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**VOLUME III.** 

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

TERMS, SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

No. 47

For the Hearthstone MY GABDEN.

Only the commonest flowers Only the commonest flowers
Grow in my gardon small,
Like butteroups and bouncing-bets,
And bollyhocks by the wall,
And soundowers nodding their stately heads
Like grandiers so tall,—
But the purple paney grows beneath,—
The sweetest flower of all,—
And tiny, feathery, filmy ferns,
You scarce can see at all.
Fret the shady side of the stones.
So dainty fine and small.

Only the commonert flowers

Grow in this garden of mine,—
The larkspur faunts her sky-blue cap,
And the twinkling celmdine
Shakes her jewels of freekled gold,
And drinks her honey-wine,
Making n cup of her lucentstem,
So slender and so fine,
For you hear the laughing waves that sl. 40,—
Slide—and shimmer—and shine
Under her delicate slippered feet,—
My golden celandine.

The hands of the little children Gather them without fear. Wonders of beauty and gladness, To them my walks appear. I have seen them bond to listen, With poised and patient ear, The curfew chinne 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 and the amaranths of paradise, That blossem all the year:—I would I could see what ye soe—And hear what ye can hear. The hands of the little children

## DESMORO;

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," " VOICES FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," II THE HUMKING-BIRD," KTC., RTC.

#### CHAPTER I.

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 what impatient exclamation, 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."

"What's the matter. Des?" has demanded. hand—one of his palms (the left one), and all the fingers belonging to tlat hand, being crimson as a poppy. At first I was quite alarmed when nurse showed me the extraordi nary mark; but I am now growing used to the sign t 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 forchead and chin; but his note, 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 hus-band 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 whither 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 buby 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 car 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 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 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 stant, Des. I want to be informed wherefore either mistrust or impertinent observation.



"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,
"Level Desmone "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

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 sermes or other. "It he bound to rit!"

"Make me your confident, Des; you cannot founded sermes or other. "It he bound to rit!"

"Make me your confident, Des; you cannot founded sermes or other." that letter about, ch? Got into some confounded scrape or other, I'll be bound; or is it do a better thing than that." one of the rascally tradesmen's bills that's annoying you so?"

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

look as if you had just seen a ghost?" Desmoro made no answer, but struck his

clenched hand upon the table before him. I see! Another silly affair of the heart, Des! How the deuce do you contrive to re main such a fool?"

"Oh, as to that," replied the other, in piqued accents, "everybody hasn't your philosophy and adamentine 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, l, 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 bands?"

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

"Desmoro Symure, 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 \_n lady to whom you have actually engaged yourself? Why, Desmoro, you are taking leave of your sensos, I verily do believe!"

"I should just like to know whether Percy Symure himself has always done the right thing — whether he has ever pursued the straight path! It strikes me very forcibly

you cannot marry Miss Calthorpe."

"No, I cannot be so black a villain as to do fancying that I could get out of the othe, so," burst forth the younger brother uffair."

" Heyday !" "I campot make up my mind to commit informed?" such a piece of wicked injustice—such a cruel "Well, y

ខ្លាំ២.' "Wicked injustice - cruel sin !" echoed Percy Symure, in great astonishment. "You glanced towards the door of the apartment, are delivering yourself in riddles, my dear "She, herself, knows neither my name,

mind that; I can't help doing so.

I've been a country girl, possessed of very little knowledge dolt, and I am to suffer for having been such, and there's an end of the matter, I reckon!"

"And dare you venture upon taking a second

"I-I dare not !" was the faltering rejoinder. "Tush, nonscuse! 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 henven's name, let us drop this subject. turn to some other." Then there ensued a pause of some few

time Percy Symure moments, during which 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 tumplt, and he was wholly at a loss to know what to do or what to leave undone in the business now be-fore him At length his tightened fingers gave way, and the crumpled missive was toss ed across the board close to Percy Symure, 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 prottity 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,

"Her father is a schoolmaster at-at a place near which I was quartered some twelve months ago," was the stammering reply. "And you are really married to the school-master's daughter?"

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

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

"Yes, 1 suppose so, Percy." "Confound her, and you too, Desi" exclaimed he. "But you were surely mad; knowing that another woman legally claims you, to enter into an engagement to wed Miss Cal-

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

"Get out of it! How, I should like to be "Well, you must know, Percy, that I didn't

marry her in my own mame; and-and-"Go on," said the other, in a low tone, as he

"She, herself, knows neither my name, nor the regiment to which I belong; and, what is "Yes, yes; I daresay I am," replied Desmore, I do not think that she will even sucmore, through his closed teeth. "Well, never ceed in finding me out. She is only a simple

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, irefully.

Mr. Symure 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 rain of me."

"I'm deuced 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. Symure, with sudden alacrity. "Give me this soman'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 won-

"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 gentle-

"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 Nole man's Hill, and on other important points for

his particular observance.

While the brothers were yet concecting their wicked plans, Ranson, Desmoro Symure'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, tened with a large black wafer, and a little patch of scaling-wax of the same huc, "but I forgot to give you this. There were two letters waiting for you at the post-office." "Careless fellow!" exclaimed his master,

anatching the missive from the salver. "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

Symure. " Is that also a communication from the person at Noleman's Hill?" "Wait a moment, and I'll tell you. The superscription c rtainly is not in her hand," Desmore answered, as he tore open the sheet, and prepared to examine its contents. "Great heavens, Percy, I do think she's dead I' he continued, his eyes devouring the written characters, his face becoming pale as ashes. Yes

-yes, she is dead !" What I Mrs. Desmoro Desmoro ?"

"Ay; re-d-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 flourish-ing copy-book style:

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

"To Desmoro Desmoro, Esq.

"Sin,—
"I am both shocked and grieved to be the communicator of unhappy ticings to you. Your dear wife, whom 1, her medical attendant, imagined to be progressing most favour-ably, 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 and intelligence.

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

"I have taken the liberty of writing to Mrs.
Desmoro Desmoro's parents, living at Sheflington Moor to inform them of this audden and

ton 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 Desmore, his eyes cast "Poor girl" sighed Desmore, 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. "Phew! how relieved I feel I

That journey to Noleman's Hill would have

been no joke for me to perform."

"How do you counsel me to act in this " What do you mean?"

"Respecting the — funeral, and the child's "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\_\_\_\_"
"Nota 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 "And Lucy, likewise, Percy," add d Des-

more, foreing 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! Shellington Moore had not another boy like 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 domineered over his humble household. She was many years younger than her husband, and rather a showylooking woman, but a perfect vixen in dispo-

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



## THE HEARTHSTONE.

She appeared to have taken a positive dislike to the boy, and she seized on every opportuni-ty she could catch to vent her malice on him, and she put him to tasks of actual drudgery, to this hubart him to task of actual drudgery, to which he had hitherto been a complete strang r, and called him ugly nam s, the most offensive of which was "Red Hand."

But the lad made no complaint at all this, nor did he even after a nurmur, 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 eleverest in his grandsire's school; and the old men was exceedingly proud of the boy's notwithstanding that he was only a village achoolmaster, was profoundly learned, and, being so was a worthyof holding a much higher

position than his pre-sent one.

Whenever she saw Desmoro over his book or his slate, it was Mrs. Petersham's peculiar de-light to disturb him, to call him away from it, in order to make him perform some menial of-which she knew had a hateful sound in his cal air, cars. And hershrill voice being so often heard all dealling out "Red Hand," the boys in the school far from 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 be-stowed upon him by his grandfather's spiteful

My hero now grew thoughtful and gloomy, avoided all his former companions, sought so-litude, 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 second upon his handsome face, his acute ears straining to catch every sound, thinking that he heard the whispered syllables of "Red Hand" on every passing breath of

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

"Can the redskin 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 carnestly.

The medico laughed in the boy's face, saying, "And what harm is there in the colour of the limb, so long regit 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?"

"Then, in the name of heaven, what can you "I want the stain removed, as I said before,

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

Desmoro was silent for a few seconds. 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 he done, sir ?" persisted Desmoro, in eager accents, his open palm held forth

tite, healthful digestion, straight limbs, and the use of all your senses, and never more come here concerning that trumpers mother's mark of yours l"

Abashed and hurt, our sensitive Desmoro made his bow, and quitted the medico's pre-

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.

o, ma'am, I can't do that!" was the lad's y reply. "I have brushed your shoes for sturdy reply. "I have brushed your shoes for you; but I will not become a climbing-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 spiteful and cruel fingers.

Desmore staggered backwards under the force of the blow; but he uttered not a cry, though blood was issuing from his nostrils, and one of

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

With this fixed resolve in his breast, Desmore sought his little chamber, where, after having bathed his hot, tingling visage in cool spring water, he sat down, and indited a fare-well letter to his kind grandsire, who had been his best and only carthly 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 ob-ject being to put distance betwit himself and

It was tale in December, bitterly cold, and the leaden-coloured clouds over the wanderer's houseless head betokened an approaching snowstorm. 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 he trudged through the gathering gloom of eve, without any definite purpose in his mind, and with only two copper coins in his

Sheffington Moor was a couple of miles behind him when the snow-flakes first began to

the pure crystallized drops, and colder and

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

He was now waxing hungry, and his feet be ing quite numbed with the biting frost, he did not proceed so quickly as heretofore. By-andby, 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 dis-

tance from the slumberer, there was now dis-cernible 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 knowledge, and was always endeavouring to for one of them was whistling loudly, and the instruct him further, for Matthew Petersham, other was spouting Shakspere to the air.

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

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

words were not mine own, friend

"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 Shakspere!" 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 morrily hout she stile-a; 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 hasta voice that would charm the birds from the trees."

Raiph Tectford laughed, made a careless step forward, slipped, and fell headlong in the

"Stop, Bobby!" cried Jellico, checking the 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 Ro-

"Why, what's the matter, Ralph?" "A broken leg, my master, nothing more," was the light rejoinder.

A broken uddiestick : "I would it were the fiddle, stick and all, so

long as my limbs were safe and sound." "Nay, are you serious?"
"Serious! Ha, ha! When was Ralph, Thet-

ford ever known to be serious?"
"Be so now, I beg and pray"; returned Jel-

lio, 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

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 you brute! His yells are almost distracting me!" Ralph entreated, his gay spirit beginning to

succumb to pain.

Jellico murmuringly undid the chain; and, "I'm sure, boy, I do not know," the doctor returned, lightly. "You are really the oddest youngster I ever came across I to home again, more returned to the side of his prostrate commore returned to the side of his prostrate commore returned to the side of his prostrate commore returned to the side of his prostrate com-

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 pitcously the while.

"Take my cap. Jupiter!" shouted Ralph, oyfully. "My limbs are whole; my ankleoyfully. one is a little wrenched, that's all! What ails

thes, Pluto?"

"The creature's mad,"I think," returned Jel-

lico. "If he be, there's method in his madness, pay attention to him. Follow him, Jul-lico. Never heed me now. I'll soon be able to assert my prependicular again. Fol-low 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 yarls, suddenly

paused, and commenced barking afresh.
"Hollon, hollon, Pluto, old fellow! What's
all the row about, ch?" 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 lanteru, and glancing downwards, perceived a still figure half im-bedded 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 poo fellow? There's not a drop of spirits left in the flask to assist me in reviving him. I wish to goodness that plaguy 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. "Hollon! back again, my master!" answered fall, whitening the earth, the trees, and every cobject around. Thicker and thicker descended found—some lovely maiden in distress ?" " What have you

"Be hanged to his frivolity!" muttered Jellico, beginning to chafe Desmoro's hands. nover 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. Oho I someboly hus 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 I There's a little history here, I fancy; may be, a cruel stepmo-ther—I had such, as I too well remember; but for whom, Samuel Jellico, the merchant's son, 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

At this moment the caravan approached close to the spot were this little scene was passing; and Ralph, half supporting himself on one of

"Confound you, Jellico! Why couldn't you unswer 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

"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 businees | See, see — yonder is a light! Some dwelling is near." " Where?"

"Not half a quarter of a mile hence. Look

"Av, and a quarter of a mire hence. Look straight down the road, and to your left."

"Ay, 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 and have to be had there a if they arrows."

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

" None will surely deny their charity in such

"Observe the height of you 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 mo-tionless, 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

"Jog on, jog on the footpath-way, And marrily heat the style--a; A merry heart g.es all the day, Your sad tires in a mile--a."

At this, Jellico, aven was possessed of a strong, massive frame, mised 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 on-

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 show ing 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 feel-ing 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 stan i-ing before a large old-fashioned mansion, having a porticoed entrance provided with seats, on one of which he laid his inanimate burden, before he essayed the portal.

Jellico passed his hands over the door, on which, fluding 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 si-lence. 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!" sho shricked 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 1 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 P she screamed, louder even than before.

At this morgent, unother window such was thrown wide, and a head without a nightcap peoped forth.
"Whatever is the master 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 l" 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 gentletolks, 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 i" cried the younger of the two females, in winning, coax-

ing 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 ton full of entreaty and humility,—"asking nothing from you for ourselves, only Christian charity to-wards this stranger — a boy, who, if you deny him immediate help, may never unclose 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 nicco addressing Jellico, and at once disappearing from

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?" "sked the lady, in the shafts of the vehicle, appeared hopping along. soon as possible! Hasten, hasten l' 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 wel-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 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

The lady of the shrill voice now made her appearence in the kitchen, and looked suspiciously at her guests, informing them that she was Miss Tillysdale, the mistress of the man-

sion, 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 mo-ment she entered the apartment she was attracted by the handsome face of Ralph Thet-ford, 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. thought that it was some unfortunate boy who had been found buried in the snow!"

"Oh, madam, don't notice me, I beg," returned Rulph, 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, rais

ing her hands in astonishment at sight of our hero, whom she had roughly seized by the shoulder, and turned round about "Gracious, what a countenance! Who are you? Whence come you? And who on carth 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 I What a thankless little monster - that is, if he can speak!" corrected the

lady. "Can your hear?" she shouted in Desmoro's car. "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 in attered if I'd

been left to sleep it out, as nobody would have missed me had I died " " Who are you?" again questioned Miss Til-

lysdale, Desmoro hesitated, reluctant to disclose his name. But the lady, who was not to be denied, per

sisted in questioning him, until he became

quite bewildered by her queries. "It's very natural that I should desire to 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

"I can't tell you that, ma'am; at least, would much rather a t mention if, if you would kindly excuse my doing so !" faltered 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 but and greatly confused.

and thus showed his crimsoned palm. "Well, if ever !" exclained the antique maiden, catching sight of Desmoro's red hand. I vow and declare I 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 M:ss Tillysdale.
"But what about room block mark at the control of the

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

But what about your black eye-that's not a

ipon I Well, since you will not tell me your right name, I shall call you Red Hand! At this, Desmoro uttered a sharp cry of dis-tress, and covered his face. Red Hand I 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 car.

The eves of the mistress of Tillysdale Hall had fallen admiringly 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 stable, coachhouse, 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 dispose ito retain one of them for ever, I will not say.

ankle was considerably better, and Desmoro

was perfectly well in every respect.

But he appeared to be ill at ease, and he ivoided 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 in-

"You are no common sort of lad. By whom were you brought up? " By a grandfather, sir," was the reluctant re-

ply.
"What has driven you from his home, which

"My grandfather's new wife."
"Oho! Precisely as I expected."

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

" And you won't 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 in 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

" And what did you do?" asked Desmoro. " I turned stroller—a strolling actor—a va-

gabond in the eyes of the law." Did you ever act in any of Shakspere'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."

Shakspere ?" "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?"

"Would you like to become an actor?" "Yes; a great one." "Umph! Ambitious! Well better so than not!" cried Jellico, within himself: "Pil 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 ach-

ing tach, the girl, heedless of the guttering caudle by her hedside, 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 graduallyfilled with a thick, hot, stilling vapour.

But the girl slumbered on, unconcious 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 snoke, 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 houschold.

(To be continued.)

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

To the south of Kaffa and Susa, there is a very sultry and humid country, with many hamboo woods, inhabited by the race called bakes, who are no higger 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 bassts, having neither houses, temples, nor holy trees, like the Gallas, yet possessing something of an idea of a higher being sessing 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

or food and clothing, for we live on serpents, ants and mice. Thou hast made us. Wh

The Dakos have no chief, 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 maked. They do not marry, but live indiscriminative lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little parental instinct; the mother nurses her child for rental instinct; the mother nurses her enterior a short time only, accustoming it to eat anta 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, that noses, and small eyes; the hair is not woolly, and is worn by the women over the shoulders. The nulls 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 sorpents, 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 plerce the ears with a sharp-pointed piece of wood.

