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VOL. V.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 9.

OUR HOME



A MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE

5 Cents per Month.

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MONTREAL, CANADA.

I CANNOT AFFORD TO KILL MY CALVES.

A farmer near Bayham, Ont., who not only raises his own calves, but finds a profit in buying and raising the young calves of some of his neighbors, who think it wiser to kill them for their almost worthless "Deacon" skins, or even to give them away and thus save further trouble; when spoken to about it replied: "I cannot afford to kill my calves."

A very great many farmers in Canada annually kill in place of raising their calves, and in proportion to the number killed impoverish themselves. How much wiser it would be for the farmer who cannot spare time to raise his calves, to

GIVE THE BOYS AND GIRLS A CHANCE.

Boys and girls grow up on the farm as a rule without any chance to make money for themselves, while frequently city boys, and often the girls, earn money out of school hours, which is their own to use, without question, for any proper purpose. Give those on the farm the same chance to earn money which shall be absolutely their own, by giving them the calves considered useless. Then supply them with skim milk, whey, meal and Herbageum, to be paid for when the calves are sold. Require them to keep a strict account, in a book, of milk, whey, meal and Herbageum used, each at its proper commercial value. This will give them a good training on business lines. When the calves are ready fit for the market, or ready to be turned into the dairy herd, if that is desirable, either buy them for cash at their market value, or let the children sell them to some one else for cash. Then, on true business principles, collect the amount of the supply account, the balance belonging to the children who earned it by their care and attention. These earnings may be deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, and become the foundation of future prosperity. The young people become manly, womanly, and self-reliant, and there will be an all-round benefit, which for all future time will put the killing of young calves out of the question. Remember that it is by the use of Herbageum that the best results are obtained. Read carefully the following opinions selected from a great many:

Last year I used 20 lbs. of Herbageum with seven calves; fed it with fresh whey and they did splendidly. They ate the whey with a relish.

DAVID OSBORNE.

Arden, Ont., May 17, 1890.

One of my customers says that with fresh whey and Herbageum he raised as fine calves, if not better, than he did ordinarily with sweet milk.

D. A. McDONALD.

Alexander, Ont., June 22, 1889.

Herbageum is in good demand for calves.

JAMES TORRANCE.

Millverton, July 18, 1894.

With skim milk and Herbageum calves do extra well.

DIXON BROS.

Maple Creek, N. W. T., Aug. 1, 1894.

Calves do as well with skim milk and Herbageum as on new milk without it.

JOHN F. KENNEDY.

South Indian, Ont., June 20, 1892.

Although I sell all my milk I raised nine calves last year, and am raising sixteen this year on a little meal with Herbageum, and all are fat.

W. F. CLARK.

Powassan, Ont., May 15, 1892.

Write for a pamphlet mentioning OUR HOME to

THE BEAVER

FG. CO.,

Galt, Ont.,

Sole Manufacturers of Herbageum.

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THE POINT OF THE PEN.

WOMEN AND THE PRIZE FIGHT.

"The strangest thing about the recent prize fight to my mind," says a correspondent of OUR HOME, "was the interest so many women took in it. To tell the truth, I read nothing about it myself except the headlines in the papers until my curiosity was excited by hearing two fashionably-dressed and apparently refined women discussing it earnestly in a street car. It was not merely the abstract question they discussed. They were evidently deeply interested in the issue of the fight, and had their opinions as to which of the combatants would win. After that I read the papers, and, listening to conversations, found that many other women were taking an active interest in the fight, and that some of them grew quite excited over it as the great day approached."

It is probable that our correspondent somewhat exaggerates the interest taken by women in the recent prize fight. Many women did show a keen interest in it, but the majority paid no further attention to it than to read the headlines in the newspapers and wish that the space devoted to the fight were occupied by stories or fashions. However, it is not so very strange that women should take an interest in an event which they hear their fathers, brothers and husbands talking about. They do not necessarily approve of a prize fight because they talk about it. The great majority of the men who read

with interest all the news about the prize fighters would vote in favor of the complete suppression of the brutal practice if a plebiscite were taken, and there is no doubt that all the women would vote the same way if they voted at all.

But there was a time when even more bloody battles between men were watched with keen interest and approval by gentlewomen. All who have read Sir Walter Scott's fascinating story of Ivanhoe, must remember how the fairest and noblest women of England looked on at the tournaments in which brave knights to win their favor shed each other's blood in the time of Robin Hood, and while the days of chivalry and the tournament have long passed by it is not so very long a time since men fought with swords in England for prize money before large assemblages of men and women at least as frequently and as openly in defiance of law as the prize fighters of to-day pound each other with their fists.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century a place of amusement called the Bear-garden, at Hockley-in-the-Hole, near London, was devoted to such contests, which were resorted to not only by the lower populace but by the aristocracy, and occasionally by the resident ambassadors. Men, styling themselves professors of the noble art of self-defence, and occasionally assuming the title of champion for particular English counties, were either stationery at that place of exhibition, where they defied all competitors, or went about the country challenging particular

towns to furnish them with an antagonist. In the year 1712, the reigning gladiator of the Bear-garden was one Timothy Buck, and from an account of his combat in July of that year with a gigantic soldier named Miller, in the "Spectator" of that date, it is evident that women attended these brutal contests. The writer in the "Spectator" describing the fight, says: "Miller was six feet eight inches high, of a kind but bold aspect, well fashioned, and ready of his limbs, with a blue ribbon round the sword arm. Buck came on in a plain coat and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribbon. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful, untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Millers' heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded with much patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onset, which ended in a

decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstances, that moment hearing the clash of swords and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage."

In the year 1725, at an amphitheatre in the Oxford Road, Sutton, the champion of Kent, and a female of the same county, fought against a man named Stokes and his wife for forty pounds, to be given to the male or female who gave most cuts with the sword, and twenty pounds for the most blows at quarter-staff, besides the collection in the box. In October, 1730, a famous swordsman named Figg, fought his two-hundred-and-seventy-first battle, his opponent being a man named Holmes, whose wrist was cut to the bone. The chronicles of the period do not state whether any of the women cried in sympathy for the wounded Holmes.

It was not long after this that the authorities began to rigorously enforce the laws against prize fighting with swords, and after a time the cruel practice was completely suppressed. We now look back with horror at these exhibitions, and probably the next generation will be amazed that in the highly civilized American republic a fistic contest of a brutal character was not only tolerated but emphatically endorsed by the governor of one of the States. But if it is remembered that in all that vast country the prize-fighters could only find legal standing room in the little retrograding state of Nevada, with exhausted resources and a declining population, it will be evident that the sentiment of the people at large is not so debased as would appear from the general interest taken in the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight.

THE BLACK GONDOLA

CHAPTER IV.

When Count Leonardo Montecali left the Avarenza Palace with Jacopo, he found waiting for him at the water-gate the Black Gondola, which, as gloomy as a starless night, without ornament of any kind, with the curtains of its awning as black as its hull, was a fit instrument to be used by the sombre and despotic city, which had dignified its tyranny with the name of republic. Six armed men besides Jacopo went under the awning with the prisoner. The gondoliers, without a word, and at a simple sign from the chief, pushed off, and the hearse-like machine began to glide back towards the prison which Leonardo had three hours before left so full of hope, and where, he doubted not, one man, at least, would welcome his return. To say the truth, the Count was quite anxious about Mario.

But Count Leonardo Montecali was deceived when he thought that his guards were taking him back to the gloomy prison near the Bridge of Sighs. They halted before a large and splendid palace. The Gondola was checked, and the officer of police desired the count to follow him. The young man obeyed, and ascended the steps of the palace; the guards following close behind him. All gave way before the well known uniform of one of the agents of the government, and the palace was entered without a word of questioning. A corridor was passed, then a long suite of apartments, and then the count was taken into a small side cabinet, rather dark and gloomy, where the officer left him under the charge of two agents, and went out to report his arrival.

Count Leonardo began seriously to reflect. The moment was a grave one. On his behaviour before his judges would perhaps hang his life; at all events his liberty. Despite the grief which had filled his soul at the discovery of the marriage of Francesca, he still wished to be free. With liberty, youth, and courage, he had everything to hope. The mind of Leonardo was not one of those which easily gives way to despair. He had been checked, but he did not consider himself beaten. It was in vain, however, that he racked his mind for answers to the charges which would be brought against him. He could not even form the remotest conception of what they might be. Himself a noble of rank and fortune,

he had never, even in thought, acted against his country or his order. Under these circumstances it was useless, he felt, to puzzle himself farther with the mystery, and he therefore waited patiently.

"Enter!" said a loud voice from a door which opened suddenly, moving softly on its hinges.

"I am here," replied Leonardo; and he obeyed the command of the unseen speaker.

He found himself in a vast and ill-lighted, though splendid apartment. Behind a table covered with papers sat three men closely masked, and wrapped in thick cloaks, that completely concealed the outline of their persons. At one end of the table sat a secretary, also masked. There were no guards or attendants anywhere visible.

"Enter, Mario," cried the secretary in a shrill and disguised voice.

Leonardo smiled, and turned round towards a door which suddenly opened beside him.

"The sorcerer!" cried the bewildered jailer, stepping back in unfeigned alarm.

"Himself, Mario," said the count, and resigned to return to your good keeping. You see I did escape, as I threatened."

"Ah, my lord, it was ungenerous of you! What a fright I was in! I am scarcely recovered yet, and cannot believe that you disappeared from before my eyes."

"I will explain all when I return to my cell, good Mario," said the count, still smiling, "but there are gentlemen here who have claims upon us, and whose time we cannot intrude upon."

"It is precisely in connection with your strange escape," exclaimed the secretary, at a sign from from one of the judges, "that we are at present about to examine you."

"Speak. I am ready to answer," said the count, turning towards the secretary, and bowing to the judges.

"This man has told a strange story in relation to your escape, Count Leonardo. We wish, for our own satisfaction, to hear if his tale be true."

"I am sure honest Mario has told the truth as far as he knows it; and though my narrative will probably cause me to fall very much in that worthy man's opinion, I am desirous of explaining exactly how the affair happened."

"The Council listens to you," said the secretary, motioning to him to address the three masked figures.

Leonardo bowed, and in as few words as possible, leaving out only trifles which might have compromised Mario, told the history of his escape.

"Your story tallies exactly with that of Mario," observed the secretary, "and will in all probability save him from severe punishment. But," examining the paper before him, "how came you to escape in the gondola usually reserved for the secret service of the state?"

Count Leonardo told them the end of his story as frankly as he had told the beginning. The jailer heard him with stupid astonishment. He was almost too surprised to be angry at the deception put upon him. The Council had looked at each other during the whole scene, as if they were taking advantage of their masks and cloaks to be greatly amused at the narrative of the count, which was told with a great deal of dry humor.

"Thank you, count, thank you," cried Mario, breathing more freely when he had concluded; "but I'm not half convinced yet. I can't see how any but a sorcerer could make such an escape."

"You may retire," said the secretary, nodding to the bewildered jailer, who, with a humble bow to the tribunal and another addressed to the count, hastened with alacrity to obey, leaving Leonardo alone with his judges.

"Count Leonardo Montecali," then said the secretary gravely, while the three assumed the solemn attitude of men about to try a question of life and death, "this matter of little real moment being settled, we come to more serious business."

"I am at the orders of their excellencies," said the count quietly, "though what of serious moment there can be between a young man like myself—whose life has been one of pleasure and of warlike duty—and the dread Council before which I stand, is more than I can imagine."

"Your conscience is then perfectly at ease?" asked the questioner.

"Perfectly."

"But, Count Leonardo Montecali, we have to bring against you a charge of treason against St. Mark, of foul and base desertion of the interests of the republic."

"Signor, you must be mistaken in the name. No such charge can seriously be brought against me," replied the young man in a tone of haughty indignation.

"Speak calmly, young man," said one

of the judges; "those who question have the right to do so, and the power to enforce their right."

"I know it; but not all their right, nor all their power, can make of me aught save an innocent man, sacrificed by a base calumniator, to serve the purposes of his selfish passion."

"You speak warmly, count; but you must submit to the usual course. We have questions to put, and those questions must be answered. When you have responded to all we have to say, we shall then be ready and willing to hear your defence. You will be pleased now to answer the questions of our secretary."

"Signor, your name and style?" said the secretary, preparing to write down the more positive answers of the prisoner.

"Count Leonardo Andrea del Carego Montecali," said the prisoner with all the pride of a man whose name, in his own opinion, carried weight in its very sound.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-nine."

"You have been a soldier?"

"Ever since the age of sixteen I have striven to serve the republic; and it may be permitted to me, in an exigency like the present, to add that my endeavors were not wholly unrewarded with distinction in the Cyprus war."

"That is duly recorded in your favor. But now we come to the crime imputed to you."

"Ah!" was all the count uttered, while at the word "crime" an angry flush covered his face.

"On the night of the 2nd of March —, did not you, after the camp had retired to rest, and after the usual time for soldiers seeing sleep, wrapped in a cloak, and provided, by some unknown means, with the password, leave the camp in the direction of the enemy, and return as mysteriously some hours after?"

"I did," said Leonardo firmly, after a moment's reflection.

The secretary raised his head with rapidity. Could his face have been seen, in all probability some such expression would have been noticed as crosses a man's countenance when he sees another rushing wilfully to destruction. The three judges whispered hurriedly amongst themselves.

"If your object was no to communicate with the enemy, what was it?"

"I am sorry I cannot answer you. I am fully prepared to tell all my own secrets, but I cannot tell those of other people. I assure you that I had no communication with the enemy, that

my visit outside the camp was purely a personal one, and that no harm came of it except this false charge on which I was imprisoned."

"Such are not the answers usually given to the Lion of St. Mark," said one of the judges severely.

"I regret very much," said Leonardo, "that I cannot explain the matter fully to you."

The judges consulted together for a few moments, and then the secretary sternly said: "An opportunity has been given to you to explain your apparent treachery, and we must regard your refusal to reply to our questions as proving your guilt. We do not wonder at your refusal to give an explanation. It would require a lively imagination to invent a story that would make your treachery seem innocent. We have other evidence, too."

The secretary turned over some documents and took up a letter, which he handed to Leonardo, saying, "Look at this."

Leonardo took it and read it carefully. He raised his head then with a strange smile. It seemed as if, in other circumstances, he would have had some difficulty in refraining from laughter, but in a moment his face became grave, and he awaited with some anxiety the next question of the secretary.

"You have read the letter?" continued the secretary.

"I have read it."

"By whom was it written?"

"The signature is plain."

"You acknowledge, then, that it is in your own handwriting?"

"I declare it to be in my own handwriting and addressed to Stephen Dandolo about three years back."

"At the date of the conspiracy of Raolo Liardo?"

"Ah! truly it was so."

"Be pleased to read the letter aloud," said the secretary.

