady Burdett Coutts. The originator of the fortune was Thomas Coutts, a banker of the last century. When a young man Coutts formed a somewhat romantic marriage with a servant girl, named Susan Starke, by whom he had three children, all daughters.



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We can confidently recommend the BECKWITH MACHINE to our subscribers. Any one preferring to send us the cash, may do so, and will receive the Machine by Express. The Scientific American and American Agriculturist recommend it highly. Montreal, October 1872. GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

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