The Life of the Body 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 dobt we owe nature, and are invariably rewarded for our trouble and expense.

It is useless to expostinate on the many advantages of sound health, and if you are now in quest of the precious (lift, you are strongly recommended to produce a supply of the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills and take as directed.

Gitt. Drive whose brain development is unusually large in computison with the body, are most frequently singled out for a promature final resting place. Why is this? Simply because the functions of the body are too frail to supply the waste soing on in the brain consequent upon active intelligence. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphitus is so prepared that it imparts the vital principle directly to the brain, while it assists in developing a vigorous and robust body. The following day was the Sabbath, Ralph's



## THE HEARTHSTONE.

ANGELS WATCH O'ER ME.

When night her sable mantle sproads.
And wraps the earth in quiet sleep.
When nature yields to soft repose,
And twinkling starts 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 'neath afflictions rod I bend,
When some sweet tie is radely riven,
When I have lost some cherished friend,
And feel there's nothing true but Heaven.
When bitter tears of griof I shod,
Seeking relief in tervent 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 droam is almost o'er,
When I must sleep death's final sleep,
And past to an eternal shore,
And when the silent, awful roll,
Of Death's cold river greats my ear,
May angols bear my fainting soul
To rest in a celestial sphere.

#### THE DISCARDED WIFE

A Romance of the Affectious.

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 a tended theatres and concerts with her ladyship, but her mind was far away, and Lady Joyce once went so far as to call her cold and

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. 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

Her heart was too full for music and dancing, and the spectacle recalled too foreibly the hap-py 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 trivial 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 sofe, 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 durkness.

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 trend along the landing, till she came to the top of the stairs.

Then she bent over and peered anxiously in

All was dark and silent.

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.

Modification has broaden as the sheet fearure.

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

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

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.

would her strength avail against two While she yet deliberated the burglars ad-

vanced towards the door. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, she randown the stairs, and threw herself between them and their means of escap-,

For a moment, they were paralysed by the uldenness and unexpected nature of the attack, but only for a moment. One of the rufflans raised a formidable life-

preserver. Elemnor 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 resist cless, and in a few moments he was bound and helpless.

It appeared that the butter 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 re-

The surprise of the servants at discovering Eleanor on the spot was great, but that was no-thing to her own when the light fell full upon the face of the burglar who had made so desper-

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

"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

ment, but then he thought a great deal.
"Well, Eleanor," said the burgiar as she bent " you didn't expect to see me here to-

night, did you? "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 punish-

"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 amus-

ing. Why, untio these cursed strings, and let me "I cannot do that."

"You can't ?" cried Slider, with an oath. "Is it can't or won't ?" "Both, I cannot, and I would not were it in

Slider growled a curse between his tooth, as these words, spoken calmly and deliberately, told him he had no hope of freedom to expect

"You mean to say you'll have mesent acros

"You most to say you'll have mesent across the seas again ?"
"It is certainly your own doing."
"Now listen to me, Eleanor, I'm not going to stand any nonsenso—either give me my li-

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 hand 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 sho paid no attention, be-lieving 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 at-

tending to the other burglar, who had been wounded by the pistol ball.

He was apparently badly hart; 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 Stider, as he lay on the ground, gnashed his teeth, and cursed

the lil 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 oc-

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

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

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

" Is Eleanor Jerrold here ?" asked the officer Eleanor turned ashy pale; but before she could make any reply, Lady Joyce had stepped

"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! Biess the man!" cried Lady Joyce; "he doesn't know what he's taking 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 men 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 "One of the burglars, my lady, on being ques-tioned, states that one Eleanor Jerrold living

with your ladyship as companion, is his sister?"
"Is that the case?" asked Lady Joyce, sharp-

ly, turning upon Eleanor.

"Hesnys, 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 bad gone to bed?" Lady Joyce, asked Eleanor. "Oh, my lady!" sobbed the accused, "though

things may appear suspicious, do not believe I have been implicated in this heartless robbery! I am innocent! I declare, before heavens, I am

entirely innocent of the crime!"
"Can you prove your innocence?"

Lady Joyce shook her head sorrowfully. "Surely, my lady, you do not believe me ca-pable of this conduct! You, at least, believe me

to be innocent!" "I do believo you innocent!" Eleanor fell on her knees before her kind patroness, and covered her hand with kisso

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

What is it you wish to do with this young indy?" asked fady 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 Elemnor vas strong, and she, together with Slider his companion, was fully committed for trial. Lady Joyce was present at the examination and offered buil for Eleanor, but it was refused, and she, poor delicately-nurtured thing that she vas, was removed in the prisoners' van to Newwith culprits and felons of the lowest or der, there to await her trial for participation in the attempted burglary on the promises 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 drugged slowly onward to that appointed for the trial when she, Eleanor Jerrold, who happy wife of a gentleman, and the owner of a comfortuble home, should stand in the felous dock, friendless and forlorn, to answor 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 consuit with the solicitor.

She contented herself with protesting her in nocence of the crime laid to her charge, but at the same time professed to believe that escape for her was impossible, for, owing to Slider's false accusation, the crime seemed fairly fixed

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

on's gloomy walls. After a short delay, she was conducted into a

large, close room filled with people.
Shame made her bond 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 thi-ther 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 flerce individual in a blue uniform keeping watch over her, and then, las of all, she became aware that standing next her,

lose by her side, was Silder.

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

Then the indictment was read, and the pri oners were called upon to plead guilty or Guilty !" said Slider, boldly.

"Not guilty!" pleaded Eleanor, in fi. m, though low tones, and the trial proceeled. But where was Slider's companion?

Eleanor looked around, but he was not to be Had he died of the wound he had received? She longed to ask this questions, but she could

not summon up sufficient courage to do so. First Slider's deposition taken at his minary examination was read, in which he stated that Eleanor had assisted in planning the robbery, and had given them admittance to the

Then Lady Joyce was called as a witness She doposited to having returned with Eleanor late at night from a party. She had at once rettred to rest, she said, but Eleanor had remained in the drawing-room, giving some trivial reason

The butler was the next witness examined. He related how he had been awakened by a noise in the house, and had immediately arous-ed a fellow servant, and they two, proceeding to the hall, found the two burglars and Elemortogether. He heard a cry for help as he entered the hall. He could not say whether the two pri-soners 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 recollie was a servant of rany anyees. He reconcered a conversation respecting the plate and its being kept in the house taking place between his mistress and the prisoner one day at din-

These were the chief witnesses for the prose

Many others were examined, but only on com paratively trivial matters, into which it is need-

less to enter here.

When the case for the prosecution was ended, Slider 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 bar-risters 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 demean our, had led most to imagine that the case be had in hand was a hopeless one.

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

He told the truthful story of Eleanor's gallant ndeavour to arrest the burglars; he declared no reliance was to be placed upon the word of the convict Slider, 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, he 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 wit-

Slider turned pale and fidgeted uneasily, for he knew that his hour of triumph was at an end, and that his flendish machinations would be exposed, and he himself held up as an object of

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

He commenced by narrating facts already known to the reader, respecting his engagement to Phobe, and the arrival in the village of Percy Hardwicke, of whose attentions to his sweet

He told how it was the talk of the village that try. Mrs. Jerrold was in the habit of meeting some man at night, in the fields near her husband's ouse; and he told of the sudden disappearance of Percy Hardwicke, and the subsequent discov ery of his body, bearing marks proclaiming that

the 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

So far his story had been but a recapitulation

of facts aiready stated. The audience wondered to what it was to lead 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 Hardwicko?" asked the "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 con

"I was maddened with lealousy, I hardly know what I did. Phebe 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 cr was over, I came up to London, but my con science wouldn't give me any peace. I took to drink, but it was no use. I couldn't not forget it. Then I went from had to worse and fell in with him," and he pointed to Silder who, pale and

woring, shrank before his gaze.

Did the man, Slider, over mention Eleanor Jerrold to you?

"Often. He boasted of being able to obtain what money he required from her. He told me he was her brother, but that Captain Jerrold ild 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 discarded 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 Slider to join in the burglary at Lady

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

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

This turned the tide of popular feeling in Elea-nor's favour; but when the witness continued, and related the substance of the conversation which he had overheard, between Slider and Eleanor, in which the former threatened to im-plicate 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 in-

" My Lord," said Rourke, as he finished giving his evidence; e.f. surrender myself as the murderer of Percy Hardwicke. It has eased me me a good bit 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, Pil face it."

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

Silder had pleaded guilty, but it did not avail him in precuring any milligation of his punishment, for he was sentenced to penal servitude

In Eleanor's case, the judge summed up very shortly, and the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdlet of  $\alpha$  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 stentorian 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 re-

moved from her character.

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

It was the opportunity for which she had hoped and prayed, and her one thought through-out laid been, " Will my husband ever hear of "Oh, kind Heaven! grant that he may know

one day how much he has wronged me in his suspicious," 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. her back in triumph to her house in Park Laine, 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 hear how ernelly be had wronged bis wife in suspecting her! but Elennor, 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 not make her appearance, but Lady Joyce still "Where is Mrs. Jerrold?" she asked. "Has

she not yet left the court?"

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

"Gone! Where-where?" "I've no idea, my indy."

Lady Joyce got Into her brougham, and rode home in an uneasy and unhappy state of reliad. She had fully reckoned on having Fleanor's face opposite her at the dinner-table that day, but she was disappointed, and in consequence, in-

clined to be cross to her servants,
"Where can she have gone?" she asked herself. "Where can she have gone ?"

CHAPTER NXI.

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 spors: it therefore became necessary for her to put back to port for repairs, and to supply the requi-

site deficiencles. 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

The sight of the shores of his native land did the signt of the surfes of its marve and 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 fact the marve and the surfer had been among the fact the marve and the surfer had been among the fact the marve and the surfer had been among the fact the marve and the surfer had been among the fact the marve and the surfer had been among the fact the marve and the surfer had been among the fact that the surfer had been among the fact that the surfer had been among the fact that the surfer had been among the surfer had been had been among the surfer had been had been among the surfer had been had been

no ties to bind him to England, and nothing but I them for some time. The wife he had loved so dearly, he believed | tient.

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 its speedy arrangement; so

after his visit to the dockyard, the Captain of the "Good Endeavour" went to the "Fountain Hotel," and ordered dinner. The waiter handed him the newspaper to and Captain Jerrold settled himself diligently to

One of the first things which caught his eye was his own name. With a violent exclamation, he started from his scat, for as yet he only saw, as he thought, that his wife had been still further disgracing

herself. He flung the paper angrily from him, and sat for some time indulging in moody re-Then, after a while, he resolved to peruse the whole affair, in much the same spirit as a child makes up its mind to swallow a nauseous dose

of physic. Piece by piece he read the evidence, which appeared to carry with it the overpowering weight of his wife's guilt; but what can describe his astonishment whom he read the evidence of Jahez Rourke

He could not believe his eyes. He paused several times, as if doubting his own powers of comprehension, then set himself to work to read the words a second time, but he

did not wait to complete his task. Fro he had half finished he crumpled up the paper, thrust it into his pocket, seized his hat, and darted into the street heedless of the dinner he had ordered, and which was just making its appear-

Bapidly he ran through the streets to the pri vate residence of the owner of the "Good Endeayour," and knocked at the door.

highest tone of polite surprise. "It is absolutely necessary."

"Mr. Bolt," said he, "I must leave for Lon don immediately." "Captain Jerrold," said the owner, in the "It is very unusual to

If I cannot go as Captain of the Good En-

leavour,' I resign my command."

"If it is a matter of such importance"It is a matter of life and death." " Well, then, so be it. Return as soon as

possible." But Captain Jerrold was down stairs, and out

into the street on his way to the railway station before the last words were spoken. Luckily for him a train was on the point of starting, for had be had to wait long, be would have worked himself into a fever : as it was, he chafed and fretted at the ordinary stoppages of the train till his fellow passengers thought they must be in the carriage with a lunatic. But where was he to go on his arrival in Lon-

don 7
The newspaper furnished him with the address of lady Joyce, and from the kindly feeling she had displayed throughout, he did not doubt but that she would be acquainted with his wife's address.

After the arrival of the train in London, a cab speedily conveyed Captain Jerrold to Park Lane. Lady Joyce was at home, and he followed

the servant upstairs. "Pardon me," said Captain Jerrold, "but will you oblige me with my wife's midress?" "May I ask you, sir, who your wife is, and what I have to do with her address?"

"Excuse me," said he, bowing, "but I am admost out of my mind with joy; my name is "Captain Jerrold, of the "Good Endea-

"Precisely." 9 Then you have seen the account in the papers, and I can excuse everything? Have you some to implose the panton of her you have so

erucity wronged?" 6 Lady Joyce, what other object could I have in view? For heaven's sake, tell me where she b, and let me go to her at once."

Ocaptain Jerrold, I would give a year of my life to know where she now is." O You do not know?" he eried, thunderstruck, O I have no idea."

O I have no idea."
Captain Jerroid sank into a chair, and, covering his face with his hands, mounted aloud, o I'll find her I" he cried, starting to his feet with sudden energy—O I'll find her if I spend my life in the search. Heaven will not take her from me till I have had an opportunity of telling her of my penitence, and imploring her forgiveness. Tell me ad about her. Where did you first moet her? Where did you see her last? What direction did she take in leaving the court 92

These questions he poured out with wonderful volubility; and it was not till be had rested a little, and recovered from his excitement, that he was able to attend to what the little Lady Joyce had to tell him, which might form a clue to his wife's whereabouts.

In a small room, in a house in a Little Fittup Street, hay stretched on a bed of sickness, a woman whose sands of life were nearly run out. In youth and health she must have been lovely; and even now illness lent a glastly beauty to her justrous eyes and pallid cheeks,

By her side sat the policeman's wife, who had once before tended the same patient, for the sick woman was no other than Fleanor Jerrold. On leaving the court, she had not known which way to turn. She felt stunned and bewildered; and as she stood upon the pavement again at liberty, with the busy throng of London life buzzing around her, a feeling of dizziness came over her, and she would have fallen but for the timely support of a post.

Where should she go? She felt sure that Lady Joyce would be glad to welcome her, but still she shrank from at

once intruding upon her.
Then she remembered her old friend the oliceman and his kind little wife, and to Little Fittup Street she went, determining to eall the following day on her wealthy beneficeress.

But the following day she was not capable of regulating her own movements. Her health, which throughout her trials had borne up won-

derfully, in the moment of her triumph gave The excitement—the misery she had experienced-both told on her enfeebled frame; and

encent—both fold on the encented frame; and sho was the day after the trial prostrated by an attack of fever.

The day that Captain Jerroid returned to Lon-don to search for his wife, she was somewhat better, calm and collected; but for all that the doctor had shaken his head ominously, and Elemnor herself had expressed her conviction that she could not recover. It was a fine summer afternoon, and the sun's

first to welcome the white ellis, but now he had side, but no word had been spoken by either of

at the street door, and the nurse left her pa-After some little time she returned. Her face betrayed she was suffering from great excitement, as she said :--

" Here's a gentleman who wishes to speak to

" It is my husband," said Eleanor; and a faint smile of happiness crossed her face. "I knew I should not die till I had seen him." "Eleator—my own wife!" cried Captein Jerrold, as he entered the room; but the thin, pale face of her he sought, looking earnestly and lovingly upon him, made him start in horror-for it was a face upon which Death appeared al-

eady to have set its stamp.

Silently he advanced towards her, and knelt at her bedside. She did not speak, but stretched out her hand

"Eleanor, tell me you have forgiven me—tell me that you do not hate me for my wicked eruelty.' She strove to speak, but the tender smile which played about her face told him better

Eagerly he pressed it, and covered it with

than any words that he was pardoned.

"I can die happily new," she sald—" new that I have seen you once again, and know that you no longer think me guilty."

"Not die, my darling; but live, for me to show you, by a life of love, how truly I repent of what I did." " How could you suspect me?" she asked: and these were the only words savouring of reproach which she uttered.

Then Captain Jerrold spoke long and rapidly, He told of the grief and sorrow he felt in having acted as he had done, and then his tone brightened as he spoke of a happy future with her he leved so well. She smiled, and shook her bend.

said. "Come near me, dearest; let me kiss you once again before I die." He bent over her—her arm for a moment en-circled his neck; her lips met his for the last time.
Then, without moan or sigh, she fell back

There is nothing for me in this world," she

She was dead.

heavily on the pillow.



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# The Wearthstone.