Count Leonardo without hesitation read aloud the following letter:

It will give me much pleasure to rank you amongst us. The injured, first of all, are the life and soul of conspiracies; and to overthrow this hated and secret power is a great and holy purpose. The venerable Doge himself is the chief offender, but we must not forget his constant adviser and the secret and veiled Council of Three, against whom you and all other victims of an iron despotism must be eager to take revenge. For myself I conceive, that when they are unmasked we shall be better able to judge what sort of punishment will become our dignity and their deserts. Until to-night then adieu.

"No doubt your high sense of honor will prevent your revealing the secrets of others in this case as well as in the other," said the secretary sneeringly.

"I am ready to fully explain this letter," said Leonardo. "It certainly

has a most suspicious appearance, but in fact was perfectly innocent. As I read it now, remembering the circumstances, the letter seems to me utterly silly, but that is the worst I can say of it, for it was nothing but a young man's prank. At the time this letter was written there lived, and I believe still lives in Venice for the misfortune of its youth, a certain Jew named Abraham, a usurer, who was in the habit of supplying our young spendthrifts with money when the paternal purse-strings were closed. This Jew had taken unfair and base advantage of the distresses of many, and one day it chanced that his numerous victims resolved on revenging themselves. I knew that Stephen Dandolo was one of those who had perhaps suffered more than any from his rapacity, and hence my desire to have him among the conspirators. At my request he freely joined us, and I wrote this letter to congratulate him. At that time every one was talking about the conspiracy of Raolo Liardo against the Doge and the Council of Three, and in the thoughtlessness of youth, we young men who plotted revenge against the Jew, called ourselves conspirators, referred to the old Jew as the venerable Doge, to his wife as his 'constant adviser,' and his three daughters as 'the secret and veiled Council of Three.' It was silly to do so, and irreverent. I humbly beg your Lordship's pardon. The Jew was entrapped to my house, and was only released after making amends for some of his rascalities by releasing certain of his most ill-used debtors. We forced him to send for his three daughters, but finding them young, pretty and innocent, we sent them home rejoicing. That is a full and truthful explanation of the letter. I trust it will be considered satisfactory."

"Your imagination is certainly improving," said the secretary. "Could you not now tell us some story to account for your visit to the enemy's camp?"

Leonardo made no reply, and after a short consultation between the Council of Three the secretary called an officer and ordered him to conduct the count to his cell. Leonardo bowed gravely to the tribunal and accompanied the officer without a word. To his surprise he was placed in a different cell from the one he formerly occupied, and found himself in charge of a new jailer instead of Mario.

(To be continued).

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

THE CHILDREN



BENJIE'S OLD HAT.

The boss sent me to get Mr. Cole's bill, and he said to hurry up. Well, I did. I ran all the way there, and Mr. Cole paid it. It was forty dollars, and I tucked it into my hat band inside in the "sweat band," as my uncle, the hatter, calls it, for money has been snatched from fellows and pockets have been picked, you know.

Nobody wanted my old hat, and I felt

as safe as a bank with the money that was in it. And so going home, when I saw Jim and Bill Riggs playing marbles I stopped to speak to them.

"Come and play," said they.

"Can't," said I. "Doing an errand."

"Oh pshaw," said they, "just one game."

"Well, I thought I had time enough, and I gave in, and at it went—and when I go into anything I do it with all my might, so I can tell you I was playing for all I was worth when all of a sudden Bill said:

"Benjie, where's your hat?"

"My hat!"

I gave a howl and put my hand to my head. It was bare.

"Oh, fellows," said I, "don't tease me! Give it back. It's got something in it."

But Jim and Bill both said they hadn't it, and nobody had passed by but two old ladies and a big gentleman, a regular swell they said. I hadn't seen them, but they couldn't want a boy's old hat. Jim and Bill turned their pockets out, and let me feel their backs. They hadn't it. I looked high and low, and I felt as if I were going crazy, for I couldn't find it. I didn't know what would be done to me; but I thought perhaps I would be sent to prison, and I wondered what my old granny would say to me, and how she'd feel if she was to see me in a striped suit with a



chain on my leg, and I thought I'd better go hang myself, only that was wicked. If I should run away it would be about as bad for granny. And if I should offer to pay it up out of my wages, I only got two dollars a week, and twenty times two is forty, and twenty weeks is almost six months, and a fellow has to have clothes and shoes, and I gave one dollar a week to granny for board, and how would she get me any without it I didn't know, for washing doesn't bring in a fortune.

"Oh, fellows," said I, "I'm just done for! It's all over with me. I've failed. I wish somebody would kill me, for

again," said I, "Good-by fellows. Maybe you'll never see me again," and off I went.

I wasn't sure Jim hadn't it, but I knew about Bill. Bill was square.

I went office-ways at first. Then I turned back and went towards Granny's. I felt as if I'd die, and I wished I would. I thought if I did, granny could tell them afterward. So up I went and there she stood at a table starching, poor old soul?

"Why, Benjie," said she, "what brings you home so early, and where's your hat?"

Well, when she said that, I broke



there was money in that hat that belongs to the boss, and it's stole and gone forever."

"That's rough, Benjie," said Bill, "Oh, that is rough on you."

"You should not have stopped to play with us," said Jim.

"No," said I, "I should not have done so. But what would you do?"

"I'd own up," said Bill.

"I'd run away," said Jim. "I think somebody must have known about the money and followed you up. I think it was the swell old gent. Pickpockets

look stylish enough sometimes."

"Whoever got it I'll never have it

down. I hadn't cried since I was a little fellow, but I bellowed then.

"Oh granny," said I, "some one stole my hat when I was playing marbles! Oh granny! granny!"

"'Twasn't much for a hat," said she.

"You don't know how much it was granny," said I.

"Your only one," said she. "Poor boy! I'll lend you my night cap tomorrow."

"Don't laugh," said I. "It may be my death, granny."

"Have you caught cold, Benjie?" said she, "or were you ashamed of a bare head? See lad; don't fret. It is

all a joke. Your uncle Frank did it. Your uncle, the hatter. He had brought you a new hat from the shop, and seeing you playing in the street, dust blind, and deaf to everything, he slipped off with your old one to tease you. There's the bright new hat on the shelf in a paper, lined with silk, and the picture of a cherub inside on a bit of a gold paper, looking out of the window with his brother."

"Uncle Frank took my hat and it's safe! Oh, granny, say it over! It's too good to be true."

"Yes, it is true," said granny. "There's the new hat."

"And where's the old one?" said I.

"I sold it to an old-clothes man for five cents," said she. "A penny saved is a penny got. Your uncle said you must not wear hats like that when he was in the business."

I gave a groan and dropped on the floor.

"It's gone," said I. "Granny, there was something in it—money of the boss's."

"Lord help us, child! Go and look for him," shrieked granny. And away I went down the stairs and up the street; but no old clothes man could I find, and now there was nothing for it but to go to the office and tell all. I was blind and giddy and sick, and I was glad the boss was busy just then. I sat down on a bench to get strength to speak, and I had just got it, when he called me.

"Ben," he said, "did Coles pay?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "he did. I—"

"Any old pants to sell—old coats, old boots?" said somebody at the door just then.

I turned with a jump and saw an old clothes man peeping in at the door, and I rushed at him.

"Here," said I, "here! Come here! I want you!"

The boss roared, "Come back!" but I was in the street.

"I've lost my hat," said I to the old man, "Can you sell me one?"

"Vell, you can see what I have," said the man, opening the bag.

"Ben," roared the boss, who had a temper of his own.

"Yes sir," said I, and as I spoke I saw my old hat with the hole in the crown, and grabbed it.

"Let me try it on at the glass," said I.

The clothes man grinned and nodded. I went into the office. I felt the bunch of bills under the sweat band of the cap, and with my back to the old man I pulled it out.

"Here sir," said I to the boss, "here's Mr. Cole's money," and I laid it on the desk.

"Correct," said the boss. "But what the—"

I don't know what came over me just then, but I didn't know anything more, and I tumbled in a heap on the floor. Guess I fainted.

When I came to the clothes man had sheared off with my old hat, and the boss was so kind to me that I told him all about it and about granny and all; and I don't know why he raised my wages half a dollar, but he did, the very next week.

THE MINIATURE SUNS.

I would like to tell some of my little friends about something I saw that was very curious and also very pretty. I cannot give a scientific explanation of the strange phenomenon, but I can say that it was caused by the sun, which was at the time nearly covered by the earth's shadow. A party of seven, including myself, were standing at the window watching the eclipse which happened on New Year's Day, 1889. The western heavens were clear, unspotted by a single cloud, so we were enabled to obtain a splendid view of this interesting phenomenon. Since my earliest recollections the study of astronomy has been to me the most interesting of all studies, and nothing seems more beautiful and grand to investigate and study into than the wonders of the celestial regions. Consequently nothing that could be distinguished with the natural eyesight assisted by pieces of smoke glass escaped my notice. The unearthly light from the partially obscured sun was shining into the room, appearing like a beautiful white netting of lace spread upon the carpet. The window through which we were looking was partly covered by a curtain of heavy cambric of a dark blue color, while near the bottom several small holes had made there appearance, but they were so very small that they had hitherto escaped notice. As I was watching the light upon the carpet my attention was attracted by several bright spots of sunlight about the size of a silver dollar, high upon the wall directly opposite the window and I proceeded to examine them closely. From across the darkened room they appeared to be crescent shaped, but a nearer view showed them to be perfectly round with more than half of their surfaces covered by other spherical bodies of a dark shade which did not quite cover them and so formed a

crescent of the light portion of these spots of sunlight. Looking about the room I discovered that the sun shining through the small holes in the curtain, which were no larger than a pinhead, produced these miniature suns upon the smooth, white wall with the earth's shadow upon them as natural and as plainly apparent as the original, which was now nearing the western horizon. Seizing my pencil, which is always at hand, I marked the outlines of these interesting objects upon the wall just where they appeared; then called the attention of others, who also wondered at and admired them until they grew dim and vanished from sight.

EDITH M. DANIELS.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

UNDER THE AXE.

The following little story was written by Miss May Foley, of Woodard Station, New York, at the age of ten years:

Mrs. Blake sat sewing in the little sitting room, in front of the fire, for it was a cold sunshiny day in January, when her little four year old Harry came in.

"Oh, mamma, he said, "papa is going to the woods, to cut trees. Can I go with him?"

"Yes; but don't get in your papa's way," said Mrs. Blake, as Harry got on the big bob-sleigh to ride to the woods, beside his father.

"Now Harry," said Mr. Blake as they got off, "I will cut that big log there into small wood, and then I will go home so you and Rover may hunt for rabbits."

Harry had nice long curls that hung about his shoulders, for his mother would never cut them off. He got tired of wandering about, so he came back to his father, and the noise of the axe on the wood drowned the noise of his footsteps so his father did not hear him. Harry thought he saw a rabbit under the log his father was cutting and he ran to get it, but he stumbled and fell with his curly head on the log, and the fall stunned him, and before his father had seen him—for he was hid by the branches—the axe came down with a heavy blow and then dropped out of Mr. Blake's hands as he fell fainting on the snow. The next thing he saw when he came to, was his little son standing over him with his hands full of curls, saying, "I ain't hurt a bit, papa. It's only my turls." Then Mr. Blake hugged Harry and they both went home again, and Harry wondered why his papa and mamma cried so when he could see nothing to cry about. Mrs. Blake will always keep Harry's curls.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHES.

"Baa-Baa, Black Sheep, have you any wool?"
 "Yes, indeed, that I have, three bags full.
 One's for my master, and one's for my dame,
 And one for the little boy that lives in yonder lane!"
 One's for my master! It makes me laugh,
 To see him pass by with his gold-topped staff,
 Or ambling along on his trusty nag,
 To think of my giving the master a cloak—
 Of my fleecy wool, to make him a cloak—
 I shiver a bit, but enjoy the joke.
 And cannot help laughing, he looks so fine
 In second-hand clothing that once was mine.
 I gambol all 'round, and I laugh—"B-a-a, B-a-a!"
 But can't make it sound like a real "Ha-ha!"
 And one's for my dame—just to think of that!
 My dame so stately, in high plumed hat!
 Her new worsted gown is all wool, she brag—
 Well, nothing but wool ever goes in those bags!
 She trips it along with a mincing air,
 The maids all curtsy, the children stare,
 The parson doffs, and the squire bows low,
 And everyone tries his respect to show
 For her and her gown; while I laugh in glee,
 And think to myself, "If it wasn't for me,
 Pray what would you do, my good dame?" "B-a-a!"
 B-a-a!"

She'll never imagine I mean "Ha! Ha!"
 And one's for the boy up in yonder lane,
 Of jacket and trowsers he is so vain!
 He steps out quite big in his suit of blue
 —I wore it a year, but he thinks it's new!
 The funniest thing in the world to me,
 Is seeing him proud as he proud can be,
 Strut by, with his hands in his pockets deep,
 And turn up his nose at the poor old sheep.
 Who cares, Sir? Not I! Of a chilly day,
 I run, and can keep myself warm with play,
 And laugh at his airs. Please to hark—"B-a-a!"
 B-a-a!"

I think that was almost a real "Ha! Ha!"
 ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

Montreal.

JIM.

Sometimes, when the scent of early May
 Sifts through my window, a soft spring day,
 I shut my eyes and can seem to see
 Little lame Jim in the apple tree,
 Playing umpire, "just for fun!"
 In the races he never might hope to run,
 And can hear him laugh as he shouted gay,
 "One to make ready!
 Two to be steady!
 Three and away!"

Never a race was there for Jim,
 Never a course marked out for him.
 But always, the boys, with tender care,
 Bore him out in the soft May air,
 And bolstered him up in the tree in state,
 With a "There, old feller! ain't that great?
 Now give us a start; that verse you know:
 One to make ready!
 Two, to be steady!
 Three, and Go!"

Over the brook and down the lane,
 Through the meadow and back again;
 And Jim would forget his dignity,
 And lean far out from his perch to see,
 Watching the boys as they leaped the wall,
 "Hi! Run, Bill, run!" I could hear him call,
 And his chanting voice as the visitors came:
 "The first's the best,
 The second's the same,
 The last's the worst of all the game."

Dear little Jim! His race is run,
 His walls are cleared and his victory won.
 And the boys rub their eyes with their grimy paws,
 We can't run races," they say, "because
 Jim's not in the tree to start us fair.
 It's no fun playing with Jim not there.
 Nobody else knows how to say:
 One to mak' ready!
 Two to be steady!
 Three, and Away!"

ANIMAL STORIES



The Sparrow's Suicide.

Of the pitiful fate which a sparrow befall,
A sad, but true story I'm going to tell,
And all you dear children this lesson may learn,
That even to bird life, come trials most stern.

Near Montreal's Court House, this sparrow had found,
A quiet pleasant home, several feet from the ground,
Just under the eaves of a snug "Upper Flat,"
And quite beyond reach of a stray dog or cat.

Some merry companions frequented the spot,
And helped by their chirping to brighten his lot,
While a lover of birds living over the way,
Provided them plenty of crumbs every day.

This bountiful kindness, he thought well repaid
By watching some queer little antics they made,
And also their quarrels; I'm sorry to say
Were a source of amusement, and part of his pay.