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of Trumbul's Family Record.
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PROFECTION 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 perfenced sisters, who have been cradled in the which it restrains. Still, powerless as the law 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 brate 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 feebler 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 havdogmas—that his home is his castle; and hav-ing done this violence, there must then be a coquette, that is their look-out, and no con-

scratiny so penetrating and incessant as to be possible to the sleepless eye of the Omniscient nlone. Laws for the regulation of the household must of necessity be very general, and a law is inoperative in proportion as it is generel. There are some cases, however, in which law can be brought into very effective and beneficent play. Of late years we have heard n good deal about laby-farming in England, and some disclosures of the ill-treatment to which infants out 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 uow 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 illusage. 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 main feeders to the dark, foul stream of British

COQUETTES.

There are few people who do not desire to be held in the very best estimation by their neigh-bours. We shall not, then, be accounted libellous in asserting that admiration is very sweet to women. Even the artiess village maid, when she hears for the first time the clumsy compliments of some rustic youth, blushes with grate ful 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 tri-bute 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 intelerable burden un-less we felt that our existence was in some way necessary to some one else's-that we possess power for good or for evil over other people. In power for good or for evil over other people. In complimenting a woman, a man is recognising 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 tantulize poor youths in a most cruel man-ner, playing with them as a cat does with a mouse, and ultimately casting them adrift. And 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 unrea-sonable 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 find a field in which to exercise those powers which lie within them, it is not to be wondered at that so many indulge in coquetting. The higher and better minded women, of course, do not do this. For the sake of temporarily gratifying their vanity they will not incerate a human heart, even though it does belong to a man; but the giddy, the thoughtless, and the shallow indulge in the

pastime with infinite zest.

While a girl is young, and all her powers o fascination are unimpaired, the game of counctting is a very enjoyable and engrossing one. It tickles her vanity to be surrounded by a group of gentlemen, all of them anxious to 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 clated 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 offorts her triumph is very sweet indeed. is the pleasure of spurning him, and boasting to her friends that she has made one more con-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 advant age, she has an opportunity of exercising the intellectual powers which might otherwise lie dormant. She is troubled by few twinges of conscience on account of the misery and heartburning she causes, for she regards the whole men as her lawful prey, who are to be just as her own sweet will directs. If the stupid creatures choose to become gloomy

cern of hers. Besides, she has an undefined impression that men's hearts can only be wounded temporarily; they are such big, burly, course 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 disappoint-ments many. Her powers of attraction grow less; unconsciously she acquires an overbearing demeanour, the natural result of her many vic-torics. 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 admira-tion. 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 thirm and ere ut attracted thereby this sort of thing, and are not attracted thereby. The consequence is that they rather avoid than court her society. She becomes, too, as fiful and changeable as an April day; one moment she will be gushingly sentimental and confidential, and the next cold and distant and bitarily sureastical. Then seals, her requisition ingly sureastical. Then, again, her reputation gets impulred; for at last the truth leaks out that she is a couette. People decline to place themselves within reach of her baleful influence, for they shrink back from the probability of be ing 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 little and are as heartless as she is, who no objection to earry a firstation to its most ex-treme limits, and end the matter there. They will press her with meaningless compliments and praise her in defly-turned sentences; but the compliments have no charm for her, be cause she knows they are meaningless, and are very different to those which were addressed to her in curiler times by clumsier but more sin-cere admirers. And the delights of a true friendship are denied her, she is deserted upon the first opportunity; for in dealing with her mer have few qualms of conscience. She is only getting paid back in her own coin. The end of the matter is that she, too, frequently becomes really crossed in love: the man upon whom she has set her heart ignores her as a heartless co-quette, nor can all her devices bring him to her side. Then is she 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 soured in disposition, and ultimately developes into a waspish old maid or contracts a loveless marriage.—*Graphic*.

FISH AS A DIET.

The proligality with which nature supplies the wants of man is exemplified in no instance more bountfully 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 coasts, north, south, east and west, teem with myrinds of fish in countless shouls and of innumerable varieties, which only require catching and uti-lising as food. Cheap fish should in our sea-giri island be obtainable throughout the length and breadth of the land. Intersected with railways lying like a network 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 trans ported to wherever any number of the commu-nity living together have caused a town or vil-inge to spring up. But from the want of uni-formity of action, or rather of concert, on the part of the fisherman, the fish-salesman, and the fishmonger, there are but few inland towns which receive good supplies of fresh fish, and these generally obtain them from London. There are but few instances where the supply is 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 midiand countles and frequently to towns within a score miles or so of the coast off which it was eaught. So that arriving at last its condition is not as frosh as it might be. But what is to be done? This is one reason why fish is, comparatively speaking, a dear food. But even with all these disadvantages there are certain kinds of fish which may be purchased, one or the other, almost always in all large towns throughout the country, as mac-kerel, herrings, bake, 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 there is not a great demand for

our inland towns, at least not amongst those classes who would be expected eagerly to wel-come any kind of food more economical than their accustomed diet. Poor persons look upon ish as they do upon oranges or cabbage being very nice edible substances, but hardly cheap food. "There is no goodness in it," they They believe, for instance, that a working man could not do any amount of hard work 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 soldom 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 es nourishing properties of a high order) we will take an example to show that it must be a nutritious food; for look at the physique of the fishermen of our coasts, men who live al most exclusively on a fish diet, and then say if fish is not food which is calculated to produce, and adequately nourish, physical development o 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 attri buted 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 as long as the pot can be kept beiling the household is well provided for. It is not to be expected that the wife of a labourer or artisan should be endowed with the talent of a Soyer, or possess the genius of a Carème, or the skill of a Udé but it is surely surprising that it should never occur to such persons that bolling is only one of the many simple processes of cooking which were known ages back; before the deluge, and still are practised even by the red savages of North rica, and the black negroes of Africa. Very many fish are very good bolled; but it rious fact that but few of the cheaper kinds of pleasure on account of the increased value fish are good when dressed in that way; some live stock since that period."

of them are absolutely unentable—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 saute en vin à la Richelteu, or that she should serve up for her lord fish en mutelotte à la multre d'hotel 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, in more senses than one. The homogeneous capacity of this utensil is of vn all-absorbing nature, and as long as it is allowed to swallow fish without discretion, so long cheap fish caunot 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 tabooed to many on account of price, Australian tinned meats despised and disregarded with a strange and unac-countable 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 alleviate 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, brolled, or baked, fried whole or in slices, almost oroned, or baked, fried whole or it slices, atmost all kinds of fish are palatable as well as nourish-ing. But all kinds of fish boiled are not always good, and frequently lose their flavour. When broiled, however, fish always re-tains 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 dally at their tables promotive of an appreciable oconomy, reducing the butchers' bill and pro-ducing a pleasing variety of diet. The saying

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 deeply affected by something in the sermon. When his arm got tired he took his hand away and let the linen hang there alone. And so he marched down that alsie, and to his dwellingplace, 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 atten-tion, 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

STATISTICS OF THE REGISTRAR-GENE-RAL OF IRELAND.

roseate hue from that nose.

The agricultural statistics just published by the R gistrar-General of Ireland will be scanned with unusual interest this year on account of 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. Coreals 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 acros. The total acreage under all crops this year was 5,486,522 acres, as against 5,621,437 acres in Wheat shows a decrease of 16,262 acres outs of 14,323 acres, barley of 2,035 acres, and bere and rye of 1,560 acres, potatoes of 66,632 acres, vetches and rape 1,200 acres, flax 81,067 acres, and mendow and clover 29,111 acres. beans and peas there is an increase of 869 acre turnips 19,429 acres, mangel and beet-root 2,99 acres, cabbage 6,387 acres, carrots, parsnips, and other green crops, 1,334 acres. The area under grass in 1872 was 10,211,513 acres, while in 1871 it was 10,071,285 acres. Fallow decreased from 20,820 acres in 1871 to 18,512 acres in 1872 Woods and plantations covered 321,990 acres in 1871 and 325,173 acres in 1872. The "bog and waste unoccupied" is stated at 4,237,361 acres in 1871, and 4,253,373 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 285,150, 280,460, 259,846, 244,451, and 228,189 acres respectively. Onts for the same years covered 1,701,613, 1,685,240, 1, 650,039, 1,636,136, and 1,621,813 acres respect ively. Barley, which this year covered 218,894 seres, and last year 220,970, is still in excess of what it was in 1868, although much under 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 1,031,081, 1,011,902, 1,013,583, 1,058, 434, and 991,802 respectively. The acreage un der turnips is 346,484, as against 327,035 last year. Mangel and beet-root show a steady year-ly increase, from 19,109 acres in 1868 to 34,920 in 1872. The minor green crops also show an increase. Flax shows a great decrease, the acrosse for the five years being 206, 483, 220, 252, 194, 910, 156,670, 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, 23,682; and a decrease of pigs, amounting to 230,037. The total estimated value of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs this year is £37,117,517, being an increase of £282,781, when compared with 1871; but this estimate, it should be stated, is based on an as sumption that the value of live stock has not incrossed since 1841, when the estimate for horses was £3 each, for cattle £6 10s., sheep 22s., and pigs 25s. These rates, Mr. Donnelly says, have been retained in order to facilitate comparison and "a percentage may be added by any one at

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

Canada.—The dontists of Montreal are about raising their foca.—Mr. Froude 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 ratepayers of the County of Peel. The bonus is to add in the construction of the Credit Valley Railroad, which is strongly opposed by the people of Hamilton.—In the Quedec Assembly the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved by Alexander Chauveau, son of the Premier, and seconded by Mr. Sawyer, of Compton. A short but lively dissuction ensued. The address was ultimately carried without a division.—Mr. M. De Plainville, Chief of the Provincial Police of Manitoba. is on a tour through the United States and the Dominion for the purpose of the different police systems.—Five actions have been commenced in Montreal for the purpose of testing the legality of the million dollar by-law. This is in addition to the action instituted some time ago by Mr. Molson for a similar purpose.—The Canada Southern Railway Company ran the flest train on their road on the 12th inst. as far as Welland.—At a meeting of the shareholders of the Hamilton and Lake Frie Hailway, the proposed agreements between that road and the Great Westorn Railway, Grand Trank Railway, and Canada Southern road, were unantinously adopted.—Mr. Bertram, barrister, of London, has entered an action against the Township of Missouri on behalf of J. B. Cornwall, now in the penitentiary, for the reward claimed by him in the Phebe Campbell murder case.—The section of the Intercelonial Railway between Amherat and Dorchester was opened on the 16th inst. A train left St. John, N.B., which ran through to Haildax. Passengers can thus leave Hailiax in the morning and reach St. John at night, in time to take the night express for Bangor, which connects with the Grand Trunk trains for all points west and northers.—It is understood that the Provincial Government have notified the publisher of the Quebe Oscial Gazette that the contract

poorer classes, will find the introduction of fish daily at their tables promotive of an appreciable comony, reducing the butchers' bill and producing a pleasing variety of diet. The saving in the butchers' bill will prove than counterbal ance the cost of the fish.—Lend and Water.

THE SAD CONSE MENUES OF A DRUGGES of the fish.—Lend and Water.

THE SAD CONSE MENUES OF A DRUGGES of the fish of the sufferest by the disastrons floods in large sum is already received.—A colonial question laving arises between England and Portugal, soft parties have agreed to resort to invibration for its settlement, and have selected President for the sufferest of the fish of the sufferest of the first of the sufficient of the first have agreed to resort to invibration for its settlement, and have selected President for the sufficient of the first have agreed the resort to invibration for its settlement, and have selected President for the sufficient of the first have agreed the will chines of the drug store and asked for some cologro, when the drug store and asked for some cologro, when the drug store and asked for some cologro, when the drug store and asked for some cologro, when the drug store and asked for some cologro, when the drug store and asked for some cologro, when the drug store and asked for some cologro, when the drug store and asked for some cologro, when the straight on word to church, where he sathly the side of a being to whom he was endeared. During prayers he thought he would sop his handkerchief with cologro, so he traved the month of the bottle upon the linea 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 of without tearing the skin with it. So he held his hand up to it, and wantol to make the congregation believe that his nose was bleeding, which they didn't, but

cast, and much damage to shipping is roported.

SPAIN.—Espartero has been elected President, and Serano and Olozaga Vice-Presidents of the society of the Exhibition of 1875.—A decree has been issued granting a concession to an English Company for laying a telegraph cable from Bilboa direct to some point on the coast of England.—The Unrilists who entered Spain near Figueras have cut the telegraph lines between that town and Corona. and made prisoner of a government courier.—The Epsea publishes a letter from Cadiz, reporting the discovery of a conspiracy to inaugurate an insurrection among the employees of La Carrara, the Royal dockyard and arsonal, situated about six miles from Cadiz. 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 effects to carry out their design.—A bill has been introduced in the Cortes, providing for the aboltion of compulsory service in the Spanish Navy.—It is said the Government has consented to allow the transmission over Spanish telegraph lines of cypher despatches destined for foreign countries.

Universe States.—The Aldermanic board of New York is Demogratic.—President Grant attributes

destined for foreign countries.

United States.—The Aldermanic board of New York is Democratic.—President Grant attributes his first election to the desire of the nation to de honour to him as a military man, and his re-election now to its desire to express approval of the political character of his Administration and to free from stain his own character as an individual. He also attributes the late Republican success to good organization and the system of therough espionage which his party exercised over the movements of their opponents.—The New York Tribune looks for 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 portion of the city having been almost entirely destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at about \$50,00,000.—Chicago, with its usual spirit, leads the van with a subscription of \$100,000 for the relief of Boston.

France.—A shocking accident occurred on the 8th

tion of \$100,000 for the relief of Boston.

France.—A shocking accident occurred on the 8th inst. in a coal-mine at the village of Noceaux, in the Department of Scienc-et-Loire. While the miners were at work, an explosion of lire-damp took place, causing the death of thirty-eight of their number.—The National Assoubly of France has resumed its deliborations, and indications point to the speedy discussion of the political future of the country. The Republicans claim to have greatly increased their strongth.—M. Grevy has been re-elected President of the Assombly.

Russia.—The Imperial Foreign Office is about the

dent 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, Bokara and Kashgar. The Grazette de Petersburg' (official) says the present relations between Russia and Khiva cannot be maintained, and declares that the sufety of the Russian border depends upon our relations with Khiva.

relations with Khiva.

Turkey.—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. A very brisk slave 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 Momillard from his Bishopric, and forbidding him to exercise his Episcopal functions within the discusse, was made a test question. The government was sustained by a vote of 8,000 against 1,500.

German.—Control has appeared in Drawdon from

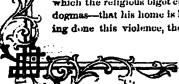
against 1,500.

Germany.—Cholora has appeared in Dresdon from Posth.—The dead-look in the German Diet has led Prince Bismarck to recommend radical reform of the Upper Hunse during the present session, and it is reported that the Emperer has given his concur-

Maxico.—By order of the Supreme Government the tariff of 1856 for importation of merchandise to the interior remains in force until 31st Dec., 1872, and privileges have been fully restored.

ITALY.—Cardinal Luigi Aunt, 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 Tramore during the past few days by walking about with a really excellent grinding organ placed in a donkey eart. It has been found out that the wanderer is a gentleman of some property in one of the central countles in Iroland, who has wagered £5,000 that he will support himself and his donkey for six months by grinding his organ.



BY BUGENE J. HALL.

"Sometime ago a little girl in Ithaca, just before she died, exclaimed—' Papa, take hold of my hand and help mu across.' Her futher had died two months b fore."

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 gipaming flood of crimson gold.

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

The last warm sunboam slanting down. Fell on a cottage old and brown :

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

Peacofully fell, on hor snowy bed, Like a Honvenly halo round her heads

She saw a vision of perfect rost, Boyond 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 sunboam paled and passed from sight, And on that beautiful ray of light,

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

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

White a thousand beautiful angels smiled, At the perfect faith of that hely child.

#### A SERVANT TO-DAY. A DUCHESS To-Morrow.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BETTER LATE THAN SEVER."

CHAPTER I.

SHOWING HOW NORAH BECAME A SERVANT.

As a rule, villages are very quiet, and dull, and uneventful. The people who inhabit them

had dieventul. The people who inmost them have little to amuse them, and seldom open their eyos wider than usual, except when visited by a wild-boast show, a travolling circus, or when fair-time is approaching.

Middleton-on-the-Midway was supereminent in duliness. The circuses and the wild-boast shows gave the Middletonians a wide berth, for they did not respond in a liberal manner to the efforts wilds were made to assure them. efforts which were made to amuse them

The sun did not seem to shine upon Middle ton 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.

1 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 morit. The beadle and beliman, 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 alma-

nac. 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 hard-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. Arient temperance people sent him furtive copies of the "Band of Hope," with which the hardened reprobate ilt his pipe. Mrs. M'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 Mid-

Dionysius Pascal, the drunken tailor of Middiston, 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

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

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

One evening, in the month of May, when the sweet country air was redolent of perfume, dis-tilled 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 Mid-dieton, was dull. Nothing was brisk; and the dressmaking business seemed to have come to standatill. No one seemed to want a new ess, and old ones obstinately refused to fall

On a side table lay a blanket, upon which Mrs. Pascal ironed, and sundry collars and cuffs, atrangoly 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 go 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. whon an unsteady footfull was heard without.

A hand was laid upon the door-knob, and continued to fumble, as if incapable of grasping it

"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 in-considerate treatment of Dion. Norsh, however, on this particular evening,

felt a feeling of antagonism spring up in her heart. For the first time in her life, she felt in-clined 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

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

about it all, I can scarcely bring mysulf to believe it!"
The ruffinn raised his hand, his fingers bent

and doubled close together, and he almed a blow at Norah, saying, "Bolleve that, then !" Happily, 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 uthor of it clearly intended that it should.

Mrs. Pascal, naturally enough, sympathized

with her daughter, and endeavoured to protect ner.
"Strike me!" she exclaimed, "If you must

strike somebody; but do not touch the girl-During this seene a considerable noise had provailed, which was heard by the passing con-

stable, and, as the loud scream arose, he enterforc. The tailor continued to strike his daughter, and Norah, in self-defence, gave him in

charge.
"Oh! don't do that, Norah!" excluding Mrs. Pascal; "do not lock him up-look at the dis-

grace?

"That is nothing. Nothing can disgrace him; he has already descended to the lowest "For goodness sake, run, Norah, and let him sink of shame and iniquity. I cannot submit," said her mother, in trembling accents. 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 sorve 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 "It is, from all accounts, by far the best," sno 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 knew 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 foe for registering is only the shiftings my dear, which I will let you have five shillings, my dear, which I will let you have with pleasure, and pay me back at your ourliest convenience, or by instalments of sixpence a

week, whichever is most agreeable to yourself." North 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 Stambout buy the beau "Servants walting to be hired from ten to

six," was calculated to bring foreibly before the mind a statute-fair, or "mop," at which farm-

THE ACCIDENT.

way," replied North, "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."

North made no further objection. She opened the door, and Dion Pascal recied in—recied 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, reatness, and contentment-but how falsely!

The tailor's eyes were bleared and swellen 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 in-ternal 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

ou."
North felt an irresistible desire to speak.

"If I were mother, you should get your ten where you get everything else you have to drink ! The infamous way in which we are treated by is so disgraceful, as to 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 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 obelient. He 'etermined to crush her, once and for ever, the bold stroke, which should be as that as was overwhelming.

.k to me like that!" h "You dare to eried. "Who s you, that you should sit in idgment upor belongs to me, you are mistaken, for everything your mother has b mine by law-mine to break, to sell, to give

"You had much better not attempt anything

'If you do not hold your tongue, I will begin with you!" he roared, in a furious tone

Without a moment's delay, he suited the action to the word, and, seizing the table-cloth, dragged everything to the ground : jugs, plates. one common ruin; and the tears spring to poor Mrs. Pascal's eyes, as she witnessed the wreek of her crockery. Where was she to obtain money to buy any more? Such ruthless destruction of cherished property was enough to reak the poor woman's heart.

But this holocaust did not appeare the drunker man's wrath. He was not nearly satiated. He took up the kettle of boiling water, and hurled it at North. 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 bolling water fell on the floor, steaming as if the house were or

Next the fender and fire-irons made a journe; half across the room. A glass which stood over the mantelpiece caught his eye, and a blow from his burly 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 houven's Lake, desist! There is something so awful could inscribe her name.

"Very well." Dion shook his fist at his daughter, and yowed a most terrible revenge. She took no notice of his threats, and disregarded his bluster. Before he could conclude his fulmination, he was drugged away to the station-house.

For some time that night, North and her mother sat opposite one another, tooking mournfully in the fire. Neither of them had made the slightest attempt to clear up the broken plates and dishes which strewed the floor in a Suddenly North looked up, and said, "Mo-

ther !"

"Well, my dear?"

"I have made my mind up."

"I can't stand this any longer, and I shall go to service."

"To service!" echoed the astonished woman. "Yes, Of course I shall not appear against father. So I had better start the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Don't leave me. Norah. Who have I but you? Don't leave me! What will become of me when you are gone?"
"I can't help that, mother. Is it likely that

I am going to stay here to be treated so terribly? bruises as it is! I declare I can hardly move my right arm, it feels as heavy as lead, and pains <sup>100</sup> all the way up to the shoulder! I can send for you as soon as I get a quarter's wages, and you can leave father, and come and live by

'No, no!" said Mrs. Pascal, with a shake o the head, "I will never leave him, Norah Whatever he does to me does not do away with the fact that he is my husband. I cannoget that. If you must go, my child, go! haps it is fitting and proper that you should sethe world, and do something for yourself. My love for you is a little selfish; but it shall not stand in your way. Yet it seems hard to lose you—it does, indeed!"

"The fare to London is not much, mother,"

North observed, after a pause. "I know where I can borrow it; and when I reach London, I can stay with Mrs. Gregory, who left M last year to set up a little shop in Soho.

"Think it over, my darling. Do nothing in "I am determined," replied Norab, with em-

"My only regret is that you will not phasis. come with me." suppose suffering is my portion here below I shall be rewarded for it in another land!" sob-

bed the unhappy woman, whose tears flowed like water. "But I am very sad, my heart is so

She had, indeed, to take up her cross, and the hard and heavy wood galled her shoulder; and she felt faint, even as did the Pilgrim in his

The next morning saw North in London.

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 chance:

ere a hundred to one against it.

North 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

"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 "I do!" replied Norah, in a clear voice.

"I do!" replied Norah, in a clear voice.

"I do!" replied Norah, in a clear voice. in it, and had gone to select a domestic.

A sluggish stream of men and women poured and happy, others nervous and dejected. North 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 sembre 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 North, concluded that she had come afte a place; 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 cavatter 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

"What do you want, if you please?" he said

to Norah.

What as ?"

"Lady's-maid."

"Object to travel?"
"No."

" Been out before?"

" No character?"

"I can refer you to the Rev. Mr. Williamsley, of Middleton, and Miss M'Thomas, and——"
"That will do. What age?"
"Nineteen."

"Protestant?"

"Yes."
"Where residing?"

"Mrs. Gregory's."
"Where's that?"

"Oh, I forgot," said Norah, "She lives at No. —, 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!" North put her hand in her pocket, and took out the money Mrs. Gregory land kindly lent her. Mr. Pollard asked her her mane, put it on his books, placed the money in his pocket, and told North to go up stairs, where she would find a good fire and several companious, 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 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 subduct as if it were penal to speak above a whisper.

North took a place near the window, and liswonderingly at the quiet conversation

This was at length interrupted by the entrance of a lady, who walked up and down the room, looking first at one and then at the other. She stopped opposite a pert, smart-looking girl and addressed a few questions to her, but her answers did not appear to satisfy her, for she passed on, and came to Norah.

The indy's countenance was not amiable, and North did not take a fancy to her.

"What are you?" she said. " I wish to be a lady's maid, ma'am !" an swered Norali.

"You wish to be. Have you never yet been

n 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 toget, becausoif it were given her she would be able to make Mrs. Pascal many

Twelve pounds a year, ma'am !" "And all found you, I suppose?" said the

lady, surcustically.

Norah replied in the affirmative.

North 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 torms, and come references are satisfactory. I will ourse. 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."

dress. Do not be inter than eleven."

The hady gave North her card and swept away, speaking to some more servants before she left. North hooked at the card, and read—at Mrs. Splitpepper, Kildam Gardens, W." She sat still a little while longer; but seeing no one cise, she went to the office; told Mr. Peter Polacel of the office made box by Mrs. Sultingmer. lard of the offer made her by Mrs. Splitpepper, 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. #4 think, slr, I will talk to my friends about 11," she said. #4 Do so!" replied Mr, Pollard. #4 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 North made her way to the Murble Arch, and entered Hyde

CHAPTER III.

IN DANGER.

North had certainly chosen the season of the year for her journey to London. In the month of May, those families which have not already season is beginning, and with it comes the ever-

lasting round of fashionable amusements. asting round of fushionable annusaments.
Hyde Park, as a matter of course, was crowded; when is it otherwise than crowded in the summer? The Houses were sliting; the Queen had given a drawing-room and held a lovee. Everything that is done when everybody is in town was on the lepts; and the Row was through with riders.

thronged with riders. North was bewildered at finding so large a space as the Park unbulk upon in the beart of a great city. The quantity of trees, the sheep, a great city. The quantity of trees, the sheep, the grass, the carriages, the pedestrians, the nurses and children; the wonderful number of broughams, barouches, mull planetons, and every

kind of fashionable vehicle; the Gruamental Water, with its bouts and its nondarin ducks, its black swams and goese, overwhelmed her. It was like a fairyland; the wand of a magi-

cian 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:
North leant 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-caparisoned
horses, driven by a coachman sitting on a hammereloth; a powdered footman stood behind. In this carriage sat Mrs. Splitpapper. It did not

appear to be her own equipage. She was tak-ling a drive with a friend.

North enviel her, and wondered who the thin, marble-faced young indy sitting near her was.

Could It be her daughter? In a short time, she

would know.

After a while Norah's thoughts wandored 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

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 ladles, with whom he was evidently ac-

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

North looked up, and saw the people on the path rushing helter-skeller in all directions, leaving the way clear for a flerce-looking, blackand white dog, which was galloping along with its tongue folling out of its mouth, and its eyes rolling wickedly.

self to the utmost to get away. She looked eagerly for some meens of escape. Without she crept under the ailings, and went into the space set apart for the horses,

Terribly alarmed at the idea of being bitten

by this ill-conditioned animal, she exerted be

there was no chance for her. If the resolved mon this course, she can the risk of being ridden over.

There was a choice of evils, what should she

She was not land before she decided The stooped down, passed under the railings, and ran across the Row. The powerful black horse she had noticed be-

fore 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 manual habities him well in hand, the animal got the bit b tween his teeth, and with a wild snort started

In spite of its rider's efforts to restrain it, the horse ran at speed. Norah was directly in his path, and her do-

struction seemed imminent.
She might have saved herself; but she stood in the middle of the road as if fascinated by the dark, fine flashing eyes of the gentleman was exerting himself to the atmost to effect her salvation. "Out of the way! run for your life!-out of

the way!" he shouted.
"Hi, hi!" reared the spectators. "You'll be run over!" But North 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 be-

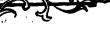
youd the control of the rides.

The flery blood of the well-bred Arab swelled in its veins, and, with nostrik diluted, it rushed

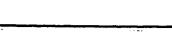












upon the defenceless girl, who was hurled vio

lently to the earth.

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

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. She was in-stantly surrounded by a crowd, and carried to a quiet spot, and inid upon the grass. The stranger, who had been the innocent cause of the accident, succeeded in reining in his horse after the infurlated unimal had gone some hun dreds of yards up the Row.
He instantly alighted, and threw the reins to

his groom, who promptly rode up.
Having done so, he hurried to the place in which North had been lild, and pushing on one side some of the bystanders, found the girl sltting up, having her head bathed with some water hastily procured from the neighbouring

North raised her eyes, and encountered the gaze of the handsomest man she laid ever seen in her life. There was an air of quiet dignity about him which sat well upon his finely-chisel led foutures. He was dark as the night; an elo-quent fire flashed from his eyes, and the jet blackness of his mustache helped to show the

purity of his complexion.
"I trust you are not in any way hurt?" he

"I feel a little faint; but, thank heaven, I am

"I feel a little faint; but, thank heaven, I am not seriously injured."
"I am sincerely rejoiced to hear you say so! I was fearful that I had done you some great injury. My horse is a restive animal, and it was out of my power to restrain him. I shall be happy to do what I can for you. I am at present staying at my consin's. If you will take the trouble to call at 74, Chesney Square, South Kensington, and ask for the Countess Adullam, and give her this card, you may hear of someand give her this card, you may hear of some-thing to your advantage."

North took the card he tendered her, and held

it for a moment in her trembling hand. The gentleman spoke a word to the bystander who had interested himself in Norah's welfare, and gave him some money, for which the man seemed deeply grateful. Then he turned on his heel remounted his refractory steed, and continued

North gazed after him with swimming eyes and finally disappeared.

It struck her that the gentleman was a foreigner. There was something like a foreign accent in his speech, and his dark hair spoke of a

warmer clime than our chilly home.

When she could no longer see him she gazed upon his card, at d was startled to read:—" Duke of Pontibello.

She had actually been in conversation with one of the magnates of the land-with a duke! She was only a simple country girl, and she had been brought up to reverence and respect the lords of the soil. A baronet commanded her respect, as a matter of course; a lord exacted her homage; an earl was an object of unlimited admiration; but a duke—a duke was a superior creature! There was something ethereal, if

not celestial, about a duke!

Of course, a duke had houses, money, land, castles, carriages, flery Arabs, and every luxury that can make life happy, and gild our rather leaden pligrimage here on earth. A duke was a sort of multum in parro. All grace, all virtues, were combined in him. He must, by virtue of his dukedom, be an Admirable Chrichton.

This wonderful creature had actually done her the honour to knock her down with his horse in the middle of Rotten Row. What condescension —what goodness! And, to crown his good-nature, he had given her his name, and told her to call on his cousin!

on his cousin!

She, too, was an ethereal being. She was a countess—the Countess Aduliam. Norah repeated the name to herself more than once. What a pretty sound it had—the Countess Aduliam! What a pity Norah herself had not been born a countess; but the next best thing to become a countess; but the next best thing to be the real policy counters. ing an ethereal being oneself is surely to enjoy

Ing an ethereal using onesci is surely to enjoy the companionship of those who are. After a time, she rose to her feet, and allowed herself to be conducted to a sent; and the on-rious crowd dispersed, and left her to herself. "I think you can do without me now, miss," said the man, who had interested himself in her welfare, and who was anxious to run away and spend the money the Duke of Pontibello had

given him. "Oh, yes; Iam well now," replied Norah. How long she sat on this seat North nover knew. She was in a state of dreamy happiness, yet she knew not why or wherefore. Certainly, about by an unruly horse, whether ridden by an aristocrat or a plebelan. But to North's simple mind, there was something ecstatically pleasing in the idea of being pitied by a duke.

It was late when she got up to go home. All the gay people had departed, and were revelling in other scenes of splendid dissipation. On her way back to Mrs. Gregory's, Norah funcied the Duke dining with the rich and great preparato-ry to going to a ball, where he would meet the cream of English loveliness and beauty very cream of English loveliness and beauty How she sighed, because those realms of bils d to her! What a hardship was it that she had not been born a lady of rank, so that she could have mingled with those whom she envied, and longed to be one of!

She complained of a headache, and went to bed.
She did not sleep well. She dreamed that she was a duchess, and wore a wreath of diamonds. and a coronet of precious stones--while gems of price sparkled on her wrists, and twelve prin-cesses, her bridesmaids, bent the knee and did

when she descended to the little parlour in which they breakfasted, Mrs. Gregory said, "How did you get on yesterday? You were too tired, if you recollect, to tell me when you ar

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

"If you advise me to; but I would rather go

"I think not. If you can get a good place at Mrs. Splitpepper's, take it."

North tossed her head, as if she did not think 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, and started on her journey to Mrs. Splitpepper's The house in which this lady lived was solid

and substantial, though of modern build. There was nothing showy about it, however. No flowers in the windows—no shrubs even—no flowers—no flowe greenhouse or conservatory; all looked blank and dreary, not to say penurious.

The fact was, Mrs. Splitpepper was one of the meanest women in the world. She was not a miser. She did not care forgold, but she revelled in petty meanness.

woran knocked at the door timidly. She did not like the look of the house. Its preternatu-rally solid appearance intimidated her. When the door was opened, a half-starved-looking ser-vant demanded her business.

"I have come about the place, if you please," North replied.
"Oh, very well! I'll say you're here," said

the servant; who, lowering her voice, added. "Don't you take it, my dear; I'vegive warning, and shall leave in a fortnight, if I ain't in my coffin before."

"Liza!" screamed a voice from the stairs. which North bad no difficulty in recognising as Mrs. Splitpepper's. "Liza, if that's the young person come about the place, tell her to wine

her shoes, and show her into the back dining-room, where I'll come to her."

"Yes, ma'am." replied Eliza; who added,
"This way, if you please, young woman, Missis will see you directly."