One long severe winter was followed by spring,
Reviving with sunsmiles each half frozen thing,
Then our sparrow and friends hopped and chirped
with great glee
To welcome the grass blades, and buds on the tree.

Ah! how often our pleasures are followed by pain,
And the sweet joys that have been, come not again;
O'er Birdie's bright sunshine a shadow was cast,
That darkened forever the glorious past.

It might have been love unrequited, or scorned,
'Twas a something be sure; which so steadfastly
formed
The desperate resolve to get rid of all strife,
In the easiest manner; by taking his life.

From a window near by, hung a small bit of twine,
He flew to this: fashioned a loop with the line,
Put his little head through, gave a jerk, all was o'er;
And he hung there as dead as a nail in a door.

—J. E. MURDOCH.



Dandy's Device.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Burns, of Montreal,
tells the following true dog story:

In the first place Dandy was not invited
to the Cobweb Party; but that made no
difference, he made up his mind to
attend as soon as he found out that Joe
and Susie were going.

Not having much of a toilet to make
he was ready long before they were,
and slipped out to wait for them on the
sidewalk, feeling, somehow, that his
company would not be very acceptable.

At first he kept back at some distance;
but presently, when he felt that it would
be safe to do so, he drew a little nearer.

"Now, Dandy, go home," said Susie,
"you know you have no business to be
here!"

"Go home! Go home, sir!" com-
manded Joe.

Poor Dandy! he was not a very good-
looking dog, and was not considered at
all amiable. No one cared for him but
his master—not even his mistress. If
only his master had been going to the
party! But, no! it was only his
mistress' sister and brother, with whom
Dandy was no favorite. But he was not
to be discouraged—not he! He went
back a little way and waited, then
overtook them once more, only to be
again scolded and driven back home-
ward. He kept himself pretty well out
of sight after this, until they reached
their destination. As they were going
up the steps he put in an appearance.
"Oh, that wretched dog! Just see
him, Joe! Whatever shall we do about
him?"

"We must make him stay outside;
we cannot possibly take him into Mrs.
Snell's parlors, with that horrid way
he has of snapping and snarling at
strangers," replied Joe. "Go home,
you bad dog, go home!" And Joe even
threatened to strike him. But Dandy
felt safe, no one dared to give him a
blow, at least none of his master's
household had ever attempted such a
thing. He had no intention of going
home without having gone in to see
what the party was like, so he was left
to freeze on the doorstep.

But by-and-bye the door opened to admit other guests, and in popped Dandy. He did not see Joe and Susie anywhere, and it may safely be said they did not see him. He slipped under a sofa, where he might have stayed all evening if he hadn't forgotten himself so far as to snarl at the couple who came and took a seat on the sofa. He even snapped at the heels of the young gentleman, who jumped up in alarm. It was not very long before Dandy found himself once more on the doorstep. He did not remain there any length of time, for a fresh arrival gave him another opportunity of entering. He felt thoroughly out of humor by this time, and had no sooner found an unoccupied chair under which to retreat, than, to his great disgust, somebody came and took possession of it. He made such a fuss that he would soon have been turned out of doors again, if the hostess had not had compassion on him, and suggested letting him stay in the kitchen. Instead of being grateful for her kindness, he made himself very disagreeable to all around; and would have been more than once expelled, if strict orders had not been given that he was not to be molested.

Some of the threads of the cobweb had been carried into the kitchen. When Dandy saw the young people flocking out to find the clue, he became very much excited, and seemed to resent it as a personal affront. He began snapping and snarling right and left, raising so great a commotion that Joe could stand it no longer. So picking Master Dandy up, he carried him to the street door and thrust him forth. "You ill-mannered cur!" said he, as Dandy tried to hedge his way in again, before the door had time to shut. "Get out!" and he gave him a shove with his toes. Down rolled Dandy to the foot of the steps, and there he lay howling and yelping, evidently in great agony. "Oh, dear!" thought Joe, "I've hurt him! How shall I ever go home and face his master?"

He rushed upstairs, and seized his hat, and without giving a thought to his overcoat, ran down to poor Dandy. Picking him up, he tried to examine his injuries. Dandy seemed to be very badly hurt, and kept whining most piteously.

Poor Joe was at his wits' end. "Whatever can I do? I never meant to hurt him! You're not hurt much, are you, Dandy, old fellow?" Dandy kept on whining, and when placed on the ground appeared to be unable to stand.

"Dear, dear! his leg is broken, I am afraid! Poor Dandy, I am very sorry,

and what will your Master say?" So saying Joe hailed a street car, and jumping on board, holding Dandy tenderly in his arms, he hurried home.

Having left his latch-key in his overcoat pocket, he had to ring the bell, which was answered by Dandy's mistress.

"Why it's you, Joe! What is the matter? Where's Susie?"

"She's at Mrs. Snell's, but oh, sis, I'm in great trouble. I've broken Dandy's leg!"

"Broken Dandy's leg!" repeated his sister. "Well you're in for it now. How ever did it happen?"

Joe put Dandy down, and related the circumstances.

"You know I never hurt him intentionally.

"Oh, I am sure of that. Come here, Dandy, poor Dandy," coaxed his mistress in her most winning tones.

Dandy only whined and limped a little way towards her.

"What's all that fuss about?" demanded a voice from the top of the stairs.

"Poor Dandy has met with an accident; his legis broken!"

"What? How? Anything happened to Dandy?" and downstairs rushed Dandy's only friend and admirer.

"Poor Dandy, poor old fellow! That's too bad! Come here and let us see what's the matter."

Up jumped Dandy, and trotted across the floor quite briskly, wagging his tail for joy. He leaped on to his master's knee and looked saucily at Joe, as much as to say: "I know what you'd like to do, if you dared, but I'm safe!"

Joe was relieved; but his feelings as he wended his way back to the party can be more easily imagined than described.

The Horse Found His Mate.

The following incident related by Harry Bull, of Woodstock, N. B., happened about twenty-six years ago: A farmer living near Woodstock owned a pair of very valuable young horses of some trotting stock, very much sought after by all lovers of fine horses. One evening in November, a cold, starless night, when one of the sons of the farmer who owned the horse was returning home from town, upon nearing the barn, which he came to first, the highway first passing the barns and then the house, he saw some one lead a horse out of the barn, mount it, and ride rapidly away. The boy, whose name was Frank, on entering the house asked

which of them had taken the horse. They replied that none of them were absent. They concluded at once that it was a robber, because of there being a band of stragglers in the neighborhood, who knew a good horse when they saw one. Frank soon mounted the other horse, and was in pursuit of the robber, and riding some distance he came to a clump of trees where the road forked in three directions. Here he was puzzled to know which of the roads the robber had taken, but concluded to trust to the sagacity of his horse, so giving it a loose rein it lowered its head and smelled the ground. Then turning to the right it broke into a swift run, neighing at short intervals, which was soon answered by a horse ahead. A few more bounds, and he was by the side of the stolen horse, but no rider was visible. No doubt when the robber found he was pursued he fled into the woods. If it had not been for the sagacity of Frank's horse the stolen one would not have been found, as it was very near the United States boundary and after this was crossed pursuit would have been useless.

A Child in Danger.

J. E. Caron, of Ste. Louise, L'Islet, Quebec, writes: Near our house there is a little river of not much importance in summer but which becomes a mighty stream in the spring.

Down the river, one mile and a half from our house, there is a fall thirty-five feet high.

In the spring of '85 when the river was very high, the wife of our neighbor suddenly missed her little daughter, aged five years. After calling and searching for some minutes she discovered with alarm that the little girl had managed to get into a canoe which lay along the shore of the river, and a sudden rise in the water, it is supposed, had swept her away.

She could be seen in the mist of the river, amid great boulders of ice, and being carried with lightning rapidity towards the fall.

To describe the despair of the mother would be impossible. Her cries of alarm brought all the neighbors on the shore. But, unhappily, nothing could be done, not a single canoe could be found, and had we found any, it would have been of no use, for it was certain death to risk his life in the strong current.

The terrified spectators had nothing to do but to contemplate with horror the poor child who was not aware of her danger.

By this time the canoe with its hu-

man occupant had already made more than half a mile, when I arrived with my big St. Bernard dog, Prince.

Seeing how the matter stood an idea struck me. Calling to the mother to bring me some clothes of her child, I placed them before Prince and allowed him to scent them for an instant. I then started at a run along the shore closely followed by the dog. When I was in front of the child, I took the dog in my arms and showed him the canoe with the child in it, at the same time entreating him to go and fetch her.

The intelligent brute, which was accustomed to swim, immediately dived into the water and swam quickly at the side of the little craft, but there was the difficulty. The poor brute had almost enough to keep himself from being carried away by the strong current.

After having tried to take one end of the canoe in his mouth and tow it ashore, and seeing that would not do, he seized the child by her clothes and struck for the shore, taking care to keep the head of the little girl above water, avoiding at the same time the cakes of ice which might have struck her.

After great efforts and encouraged by the onlookers the brave dog succeeded in bringing his precious burden on the shore where he lay panting and exhausted, while the child, who was pressed in the arms of her mother, said:

"Oh, the good, good dog, he did not even bite me."

Some seconds after the fall and dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

This is a true story.

The White Sparrows.

W. W. H. Sabine, of Southville, Digby Co., N. S., writes as follows: Not many years since, as we were making hay in our meadow lot, our attention was attracted, one morning, by a brood of young sparrows lately from the nest. They were four in number, two of which were the common brown sparrow, the remaining two were snowy white. While questioning whether they were really sparrows, paled by some freak of nature, or whether they belonged to some family whose acquaintance we had never made, we were startled by the sharp regulation breakfast chirp of the parent birds with beaks full of the plumpest of worms for the morning meal. The whole brood hastened at the call, but the brown birds remained at a respectful distance in the rear till their brethren of lighter complexion were

first satisfied. Then coming boldly to the front they received their allotted portion, and the parent birds again went foraging for a dinner. The same thing was repeated on successive mornings, the white birds taking their share first, the common brown ones waiting till the others were served. One morning a wanton boy killed one of the little white strangers with a stone, and it was painfully interesting to watch the movements of the bereaved family. The little pale fellow flew up and received his meat as usual, but his mate did not appear. The mother chirped and flew backward and forward in quest of the missing one, the other young birds appearing anxious and uneasy, but never attempting to take the tempting bits that wriggled in their parents' beaks. After some time thus spent, the parents flew to their little waiting ones and divided the portion between them. For two succeeding days we saw the same strange proceedings enacted, the same eager search for the missing one, the same patient self-denial on the part of those less favored, while the little white chap sat calm and unruffled amid the agony. They soon left the field and we saw them no more. The singular phenomenon of a white sparrow is without a parallel so far as I have ever heard; and the marked partiality shown to them by their parents on all occasions seems so much out of the ordinary that I have decided to submit the fact to you for the benefit of your thousands of readers.

A Swim Under Ice.

Miss Lucy Eaton, of Truro, Nova Scotia, writes: A good many years ago, when the Windsor and Annapolis Railway was in course of construction, an embankment was built through a lake, in Mount Uniacke, called the Bottomless lake.

It was winter time, and the lake was frozen over and covered with snow all except two places. One was a hole in the centre of the lake, where they were dumping in rocks to fill it up. The other was a place near the edge of the lake, where they had been dumping, and it was frozen over, but not covered with snow.

One day, before going home to dinner, John Ferguson led his horse down to the hole in the centre of the lake, to get a drink. The horse slipped and fell in head first, and disappeared.

The poor man never expected to see his horse again, but in a few minutes they heard it tramping on the stones at

the edge of the lake, about one hundred and fifty feet distant.

It swam to that place because it was clear of snow and it could see up, but could not get up, because it was frozen over. The horse apparently saw the light from the place it fell in, and in a few minutes swam back there, spouting water like a whale.

The men tried to pull it out, but could not until the boss put a chain round its neck and tightened it, then the horse floated like a cork, and was hauled out. The owner then gave it half a gallon of gin, and walked it round all the afternoon.

The horse got quite drunk, and enjoyed itself immensely. In a week it was working as usual, none the worse for its swim of three hundred feet under ice.

The above is true, and many of the men that saw it are still living. Perhaps the owner of the horse may see and have a laugh over it.

Dogs That Hunted Wildcats.

John A. N. Laidlaw, of Port Hastings, C. B., writes: My grandfather and a neighbor each had a dog that used to hunt wild cats and tree them, barking until some one would come and kill them. One morning a little before daylight, my grandfather was suddenly awakened by his dog scratching at the door. Grandfather arose and went to the door, but no sooner was the door opened than the dog dashed off towards the barn, looking back to see if his master was following. Knowing that the dog had some reason for so acting, grandfather went into the house to dress. But as soon as he had closed the door the dog was back scratching and whining as before. As soon as grandfather was ready he started off with the dog until a few yards beyond the barn he came to a cherry tree, and there in the tree was a wild cat, while beside the tree was the other dog, keeping watch while grandfather's dog had been to the house. While grandfather returned to the house for his gun both dogs stayed to watch the tree. In a short time he came and despatched the animal.

CHEER UP.

Cheer up! 'tis no use to be glum, boys,—
'Tis written, since fighting began,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.

—THACKERAY.

CARAVAN TALES

No. IV.—The Fortunes of Said.

After the conclusion of Ali Sizab's story about "The Imposture of Labakan" the caravan proceeded on its way and it was several days before another member of the company was called upon to entertain the rest. This time someone suggested that Selim Baruch, the stranger who had joined the company, should be the story-teller and he readily consented, proceeding as follows:

In the time of Haroun al Raschid, sovereign of Bagdad, there lived in Balsora a man named Benezar, who had sufficient property to enable him to live quietly and comfortably without engaging in business. Nor did the birth of a son induce him to make a change in his habits.

"Why should I take to buying and selling in my old age," said he to his neighbors, "to leave to my son Said, if things turn out well, a thousand pieces of gold, or so, more, after my death? 'A dinner for two is enough for three,' the proverb says; and, provided he grows up a good boy, he shall never come to want."

So spoke Benezar, and he kept his word. He educated his son to no trade or profession, but instructed him carefully in all the books of wisdom; and as, in his opinion, nothing adorned a young man more, with the exception of learning and reverence for age, than trained strength and courage, he caused him to be early taught the use of arms; and Said was soon regarded, by youths of his own age, and even by his elders, as a formidable opponent; while in riding and swimming he had no superior.

When he was eighteen years old his father sent him to Mecca, to visit the grave of the Prophet, that he might perform his religious duties at the fountain-head of all holiness. Before he set out, his father called him into his presence, and, having praised his past life, and given him much good advice, furnished him with money for his journey, and addressed him in the following words:

"One thing more, son Said. You know me, I suppose, to be a man generally exempt from vulgar prejudices. I like, of course, to listen to stories of fairies and wizards as an agreeable means of passing one's leisure time; but I am far from believing, as so many ignorant persons do, that these fairies,

or whatever other title they go by, exert any influence on the lives and actions of men. Your mother, however, now twelve years dead, had as firm a belief in them as in the Koran; and she once confided to me, after I had sworn to divulge it to no one but her son, that she had been, ever since her birth, in close friendship with a fairy. I laughed heartily at her credulity; and yet, Said, I am obliged to confess that several events took place at your birth which filled me with astonishment. It had been raining and thundering the whole day, and the sky was so black that it was impossible to read without a lamp. About four o'clock in the afternoon they told me of the birth of my son. I hurried to your mother's chamber to see and bless my first-born, and found all her maids standing outside her door. In reply to my questions, they answered that no one was allowed to enter the room at present, and that Zemira, your mother, had commanded everyone to leave her. I knocked at the door to no purpose. It remained closed.

While I was standing half-angrily among the domestics, the sky cleared away more suddenly than I had ever seen it do before; but, strange to say, the blue arch of heaven was visible only over our dear city of Balsora, and around the opening lay the black masses of clouds heavily piled together, with the lightning flashing and playing round its circumference. As I was watching this spectacle with interest, my wife's door flew open, and, leaving the servants outside, I entered her chamber alone, to ask her why she had locked herself in. As I crossed the threshold, such a stupefying odor of roses, pinks and hyacinths, assailed my nostrils, that I came near fainting. Your mother gave you into my arms, and pointed at the same time to a tiny silver pipe attached to a chain of gold as fine as silk, which you were wearing round your neck. 'This kind fairy of whom I told you has been here,' said your mother, 'and gave this birthday-present to your son.'—'The same person, I suppose, who brightened up the weather, and left this odor of pinks and roses behind her,' said I, laughing incredulously. 'She might have given something better than this pipe, really; a purse of gold, or a horse, or something of that sort.' Your mother implored me not to jest, lest the offended fairy should turn her blessings into maledictions.

"From respect for her illness, I obeyed her wishes, and we spoke no more of the singular incident till six years later, when she felt that she was about to die. She then gave me the pipe, and enjoined upon me to deliver it to you on your twentieth birthday, saying that I must not suffer you to leave me, even for an hour, till that time. She then died; and here is the present," continued Benezar, taking a little silver pipe and a fine gold chain from a box. "I give it to you in your eighteenth instead of your twentieth year, as you are about to take a long journey, and I may, perhaps, be gathered to my fathers before you return. I see no reasonable ground for your remaining here with me two years longer, notwithstanding the timid forebodings of your mother. You are a good and prudent lad, you handle your weapons as skilfully as many a man of four-and-twenty, and I can therefore as safely acknowledge you to be of age now as two years hence. And now depart in peace; and both in good and ill-fortune,—against which last may God preserve you,—remember your father."

Benezar of Balsora thus ended, and dismissed his son. Said took a tearful leave, and, hanging the chain round his neck, and thrusting the pipe into his girdle, mounted his horse and rode to the place where caravans for Mecca usually assembled. Eighty camels and many hundred men were there collected. The caravan took up its line of march, and Said rode from the gates of his native city Balsora, to see it again only after the lapse of many years.

The novelty of the journey, and the numberless strange objects presented to his attention, at first sustained his spirits and dissipated his sorrow; but as they approached the desert, and the landscape grew more and more desolate he began to think of the events of his past life, and, among others, recalled the words which his father Benezar had said to him at parting.

He drew forth the pipe to examine it, and at length set it to his lips to test the sweetness and purity of its tone; but to his surprise it gave no sound. He puffed out his cheeks and blew with all his force, but not a note could he elicit, and, vexed with the uselessness of the present, he thrust it back into his girdle. But his thoughts soon reverted to his mother's mysterious words. He had heard many stories of fairies, but had never found that any of his neighbors in Balsora had had dealings with one of these supernatural beings. His informants had always laid their traditions of these spirits in distant countries

and remote periods of time, and he had thus been led to suppose that such agencies had long since ceased to exist, or that fairies had discontinued visiting mankind, or taking any interest in their destinies. In spite of this incredulity, however, he found himself incessantly trying to believe in something mysterious and supernatural having happened to his mother; and the result was that he sat his horse like a dreamer almost the whole day, taking no part in the conversation of his fellow-travellers, and wholly inattentive to their joyous singing and laughter.

Said was a youth of extreme beauty. His eye was bold and frank, his mouth full of sweetness, and, young as he was, there was an air of dignity in his appearance such as one rarely finds in persons of his age; while the light and easy grace with which he sat his steed drew upon him the attention of many of the travellers. One old man, riding by his side, was greatly attracted by his appearance, and endeavored to sound his disposition by a variety of questions. Said, upon whom a reverence for age had been carefully impressed, answered so modestly, and with so much shrewdness and reserve, that the old man was delighted. But as the lad's mind had been occupied almost the whole day with a single subject, they soon came to talk of the mysterious influence of fairies; and Said inquired at last of the aged stranger whether he believed in the existence of spirits, good or bad, who protected or tormented mankind.

The old man stroked his beard, and, nodding his head, answered:

"It cannot be denied that stories are told of such beings, though to this day I myself have never seen either a spectral dwarf, or a gigantic genii, or even a plain magician."

He then went on to tell Said such extraordinary stories that his head absolutely reeled, and he felt persuaded at last that all which had happened at his birth,—the change in the weather and the odor of the roses and hyacinths,—was of great significance; that he himself stood under the especial protection of some powerful and benevolent fairy; and that the pipe had been given him for no other purpose than to whistle for the fairy in case of need. He dreamed all night long of castles, magic steeds, genii, and the like, and lived for the time in a genuine fairy-realm.

But, on the following day, he was painfully shown how delusive were all his sleeping and waking dreams. The caravan had advanced at an easy pace for the greater part of the day, when

dark shadows became visible on the extreme verge of the horizon. Some of the travellers took them to be hills of sand, others pronounced them clouds, others that they were another caravan; but the old man, who had crossed the desert many times, shouted to his companions to look out for themselves, for that it was a horde of Arab robbers on the march. The men seized their arms, the women and treasures were placed in the middle, and everything was ready for an attack. The dark mass advanced across the plains with a rapidly-increasing pace, and the travellers had scarcely time to make out clearly men and lances, before the enemy rushed down with the speed of the wind, and made a furious charge upon the caravan.

Its owners made a valiant resistance, but the robbers were over four hundred strong. They attacked them on every side, killed many, and then charged them with the lance. Said, who had been all the time fighting boldly among the foremost, at this terrible moment called to mind his pipe. He drew it quickly out, set it to his lips, blew—and sadly let it fall again, for it emitted not the faintest sound. Furious at this disappointment, he took a steady aim, and shot through the heart an Arab, conspicuous for the splendor of his dress, who at once dropped dead from his horse.

"Allah! what have you done?" cried the old man at his side. "We are all lost!" And so, indeed, it seemed; for the robbers no sooner saw their leader fall than they raised a frightful cry, and attacked the caravan with such fury that the few men yet un wounded were speedily despatched. Said was himself in a moment attacked by five or six. He used his lance so skilfully that no one ventured to come within its reach. Finally, one of his assailants retired to a distance, and, drawing out an arrow, was about to let it fly, when another robber made a sign to him to refrain. The young man prepared himself for a fresh attack, but, before he was aware, an Arab had thrown a noose over his head; and, strive as he might to break the cord, the noose was drawn tighter and tighter about his neck, and Said was a prisoner.

The whole caravan was by this time either slain or taken captive, and the conquerors, who consisted of more than one tribe of Arabs, took their departure, — a portion to the south, the remainder to the east. Four armed men rode near Said, looking at him often with savage glances, and heaping curses on his head; and Said decided that the man

he had killed must have been a person of great authority. Speedy death was, in his eyes, far less painful to contemplate than hopeless slavery; and he rejoiced over his good fortune, in having drawn upon himself the hatred of the whole tribe, for he firmly believed that he would be put to death as soon as they reached their camp. The armed riders watched his every movement, and threatened him with their spears as often as he turned his eyes. But once, as the horse of one of them stumbled, he turned his head rapidly about, and to his joy caught sight of his aged companion, whom he had supposed to be among the slain.

Trees and tents were visible at last in the distance, and, as they came nearer, a stream of women and children rushed out to meet them; but they had scarcely exchanged three words with the returning band, when they broke out into a frightful howl, and following Said, menacing him with threatening gestures, and heaping him with maledictions. "He is the hound," they shouted. "who has slain Almansor, the bravest of the brave! He must die! We will give his flesh to the jackal of the desert." Thereupon they assailed Said so furiously with sticks, stones, and clods of earth, that the robbers were compelled to interpose.

"Away, you children! Women, away!" cried they, scattering the crowd with their lances. "He has slain the great Almansor in battle, and must die; but by the sword of a warrior, not by the hand of a woman."

The procession halted in an open space among the tents. The prisoners were tied together, two and two, and the booty carried to the tents; while Said was chained alone, and led into a large marquee. In this sat an aged, richly-dressed man, whose stern and haughty air showed him to be the chief of the tribe. The men in charge of Said took their stand before him with lowered heads.

"The women's wails have told me what has taken place," said the chieftain, looking at each of the robbers in turn; "and your looks confirm it,—Almansor has fallen!"

"Almansor has fallen," answered the men; "but here, Selim, sovereign of the desert, is his murderer, whom we bring for you to judge. What death shall he die? Shall we make him a target for our arrows; or hunt him through an avenue of lances? Or is it your will that he be hanged in a halter, or torn to pieces by horses?"

"Who art thou?" asked Selim, looking darkly at the prisoner, who stood before him bravely and prepared for death.

Said answered his question briefly, and without reserve.

"Hast thou killed my son treacherously? Hast thou slain him from behind with an arrow or a lance?"

"Not so, my lord!" answered Said. "I slew him in front, in open battle, as he attacked our ranks, after he had killed eight of my comrades before my eyes."

"Is it as he says?" demanded Selim of the men who had captured Said.

"Yes, my lord," said one of the interrogated. "He killed Almansor in open fight."

"Then has he done no more than we also should have done," answered Selim. "He has slain the foe who would rob him of life and liberty. Remove his bonds!"

The men looked at their chief in astonishment, and obeyed his order with sullen reluctance. "And shall the murderer of the brave Almansor live?" inquired one of them, casting a furious glance on Said. "Why did we not slay him on the spot!"

"He shall live!" shouted Selim: "and I take him into my own tent, as my share of the booty. He shall be my servant."

Said could not find words to express his thanks. The men left the tent muttering curses; and, as soon as they had communicated Selim's resolve to the women and children assembled outside and waiting for Said's condemnation, the latter raised a yell of disappointed rage, and cried that they would revenge Almansor's death on his murderer with their own hands.

The prisoners were divided among the tribe, a few of them being released to obtain the ransom-money for the rest, and others sent to the flocks as shepherds; and many unfortunate men, who had till now been waited on by a dozen slaves themselves, were now compelled to perform the humblest services for their captors. Not so, Said. Was it his courageous bearing, or the influence of some good fairy, which so inclined old Selim to the lad? This strange partiality of the old man drew on him the enmity of the other servants. Everywhere he met with looks of hate. Whenever he went alone through the camp, he heard insults and imprecations poured upon him, and more than once an arrow had flown before his breast, evidently intended for his heart, and whose failure to hit its mark he ascribed solely to his pipe. He often

complained to Selim of these attempts, but the old chief in vain endeavored to discover the treacherous assassin, for the whole tribe seemed to be united as one man against his life.

(To be Continued.)

CARE OF THE HANDS.

There are not nearly so many secrets in hand-treatment as people imagine. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean; but glycerine does not agree with everyone. It makes some skins harsh and red. These people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands at night is white of egg with a grain of alum dissolved in it. It is sold by druggists under a fancy name but all can make it and spread it over their hands, and the job is done. Another preparation often sold at a good price, is the Roman toilet paste. It is merely white of egg, barley flour, and honey. They say it was used by the Romans in olden time. Any-way, it is a first-rate thing; but it is a sticky sort of stuff to use, and does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time by doctoring them a little at bedtime, and all the tools you need are a nail brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and a little fine white sand to rub the stains off, or a cut of lemon, which will do even better; for the acid of the lemon will clean anything.

WITH WINGS.

[From French of Victor Hugo.]

What matter though this life—
For man and woman here
Unequal on the whole—
Give way beneath your foot,
Ready to disappear,
Have you not got your soul?

Your soul, that soon, perhaps
Will lightly spread its wings
For purer air elsewhere,
And carry you away
Beyond our murmurings,
Beyond our grief and care!

Be like the bird light, poised
Upon too frail a spray.
That, notwithstanding, sings—
Yea, even though it feel
The branch beneath it sway—
Knowing that it hath wings!



Do not attempt to clean all the house at once. Take one room at a time.

Keep all preserves, jellies, and tinned fruits in a cold, dark, and dry place.

Spots on wall-paper may be removed by rubbing with stale bread, which should not be hard enough to scratch or mark the paper.

Old corks should be saved, for although they may not be fit for their original purpose they are very useful to make a low fire burn up. A few should be inserted among the embers.

To remove smoke stains from a white-washed or painted ceiling wash them with water in which a handful of soda has been dissolved. The dust should first be wiped off with a soft cloth.

A smoking lamp is an exceedingly unpleasant thing, and is very often caused by the wick not being in proper order. It is a good plan to soak new wicks in vinegar, and allow them to dry thoroughly before being used.

When cleaning a stove, a little soap rubbed on the rag used for cleaning, before the blacklead is put on, lightens the labor of cleaning and improves the appearance of the stove. It should be polished with a dry cloth.

Ivory must never be washed with hot water or it will turn yellow. Stains should be rubbed with lemon juice, and if the ivory be discolored from long disuse it can be whitened by placing it where it is exposed to the rays of the sun.

To wash knitted stockings make a lather of boiling water and soap, and when cool, wash the stockings in it. Rinse them well in clean water, wring them tightly in a cloth, pull out into their right shape, and dry in the open air.

When a grate becomes very rusty through damp, it should be thoroughly blacklead, and the wet blacklead left to dry on for two or three days, when the grate may be polished in the usual way, as the lead will have eaten off the rust.

When dusting furniture it is better to use a slightly damp cloth than a dry one, for it collects the dust and prevents its flying about the room.

Damp spoils the tone of a piano and turns the keys yellow sooner than anything else. Therefore, it should always be kept shut on damp days and at night. On sunny days it may be left open, for the sunlight will help to keep the keys a good color.

New stockings and socks should always be washed before being worn, as the washing shrinks the threads and makes the socks wear as long again, besides preventing the feet being injured by the coloring. When worn before washing they stretch out of shape, and can never be restored to the original form.

When making cakes, be careful to dry and sift the flour, and to thoroughly mix the baking powder with it before adding any moisture. Break each egg separately, and smell each before mixing, for one bad or musty egg will spoil the whole cake. When beating eggs, be sure that the whisk is perfectly clean; any grease on it will prevent the eggs from frothing.