North was usliered into a poorly-furnished foom, in which there was no fire; and, from the chilliness of the atmosphere, a fire seemed to be an unknown luxury from year's end to year's end. Mrs. Spiltpepper came down in a blue daniel morning wrapper, and said, "Good morning. You pay your visits early. So I suppose I am justified in thinking that you are accustomed to early rising?"

"I get up at seven, ma'am,"
"Soven! The days root that will never do!

"Seven! Oh, dear me! that will never do!

"Seven! Oh, dear me! that will never do! My servants get up at a quarter to six, so that they can begin the day well, and get most of their work done before prayers. You must get out of lazy habits. What wages do you expect?"

"Fifteen guineas," Norah ventured to reply. Mrs. Splitpepper laughed aloud. "My poor child!" she said, "who could have put those nonsensical ideas into your head? You have to be taught your business. It is your first place, and you ought to be glad to come for nothing; but I can afford, I daresay, to give you five pounds a-year, always provided you find your own tea and sugar, and put your washing out."

"I couldn't do it, ma'um, thank you," replied "I couldn't do it, ma'nm, thank you," replied Norah, whose indignation at this offer was very

great.

"Then you are wrong. After you have been a year or so with me, I don't mind undertaking to raise your wages. Are you a good needle-

"Yes, I believe so, I have kept my mother

and myself by needlework."
"Ah! that is something in your favour, though machines are in general use. All our things are made at home; so that when you have dressed me and my daughter, and tidled up the place with the housemaid, you could sit lown in this room, and make dresses, or mend down in this room, and make dresses, or mend the linen, until dinner-time, for which half an hour is allowed. After that, you would have to dress us again before you returned to your needle-work. If you accept the situation, you can come to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, I am afraid I should not suit you, and I am sure you would not suit me," re-

Mrs. Splitpepper rang the bell, and said to Eliza, "Shew this young woman to the door. The insolence of servant-girls, now, is really be-

youd all bearing."

North left Mrs. Splitpepper's house with a sigh of relief. She felt like one who has escaped a great danger. The intolerable drudgery she would have been required to perform, would soon have robbed her of her good looks, and, perhaps, have laid her on a bed of slekness, from which she would have found it difficult to reyoud all bearing."

She turned her steps in the direction of the Counters Adullam's.

(To be continued.)

HUMOURS OF HOTEL LIFE.

If any one wants to see human nature strip. ped of certain conventional disguises and re-duced to some of its primary elements, let him try a boarding-house or "family hotel" for a while. There is a kind of fighting for self that goes on which is very funny, because concentrated on such mean objects. Who shall have the most comfortable chair, the best place at the window or the coslest by the fire, such are the favourite prizes to be gained by superior craft or boldness; and the ladies chiefly interested have recourse to a series of managures to circumvent their rivals, or steal a march on them unprepared, more ingenious at times than well-bred. Then there is the lady who appropriates the only footstool, and the lady who disputes the appropriation, and sometimes "comes to words" on the same; the couple that monopolize the bagatelle board, and the couple waiting savagely for their turn, which comes only when the gong sounds for dinner, or the sky clears up for their walk. The quartet that settle themselves to whist every evening as to a regular part of the business of life, without caring to inquire whether others would like to cut in or not, are more justified in their exclusive-ness; else it may happen that a Club man who can made his bad cards beat his opponent's good ones is mated with a partner who is anxiously "Is that the queen to beat? with the king in his hand, quietly drops the dence, and gives the adversaries the game. All these, however, are regarded with equally hostile feelings by the rest of the community; and sharp sermons are administered on the sin of selfishness by the bolder sort, with the applica-tion too evident to be misunderstood.

#### The Passions Developed at Meal Times.

At meal times the same kind of old lighting Instead of the silent v for self goes on. Instead of the silent waiting for one's turn, with the quiet acceptance of fate that belongs to a private dinner-table, here, at the table-d'hote, there is an incessant call for this or that out of time; an augry demand to be served sooner or better than one's neighbours : greedy "taking care of number one" at the head of the table that excites as greedy appre-heasions in number two at the foot; a running fire of criticism on the dishes that does not hel the illusion of the private dinner-party; and, with people who live much about in hotels, a ontinual comparison with this and that here and there, always to the disadvantage of the one under present consideration. Among the in-mates are sure to be some who are fastidious and peevish about their food; women who come down late and complain that things are not as fresh as when first served up; men who always ant fried fish when the management has provided boiled, and boiled when the menu says fried; dyspeptic bodies who cannot eat bread unless it is two days old, and bodies defaut of dyspepsia who will not eat it unless it is hot from the oven; plain feeders who turn up their noses at the made dishes, and dainty livers who call simple roast and boiled coarse. And for all these societies the management has to cater impartially, and probably miss the reward of thanks at the ent's

#### The Loving Couples and the Hypocrites.

The feelings of people are expressed with the ame kind of defiant individualism as are their tastes. There are the married people who make love to each other in public; and the married people who make anything but love; the wo-men who sit and adore their husbands like wor-shippers before a shrine, and who like the world to be conscious of their devotion; and the men who call their wives pet names for the benefit of the whole table, and even indulge in playful little familiarities which make the girls toss their

heads and the young men laugh; and the hap-py pair who quarrel without restraint, and say sunppish and disagreeable things to each other in an audible voice, to the embarrassment of all who hear them. There is the rakish Lothario who neglects his own better half and devotes himself to some other man's, with a lofty dis-regard of appearances; and there is the coquet-tish little wife who treats her husband very much like a dog and very little like her lord, and who carries on her flirtations in the most auda-clous manner under his eyes, and apparently with his sanction. And, having his sanction, she defies the world about her to take umbrage at her proceedings.

#### The Flirtations and the Scandals.

As for flirtations indeed, these are always go ing on in hotel life. Sometimes it is direction between a single man and a single woman, against which no one has a word to say on the score of propriety, though some think it will never come to anything and some think it will, and all scan curiously the signs of progress or the process of cooling off. Sometimes it is a more questionable matter; the indiscreet be haviour of a young wife, unprotected by her husband, who takes up furiously with some stranger met at the table-d'hote by chance and of whose character or antecedents she is utterly whole hotel by the ears. Prim women ask severely, "How long has Mrs. So-and-so known Major Fourstars?" and their faces, when told, are a sufficient commentary on the text. Others, in seeming innocence, call them by the same name; and express intense surprise when in-formed that they are not man and wife, but acqualitances of only a week's standing. Others again say it is shameful to see them, and wonder why some one does not write home to the poor husband, and speak of doing that kind office themselves; and others watch them with a cynical, half-amused attention, interpreting their solicus by the propulse delegant and their actions by the broadest glossary, and care fully guarding their wives or daughters from any association with either of the offenders. What-ever else falls, this kind of vulgar hotel intrigue is always on hand at sea-side places and the like; sometimes ending disastrously, sometimes dying out in favour of a new flame, but always causing discomfort while it lasts, and annoying every one connected therewith save the sinners

#### Ladies of all Sorts Overdressed and Underdressed.

The women who dress to excess are balanced by the women who do not dress at all. The first are the walking advertisements of fashion, the last might be mistaken for the enavassers of old clothes' shops. The one class oppress by their magnificence, the other disgust by their dowdiness; and each ridicules the other to the different third party, who, holding the scales of justice evenly, condemns both alike. Then there are the ugly women who manifestly think them-selves attractive, and the pretty women who are too conscious of their charms. To be sure there are also ugly women who are content to know themselves unpersonable, as there are pretty women who are content to know that alive, but who think no more about it, and never trouble themselves or their neighbours by their affectations. There are the dear motherly women beyond middle ago, scant of breath and incapable of exertion, who sit in the drawing-room placid and asthmatic, and to whom every the may an affectionate reversible; and they are the properties and the second secon one pays an affectionate reverence; and there are the elderly women who chirrup about like younger things, and skip up and down steep places with commendable agility, and who are by no means disposed to let age have the victory for many a year to come. There are the mothers who make their lumpish children sick with a multiplicity of good things, and the results of the state of th with a multiplicity of good things, and the mo-thers who never give a moment's thought to the comfort or well-being of theirs; the mothers who fliget their little ones and every one else by their over-anxiety, their over-caution, their in-cessant pre-occupation and fear, and the mo-thers who let theirs wander, and who take it quite comfortably if they don't come in even at night-fail. And with all this there is the plague of the children themselvos; the bables who ery all night, the two-year-olds who scream all day. the rampaging boys who haunt the stairs and passages and who will slide down the banisters of a wet afternoon; the clattering little troop playing at horses before your bed-room door, while you are lying down with a sick headache, and the irruption into the drawing-room of young barbarians who have no nursery of their own.

Quite recent widows with fluffy heads, and no sign of their bereaved state, come to the hotel flanked by those of a couple of years' standing, still dressed in the deepest weeds, with the significant cap cherished as a sacred symbol; brisk young widows appeal to men's admiration by their brightness, and languid young widows excite sympathy by their despair; pretty young widows of small andowment, where change widows of small endowment, whose chances you would back at long odds, are handlenpied against plain-featured widows, whose desolation you know no one would ever ask to relieve wo It not for those Three per Cents, with which they are credited. And the widows of hotel life are always a feature worth studying. There are many who do so study them. Chiefly the old bachelor of well-preserved appearance and active habits, who has constituted himself the squire of dames to the establishment, and who takes up first with one and then another of the unprotected females as they appear, and es corts them about the neighbourhood, makes friends with men, but he is glove with all the pretty women; and his critical judgment on them on their first appearance is considered that. As the hotel-life bachelor is generally a man of profound selfishness, the discomfort that ensues does no great harm; and it sometimes happens that it is diamond out diamond, which is a not unrighteous retribution.

#### CHARITY'S REWARD.

Once upon a time, there lived, in the do minious of a great German Prince, a man by the name of Ohen Yurkstown. Oben was no would call him poor; but he possessed a happy and contented disposition, that made him satis-fied with his lot; and what he could raise from oil his little patch of land, on the edge of the village, together with what he carned by doing odd jobs of work, enabled him to give his family plenty to cat, and plenty to wear, though neither the food nor clothes were of very superior quality. But the children were as content-ed and happy with their black bread and potatoes as many children are with dainty viands and fine clothes; and they lived happily to-

gether in their little cot.

The little inn in the village was kept by a person named Philip Berwertson, a short, stout man, very pompous in his manner, and con-sidered by all as the oracle of the village. Notwithstanding the disparity in their circumfor Philip was well off—he and Oben

were great friends; and when, in the evening, the villagers assembled at the little inn to talk over such news as had reached them, none were so favourably received, or so sure of the best seat by the fire-place, as Oben. And so they lived, contented with their lot, and happy in their humble way. The harvest time had come, and Oben, after

gathering his little store of grain and fruits, went, as was his custom, to work for the other furmers of the neighbourhood. One morning, as he was returning home, having finished work in the field on which he had been engaged, he thought he would go round by the lim, and gossip a moment with his friend Philip. As he neared the inn, he heard loud talking; and, on his arriving there, he found Philip vehemently addressing a traveller, who stood leaning on his staff in Front of the door. taff in front of the door.

What is the matter, Neighbour Philip, 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 mo to keep him, or feed him, which is the same thing, and I with my hands full; for the honourable Justice Bentwerton is to stop here with his friends to-day, on his way to court, and they have sent word ahead, engaging the inn, and ordering a grand dinner to be ready for them when they arrive; and then comes this vagaboud to plague me. Get you gone!" added he, addressing the traveller, who had stood all this time quietly leaning on his staff.

He was a middle-aged man, poorly dressed, and the knapsack on his back showed him to be a traveller. His face was thin, as from want and suffering; and his dusty garments betoken-ed that he had journeyed a long way. "Come, friend, come with me," said Oben, as

the stranger hastened to go. "My fare is but homely; but, such as it is, you are welcome

"Good day to you, Neighbour Oben, and much luck may you have from your guest," said Philip as he turned to go into the inn.

"Nover 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 of men.'

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

After a hearty meal on their homely, but nourishing fare, and a short rest, the stranger signified his intention of proceeding on his way. This, Oben and his wife at first would not listen to; but the stranger persisting in taking leave, they yielded; and, filling his knapsack with provisions to eat on the way, they let him depart. Oben, having some work to do on the same rund that he was to take, with his son accompanied him: and, below experted to carrie him; and, being overtaken by a string of earls going to the next town, with produce, the drivers of which Oben knew, he gained permission for the stranger to ride, and bidding him "God speed," they parted, after the stranger had asked for Oben's name. Oben turned off to his work, and, in a few days, had forgotten all about

Autumn passed away, and King Winter began to spread his mantle of ice and snow over the land. Christmas was coming, and every family was preparing for it, our friend Oben among the

The day before Christmas, as Oben started to visit his friend Philip, he heard the lingle of bells, and stopped to see what was coming. Presently a splendid sledge dashed up, drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, with footmen in livery, and outriders before and behind, and stopped in

front of his door. front of his door.
"Surely," said Oben to himself, "no one but
the Prince would travel in such splendour as

that. While he was saying this, the footmen jumped down and opened the door, touching their bats as a finely dressed gentleman stepped out, on whose breast glistened the insignin of severa

Ah, friend Oben, I wish to speak with you." said the Prince, for it was none other.

Oben drew near, and made a low obeisance, being lost in astonishment that the Prince should know the name of so humble a subject as him-

"You do not remember me," said the Prince, with a smile, as Oben drew near. "Surely," said Oben, "I have never seen your

Highness before."
"Do you not remember the stranger you cared for when your friend Philip thrust him into the street?"

At this, Oben looked up at him inquiringly. "Yes," continued the Prince, in answer to his inquiring look; "that person was myself, travel-ing in that disguise to see how my subjects were prospering; and here is your reward "—throwing a package at his feet—" and to-morrow you will take the sledge that I shall send, and come

with your family to the palace." With that, the Prince sprang into the sledge, and of he weut, leaving Oben standing there in astonishment; but at length he picked up the packet which the Prince had dropped at his feet, and, opening it, found it contained a purse of gold, and his commission as high forester to the Prince. As soon as he made out what it was, he ran into the house, and began dancing in high glee, till be was stopped by the inquiries of his wife and children, who, as soon as they

heard the news, were as merry as himself.

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

Thus Oben entertained a Prince, though he was dressed in ragged clothes. If a man is honest and upright, no matter what his cont may be, in the lauguage of the great Scotch poet, Burns, "A mon's a mon for a' that."

#### MEN ABOUT TOWN.

The man about town is to a great extent pecu llar to large centres. In insignificant villages there is no scope for him. Beyond the chief hotel, and one or two discountable haunts, there place where he may comfortably put him-Besides, his doings become too well known, and he carns the reputation of being a binekguard and a no'er-do-well, and is trouted with contempt by the minister and all the re-spectable inhabitants. This sort of thing does not at all suit him. He is as jealous of his re-putation as any one cise, and does not care about the general public thinking him an unmitigated scoundrel. He has no objection to his boon companions knowing that such is the case, judging by the unction with which he frequently confesses the vices he has committed. but then they are as deep in the mire as himself. A large city is the place for him. In it there is ample scope for his energies; in it there is little fear of the particular Mrs. Grundy who has taken charge of him, dogging his footsteps through every twist and turn which he takes. So, in the midst of large communities he exists and flourishes. There is much mis-conception abroad as to his real character. In cortain circles, where some little knowledge really ought to be found, he is considered a very good sort of follow, with faults certainly, but faults of which it is not the duty of society to take much cognizance. His rakishness is ac- return he was always foremost in every fight

cepted as evidence that he possesses a high spirit and infinite light-heartedness. It is reputed extravagance is deemed proof that he is one of those philanthropic beings who would sell their shirts for the benefit of the needy. His ten-dency to imbibe alcoholic liquor is regarded as testimony that he is imprudent certainly, but a regular jolly good fellow, and it is considered a fault of triffing import, which time will mend. But the fact is that, as a general rule, the man about town is by no means high-spirited nor about town is by no means high-spirited nor ready to give away anything for which he does not get some return. Let anybody go to him and ask for five pounds and see if he will get it! He only gives when under pressure. If e may possibly expend a sovereign upon a bouquet to throw to a burlesque actress who has little regard for him and less for her own reputation. But if that sort of thing is generosity, the code of morals must have undergone vast alterations since we loft school. Generally, he is not him. since we left school. Generally, he is nothing since we left school. Generally, he is nothing more nor less than a sot, who drinks enough in a week to serve ordinary people a month. The question naturally suggests itself to the minds of the uninitiated, what does he do about town night after night? It is not for us to say. But his face is familiar in many hotel bars, and he is well known at those theatres which have acquired a reputation for "fastness." There is reason to believe that he attends re-unions, at which hados who dance the can-can and appear which ladies who dance the can-can and appear as fast young swells in go-ahead extravaganzas may be met. It is his boast that he knows may be met. It is his boast that he knows most of these gentle creatures intimately, having supped and broken many a bottle of cham-pagne with them, and possibly such is the case. His accomplishments are numerous. An adept at billiards, he has no objection to play when there is a reasonable probability of winning. There are instances, indeed, which might be cited, of men about town earning almost enough to keep them going by pitting themselves against young birds who have little objection to be plucked, or who, if they have any objection, are extremely chary of expressing it. At whist and other games of cards, too, he is quite able to and other games of cards, too, he is quite able to take a hand and hold his own, invariably a trifle more. He is marvellously clever at running into dobt, and remaining in that happy condition; and is sometimes able to get goods from tradesmen who really do not care about supplying him. He is a puragon of perfection in the matter of dress, but somehow or other his tout ensemble is unsatisfactory. He is firmly persuaded that the whole female creation are called into being for his unusement, and that persuaded that the whole female creation are called into being for his amusement, and that he is justified in using them in any way he pleases. He assumes a hearty and rollicking demeasour, is full of jokes, and in his favourite circles tells numberless stories which would make poor Colonel Newcome, could he hearthem, beside himself with righteous anger.

It organization has more the sure procedures.

It occasionally happens by some mischance that the man about town gets married and has children. But he does not on that account relinquish what he calls his bachelor amusements. He cannot, and does not attempt to stay at home, but continues to frequent the haunts which he loves so well. His wife may pine away, his children be neglected, himself brought to beggary and disgrace, but he retires not from his career until absolutely compelled not from his career until assolutely compensate to do so. He may dotect ruin, in the first place, tooming in the distance, he may see the storm gradually closing around him, and yet he is so wedded to his favourite follies and vices that, there were the property of the place that the story of the st sooner than give them up, he often plunges headlong into mean and dishonest courses. Even when the storm has broken, and he is completely undone, he makes a feeble attempt to continue the game which he has played so long. There is no more melanchely spectacle than a broken-down man of the town. Shattered in health, with all the life beaten out of him, he finds himself alone in the world. If he is aged and weak the younger generation jeer at him as an old dotard, who is simply making a laughing-stock of himself; if he is young and miserable, he is condemned because he has been foolish and brought himself to such a piti-able pass.

Did men about town merely injure themselves they might safely be left to that punishment which, sooner or later, rarely fails to overtake them. But the mischief is that they contaminthem. But the mischief is that they contaminate those with whom they are brought in contact. Wherever they appear and gain a hearing they invariably succeed in lowering the standard of morality. They prompt girls to do that which is unwomanly, and teach boys that which had far better be left unlearned. People do not know how corrupt they are—if they did their power of doing harm would be reduced to a minimum. It is moreover accounts had a minimum. It is, moreover, accepted by many people as the initiaral order of things that young men, especially young men of the more favoured classes, should sow a certain quantity of wild outs. By delivering the innocents over to the tender mercies of the man about town the task is rendered surprisingly easy. But, live everything else, it has to be puid for tunate are the victims if they escape from his contaminating clutch before they become as blass as their tutor; happy indeed if he causes them no greater loss than the loss of their money. We assert without hesitation that the man about town is of all men the most to be avoided. Nothing so surely destroys every vir-tue, turns a candid disposition into an utterly describing one, makes an honest man a rogue, and developes the worst form of sensuality, as the life which he leads.—Liberal Review.

#### AN ABORIGINAL POLITICIAN. BY MAX ADELER.

During the recent visit of a party of Indians to the East, one of the number, Squatting Bear, was observed to behave blusself in a very re-ma-kable and mysterious manner. Ho separated himself from his companions upon one ated himself from his companions upon one occasion for soveral hours, and was then seen returning dragging a huge Saratoga trunk behind him with a string. When he reached his lodgings with the trunk, the other Indians were puzzled. Some of them believed the trunk to be a model for a new kind of wigwam with a Manaard roof, while others conceived the time. Mansard roof, while others conceived the idea Managed 1906, while concers concerved the idea that it was a patient buth-tub of some peculiar sort, and that Squatting Bear, in a moment of mental aberration, had been selzed with an inmental aberration, had been selzed with an in-oxplicable and unprecedented desire to wash himself. The souls of the savages burned with flery indignation as they contemplated the pos-sibility of the adoption of this revolutionary, onervating and demoralizing practice of the pale-faces by the noble red man. But when But when they questioned Squatting Bear and remonstrated with him, that incomprehensible brave merely placed his copper-coloured finger upon his burnt-umber nose and winked solemnly with his right eye.

The trunk was carried through to the wigwam

The trunk was carried through to the wigwam of Squatting Bear unoponed (at the expense of Uncle Sam), and within the precincts of his home it was hidden finally from view, and was soon entirely forgotten.

soon entirely forgotten.

In this tribe, the brave who killed the largest number of enemies in any given year, and secured the ausual trophies of victory was entitled to occupy the position of chief. Squatting Bear was known to have ardent aspirations for the office, and he worked hard to win it. For a while after his return he was always forement in every first.



and when the scalps were counted around the Squatting's trophics sometimes did not bear a very correct proportion to the ferceity of the contest or to the number of the slain. Several times, after a brief skirmish in which len or fifteen men were killed, Squatting would come skilling home with as many scalps as there were dead men, while, at the same time, the other warriors would together have nearly as many

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 emi-grants 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 butcher-knife upon the side of a That night, when the scalps were numbered, each brave had one or two apiece, but Squatting Bear handed out exactly forty-seven the most beautiful bunches of human half that ever were seen west of the Mississippi. The braves looked cross-eyed at each other and cleared their throats. Two of the number stole out to the battle-field for the purpose of counting the bodies again, and of ascertaining if this had been a menageric with a few double-headed persons in the purpose of the purpose

yersons in the party.

Yes, there hy exactly twenty corpses; and, to make matters worse, one of them was a hald-headed man, who, for additional security to his scalp, had run a skate strap over his head and buckled it under his chin. When they returned, the entire camp devoted

itself to meditation and calculation. Twent, men killed and forty-seven scalps in the posses sion of a single brave, without counting those secured by other participants in the contest!

The more the warriors pendered over this fact,
the more perplexing it became. A brave, while supper and reflecting upon the proclear, and he would state in the problem, would suddenly linagine he saw his way clear, and he would stop, with his mouth full of baked dog, and its his eyes upon the wall and think desperately hard. But the solution invariably cluded him. Then all of them would glide behind their wigwams and perform abstrace mathematical calculations may them. struse 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. And they would tear around through the Indian rule of three, and struggle through their own kind of vulgar fractions, and wrestle with something that they believed to be a multiplication table.

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 recied, but still the mystery remained unsolved.

At last a secret council was held, and it was determined that Squatting Bear must have some powerful and wonderful charm which on-abled him to perform such miracles, and all bands agreed to investigate the matter upon the first opportunity. So the next week there was another fight, in which four were killed, and that night Squatting had actually the audacity to rush out one hundred and eighty-seven scalps, and to ask those benighted savages, sitting around that are, to believe that he had societical

all that hair from those four heads.
It was too much—much too much. They selzed him and drove a white oak stake through his bosom to hold him still, and then they proceeded to his wigwam to ascertain how that scalp business was conducted by the Bear family. They burst open the Saratoga trunk the first thing, and therein they found fifteen hundred

wigs and a keg of red paint, purchased by the disgraceful aboriginal while in Philadelphia. That concluded his career. They buried him at once in the Saratoga trunk, and the wigs with him, and ever since that time they have elected annually a committee on scalps, whose business it is to examine every hirsute trophy with a double-barrolled gun microscope of nine hundred

#### SYMPATHY.

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-dis-counters, but it is where unexpected commer-cial 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 desh" principle. It tempors 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. It is not aristocratic; it dures to live either with poor or rich, but mainly I find, perhaps because there are more of them and their days are shorter, with the poor. It shows itself in a variety of ways. The eye, the lip, the volce, the hand, are its messengers and exponents, but chiefly—as it ought surely to be—I think the hand. And now I may just remark that I have often wondered how the South Sen that I have often wondered how the South Sen islanders feel or express sympathy in any of its degrees when they, if I may put it so, shake hands by rubbing noses—as it is thus we are told they greet one another. My private opinion is that the process with them is a mere farce, a is that the process what them is a mere three, a parody on our highly esteemed civilized habit, an unintentional insult to some cold-blooded Englishmen, who go through the national erromony a hundred times a day without meaning anything by it. A nose can feel and feel for, but anything by it. A most can let that let for, oil it cannot grasp another; it cannot possibly evince by delicate gradations of pressure the strength or weakness of its owner's affection. It may be Roman, and indicate firmness; or Gre-cian, and indicate delicate taste; or snub, and indicate inordinate vanity; or pug, and indicate general mastiness; or cogitative, and indicate an easy temperament combined with a good appetite; but in none of these diversities can it conto another, even by rubbing, the apprecia-of kindness received or its intention to do a kindness. We can speak of a generous hand but who ever heard of a generous nose? sing of going down the hill of life hand in hand together, but we simply couldn't do it nose in nose. So I set it down at once, and I mean to nose. So I set it down at once, and I mean to stand by what I say, that this Polynesian noserabling business is a sham. Far otherwise is it with the grasp of the hand. It is as various and yarinble as the expression of the human face. variable as the expression of the human face. It can say in its pressure what the lip cannot utter, charged as our whole being is at times with love beyond, not pressure, but expression, with pity that hides itself in a tear, with hope that trembles in its hiding-place, with joy that almost bursts the beating heart; we cannot at such times fully convey our love, our hope, our fear, except in the sympathetic grip of the hand. The eye looks love, and pity, and every good and every evil thought; the lips touching other lips, send a swift message of innocent love, of hearty fellowship, of passionate fondness, ay, and of Judas with his thirty pieces of silver—for still people do soll one another with a kiss, -uat neither eye nor lip can convey the depth

of carnest sympathy that may be told in a grasp and when the scaips were connect around the camp-fire, he invariably had secured the greatest number. Gradually, however, certain of the hand. As there is a cause for everything, est number. Gradually, however, certain of the hand. As there is a cause for everything, the braves were impressed with the notion that Squatting's trophics sometimes did not bear a virtue and all nobleness in our nature grows out with the different control of the control of t 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. It makes itself known in the quiet ministering of the sister of mercy tending the poor and needy, in the widow's mite, given with self-denying prayerful love, in the benevolence that bestows its ener-gies to the furtherance of the sciences that tend to increase the general well-being of the world in the little unottrusive gravestone, graven with "sacred to the memory of" one who has led a village life, and whose village was his world; and in the marble magnificence of the tomb that tells of a life lived for others, of a genius born for all mankind, of a soul that belongs for evermore to all the world. Such is sympathy. -British Controversialist.

#### 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 allair:

count of the affair:

"The day before we left Savona I thought it
would do Vloletta 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 Abisola. After walking about
an hour on the shore of this beautiful beach—
lard and clean from its billions of many-golourhard and clean from its billions of many-colourad publics—we started to return home. We had got about half a mile from Albisola when the carriage stopped and the driver said that something was the matter with the vehicle, and that it could go no further. He said we must wait there and he would go into town for an other carriage. I was not at all suspicious nor alarmed, and the beauty of the place where we were made me rather pleased than otherwise to remain for the hour that must ensue before our driver could return. We were in a little valley, or rather a gorge, for the hills rose on each side and the mountains lay behind when we faced the sea, which was just visible through the gorge. We strolled about enjoying ourselves, when I heard Violetta say, "For mercy's sake, who are those people?" I turned round and saw advancing from the seaside five rough-looking men, who, from the shape of the road had managed to remain concealed from view until they were within about a rod or so of us. To run would have been ridiculous; it would have shown fear where, perhaps, none was necessary, or, if so, we had no place to run to; and so, although inwardly trembling, I did not allow Violetta to think I was frightened, but said, (Oh, they are laborers probably returning home. But we were quickly undeceived when one of them advanced and asked, in a tone not at all agreeing with his language, if we had not a few centinissi for a poor man? To gain time, or rather my thoughts, I protended not to understand Italian, and asked him in French what he desired. In the meantime I had slid my hand in my pocket and slipped off my rings from my fingers. He said that he and his com-rades would like a little assistance in the way of money from the mesdames. I had drawn out my pocketbook and was proceeding to open it when our brigand, not at all like the brigands of the drama, did not wait to accept with polite phrase any offering I might choose to give him, but incontinently snatched it from my hand. When he opened it the others crowded around him, and seeing its contents (there were about 400 frames in notes of various denominations), appeared highly contented; but wishing doubt-less to have a souvenir of their unwilling benefactress, required of me my watch also; which, when I had given them, they made off with, first convincing themselves that Violetta had neither watch nor purse about her. As I, happy that we had escaped without further loss or injury, looked after the rascals, I could not help thinking of the decline of the brigand species. Alas! where were the steeple-crowned hats and flowing ribbons? Where were the silken hose wound about with many colored tapes that make the legs of the opera singers look like eccentric barber poles? Alas! these real bri-gands were dirty, bulf-clad and wholly ragged specimens of that humanity most nearly allied to the brute family. Now, if they had only been stage brigands they would have recognized the young prima donna assoluta Signoria: with mercy. It is not aristocratic; it dares to letta Colville: they would have compelled her live either with poor or rich, but mainly I find, perhaps because there are more of them and shame for the romance of real life! we lost our money to a set of ragamuffits, and had not even the consolation of having it taken from us by a gentleman (?) with a high-crowned bat, with a tail of gorgoous ribbons, and who would sing while he took it, to soothe our wounded feelings. There's where it stings; there is where we are humbled. But to return to Albisola. The driver came shortly after the departure of the thieves, and although it could not be proved against him. I will always believe that he was in league with

#### A GOOD SWALLOW.

Mules and donkeys and camels have appetites that anything will relieve temporarity, but no-thing satisfy. In Syrla once, at the head-waters 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 as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figur-ing 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 as good was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintlest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspond ence dropped out, and he took a chance in that -manuscript letters written for the home pa-pers. But he was treading on dangerous ground now. He began to come across solid wisdom in documents that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a Joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth. It was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to turn-

ble on statements that not even a camel could

swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs 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.—

#### SOIENTIFIC ITEMS.

To Stain Wood Black.—A correspondent of the English Mechanic gives the following directions:—Brush the wood over with hot linewash, to remove all groups. Then give it a good dressing two or three times with log-wood and nut-galls in decection, first having removed the line with a shard brush, and levolled the grain of the wood; altorwards dress with some vinegar, in which some old nails have laid. When black enough, rub well with a piece of black cloth and inseed oil, and, ofther varnished or pulsable, it will look equal to chony, and will stand all weathers for years.

To Dagwa Cenve.—A plan but little known among draughtsmen, and most efficient for drawing fair curves, is the following: Cut a strip of soft powter similar to that usel 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. By 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 he drawn or copied. For fine or quick curves a slighter strip should be used.

should be used.

The Flavour or Berlen.—The German Agriculturist says that a great portion of the fine flavour of fresh butter is destroyed by the usual mode of washing, and he recommends a thorough kneading for the romoval of the butternilk, and a subsequent pressing in a linen cloth. Butter thus prepared is preminent for its sweatness of taste and flavour, 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 reindered palatable by washing it in water to which a few drops of a solution of chloride of line have been added.

drops of a solution of chloride of lims have been added.

Reads of the Stone Age.—There are but few valleys in Arizona in which may not be met the remains of ancient art, which furnish abundant evidence that the country was once inhabited by people he had attained a may a starber! of civilization. Among the most remarkable of those relies, whether in point of variety or abundance, are those recently exhaunch from a monument of the valley of Salt River, on the land owned by Mr. McKinnie. This gentlemen has, for some time past, employed his leisure hours in excavating among the rains which constitute the principal mound on his promises. At two points, after having removed the districtions from nine to eleven feet square, regularly built and still containing the coment with which the walls are coated within. Hesides various kinds of acricultural implements made from fragments of slate rock, he has obtained several stone hatchets and various kinds of ornaments made from 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 bone confined to the extreme sides or edges of the mounds, and valubles would probably be deep stod at or near the centre. Mr. McKinnia inter- Ameling a few of his trestremarkable specimens to the Smithsonian Institute.

#### 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 original place; wind around and cross overs slip of adhesive plaster—out about one quarter of an inchwide. Press it neatly and closely to keep out the air. The heat of the hand will be sufficient to make it stick.