Children who have turned against milk may often be induced to take it when prepared in the following way, which is also a good method of using up a superfluity of milk when there is fear of its turning sour. Boil a quart of milk with two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, a couple of bay-leaves, and a little cinnamon; simmer the whole. Then mix the yolks of two eggs with a little milk, put it into that previously prepared, mix and serve.

When a carpet becomes a little dingy, it may be considerably improved by sweeping it with a broom damped with water to which a little ammonia has been added. The water should be put in a pail, the broom dipped into it, and the drops of water shaken off. When the broom becomes dry it must be damped again, and the water changed when it becomes dirty. If an old Brussels carpet is very much soiled, it should be thoroughly beaten, and spread out on the floor. Then washed with warm water and fresh ox gall or ammonia in the proportion of one pint of gall to one gallon of water. Wash a small piece at a time, rinse with clean water, and wipe as dry as possible. The windows of the room should be left open, so that the carpet will dry quickly, and if it has been properly rinsed, the colors will look almost as bright as new.

PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

There is a very pretty little story by Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life.

It was in the time of Queen Mary, and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catherine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston the queen found little Lady Catherine in St. George's gallery, gazing on the whole-length picture of James II. which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression on the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particularly.

"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours."

The queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston.

* * *

More than two hundred years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam in Holland, who was named Joanne Koerten. She was a peculiar child in that she cared nothing whatever for play and sport, but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitating in wax every kind of fruit, and making on silk, with colored floss, exact copies of paintings, which were thought wonderful.

But after she had become very accomplished in music, spinning, and embroidery, she abandoned all these for a still more extraordinary art—that of cutting. One is seized with astonishment in looking at her work, for all that the engraver accomplishes with the graver she effected with her scissors.

She executed landscapes, marine views, flowers, animals, and portraits of people of such striking resemblance, that she was for a time, quite the wonder of Europe.

She used white papers for her cuttings, placing them over a black surface, so that the minute openings made by her scissors formed the "light and shade."

The Czar, Peter the Great, and others of high rank paid her honor. One man high in office vainly offered her a

thousand florins for three small cuttings. The Empress of Germany paid her four thousand florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing the arms of Emperor Leopold, crowned with eagles and surrounded by a garland of flowers. She also cut the Emperor's portrait, which can now be seen in the Royal Art Gallery in Vienna. A great many people went to see her, and she kept a book in which prince and princesses wrote their names. After she died, which was when she had lived sixty-five years, her husband, Adrian Block, erected a monument to her memory, and had designed upon it the portraits of all these titled visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect, and so tasteful, as to give both dignity and value to her work, and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with scissors has never before nor since been equalled. So both her art and her monument were unique, and have kept her "memory green" for now nearly two hundred and fifty years.

* * *

About the year 1825, a respectable-looking elderly gentleman made his appearance in Edinburgh, where his habits and pretensions created some degree of curiosity. He lived generally in lodgings, genteel, but not aristocratic. He seemed to be a man of very moderate income, and did not mix in high society, yet he called himself Earl of Stirling. This title was an old and respected one in Scotland, and its assumption did not create much surprise; for poor gentlemen with contested claims to ancient titles of nobility, are not very uncommon in the Scottish metropolis. With regard to the person describing himself as Earl of Stirling, some spoke doubtfully of his pretensions, others treated him as an impostor. What he really was, will appear, after giving certain preliminary explanations.

Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, a poet and statesman of the reign of King James I. of England, had entered into that sovereign's project for colonizing the borders of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He was gifted by charter with a large territory, nearly identical with the province now called Nova Scotia, but containing a considerable portion of the sections of Canada now known as New Brunswick and Quebec; and he and his heirs were appointed hereditary lords-lieutenant of the district, with

something very like sovereign powers. A territory without people on it is, however, of little value either to sovereign or proprietor. To induce British subjects, especially Scotsmen of rank, to take land in the district, the new dignity of Baronets of Nova Scotia was created. It was to be conferred on acceptable persons, who paid for and received a grant of 16,000 acres of land in the colony.

The Earl of Stirling's son becoming involved in difficulties, sold his American privilege to a French colonist; and by the treaty of St. Germain, in 1632, these North American British colonies were all ceded to France. At the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, they became again a British possession, but on a new foundation, as if they had never belonged to Britain before. Perhaps the government might have restored any family claims of a reasonable kind that could have been shown to be lost by the French conquest, but the Alexanders, as we have seen, had disposed of their right. Though some persons were from time to time spoken of as representatives of the distinguished family, no one made a serious attempt to resume the title and its privileges, until the present century, when the individual above mentioned, laid his plans in the remarkable manner which we are now going to describe.

The name of the gentleman in question was Alexander Humphrys or Humphreys. His first step was, in 1824, to obtain a royal license to assume the name of Alexander. He stated in his application, that he had a maternal grandfather of that name, and he wished to assume it, "as well out of grateful respect to his memory, as out of respect for the wishes oftentimes expressed by his deceased mother." It is believed that any person may obtain a license of this sort who states any such plausible reason, and pays the necessary fees. It could have no effect in a legal point of view. But the expression "royal license" has a great influence on common minds—a secret known very well to second-rate inventors, who always announce their wares as authorised by "Her Majesty's Royal Letters-Patent."

His next step was to show his descent from the old Stirling family, and get it in some way judicially certified. The connection he tried to establish was this: His father, William Humphreys of Birmingham, had married Hannah Alexander, granddaughter of the Rev. John Alexander. This reverend John was the son of another John Alexander, of Donaghadee, in Ireland; and he was said to be a son of the Honorable John

Alexander, fourth son of the Earl of Stirling. There had long existed in Scotland certain formalities, by which a person could obtain a public and judicial certificate of his pedigree, or his connection with the succession to certain property. Without entering into any technical particulars, it may be sufficient to say, that until certain improved practices were established, these "services," as they are called, used to be carried through as mere matters of routine. A narrative was made out, and some documents read; and then the persons assembled, taking for granted that everything was regular, certified their belief in it. If the whole be a tissue of lies and forgeries, which is sometimes possible, it has generally to be examined afterwards, as in the present case, when there is an attempt made to obtain any property or other advantage, and the attempt is resisted. The reader will perhaps remember that in the novel of "Guy Mannering," when young Bertram is discovered, a process of this kind is adopted by Pleydell, as the first step for asserting the young heir's right. Colonel Mannering says: "Well, have you carried through your law business?"

"With a wet finger," answered the lawyer; "got our youngster's special service returned into Chancery. We had him served heir before the macers."

"Macers! who are they?"

"Why, it is a kind of judicial saturation. You must know, that one of the requisitions to be a macer, or officer in attendance upon our supreme court, is, that they shall be men of no knowledge."

"Very well."

"Now, our Scottish legislature—for the joke's sake, I suppose—have constituted these men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, such as this business of Bertram, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence."

The ease of getting through with such ceremonies will account for the circumstance, that before any steps were taken against him, Mr. Humphreys had, undisturbed, possessed himself of the documents thus certifying his pretensions. He first certified in this way his descent from the Irish Alexanders. He next certified his descent through them from the first Earl of Stirling. He made himself out to be heir to the property and honors of that nobleman by further proceedings; which not only certified that he was descended from him, but that other and nearer branches of the family had all become extin-

guished. It was appointed in the original charter of Nova Scotia, that Sir William Alexander and his descendants were to go through the mere formal process of investment by a ceremony in Edinburgh Castle, and this ceremony was gone through.

Still, there was besides the circumstance that the American estates had been disposed of, another serious difficulty to be overcome. The earldom and the estates were both united to heirs-male, and Mr. Humphreys represented a female descendant. To get over this a document was produced, which purported to be a copy of a charter granted by Charles I. in 1639, which renewed the grants to the Earl of Stirling, and widened their character, so that they embraced heirs-female as well as male. We shall see in the end into what a position this document plunged Mr. Humphreys and his claim.

Mr. Humphreys now gradually assumed the title of Earl of Stirling, spoke of his mother as the late countess, and gave his immediate relations the usual term of "Honorable" So and So. In an election of a Scottish representative peer, which took place on the 2nd of June, 1825, the first person who appears on the roll of voters is "the Earl of Stirling;" and it is stated in the minutes of election—the business being conducted by Sir Walter Scott, as Principal clerk of Session—"upon the title of Earl of Stirling being called, Alexander Humphreys Alexander claimed to vote as Earl of Stirling, as being heir-male to the body of Hannah, Countess of Stirling, who was lineally descended from William, first Earl of Stirling, and who died on the 20th day of September, 1814, and thereby under the destination of a royal charter, or letters-patent of Novodamus under the great seal of Scotland, dated 2nd December, 1639, granted by His Majesty King Charles I., etc.; and his vote was received by the clerks." Here, again, Mr. Humphreys appears to have had the advantage of taking people by surprise. The narrative was well put together; it looked feasible even to a person so well acquainted with history and genealogy as Sir Walter Scott; and as there was no other peer who could take it on him to say that the whole statement was a hallucination or a fraud, the vote was taken. At another meeting for the election of peers in 1830, when the name of the Earl of Stirling was called, the Earl of Rosebery said he would not oppose the vote to be tendered, as it had been admitted at a previous election; "but, at the same time he was desirous of expressing an opinion, that

it would be far more consistent with regularity and propriety were those individuals who conceived they were entitled to dormant peerages, to make good their claims before the House of Lords, previous to taking the titles and exercising the privileges attached to them." Nothing could show better how cautiously and effectively Humphreys or his advisers had conducted their project, than this extremely mild protest against a man who had no more right to vote at the elections than the porter of the room where they were held.

But the so-called earl obtained still more substantial acknowledgments of success than these mere titles. He was extremely poor at the beginning of his career. Traces were found of his having had to move abruptly from place to place, to avoid his creditors, and using all the shifts and evasions which needy men learn the art of exercising. He required large funds, however, to carry on his operations; and he made his claims appear so plausible to the money-lenders, that they advanced to him £13,000.

It must be remembered by those who may feel astonished at the success with which these proceedings were conducted to a certain extent, that the Canada possessions made the earldom of Stirling almost the only peerage on which a sheer impostor could have much temptation to make an attack. In general, the property belonging to the other peerages which have lain dormant has gone into other hands, and been rendered irrecoverable: still, cases of claim to both title and property are not uncommon; in some instances the right to property being dependent on the vindication of a right to title. In whichever way it is, the claimant has usually to go through a litigation with some other person, who urges a preferable claim. The peculiar temptation to aim at the Stirling peerage, was the right it conveyed over the vast territory in America. This had not been, like the British estates of the other dormant peers, in the hands of purchasers or other persons, who had an indisputable claim to possess them. The greater portion of the territory was still unappropriated, and was in the hands of the crown, to be disposed of to emigrants. If a claim preferable to that of the crown could be made out in favor of Humphreys, he would derive a great revenue by disposing of allotments to emigrants. Accordingly, after having obtained the documents already alluded to, and accustomed people for some years to consider him as Lord

Stirling, he proceeded to act on the American property. His first step was one of princely gratitude. A Mr. Christopher Banks had been his chief agent in all his operations. He had especially found for him the documents on which he raised his claim to represent the Alexander family. On the 14th of July, 1831, "the Earl of Stirling" made a gift to Banks of 16,000 acres of land in Canada, and appointed him a baronet of Nova Scotia. Sir Christopher, like his patron, took the title and dignity. He required, however, to have some royal sanction to his elevation; and he applied to the Lords of the Treasury to confirm the grant; but he was not even favored with an answer to his application, and in other proceedings which he adopted he fared no better.

Now came out a heap of proclamations, and other documents, about the American possessions in a truly royal style. One of these, which was a prospectus for an allocation of grants of land on a large scale, began in this manner. It will be seen how ingeniously the Earl makes use of the documents which we have already described.

"The Earl of Stirling, hereditary lieutenant and lord-proprietor of the province of Nova Scotia, and the lordship of Canada, was, on the 2nd day of July last, duly served nearest and lawful heir in special to his great-great-grandfather, Sir William Alexander, first Earl of Stirling, under the royal charters granted by their Majesties King James and Charles I., which were afterwards confirmed in Parliament in 1633. This verdict of heirship was duly returned to the Chancery in Scotland; and in virtue thereof, by a precept from His Majesty, directed furth of his Chancery to the sheriff of the county of Edinburgh, his lordship was infeft in the whole territory, with all its parts and pertinents, the offices of His Majesty's hereditary lieutenant of Nova Scotia, etc., (New Brunswick and the adjacent islands included), by sasine taken at the Castle of Edinburgh, on the 8th day of the said month of July, in terms of the powers, extent of territory, etc., contained in the charters of his said ancestor."

Now, as these statements, so far as they went, were literally true—for Humphreys really had obtained these documents—how could any one doubt that he was the person he announced himself as being? The English courts of law had so little doubt of it, that they admitted his privilege of freedom from arrest. The colonial authorities were,

according to the accounts of Mr. Banks, who had been sent ambassador to America, preparing to act in conformity with his pretensions. To keep up to his character, when Lord Durham was appointed governor of the North American colonies, Humphreys issued a protest against the terms of the appointment, as an infringement of his privileges. It is a curious circumstance that this was published only in the French newspapers. In the British press, however, a skilful series of articles kept up the delusion. It was aided from time to time by judicious paragraphs. For instance, there appeared, as quoted from the "Stirling Journal," an account of the arrival of the earl to visit the seat of his ancestors. "The circumstance of his lordship's arrival was no sooner known to the magistrates, than the bells were set a-ringing; and about eleven o'clock to-day they waited on his lordship, to congratulate him on his visit to the residence of his noble ancestors."

Meanwhile, the crown-lawyers, who had been watching these proceedings, thought it was high time that an end should be put to the farce, especially as the so-called earl was taking some legal steps of such a nature that, if he were successful, it would be very difficult to counteract. For instance, it was of great moment that he should establish the validity of the charter which he said was granted in the form of a renewal in 1639: it was on this that he rested not only the restoration of the American grants to the Earls of Stirling, but also his own claim through a female representative. We shall see afterwards what kind of document this was. In the meantime, the crown, not content with opposing his attempts to prove its authenticity, became the assailant, and commenced proceedings for pulling down his whole fabric.

Of the several questions, one of course was, whether the pedigree by which he attached his grandfather, the Rev. John Alexander, to the Stirling family, was accurate. On this subject, there were produced two affidavits of the early part of the eighteenth century. One of them was of a vague character, but the other was extremely distinct. It bore that the person who made it was "intimately acquainted with the rev. minister, John Alexander, grandson, and only male representative of John Alexander of Gartmore, the fourth son of William, first Earl of Stirling in Scotland, which said John Alexander was formerly of Antrim." The affidavit not only completed the pedigree, but it contained an account of the charter of

1639, the terms of which the claimant was so anxious to prove, if he could not get possession of the original. This affidavit bore the signature, admitted to be genuine, of Baron Pocklington, of the Irish Exchequer; but there was something suspicious about it suiting so precisely with the claimant's case, and it had a curious appearance. It was submitted to two eminent chemists, who stated that the paper above the signature had previously been some other writing, which must have been chemically removed, the affidavit having been written in its place. At the same time, there was produced a copy of an inscription on a tombstone, professing to have been raised over the remains of John Alexander of Antrim, who died in 1712. It stated, precisely in the same manner as the affidavit, the descent from the Stirling family. It contained, indeed, so precisely what Humphreys wanted to make out his claim, that the judge could not help remarking, that it was very strong in his favour—"as strong as if it had been composed for this very case." But there were fatal defects in the evidence adduced in favour of its accuracy as a copy of the original inscription, and the tombstone, itself had long disappeared. In fact, it was not proved that such a tombstone had ever existed; and unless the claimant could get over this defect, the inscription was of no use to him. How it was attempted to be got over, we shall presently see.