CUTING GRASS IN BLOSSON.—A farmer of thirty years' standing informs the New York Tribune that he has tried cutting grass, for this length of time, while in blossom and at various subsequent stages of growth, and he invariatly 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 its effects on the stock. It made more butter, cheese, heef, 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 cary ogress and interest to the premises; the impassable snow-drifts a cumulated by them; the shelter they afford to words and briers; the protection they afford to many of the worst animal pasts of the farm, and their unsightly appearance generally throughout the country, as the receptacle of piles of brush and dead leaves, to say nothing of the counties acres rendered worse than useless by their occupancy, would seem sufficient reason for disposing of fonces, where not indispensable for purposes of pasturing.

pensable for purposes of pasturing.

Sweener in Horses. — Sweeneyed shoulder in horse 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 sufforing severe pain from bone spayin, for nonths, will exhibit sweeney or shrunken hip as a result of the morbid action of the diseased parts. All diseases of the fore feet affect the shoulders. Canker, contraction, founder, gravel, prick from a nail are affections of the feet only. Some people will say that such a horse is chest foundered, while the horse apparently perishes in the chest. This is caused by the horse standing with his fore foot stretched conforward. If a man were to remain with his arms stretched forward, his chost would affer in the same way. Contraction is not so much a disease as the result of had management on the part of the smith in shoeing the horse. Parent of the smith in shoeing the horse. Rural New Yorker.

#### HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

LIQUID INDIA INK.—Dissolve the powdered ink in hot water, and when deep black, add one-tenth its rolume of glycerine, and shake well together.

Sugar for Clazing Carrs.—Put into a vessel with a little water the white of one egg well beaten, and stirred well into the water: let it boil, and while holing, throw in a few drops of cold water. Then stir in a cup of pounded sugar. This must boil to a foam, then be used; this makes a beautiful glazing for

STEWED FIGS.—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 best figs, and place the pan on a stove so that the fruit may swell gently and stew very slowly. When quite tender, and the strained unice of two lemons. Arrange in a glass dish and serve cold.

temons. Arrange in a glass dish and serve cold.

CLEANING WOODEN PLOORS.—The dirtiest of floors
may be rendered beautifully clean by the following
process:—First serub 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 then with a thin
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 bottle with warm water, a little tooth-powder, and some soap. Cork the bottle, and shake it for a minute violently. The frietion against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and tooth-powder extract every particle of grease, and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intriente pattern. Rinss it in clear cold water, wipe with a towel, and the polish will surprise you.

Chocolate Blanchange.—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 powdored sugar. Mix all in a farine-kettle or a pitcher, and stand it in a kettle of cold water

over the fire. Stir occasionally until the water hoils, and then stir continuously, while boiling, for fifteen minutes. Dip a mould into iced water, pour in the blanemange, and stand aside to cool. When cold, turn it out of the mould, and serve with sugar and cream

turn it out of the mould, and serve with sugar and cream.

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-propared mouls drive many a man to take refuse from domestic troubles in convivial company. The knowledge alone of Fr meh, drawing, dancing and music, doos not lit a marriageable girl to superintend a household, and an acquaintance with the various duties of domestic life forms an important branch of female education. These views have been adopted by the directors of the Santa Chara Agricultural Society of Californa. These gentlemen, at their recent exhibition, offered premiums ranging from \$10 to \$10 to the unmarried girls who would propare the best plain dinners, not to execed the cost of \$1. 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.

Ir 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.

miles deep, while the Atlantic is only three.

A New York lady of fashion wears a beautifully carved dark glossy stone in a setting of red gold. It is the frent of her husband's favorite meerschaum; she having induced him to stop smoking, now wears his pipe as a trophy.

At New York, recently, a gentleman was reclining on a lounge, when his little daughter playfully throw a peach stone at him. It lodged in his ear, whomes it required a surgical operation to extract it. The moral is obvious. A fellow with ears like that should fold them over the top of his head.

A LAZY Asymmtic was bewailing his own misfor-

A LAZY Asymptic was bewaiting his own mistor-tunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make your-self strong and hearty?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," unwered the friend. "What kind of fruit?"—"The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigention."

never transhod with indigestion."

A SCHOOLALSTER cave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of the "Merrichant of Venice" in which the "pound of flesh" seem occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My doeds upon my head,"—"Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless he carried his papers in his hat.

A Mysteriors and disgraceful vandalism has been committed in the Reyal Galbery at Berlin. Five of the finest pictures in the museum, the "Andromeda" of Rubons, "Mary Magdalen "of Gerard Dow, two gents, a Cornelius de Harlem, "a Verkolje, 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 damaged. The investigations that were instituted developed no chio, and the authorities have had to content themselves with patching up the canvasses as bost they might.

selves with patching up the canvasses as bost they might.

The United States is not the only country where soft-eyed, golden-haired murderesses and aristocratic murderers cover their crimes with the cloak of insanity. In Italy there has instance more treed, for the solvening 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 undoness—his eighteen victims being near relatives, and standing-between himself and desirable projecty—the journals of Florence unite 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, whom it is well enough to call Rose. A grave-scoing, good-looking, but gray-haired gentleman, of fifty old, occupied No. 163; and as he sat at his table one morning, Rose cane in to put things in order. Rose, "quoth he, "I've fallen in lave with you. Can I vonture to hope you will think well of me?"—"Be aure you may, your honour," replied Rose, with a twinkle of her bright eye, "for me father and me mather iver told me to riverince gray hairs all the days of me life!" Rose switched out of the room, and the elderly gentleman went to the barber's, to have his hair dyed.

#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Normisa overcomes passion more than silence. Virtue is a rock, from which rebound all the arrows shot against it.

THE timid man is alarmed before the danger, the coward during it, and the brave man after it. He who restrains himself in the use of things law-ful will never encroach upon things forbidden.

No man is a better merchant then he that lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor. Ir on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem, still nover mind, so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of loaves and weight of honeyed fruit at the top.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that nover goes out of fashion, nover census to please, and is within the reach of the humblest. The teacher who would be successful must cultivate the gift.

Life has been called a warfare. Blessed, then, is the periodical armistice of the Subbath—blessed not merely as a day of rest, but also a retrospection. It is only in the pances of the fight that we can see how the battle is going.

of templation, reaps its roward.

Din you over notice what a different aspect everything wears in the sunshine from what it does in the shadow? And did you ever think what an analogy there was between the sunlight of the cloudless skies and the sunshine from the darkened chambers of the human soul? How bright and beautiful are the golden beans that break at last through the riven clouds to lighten up the world again after a succession of dark and stormy days. How peaceful and happy are the hissful words of hope and cheer that touch the heart and fill the soul with emotions of peace and you filter a long period of sorrow and despondency, when uttered by some disinterested friend. There are none living that do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, thristian charity, and loving kindness, are the sunbouns of the soul.

"IF!"—If we were rich instead of poor, into what

someoness, meistian charity, and loving kindness, are the suntheams of the soul.

"IF!"—// we were rich instead of poor, into what manifold blossings should our gold resolve itself. //
the demon anger had not burst his bonds one day, the hasty words would have remained unspoken, and we should still possess that which cannot be regained—a friendship lost. // we had but waited one little day free penning the letter whose every word was bitterness, what self-repreaches, and bitter tears of regret. would have been saved us! We are tired of this old home. // we could only go out into the great instilling world, and do what others have done! // we might win name and fame! // there were only more sen, and less of cloud on our pathway! // we could only be content with what we have and are! // flowers bloomed, and Mother Earth wore her robe of green all the year round—i/ we could always be in a good temper—i/ people never found fault with other people—i/ we were all as good, and kind, and loving, as it lies in our power to be—what a summy paradise we might make of our world!

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

CARPETS are bought by the yard and worn by the

A woman who tolls fortunes from a teacup need not be a sauceress. When is an army like a tuck in a lady's skirt !--When it is hommed in.

WHEN is a photographic album like an old-fashion-ed china-shop?—When it is full of ugly mugs. An Iowa man who went hunting with a horse

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

Breken-Loading Convinces.—When is a Tailor a successful Sportsman?—When he cuts out and makes "bags."

SMART Experim. -A school-hoard having advertised for "a smart (excher," a man named Mustard applied for the situation, and was accepted.

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

Max and wife are generally called one. Some people, though, recken them as two. But ten is the proper calculation of some couples—the wife one, and the husband a cypher.

A witeower, who had never quarrelled with his wife, said the last day of his marriage was as happy as the first. Another wideower said the last day of his marriage was the happings.

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

our too annount to pay for the trouble. ACALFORNIA man field one end of a lariat around his waist, and lassood a cow with the other. He thought he had the sow, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the sow had him.

The chief singer in a Danbury choir is making a reputation for himself more enduring than a stencil-plate. He can turn a hask handspring with his voice over thirteen of the highest notes without drop-

There is one young bady in town who are oysters all through the month of August when she could get them, under the supposition that there was an "r" in that month. "Orgust" was the way she spelt it.—Titusville Press.

A Dr. Nichours, in a work entitled "How to Live on a Dimo and a Helf in Day," makes the remark-able assertion that "Sir Walter Scott wrote his stories on an empty stomach." In face of this as-tenishing fact Mr. Zirka's drum-head sinks into comparative insignificance.

The other Sanday the following was posted up in the lobby of the Cambridge, Washington county, Presbyterian Church: "Notice—The person who stole Songs of the Sanctuary from soat No.3, should improve the apportunity of singing thom here, as he will have no occasion to sing them hereafter."

A Boston merchant having advertised for a portor, was called on the next day by a stalwart Vankee, who said, "Lany, 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 mail." "Les'so, boss," temporal of the Vankee, "an' of I win't a male I'd be obleged of you'd tell me what I am?" He got the situation.

MOUTHFULS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

When oystors cost thrice less than now, They formed a fright dish, And people used to wonder how Poarls grew in such cheap fish.

If Oysters rising keep in price, Soom yours, that o'er us whirt, Will make the Oyster, morsel nice, More precious than the Pearl.

#### HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

262. DECAPITATIONS. ı.

Complete, I'm a difficulty: beheaded, I'm a token of grief: again, I'm a useful seed; again, I'm an animal: transposed, I'm a vegetable.

Complete, I sm a fish; beheaded, I am the sarter's few; behended and transposed, I am again a fish. 111.

Complete, I am a tree; heheaded, I am an ani-

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

Complete, I am a fish; beheaded, I am a wo-nan's name; beheaded and transposed, I am a bev-

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

263. GEOGRAPHICAL ARTHMOREM.

I. 1050 and o law, (A borough in the county of Cork.) chorat. (A small island in the Caribbean

chorat. (A small island in the Caribbea Sen.)

sen.) (A town of Brabant.)

bot in (A town of Brabant.)

bot in (A town in Brabant.)

sen. (A town in Turkey.)

sag. (A town in Bavaria.)

soft in (A town in Bavaria.)

or row. (A town in Cuba.)

O! Nero. (A island in France.)

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

#### 261. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. If tive halfpence weigh on ounce, how many will make one pound? 2. What eight numbers multiplied by nine will give a product of all one'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 ixty?.

J. CAESAR, sixty?

25. STREETS, Ac., TRANSPOSED.

Call a pot cow.
Rost, Govo'nor, rost,
Lanes we can plod.
Pa's clean plate.
Mr. Tarn's-copaque.
All hor arts extend.
He'll pay the Giant.
Clork I Tome run Grundy over at Kingston
Calabrate narson's gun.

co. Au, t sue of Palmerston.
11. Government date rack.
12. My son likes κ erab tart, sir.
13. P. G. Riler, sont a gent to a cab rank.
Selected from the contributions of several subscribers.

266. SQUARE WORDS.

I'm a sunterfuge you all will allow, Endued with power I will avow: A fruit that is wild and in hedeerows found. Sharp and severe in a word or a wound.

[].

My dest is one of great power. And made my next most every hour: To all my third a token show. My tourth is where sweet violets blow.

267. CHARADE.

Arts handy craftsman, oft I've heard it said.
Hath rais'd on high,
In days gone by,
My first upon my second's beauteous head.
My whole fell sweetly on a stripling's ear—
fractioned to say
"Turn not away."
One day a great man surely you'll appear.
B. C.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., is No. 45.

250. Pozzi.k.-E-II.

251. ENGMA.-Train; rain; pain.

252. Numerical Charade.—Carp: cat: top; car; rat; cot: cart; out.—Apricor.

28. Renus. - ThymE: Hawk: Oak: Montesquiel: AdverB: SpikenarD: OakhampteN: TU: WarchaM: ArmanD; YorkshirE. - Thomas Orway. -- Eduno Buske.



BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Then, as now, the woodlands were reddening. As the blast of Autumn blew:
Then, as now, the chestnuts were dropping,
And rustling the dead louves through.
Then, as now, when we drove together
O'er the stony Maryland road,
White the love in our wildly beating hearts
Like the tints of the woodlands glowed.

There over the stubbles still swiftly

The partridge goods skurrying free,
And, as then, I hear from the pine grove
A woodpecker pounting a free.
Each sight and each sound recalls sadly
That happy, but sad, sweet hour:
For our talk was of parting, as well as love—
Of a passion beyond our power.

There brawls the shallow streamlet
Below the nurmaring mill.
Where we named in the middle, and listened.
As our thirsty steed stood still.
And she said she cared not if the brooklet
Should become a wild torrent-wave,
So that, folded fast in a last embrace,
We should find in its depths one grave.

For circumstance drew the barrier Of varying fortunes and onds,
And over the gulf was widening
That parted us, loswing us—friends.
And we parted—as in all honor—
with one last pure kins in the dells.
Ah! I wonder if she remembers it,
In the palace wherein she dwells?

For there, with her lord, she queens it
With a regal grace, they say.
Perhaps 'tis a gided lie she acts,
To cheat the past away.
No matter: to me it ever comes back
When the woodlands are golden and red;
Though it comes with a meaning and sad unrost,
Like the ghost of a love that is dead.

#### MARJORIE.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS.

We three, Marjorie, Hugh and I, were sented that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in the cosey parlor of our little country home. I was knitting, and Hugh, my son, was sented 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 walst. Her face was turned as that its puls, agree outling leading like an exwith a tassel at her walst. Her face was turned so that its pule, pure outline looked like an exquisitely enryed cameo against the leaden sky. In hue it was white as marble, with the faintest tinge of red in the lips, while the large grey eyes, pathetic in their strange questioning, seemed as though they were speaking in lieu of the poor stricken lips, for Marjoric was dumb, and had been so since the age of seven.

As I looked at her a quick, sharp sigh, almost a groan, caused me to turn and look at light from whom it came. His face was con-

High from whom it came. His face was con-tracted as though by bodily pain, but his eyes looked at her with such intense love and despair that my heart ached for him. It told me nothing new, for I knew that ever since he met her a year ago, he had fairly worshipped her, and notwithstanding ber affliction had asked her to be his wife. Her answer was a cold, positively written refusal, and if her manner was cold to him before, it was now freezing, even repelling. Most women would have looked upon Hugh with favor, for a handsomer, more straightforward or a maulier young fellow of twenty-fivo, it would have been hard to find; but even though Marjorie Hathaway was the daughter of a dear dead friend, and in spite of the love I bore her, I confessed she was an enigma to me. Only seventeen, yet cold, reserved and haughty

as the most practised woman of the world.

About a quarter of an hour passed in this silent way, and it was about five when Hugh rose saying he must go. He was overseer of a large factory in Yorkshire, and lately there had large factory in Yorkshire, and lately there had been great trouble among the hands, caused by the owners introducing some new machinery which the men believed would throw them out of employ, as it did in a degree. Hugh had gained the hate of the most desperate of them by upholding his employers' measure and knowing this I said anxiously:

"You can never ride thirteen miles before the dark comes on, and it is hardly prudent for you to trayel at night" Laughing carelessly he answered. "Don't worry your preclous head about.

swered, "Don't worry your precious head about me, mother, I'm only going two miles this af-ternoon. I will spend the night at Hunting Lodge, Mr. Ruthway said he would send any orders he had for me there, I have the key, the house is stocked with provisions that Mr. Ruth-

way sent when he hunted down here. So I'm in no danger of starvation." Marjorle turned from the window, and asked by means of the tablets fastened at her girdle by means of the lablets instened at her girdle, "Are you armed?" His face brightened as he answered, touching his breast pocket, "Yes, I have a revolver, I don't believe in being foolhardy. Good-bye mother, au revoir, Miss Hatthaway." Trying to speak gayly he extended his hand, she touched it with the tips of her white fugers, curved nonchalantly, and never deigning to raise her eyes, turned away. Gnawing his under lip, he frowned, and for a second remained where she left him, then stooped, and kissing me left the room, and a minute we heard his buggy roll out of the yard. Marjorie leaving the window, seated herself near the fire, one hand supporting her head, which dropped wearily, unlike its usual proud carriage.