But while the crown thus removed the foundation from the claimant's case, they distinctly proved something that told strongly against it. It was shown that John Alexander, the fourth son of the Earl of Stirling, from whom Humphreys claimed his descent, had by his wife, the heiress of Gartmore, only a daughter. The person whom Humphreys claimed as his great-great-grandfather, John Alexander, therefore, could not be his son, unless he had married again.

Thus, it was necessary for carrying out his claim that, besides some minor points on which it is unnecessary to enter, Mr. Humphreys should prove three things, which were as yet destitute of support: 1st, The terms of the charter of 1639, on which so much depended; 2d, The existence of the tombstone and its inscription; and 3d, That the fourth son of the Earl of Stirling had married a second wife, who bore him a son. The marvellous manner in which evidence of these important matters arose just as it was wanted, is the most romantic part of the whole case. A son of Mr. Humphreys, or of the earl, as he was

termed, calling one day at the shop of De Porquet and Co., booksellers of London, who had published for his father a book in defence of his claims, was told that there was a packet there for "the Right Hon. the Earl of Stirling." It had been enclosed in a parcel addressed to the firm, and containing along with it a note in the handwriting, apparently, of a lady. It bore to be from a "Mrs Innes Smyth," a person of whose existence none of the parties professed to know anything. It stated that she had intended to call with enclosure, but found it expedient to send it by post; and terminated with a particular request, that the publishers "will forward it instantly to the Earl of Stirling, or any member of his lordship's family whose residence may be known to them."

The precaution was taken of opening this packet in the presence of unquestionable witnesses. It disclosed an inner packet with a parchment cover, and sealed with three old-fashioned seals. This bore the inscription, "some of my wife's family papers," in a handwriting said to be that of the claimant's father. Along with this inner parcel was another note. It contained a statement, that the parcel was found in a cash-box which had been stolen from the late William Humphreys, Esq." The thief, it said, had just died; and in continuation it was said, that "his family being now certain that the son of Mr Humphreys is the Lord Stirling who has lately published a narrative of his case, they have requested a lady going to London to leave the packet at his lordship's publishers—a channel of conveyance pointed out by the book itself, and which they hope is quite safe. His lordship will perceive that the seals have never been broken. The family of the deceased must, for obvious reasons, remain unknown. They make this reparation, but cannot be expected to court disgrace and infamy."

This useful packet contained evidence to fill up the greater part of the blanks in the previous proof; among other things a genealogical tree, giving an account of the second marriage which had been wanted for John Alexander of Gartmore. His second wife was Elizabeth Maxwell of Londonderry, and by her he had a son, John, "sixth Earl of Stirling." Along with this, there were several letters, which very neatly supplied deficiencies in some of the affidavits previously produced.

But there were some documents still required to make the deficient evidence complete, and we shall now see how they came to light. Mr. Humphreys had an acquaintance in France—a Ma-

demoiselle Le Normand, whose position it is difficult for people of this country fully to understand. She was a kind of fortune-teller, and united to this profession a wonderful facility in discovering a solution of any important mystery, and especially in finding lost papers. Notwithstanding such questionable occupations, she appears to have held a considerable social position in her own country. She was a literary woman, and had a very extensive correspondence with authors and men in office. She was about seventy years old at the time of these proceedings. It appears that she had an early intimacy with Mrs. Humphreys, or "the countess," and predicted that, after a time of trial, she would rise to greatness. The account which Mr. Humphreys gave of her when examined by the court was this: "Interrogated, what is Mademoiselle Le Normand's profession? Declares that he has the highest respect for Mademoiselle Le Normande, but has nothing to say as to her peculiar talents: that she is *auteur libraire*, she publishes and sells her own works. Interrogated, if he does not know whether she has any other occupation or employment? Declares, that he can only say, that she has been consulted by persons of the highest rank—sovereigns and others. He has nothing to do with her in any other way than he has explained. And reinterrogated, and desired to answer the question. He can only answer that on her door is inscribed *Bureau de Correspondance*. More than this he cannot say: that she is consulted by all sorts of persons. Interrogated, if she is not generally known in Paris as a fortune-teller, and consulted as such? Declares, that in the common acceptation, he believes that she is so considered. Believes she tells fortunes by means of cards. Specially interrogated, if he has seen her tell fortunes by means of cards? Declares, that being advised by his counsel to answer the question, he says that he has seen her do so. Believes that she is paid by those who consult her to tell their fortunes. Interrogated, again did she tell him his fortune on the cards or otherwise? Declares, she certainly did at one period—as thousands have had the same curiosity—that he then paid her five Napoleons; that this was a long time ago."

He explained that he had kept up a correspondence with this lady about his claims, because her varied correspondence and intimacy with literary and official people might enable her to procure documents about the American possessions of the Stirling family, during the French possession of

North America. Mademoiselle had so much faith either in her fortune-telling, or in her capacity to find documents, that she advanced a considerable sum to Humphreys, to enable him to carry on his litigations—certainly, a very unusual act for a fortune-teller.

In considerable dejection after the signal breaking down of his case in the Court of Sessions, Mr. Humphreys was travelling abroad. He admitted that he travelled under a feigned name, but would not reveal it. Naturally, he called on his old friend the fortune-teller and from her he received, to his astonishment, a mysterious packet, just as his son had from the London publishers. Like the London packet, it had been anonymously deposited, all trace of the party who had communicated it being cut off. In fact, it was found one day dropped in mademoiselle's chamber, after two ladies of high rank, on a professional visit to the seeress, had departed. The packet was accompanied by a letter, dated from Versailles, and signed only with the initial letter M. It stated, that the writer was aware of the lively interest which mademoiselle took in the success of the Englishman Alexander, in his claims to possess the inheritance of his ancestors; that he was under deep obligations to her, which he endeavoured in some measure to repay by the documents which he enclosed. He intimated, that being in office, he could not come personally forward in the affair, or permit his name to be known. When Humphreys was questioned, if he knew who this individual could be, he said he did not know, but had his suspicions, and they pointed to a personage so august and lofty, that he dared not name him.

The package contained a large old French map of Canada, covered over with other documents, which supplied all that was wanted for completing the evidence of the claim to the earldom and estates. Here was full evidence to confirm the copy of the charter of the year 1639, which had already been produced, but which required confirmation. There was a copy of the inscription on the tombstone already mentioned, accurately authenticated; and there were several other writings confirming the genealogical statements.

It seemed now necessary to put a stop, in an effectual manner, to a system of such audacious fraud. On the 29th of April 1839, Humphreys was brought to trial for forgery. The case involved a very protracted and complicated investigation, and it lasted for four

days. It was soon very evident, that of the actual forgery there could be no doubt—the counsel for Humphreys gave up the point. The question was, whether he was guilty either of having himself committed the forgeries, or of having used the documents in the knowledge that they were forged by others.

The numerous documents which were the subject of the trial, may be divided into three main groups: the documents left with the London booksellers; the contents of the packet left with Mademoiselle Le Normand; and the charter of 1639, restoring the Canada estates to the Stirling family, and opening the succession to female heirs. The first set of documents is not much worthy of attention. The map, and other documents deposited with the French seeress were, however, extremely curious, and one can now see a fac-simile of the whole in one of the reports of the trial. Of the inscriptions on the map, some were signed apparently by persons who might have occupied unimportant offices in France, and of whom all traces might be supposed to be lost. But their statements were supported by the testimony of very great men indeed—such as Esprit Fléchier, Bishop of Nismes; the illustrious Fénelon; and Louis XIV. The strange circumstance was, that all these people seemed to take an intense interest in the charter conferred on the Earl of Stirling, and the pedigree of the family, certifying in the most minute manner every little fact connected with them, as if it were a French affair of state, or something in which they had a personal interest. Thus one of the unknown certifiers, named St. Etienne, speaking of the charter, and a note of its contents, says: "The above note is precious. I can certify that it gives, in a few words, an extremely correct idea of the wonderful charter in question." He goes on to say, that "this extraordinary document extends over fifty pages in writing," and is very minute in his description of it. Then Bishop Fléchier says: "I read lately at the house of Monsieur Sartre, at Caveirac, the copy of the Earl of Stirling's charter. In it I remarked many curious particulars, mixed up with a great many uninteresting details. I think, therefore, that the greatest obligations are due to M. Mallet for having, by the above note, enabled the French public to judge of the extent and importance of the grants made to the Scottish nobleman. I also find that he has extracted the most essential clauses of the charter, and in translating them into French, he has given them with great

fidelity." Fénelon was equally earnest. The idea of two great French prelates occupying themselves in comparing and certifying copies of a Scottish law-paper of fifty pages was truly ridiculous.

At the trial, some French antiquaries, skilled in old writings, were examined about these papers. They at once pronounced them to be forgeries; said they were made with a mixture generally employed in France for imitating old writings; and seemed to treat the whole matter very lightly. The most conclusive evidence, however, was this: the map was made by De Lisle, the celebrated French geographer. It bore the date 1703. This might appear to be the date when it was published; but there were various things engraved on the map which could not have been there earlier than 1715, and others which showed a still later date. It will be sufficient to mention one of these. De Lisle is on the map called "first geographer to the king." It was proved by documents from the proper office in France, that he did not obtain this title until the year 1718. It appeared, indeed, that the date of the first publication was kept on the map, to mark the beginning of the copyright, but that this particular map could not have been printed off until after the year 1717; not only many years after the date given to the inscriptions on it, but some years after Louis XIV., Fénelon and Fléchier, whose signatures were attached, had died.

The evidence about the charter was, if possible, more conclusive. Such documents are, in Scotland, always recorded in a public register. There was a good reason, however, why the Earl of Stirling's charter, of the year 1639, was not recorded, for a portion of the record, including the year 1639, had been long known to be lost. It would, of course, be very unjust that Mr. Humphreys should lose his rights because the record was lost; and it was but fair that he should be at liberty to establish the substance of the charter from other sources. His advisers, however, not being entirely acquainted with Scottish law proceedings, were not aware that a royal charter had to pass through several offices, in each of which, if it were not fully recorded, an account of it was kept. There was no account of any such charter in favor of the Earl of Stirling to be found in any of these offices. Further, although the record for the year 1639 was lost, there was an index of its contents in existence, and that contained no mention of such a document. It was so long, too, that the whole blank made by the lost

records would not contain it. It contained a reference to the volume of the records from which it professed to be extracted; but the keeper of the records said, that that was not an old form of reference, but one which he had himself introduced a few years ago, when binding the records up in volumes. It was shown that Archbishop Spotswood, one of the alleged witnesses of the charter, was dead before its date. There were many other little inaccuracies proving the forgery, but these were sufficient.

The jury found that the documents were forged. By a majority, however, they found it not proved that Humphreys was guilty of the forgery, and thus he was, though very narrowly, acquitted. If he was really innocent, he must have been the victim of a most extraordinary system of complicated deceit. Of course, by this result of the trial, the whole of his claims at once fell to the ground.

What became of the so-called Earl of Stirling, on this signal failure of his pretensions, is not known. The case created a considerable sensation in Edinburgh at the time.

WITH A WISP OF HAY.

The following true story of a unique acceptance of a proposal was related by the gentleman chiefly concerned, who was living in Pictou county, Nova Scotia, at the time the incident occurred:

She said "wull" for "will" and pronounced "have" as if it were spelled "hay," and she could neither read nor write, but her voice was sweet enough to make any pronunciation passable, her eyes were charming blue, her complexion clear and soft, her figure most graceful, and I, who could both read and write, and pronounced most of my words correctly, was very much in love with her. I do not remember exactly what I said, for I was very much confused in spite of my superior knowledge, but I do remember that she said "no," and that I turned abruptly and left her. I had not expected a refusal, for she had treated me kindly and we had exchanged pictures, and I was very much cast down for several days, and being ashamed to show my face to her, kept out of the way; but about a week after the proposal on returning to my room at night I found a package lying on my bed. How it got there and what messenger brought it I have never learned, as she would not tell me. On opening the package I was surprised to see my own picture. This, I thought, was adding insult to injury, and I

angrily tore the picture in two and threw the pieces on the floor; but then I noticed something in the paper which still lay on the bed that made me pick the picture up and lay the pieces carefully together on the bed. Besides the picture the package contained a piece of wool, a small bunch of hay, and a piece of paper, on which was roughly sketched a human eye. Placing these articles on the bed beside the picture, I read: "Eye wool hay you." She had changed her mind, and being unable to write had adopted this way of letting me know. Had I not been acquainted with her peculiar pronunciation the signs would have been unintelligible to me, but to her I knew a piece of wool represented "will," a bunch of hay was a good symbol for "have," and my picture answered the purpose of "you." She evidently wished to say "I will have you." It is hardly necessary to say that the torn picture was carefully pieced together, and now occupies a place in my album beside one of a very pretty woman whom I call my wife, and whom three lovely children call "mother." The bunch of hay and the piece of wool are also carefully preserved, although they are not in my album. My wife is now a well-educated woman, and I feel that I have more reason to be proud of the energy she has shown in her studies since our marriage than I have to be ashamed of the fact that she could not read or write at the time I first courted her.

CONVERSATION IN THE HOUSE.

Few things are more important in a home than is conversation yet there are fewer things to which less deliberate thought is given. We take great pains to have our houses well furnished. We select our carpets and our pictures with the utmost care. We send our children to school that they may become intelligent. We strive to bring into our homes the best conditions of happiness. But how often is the speech of our household left untrained and undisciplined? The good we might do in our homes with our tongues, if we use them to the limits of their capacity of cheer and helpfulness, it is simply impossible to state. Why should so much power for blessing be wasted? Especially why should we ever pervert the gift and use of our tongues to do evil, to give pain, to scatter seeds of bitterness. It is a sad thing when a child is born dumb, but it were better to be born dumb and never have the gift of speech than, having the gift, to employ it in speaking only sharp, unloving or angry words.

THE TAVERN IN SPESSART

PART II.

The party assembled in the upper chamber slowly recovered their tranquillity after this scene. As is usual in cases of great misfortune or sudden danger, their spirits would probably have been all the gayer from the re-action, had they not been filled with concern for the fate of their three friends who had so lately been carried into captivity before their eyes. They were never tired of expressing their admiration of the young goldsmith, and the countess shed tears of emotion when she thought of the vast debt of gratitude she owed a youth to whom she had never done a kindness, and whom she scarcely knew. It was a consolation to all to think that the courier and the student had gone with him; and they cherished the hope that these experienced travellers would be able to find some means for their escape. They consulted together what course each should adopt. The countess, being bound by no oath to keep faith with the robbers, resolved to return immediately to her husband, and make every exertion to discover the retreat of the prisoners, and set them free. The carrier promised to ride to Aschaffenburg, and call out the officers of justice in pursuit of the villains. The compass-maker determined to continue his journey.

The travellers were not again disturbed during the night. The stillness of death reigned throughout the tavern, so lately the scene of such fearful and startling events. But the next morning, when the countess' servants went in search of the landlord to make preparations for their departure, they came back in great haste and announced that they had found the landlady and her household lying bound in the kitchen and imploring earnestly to be released.

The travellers were greatly surprised at this information.

"What?" cried the compass-maker, "can it be that these people are innocent? Can it be that we have done them injustice, and that they are not in alliance with the robbers?"

"I will consent to be hanged in their stead," answered the carrier, "if we have done them injustice. All this is a plot to avoid being convicted. Have you forgotten the suspicious look of the place? Have you forgotten, when I wished to go out, how that dog refused

to let me pass, and how sullenly the landlady and the hostler demanded what I wanted? Still, these things were the cause of the countess' present good-fortune. If things had looked less suspicious in the tavern, if the landlady's conduct had not been so singular, we should not have remained awake to stand by one another. The robbers would have had us at their mercy, and this fortunate exchange would never have been made."

They all coincided in the carrier's opinion, and made up their minds to accuse the landlady and her servants to the proper authorities. But more effectually to carry their project into execution, they thought it best to excite no suspicions of their intention. The carrier and the servants descended therefore to the kitchen, released the wretches from their confinement, and showed them all the sympathy and attention they had it in their power to feign. To console her guests as much as she could, the landlady made out a very moderate bill to each, and invited them politely to come again.

The carrier paid his reckoning, and, taking leave of his companions, continued his journey. The two journeymen also took their departure from the inn. Light as the goldsmith's bundle was it fatigued the delicate lady not a little. But still heavier was her heart, when the landlady, standing at the door, held out her treacherous hand to bid good-by. "Why, what a young lad you are, truly!" said she at sight of the delicate woman. "So young, and wandering already! You must be a naughty boy, surely, whom your master has expelled from the shop. Well, it's none of my business. Come and see me when you come back. Pleasant journey!"

The countess could not answer from fear and agitation, dreading to betray herself by the softness of her voice. The compass-maker, noticing this, took the arm of his comrade, and, singing a merry song, strode into the forest.

"In safety at last!" exclaimed the countess, after walking a hundred yards. "I was in constant terror lest that woman should detect me, and order her men to seize me. Oh, how shall I thank you all! You, too, must come to my castle; you must rejoin your comrade there."

The compass-maker assented, and while they were speaking, the countess'

carriage overtook them. The door was instantly thrown open, the lady took her seat inside, and, having taken leave once more of the young journeyman, the carriage drove off.

About this same time the robbers reached with their prisoners the camping-ground of the troop. They had ridden at a rapid trot through an unfrequented forest road, exchanging no words with their captives, and only whispering occasionally to each other when the road changed its direction. They halted at length before a deep defile. The robbers dismounted, and their leader helped the goldsmith to alight, excusing himself at the same time for his hard and rapid ride, and asking whether her ladyship felt much fatigued.

Felix answered, in as soft a voice as he could assume, that he felt much in need of rest, and the captain offered his arm to escort him into the glen. They went down a steep declivity, where the footpath was so narrow and precipitous that the captain was often compelled to support his prisoner, to preserve her from falling. At last they reached the bottom. Felix saw before him, by the dim light of the approaching morning, a narrow defile less than a hundred yards wide, and completely concealed by overhanging cliffs. Six or eight huts had been erected here, built of rough logs and boards. Several dirty women were staring curiously out of these hovels, and a pack of twelve huge dogs and their countless progeny, ran barking and yelping towards the new arrivals. The captain led the supposed countess into the best of these huts, telling her that it should be devoted exclusively to her use; and also assented to her request that the courier and the student might be allowed access to her.

The hut was spread with deer-skins and mats, serving at once for floor and seat. A few wooden jugs and dishes, an old fowling-piece, and in the furthest corner a couch made of a couple of boards and covered with woollen rags, were the only furniture of this luxurious palace. Left alone in this miserable hovel, the three captives for the first time had now a chance to reflect on their singular position. Felix, though he felt no regrets for the generous action he had performed, had some apprehensions notwithstanding for his future, in the event of a discovery, and had begun to give audible utterance to his fears, when the courier hastily approached him, and whispered in his ear: "Be silent for God's sake, my dear lad! Do you think we are yet

out of hearing?"—"If you speak a single word, the tone of your voice may excite instant suspicion," added the student. Nothing was left to Felix, but to weep in silence.

"Believe me, courier," said he, "I am not crying from fear of these robbers, or aversion to this wretched hut; my sorrow has a totally different cause. I weep to think how easily the countess may forget what I told her, and people will take me for a thief, and I shall be miserable for life."

"Why, what is it which so distresses you?" asked the courier, surprised at the lad's demeanor, so different from his recent courage and firmness.

"Hear my story, and you will justify me," answered Felix. "My father was a skilful goldsmith of Nuremberg. My mother, before her marriage, had been in the service of a lady of rank, and when she married my father, was generously endowed by the countess her mistress. This kindness was not forgotten by my parents, and when I came into the world the same good lady became my god-mother, and gave me a handsome sum of money. Both my parents dying soon after, my god-mother took pity on my unfortunate condition and sent me to school; and as soon as I was old enough, wrote to enquire if I had any inclination for my father's trade. I joyfully assented, and at once obtained a place in the shop of a master-goldsmith of Wurzburg. I showed a taste for the business, and made such progress that I was soon pronounced fit to commence my travels. I wrote to inform my god-mother of this, and she immediately answered that she would supply the money for my expenses. She also sent me some jewels, which I was to furnish with a handsome setting, and bring them to her myself, as evidences of my skill. I had never yet seen her, and you may imagine how deeply I felt her kindness. I worked at the trinkets day and night, and succeeded in making them so elegant that even my master was filled with admiration. When finished I packed them carefully away in the bottom of my knapsack, and, taking leave of my master, set out for my god mother's castle. Then came," continued the lad, bursting into tears, "these infamous robbers, and overthrew all my hopes. For if the countess were to lose these jewels, or should she forget what I said to her and throw away my worthless knapsack, how shall I ever have the face to enter the presence of my kind benefactress? How shall I ever exonerate myself? How replace the stones? I shall seem to her an

ungrateful wretch, shamefully throwing away her promised benefits. And after all, no one will believe me when I tell them of this strange accident?"

"Have no fears of that," answered the courier. "I feel sure that your jewels are perfectly safe in the countess' hands; and, if not, she will undoubtedly make their loss good to her preserver, and add her testimony as to the truth of these events. We will leave you now for a few hours, as we stand much in need of sleep, and after the exertions of this night you must yourself want rest. To-morrow we will try to forget our misfortunes in conversation, or, what is better still, devise some means of escape."

They bade him good-night, and Felix made his best endeavors to follow the courier's advice.

When the courier came back with the student, several hours later, he found his young friend in better spirits than on the previous night. He told Felix that the leader of the band had directed him to take the greatest care of the lady, and that in a few minutes one of the women whom they had seen among the huts would bring her some coffee, and offer her services to wait upon her. They resolved, for the sake of privacy, not to accept these hospitalities; and when the old, hideous gypsy came with the breakfast, and asked, with a friendly leer, if she could be of any service, on her delaying to depart, the courier took her by the arm and pushed her out of the cabin. The student then described the result of their observations in the robbers' camp. "The hovel you occupy, lovely countess," said he, "appears to have been originally intended for the captain. It is not so roomy, but is much handsomer than the others. There are six others, in which the women and children live. One of the robbers stands guard not far from this hut, another above here on the road up the hill, and a third is on the lookout at the entrance of the defile. They are relieved every two hours. In addition, each man has a couple of large dogs lying near him, and they are so watchful, that one cannot set his foot outside the huts without being immediately challenged. I have abandoned all hopes of effecting our escape."

Five days passed away, during which Felix, the courier, and the student, remained the prisoners of the robber-band. They were well treated by the captain and his subordinates, but still they longed for their release from captivity, as every day increased their chances of detection. On the evening of the fifth day the courier informed his

companions that he was determined to force his way out of the camp that very night, even if it cost him his life. He encouraged his comrades to the same resolve, and showed them how their flight could be accomplished.

"I take upon myself to dispose of the sentry nearest us. It is a case of necessity, and necessity knows no law. He must die."

"Die!" exclaimed Felix, horrified. "Will you kill him?"

"I am resolved upon it," answered the courier, "for thereby I save two lives. I have lately noticed the robbers whispering meacingly together, and tracking them into the forest, have overheard the old women in their angry discussions betray the wicked purposes of the gang. They abused us bitterly, and I was able to make out that, in case the robbers were attacked, they would show no mercy to us prisoners."

"What will we do!" cried the lad in an agony of alarm, burying his face in his hands.

"They have not yet put the knife to our throats," continued the courier, "and we can yet be beforehand with them. When it grows dark I will creep along to the nearest sentry; he will challenge me; I will whisper to him that the countess has been suddenly taken very ill; and while he hesitates, I will strike him dead. I will then return and take you along with me; and we shall have as little trouble with the second sentinel as the first; as for the third, it will be child's play."

As he spoke these words the courier's face wore so dangerous an expression that Felix felt greatly terrified. He was on the point of entreating him to renounce his bloody purpose, when the door of the hut gently opened, and a man made his appearance. It was the captain. He closed it carefully behind him, and, making a sign to the two prisoners to be silent, seated himself near Felix and said:

"My countess, you are in a dangerous situation. Your husband has not obeyed your request. He has not only neglected to send the ransom, but he has also called the authorities to his assistance, and an armed force is now working its way through the forest on every side, to capture me and my people. I warned your husband that I should put you to death in case he made any attempt to arrest us; but it seems he sets little value on your life, or he has no belief in my resolution. Your life is in our hands, and is forfeited according to our laws. What objections have you to oppose to this proceeding?"

The captives were silent from terror and dismay, and Felix was well aware that the confession of his deception would only enhance the peril of his situation.

"I find myself unable," continued the robber, "to assail the life of a lady who has gained, as you have done, my profound respect. I will make you therefore a proposition for your rescue, the sole means of escape which remains to you: I will fly with you!"

The prisoners looked at him in bewilderment. He continued: "The majority of my band have formed the resolution to fly into Italy and take service with a celebrated band of brigands in that country. Pride will not permit me to obey the orders of another, and I cannot therefore join them in their determination. If you will give me your sacred word, my lady, to intercede for me and influence your powerful relatives in my behalf, it is not yet too late for me to set you at liberty."

Embarrassment checked Felix's utterance. His honest heart was reluctant wilfully to expose a man, anxious to save his life, to a danger from which he could not afterwards protect him. The captain went on:

"Soldiers are now everywhere in demand. I will be content with the humblest rank of service. I know that your influence is great, but I ask nothing more than your promise to give me your assistance in the attainment of my wishes."

"Well," answered Felix, casting down his eyes, "I promise to do all in my power to be of service to you. It is a consolation to me, whatever the result, that you voluntarily retire from this life of robbery."

The captain kissed the gracious lady's hand with much emotion, and, whispering to her to hold herself in readiness two hours after night fall, left the hovel as silently as he had entered. The prisoners breathed more freely after his departure.

"Truly," exclaimed the courier, "Heaven has influenced his heart! How wonderful will be our escape! My imagination never could have dreamed that an event like this could have happened in the world, or that we should ever meet with so wonderful an adventure!"

"Most wonderful, indeed!" answered Felix. "But is it not a sin to deceive this man? Of what use can my protection be to him? Am I not leading him blindfold to the gallows if I keep from him who I really am?"

"Nonsense, my dear boy; pray

banish all such scruples, answered the student. "After playing your part with such consummate skill, too! No, your conscience need not suffer for this fraud; it is a case of pure self-defence. He committed a crime in daring by shameful violence to capture a noble lady from the high-road, and, had it not been for your assistance, who can tell what would have been the countess' fate? No, you have done no wrong; besides, I think he will meet with lenient treatment from the authorities, if he, the very head of this gang of villains, surrenders himself to justice."

This last argument calmed the conscience of the young goldsmith. They passed the succeeding hours full of hope, and yet filled, too, with a gloomy apprehension for the success of their plan. It was dark when the captain again appeared for a moment at the door of the hut, and said, laying down a bundle of clothes:

"Madam, it will be necessary for you to put on these men's clothes to facilitate our flight. Prepare yourself to set out in an hour."

He then left the captives, and the courier had some trouble to suppress a hearty laugh.

"This will be your second disguise," he cried, "and I will take my oath it will please you better than the first!"

They opened the bundle, and found in it a handsome hunting-coat, which became Felix extremely. When he had finished dressing, the courier was about to throw the countess' clothes in a corner of the cabin; but Felix prohibited it, and, laying them together in a little bundle, said he should request the countess to make him a present of them, that they might serve during his whole life as a memorial of these eventful days.

The captain came at last. He was completely armed, and brought the courier his rifle and a powder-horn. To the student he gave a musket, and to Felix a hunting-sword, with the request to hand it to him in case of need. It was fortunate for the three prisoners that the night was dark, for the look of exultation with which Felix received this weapon might have betrayed to the robber his true character. As they issued softly from the hut the courier noticed that the usual sentries had not been posted round the houses. It was thus possible for them to creep unnoticed from the camp; but the captain avoided the usual path which led from the defile into the level forest, and advanced towards a cliff which lay before them, perpendicular and apparently insurmountable.

(To be Continued.)

LADY MARJORY ST. JUST.

CHAPTER V.

For days succeeding this scene with Mrs. Danton I was sensible of being closely watched, and literally a prisoner in my own house. Fibsey attended upon me, but she looked scared and bewildered, spoke little, and avoided entering into conversation. It is true that she was always accompanied by Mrs. Danton, who had evidently regained all her former influence over the old woman, doubtless by humoring her prejudices and foibles; for Fibsey, despite an affectionate nature, was often obstinate and domineering. Mrs. Danton treated me as a petted child, coaxing and caressing; but I quailed beneath her eye, and when I clung to my ancient nurse, intreating her not to leave or forsake me, but to send for Mrs. Edmondstone, she looked appealingly at my tyrant, who whispered something in her ear, and turned to me with an authoritative air, oddly mingled with a show of tenderness—a show indeed, for I read hate and revenge in the expression of her countenance.