The black clouds which had covered the sky all day long, were pierced by the rays of the setting sun, and its red lurid glow rested on the snow-clad fields like a stain of blood. The wind was rising—and outside it was dreary enough; inside it was warm and bright — but I sighed as I thought of Hugh, alone at the lonely Lodge with only his own sad thoughts for compa-

After ten Mariorie and I talked a little with the help of the tablets. I think it was about a new novel, but soon the conversation flagged, then entirely ceased. Saying she felt tired, she bade me good-night, and went to her room just as the clock struck seven. The rest I write as it was afterward told to me.

For an hour she sat reading, and then wishing to consult a book she remembered that she had laid it down in the summer-house at the further end of the garden. After a moment's hesita-tion, she opened her door and crept softly down-stairs. Our one servant, old Jane, was addicted to early hours, so she met no one in the kitchen; the yard was also deserted, for Jim, our gardener who usually patrolled the grounds at night, had gone that afternoon to the market-town, six miles away. Her slippered teet made no sound on the new-

fallen snow, and the moon was under a cloud, so that if she had not known the grounds well she would never have reached the house. As she groped around for her book she was startled by a whisper, seeming to come from the other side of the stone-wall. The words were, "Meas-ter" Ugh Chatterton." Breathlessly she listened, not daring to move, and heard the two men lay a plan, which translated from their strong Yorkshire dislect into plain English, meant, Hugh Chatterton was to be murdered at Hunting Lodge, by three of the dismissed factory

liminaries were arranged, the place of rendezvous fixed upon, and then the men parted, one saying, "Un Measter 'Ugh Chatterton 'all be in

etornity at noin sharp."
As the last thud of their footsteps died away. Marjoric mechanically consulted her watch by a pale moon-beam that had struggled through the clouds. It was half-past eight. Hastily review-ing the circumstances, she reflected that in the house there was only an old woman and a timid house there was only an old woman and a time 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. With this brave resolution, she crept along the wall and out into the snow-covered road; then on she flow as if winged. Half an hour to go over two miles, and a human life depended on the consequences !

The sky was like ink; now and then a pale moon-heam would force its way out, and vaulsh the next instant as if frightened at its temerity; the wind was driving furlously, carrying with it eddles of snow-flake, which it flung, with stinging force, against Marjorie's white checks and uncovered head. As she rushed forward unmindful of the bitter cold and the deep drifts, the wind dragged her black hair from its fastenings and beat it up and down in a mad frolic, rising, as it did so, to a shrill, almost human cry, then sinking into a wailing sob only to rise in greater fury again.

All along the girl battled with the elements—oven Nature seemed trying to retard her promoon-beam would force its way out, and vanish

even Nature seemed trying to retard her progress; but never faltering or slucking her speed, she reached the wood at last, and then she knew

her journey was nearly over.
The naked branches scratched her face, and clutched at her dress like polypi; but the moon was shining now, and pushing on she reached the edge of the wood. Before her stood the Lodge, entirely dark except for the light in the purior. All was quiet—and stealthly creeping up she paused at the floor. Yes, she was in

time.
Trying the door with a trembling hand, she found it unlocked; opening it gently she looked in, and there, in the glare of the lamp, lay Hugh, fast asleep, dressed even to his overcont, which he had not flung aside on entering. All was intensely quiet. Entering the room she locked the door, approached the sofa and touched Hugh to awaken him, but he slept too soundly, for he was treed in mind and hely. soundly, for he was tired in mind and body.

Again she shook his shoulder, but without effect. Then her keen car detected the tramping of feet drawing nearer. Starting up, for the had knelt by him, she examined the windows—they were securely fastened; then she tried the other door, and found it had no fastening whatever, tiding into the room opening from that,—the Ladge was only two rooms deep,—she tried the back door, and discovered that it had only a wooden boit! A wooden bolt between desperate men and their intended victim! The sound grew ucar, and hastening back quietly she tried to rouse the sleeper. Some one tried the door gently; then she heard a whispered consult-

Another and another frantic effort, but in Another and another france 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. It she could only shrick! 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

"He must wake. I will call him. I will," thought the girl. She tried, but no sound came, save an inarticulate murmur. In an agony of despair, she struggled with the silence which had closed her lips for ten years. Again and again she tried to call him. At the third time the spell was broken, and she called him. Marjorie had spoken !
The cry was low, but so clear and thrilling,

that it roused Hugh from his deep sleep. Springing to his feet, he gazed at her wildly, not daring to believe his eyes.

The knocks were growing louder, but in his wonderment at seeing Marjorie he had not noticed them.

"They are at the door. You will be mur-

"They are at the door. You will be mur-ered. Oh, quick, please! your revolver," she dered.

Who ?" he questioned, in amaze, forgetting in his wonder at her words that she had never \*\* Four — mill bands," she said, breathlessly.

He understood now, and walking quietly into the next room, waited, revolver in hand, for the falling of the door.

At last it fell with a crash! And into the room rushed three men, who halted a minute in sur-prise at the "Measter" standing to receive them

revolver in hand. Taking advantage of their surprise, Hugh said, distinctly: Now, my men, I give you your choice—leave he house this instant, or I fire.'

One, the foremost, raised his pistol to fire, but Hugh had fired first, and the man fell with a groan; the second fired, and his ball grazed High's temple and buried itself in the wood-work; he raised his arm, but before he could five again. Hugh's unerring aim had brought him to the ground. The third with a yell of rage, threw himself on Hugh and a fearful struggle began. Together they wrestled, both in desperation, and gifted for the time with almost superbuman energy. The man's strength at length gave way, and he was thrown to the floor with a force which knocked him senseless. Coolly taking a coil of rope which lay in the corner, Hugh bent down and secured his prisoners; then he hurrled into the next room, and there saw Marjorie lying senseless on the floor. Dashing some water in her face to revive her, he hastly wrapped a carriage robe around her, and lifting her tenderly, carried her out of the house to a tree, where his buggy was fastened. He had intended to unhitch his horse, but had

He had intended to unlitch his horse, but had fallen asleep fortunately, as it now proved, before he did it. Stepping in hastily, he turned the horse's head for home, and still holding the fainting girl, drove rapidly over the frozen road. I was seated in the parlor, knitting and thinking, when I heard a wagon dash into the yard, and the next minute a hurried ring at the bell. Frightened at I knew not what, I heatintingly opened the door, and to my surprise and consternation there stood Hugh, holding Marconsternation there stood Hugh, holding Mar-

jorie in his arms.
In answer to my eager, terrified questions, he In answer to my eager, terrine question, in-told me all he new as we lwere trying to bring the girl to life, ending with, "How she found out the plot I do not know, and whether she walked those two miles alone I do not know; at any rate, she saved my life." Then, as he laid her on my bed, he reverently touched his lips to her hair, and then left the room to go to the town for officers to take charge of the

She looked very pale and wan as she lay on the soft, 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, convale-scent at last, the yellow sunlight streaming over her, and looking in her weakness tenfold more lovely now that the old cold look had died away

from her face. thatterton was to be murdered at Hunt-lge, by three of the dismissed factory those men and one more. All the pre-lessly, and I fancied her checks flushed, but

they were so pare the next man time to make the were so the sunset glow that thegel them. Presently the door opened, and in walked Hugh; coming straight to the couch where Marjorle was reclining, he bent down and took her hand, saying:

"Aliss Hathaway, you have not let me see you before to thank you for the life you saved by

your bravery."
"I overheard the plot, and there was nothing to do but to go. It was my duty," she answered

Biting 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."

His tone was even colder than hers, and as he cuded he turned to sweak to me. After a time

ended he turned to speak to me. After a time he left the room, and I scated myself near the couch, and passing my hand over the girl's hot forchend I asked, for her face had contracted,

"Are you in pain, my daring?"

"Only a headache; after two months illness one cannot expect less," she returned, smiling.

"Hugh, can't you prescribe semething for Marjorie's head? You boast that you are a good doctor?" I asked as he entered.

"If I can do anything for Miss Hathaway I

will with pleasure," were his words, but his tone did not express overpowering delight.

"Thank you, I need nothing. I would not trespass on your time," the girl rejoined with her old hauteur. Bowing coldly he moved away, and a few minutes after Marjorie was carried upparter. up-stairs.

up-stairs.

And so things went on. During his visits home he and Marjorie were ever "sparring." I can use no other word to describe their encounters. They were polite to each other, but when together the social atmosphere affected one as far below the freezing point. Sometimes Hugh would forget the part he was playing, for it was only a part, and offer to do some slight service, only to be repelled almost as though she hated him.

him.

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 High stop at the library door and look at her with the mask of coldness fallen from his face.

Crossing the room fulcity, he bent over her and called her name softly. With a start she looked up, and a faint color came into her checks as she met the eyes fastened so earnestly on her face.

ly on her face.
"Ah, I startled you! I should have been more careful. But look, I have brought you some roses; you used to like them." And he held toward her a bouquet composed entirely of roses. Marijorle's face glowed, for she was pussionately fond of flowers. Taking them from him she said gratefully.
"You are very kind."

"You are very kind." Surprised at the tone and her ready acceptance of his offering, for he had expected to be repulsed,

of his offering, for he had expected to be repulsed, and his flowers scarcely noticed, he made no reply. Burying her face in them, she remained silent, with bowed head until he said: "You are very fond of flowers."

She raised her inige eyes, and he saw they were swimming with tears. "Yes, I like them," she returned, dreamily.

His eyes were fixed on her face, and impelled by some subtle influence fiors rose to meet his with a look he had never before seen in them. How long they looked into each other's eyes neither knew. At last calling her name in a tone of wonderment and love, he threw himself tone of wonderment and love, he threw himself down by the couch and drew her to his breast with a passionate motion. The proud, ccld, haughly Marjorie yielded herself to her master with a half sob, and then her head fell upon his shoulder, and she nestled lovingly in his strong

His kisses fell on her face with loving impetuosity, and where his lips touched, the red blood flashed in a touched under tide. "Do you love me? Really love me, darling?" he questioned. "Just one word to tell me it is true," he plead-

Her face flushed, and her eyessank, but with an effort she raised them, and looking bravely in his face whispered: "I've loved you ever since we first met."

His caresses thanked her cloquently for her words. After a time he said, touching her flushed check:

"Ah, you Undine, how you have tortured me! Why did you refuse my love so scornfully when it was first offered you?"

Her head was raised from 'his shoulder, and her gray eyes opened wonderingly, as she re-

"But I was dumb isen, Mr. Chatterton!" as

"All the dearer to me because of it, little darling," he returned, drawing her head again to its resting-place. "But you were so cold! I thought you hated me until I looked in your eyes this afternoon. And you refused me only for my 'own good.' Are you sure that you always liked me a little?" He tried to speak laughingly, but there was a suspicious tremor in his voice "Tell me truly, Marjorie, did you no-ver dislike me?"

Her face was pressed closely to his breast, and after a time she said, shyly,
"I loved you all the time."

His arms tolded closer around her, and for a time there was slience; then he said:
"And you are mine, sweetheart?" Really and

"Forever and ever," was her reverent re-

Together they sat until the dusky twilight fell

around them, and through the open window floated in the sweet May air, while from the distance came the tinkle of cattle-bells. Her sweet face resied lovingly on his breast; one lit-tic hand was held tightly in his, while the other enressed the face that bentso tenderly over her. There was a deep slience, born out of the full-ness of their content, and it was only broken by the song of a nightingale perched outside the window. A wonderful, thrilling song it was, suited to the time and place, and to the lovers it seemed as though even Nature was made glad by the repetition of the "sweet, old story,"

#### BURDETT COUTTS.

One of the central figures of English aristccracy, and perhaps the central figure of the wealthy ones of the Old World, is Lady Burdett Coutis. We see by hn English paper that at a recent meeting at Brighton, Louis Napoleon and Eugènic 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 Na. poleon and Miss Burdett Coutts. At that time the impecunious nephew of his uncle would undoubtedly have appreciated a personal interest in Miss Coutts' millions, but whether she had any desire to share his then uncertain fortune

we cannot say. It is a somewhat qurious revolving of fortune's wheel that has brought this vast wealth to Lady

they were so pale the next instant that I thought it must have been the sunset glow that thigh was Thomas Coutts, a banker of the last century, them. Presently the door opened, and in walked When a young man Coutts formed a somewhat Sugar Starkie, by whom he had three children, all daughters. These daughters were kandsome, all daughters wealth lifted them into good society. One of them married the Euri of Guilford, another married the Marquis of Bute, and the third became the wife of Sir Ernes's Burthe third became the wife of Sir Francis Bur-dett. To Sir Francis and his wife was born a daughter whom they named Angela Georgiana -the subject of this sketch, and of course grand-

daughter of the old banker.

In 1815, Coutts lost his first wife, and very shortly thereufter he married Harriet Mellon, an actress of celebrity, to whom he had been for a long time partial, and upon whom he had set-tled a hundred thousand pounds sterling while his first wife had been living. He lived twenty years after this second marriage, and at his death, as he had already made handsome set-tlements much his daughters he left the whole tlements upon bis daughters, he left the whole

of his enormous property, yielding an income of nearly one hundred thousand jounds per annum, without reservation, to his widow.

The widow, however, this not remain a widow long. I a few years she gave her hand to the Duke of St. Albans, a youth of only two or three and twenty, and nearly related to the three and twenty, and nearly related to the royal family, while she must have been full forty. But the Duke was the poorest peer in the kingdom, while the gentle Harriet was the richest woman. The match gave rise to even more scandal than had Harriet's first marriage; but the Duke cared not. He had been lifted but the Duke cared not. He had been lifted from absolute pennry into golden abundance, and he dashed into dissipation with a reckless-ness that soon brought his earthly career to an end, and Harriet was again left a widow, not only with her enormous fortune, but with the title of Duchess of St. Albans. All that earth could afford of wealth and station was here and could afford of wealth and station was hers, and she did not marry again, though many were the opportunities afforded. Having no children of her own she resolved that the property which she had received from her first husband should revert to his family, and she selected Miss Angela Georgiana, daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, as her hele on could be that she should assume as her heir on condition that she should assume the name of Coutts. Miss lurdett willingly took the name of her grandfather, and, no doubt, very willingly took the fortune; but when we state that nearly, if not quite her entire income is expended for charliable purposes, it will be seen that humanity gained a blessing when Miss Burdett consented to become Miss Burdett-Coutts. The lady was born in 1814, so that she has hardly yet passed the prime of her life.

#### A TALE OF TWO NEWSPAPERS.

An antiquated writer in the Memphis Appeal has dug up out of his memory the following rich story. The young lawyer referred to is still flourishing in Memphis:—"There was 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 inderectly, and man 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. There were two newspapers published here—one a morning publication, edited by a gentleman of no ordinary ability, named Bankhead, who was tragically and mysteriously assessingted some six years ago. There was another, an afternoon paper, called the News (I believe that was its name), edited by a man named Yancey. These editors opposed one another on the navy-yard question, and their discussion had begotten a good deal of excitement, when both went away for the Summer, and each without the other's provided. mer, and each without the other's knowledge, emi loyed the same man, this young lawyer, to conduct his paper in his absence. The young limb of the law naturally enough took to both sides of the question. He made the controversy between the two papers hotter and hotter on each successive day. Crowds gathered each each successive day. Crowds gathered each afternoon about the News office, and somebody expected that the two furious editors would shed blood. The coming duel in Arkansas was confidently anticipated, and the ferocity of the two papers was marvellous. Popular excitement was intense when Bankhend came hurrying home from Virginia and Yancey from Alaman and thinking that the other was about bama, each thinking that the other was about to murder his own substitute. Such was the fervor of popular feeling and exasperation, that the story was necessarily kept quiet. If the mischievous fraud upon the public passion had been exposed at the time, the con amore editor would have been hanged to a lamp-post."

#### A REAL TRAGEDY.

Here is a capital plot for a melo-drama. commend it to the attention of Mr. Daly. "Near Waverly, Illinois, a year or two ago, a young man, finding himself mysteriously shunned at a party by the young half to loved, took up with, and afterward married, another, with whom he and interward 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 redating and sonding to the latter a letter originally written to herself. The husband subsequently smothered his wife with a pillow, excaping detection at the time, but dying recently of these beet learning detections. cently of a broken heart left a confession of the characters—the young man, his wife, and the deserted lady. The pillow business has, it is rue, been done by Shakspeare, but the modern framatist can follow the precedent, and not be so very particular as to the originality of his



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