How inexplicable was my situation! What did it portend? Was I mad, and were they treating me as a lunatic? Never left alone; watched night and day; and even my dear old nurse leagued against me! Those resolutions for the guidance of my future conduct which I had formed in the solitude of a sick chamber when too feeble to express them resolutely, I determined now to impart to Mrs. Danton in Fibsey's presence: they might free me from persecution, and relieve me from Don Felix's hated addresses. That evening, as Mrs. Danton sat beside me, Fibsey busying herself about the apartment, I opened the subject by commencing—"I have long wished to speak with you, Mrs. Danton, on a painful topic from which I shrink; nevertheless, I must delay no longer informing you of my unalterable decisions respecting the future. I am utterly careless of the constructions that may be placed on my conduct, for this misery is greater than I can bear."

"And what may be your sage resolves?" said Mrs. Danton, with a pitying smile of contempt.

"Never to assume the hated title which my uncle's son inherited—never to touch the fatal wealth! To cast it from me as I would cast the wages of

iniquity, and in poverty, reproach and humiliation, to lead a life of self-subjection; for I have tampered with guilt—not the black guilt which you impute to me—but that which is more shadowy, and more leniently viewed by the world—the guilt of contemplating with satisfaction the possibility of the unfortunate boy's accidental decease. Oh, Mrs. Danton, say you have trifled with me; say that his end was accidental—that he fell not a victim by your contrivance and at my suggestion! Spare me, spare me, or take my life too; for reason is nearly unseated!"

I tried in vain to check the hysterical paroxysms that gained the mastery, and I thrust their proffered services away with violence. Then I overheard Mrs. Danton whisper to Fibsey, "I fear we cannot hush up the matter much longer; she is becoming worse, and we must call in help." I saw Fibsey shake her head, and I essayed to speak calmly, but my struggles nearly choked me.

"Fibsey, Fibsey, what does all this mean? I am not ill—I am not mad; but you will make me so! Send for Mrs. Edmondstone. Who dares prevent it?"

Mrs. Danton exchanged a look of concern with my nurse; to me that look conveyed a plot of deep-laid villainy and daring on her part, and I saw that she had belied me to my old attendant. Suddenly my resolve was formed; I became passive and received Mrs. Danton's farewell for the night, she bending over me, and hissing in my ear, "Tomorrow, Lady Marjory St. Just, you and I must come to an understanding." Aloud she added—"Pleasant dreams, Countess May!"

Fibsey slept in an adjoining chamber which communicated with my apartment, the door being left open. I refused the night-potion, saying I felt drowsy without it, and closing my eyes, as if asleep. Very soon I heard indubitable signs that Fibsey was in a deep slumber, and soon after the midnight chimes, I rose, threw on my clothes, and a large warm cloak and hood which amply protected me. The key of my chamber door was in Fibsey's pocket, which, with the rest of her apparel, lay by her bedside: tremblingly I extracted it, applied it to the keyhole, and stood in the corridor, where the moonlight streamed in as it had done on that well-remembered night previous to Mrs. Danton's de-

parture for the coast. All was still, yet my poor heart throbbed almost to suffocation: here, in my own house, to be stealing out like a criminal, it was verily strange and dreadful! I had but one overpowering desire — to reach Barley wood, to throw myself on the protection of those dear friends, and to unravel or break the meshes of that detestable web which was closing around me like the grave.

I gained the garden entrance at the end of the corridor, and succeeded in unfastening the door. Mrs. Danton's room was at the other end, and I did not fear that she would detect the noise. I sprang down the steps—across the greensward, glistening in the cold moonlight with heavy dew; I threaded my way among the well known but intricate paths and defiles—past the shrubbery—down towards the valley and the streams—through the wicket-gate—out into the open pastures: there I stood alone—Barley Wood ten miles off, my weak frame tottering, but my spirit brave. “Onward, onward, or death!” I cried. I have no clear idea how I gained a small farmhouse, distant about a mile and a half. Farmer Aston, the proprietor, had loved and respected my father, who on more than one occasion had befriended him in times of need. I succeeded in gaining admittance, and in persuading the farmer to drive me in his covered cart to the spot I yearned to reach. I made Dame Aston comprehend that I was flying from persecution and despair, though she glanced at her good man with a puzzled air, as he dubiously shook his gray head, and hinted that I had best return to Edenside.

“No, no!” I cried: “if you will not have pity on me, I must toil on on foot; but I must reach Barley Wood ere daylight dawns; and can you do wrong, Farmer Aston, in conveying me to the good Mrs. Edmondstone?”

“Nay, nay, I don't think I can, your ladyship, though my missis and I be sore grieved to see ye in such a plight like. But I'll put to Dobbin, and carry ye over to the minister's in less nor an hour.”

I bade him go to Edenside on his return, and tell Fibsey that I had sought refuge with Mrs. Edmondstone; for notwithstanding her late singular behaviour, I knew how agonized the old soul would be when she awoke and found her caged bird flown.

I gained the blessed haven—I nestled in my early friend's bosom. Basil held my hand, and in a torrent of wild incoherent words I discharged my bosom's load. Passionate floods of tears

came to my relief, relieving the overcharged brain, and assisting to clear my clouded apprehension. I was sensible they did not loathe me; they believed me innocent; and I sank to rest in Mrs. Edmondstone's arms, and slept like a wearied infant. “I had heard Basil say, “We will talk over these distressing matters in the morning, my dear Lady Marjory; but be comforted—put your trust in Him from whose scrutiny nothing is hid.”

In the morning I recapitulated to Basil and his mother all that had taken place: I made a full confession of the past: of my own weakness and culpability in harboring thoughts of “possibilities,” suggested by Mrs. Danton; of the horrible suspicions she had awakened by her tone of voice and looks, and of my shame to breathe these foul suspicions to any human creature; of the frenzy her letter from the coast wrought in me—all the rest they knew—attributing my illness to the sudden shock. But one circumstance had impressed them strongly against Mrs. Danton, which was this: Fanny, the deceased child's nurse, now a domestic at Barley Wood, having partially recovered from her attack of lethargic headache (which she persisted was “a very odd one”), unexpectedly entered the apartment where Mrs. Danton and Don Felix d'Aguiar were closeted on their return from that fatal excursion. Fanny had not learned the disaster, but she heard them laughing and talking, and sought the little earl. Mrs. Danton, whose back was towards the entrance of the apartment, indulged in prolonged bursts of merriment, mimicking some absent individual (Fanny declared it was me), until a sign from Don Felix caused her to look round; when, on seeing Fanny, she assumed a grave countenance, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. But it was too late: the panic-struck girl listened with dismay to the sad tale of the child's accident and loss, but she shrank from Mrs. Danton with ill-concealed disgust.

This was the occasion of Mrs. Edmondstone's marked coldness to that lady at Edenside; for a suspicion of the reality had never crossed her pure mind. “Basil, my dear,” she said, “can you not fathom Mrs. Danton's motives for committing this crime—was it not to secure Lady Marjory's hand and fortune for her brother, by terrifying her into compliance if all other means failed?”

“That was one of her motives assuredly, mother,” he replied thoughtfully. Hereafter I drew from Basil an elucidation of another motive which had influenced this beautiful fiend.

I impressed upon these dear friends my resolution of never profiting by the child's death—of never claiming the title or property. I told them that peace of mind had flown forever; that Mrs. Danton's belief in my guilt embittered existence; and that I must live forever a prey to remorse.

"Lady Marjory, she does not believe that you are guilty of aiding or abetting her in this crime of darkness," said Basil Edmondstone; "but she affirms it in order to obtain a hold and mastery over your actions. I perfectly agree with you in the noble resolution you have formed as to the title and its adjuncts, and I advise that immediate steps should be taken as to the necessary disposal of these affairs. I will also instantly depart for Edenside, tax Mrs. Danton and her brother with the crime she has boldly confessed to you, and deliver them up, if needs be, to the hand of justice."

"But remember, Basil, my dear," said his mother, "that we have no proof. She may deny her own words; and besides, what a situation it would place Lady Marjory in if the wretched woman accuses her publicly of consenting to it!"

"Alas! mother, I see it all," sighed Basil. "What a mesh of entanglement! Nevertheless, we must walk in the plain honest path, and leave the rest in His hands who will not suffer the innocent to be wronged."

"But you must not go to Edenside," I cried in alarm.

"Wherefore?" replied Basil, in astonishment. "What else remains to do?"

"Oh, I am afraid of that fierce, desperate man: he may insult you, Basil; and then——"

"Then what?" said Basil smiling, as he tenderly took my hand. "Do you forget that I am a man of peace—my office, my garb—— His insults, Lady Marjory, will glance off the armor I wear without injury to me."

He spoke with gentle dignity, and I felt reassured, though I had betrayed more than a prudent maiden would willingly have done as to the state of my affections. This was not the time to speak or dream of love, yet there was a softness in Basil's eye, and a tenderness in his voice, to which I had been long a stranger.

Farmer Anson had seen Fibsey, according to his promise; but when Mrs. Danton heard of my escape, her rage knew no bounds, and she accused Fibsey of neglect, who in her turn began to suspect that her credulity had been imposed on, and her young mistress

ill-treated. Mrs. Danton had told my nurse that I had tempted her by bribes to remove the impediment; but that she, the gentle Mrs. Danton! had rejected them with scorn, and had taken the boy with her out of harm's way. She made Fibsey believe that I was insane, for that I actually accused her of the deed, which I myself had originally suggested, but which the interposition of an Almighty hand had decided in the way already known. She promised Fibsey never to divulge my premeditated guilt, and impressed upon her the necessity of not calling in a witness. Poor old foolish Fibsey! she believed me mad—not guilty; and self-reproaches shortened her days when she found that Madam Danton had deceived her. "But she had such winning ways," quoth Fibsey, "that she most made one believe black was white, if she had a mind." And in this, alas; I was able too fully to corroborate my nurse.

But she had flown from Edenside with her brother Don Felix hours previous to the arrival of Basil Edmondstone. Every means was used to trace the fugitives, but without success, and the affairs were speedily placed in competent hands. My existence being so little known beyond the retired precincts of my home, curiosity was not aroused, save in the distant heir who so unexpectedly succeeded to the property, and the wary lawyers who were engaged in transferring it.

I was eventually the affianced bride of Basil Edmondstone. Long, long, I had combated with my own heart, and refused to listen to his addresses, until the foul aspersion cast upon me by Mrs. Danton was cleared away. "And how can that ever be hoped for?" said Basil; in all human probability you will never hear of her again, and would you sacrifice my happiness, Marjory, to a false notion of honor? Do not I know your purity and innocence? If you wait to become my bride until Inez Danton does you justice, you may wait in vain. Marjory, she is a disappointed and a revengeful woman!" And then he told me a tale which caused my cheeks to tingle, and my eyes to seek the ground—a tale he never would have betrayed to mortal man or woman save to her about to become his wife.

Mrs. Danton had confessed her love for him unasked. She had flung herself in his way, and passionately sought him. Need it be added, that not her excessive beauty, talents, or fascinations, had power to touch a heart like Basil Edmondstone's, when modesty, that first and sweetest charm of woman, was wanting. He mildly but decisively

repulsed her; and he told me (blessed assurance!) that my image at the moment reigned in his bosom, and forbade the entrance of another, even if that other had been everything he could have loved. I returned to Edenside to complete final arrangements prior to quitting it forever, and taking up my rest at Barley Wood as the pastor's helpmeet—sweet title!—blessed hope! Yet I was not happy; for though I tried to be convinced by Basil's arguments that Mrs. Danton did not in her secret heart attribute consent to me, yet to recall that precious child to life again I would willingly have renounced my most cherished hopes.

CHAPTER VII.

Happy? oh far from it! I was not even tranquil. The storm in which my young life had been passed had swept by; but the surges it had left still rose black, and dreary and ominous around me. Was it possible that a fault like mine could be so atoned? Were we really at that conclusion of the history in which it was said, in the fairy tales, I loved when a girl, "and then they lived happy all the rest of their lives?" I could not believe it—at least never when alone. When Basil left my side, with love on his lips, and hope and heaven in his eye, I looked strangely after him; and then, turning round, I gazed as if expecting to see a phantom. I wondered what was to come next, and whence it was to come. I felt as if it was a denying of Providence to suppose that the end had already arrived.

This idea more especially beset me at night. Often have I sat up in my solitary bed to listen for what was to come; to try to penetrate the darkness that surrounded me like fate. In the daytime, when Basil was not with me, I went about like one in a dream; and when any one talked to me of my approaching happiness, I stared with a wondering and incredulous look. This, it may be said, was the remains of my fever—an affection of the nerves! It was an affection of the conscience; it was an instinct of faith; it was the heart's secret acknowledgment of a just, awful and mysterious God.

Some evenings I was alone, for Basil's time was always at the command of the distressed and the dying, and on such occasions I loved to saunter along my favorite path, bounded on one side by a solemn pine wood. One evening the twilight was more than usually beautiful, and I looked, in passing, with more

than usual admiration down the vistas formed here and there by the trees, where the dim religious light faded away into impenetrable gloom. At this hour the picture was rarely enlivened by the human figure; but on the occasion I refer to, some belated wanderer appeared to be threading the paths of the wood, for I saw, although only for an instant, a woman appearing and then vanishing among the trees. It was a feature of the picturesque which in another frame of mind would have interested me, but just now I felt disturbed, as if by an intrusion. Suddenly I found that the gloom had increased, and that there was a chilliness in the air which warned me to return; and retracing my steps, I hastened home.

"Has anything alarmed you?" said Mrs. Edmondstone.

"No, nothing."

"Did you meet any one in your walk?"

"No one; the only person I saw was a woman coming out of the wood."

"You look pale, my love: you should go to bed and rest: the early morning would be a more cheerful time for your solitary walks."

I did go to bed. I had not seen Basil for many hours, and perhaps that made me more uncomfortable than usual; but I remember my last waking thought was—I wonder what is to come? Yet my eyelids were heavy, and I slept soon. I know not of what I dreamed, or if I dreamed at all; but in the middle of the night I awoke suddenly, and sat up in my bed. What fantastic tricks are played by the imagination! The belated figure which I had seen only distinctly enough to recognise it as that of a female, was now before my mind's eye, and it was associated, nay, identified with that other who had caused the unhappiness of my life! The figure, which I had forgotten before I went to bed, now haunted me after my sleep was over; and the solemn wood, the dim vista among the trees, and the fitting female, were before me till night and its spectral show were dissolved in the dawn.

The next evening I was again alone, and I was glad of it. This, however, I tried to conceal from myself, for I was ashamed of the sickly fancies which had beset me. I set out, nevertheless, on my lonely walk, skirting the pine-wood anew, examining anxiously every vista I passed, and coming to a dead pause at the one where I had turned back the evening before, I looked down the natural alley of trees, their branches meeting at the top like the arches of a cathedral, and the dim light fading

slowly away in the gloom beyond. I felt awed, and yet firm; and when a figure emerged from the farther darkness like a spirit, and glided slowly up that solemn aisle, I stood still and self-possessed, as if I had come by appointment to hear its errand.

As it approached, I wondered how it was that my eyes had not recognised at a glance the truth which my heart felt by instinct; how the figure should have impressed itself slightly and dimly, like an indifferent thing, upon my memory, and have there burned, and deepened and blackened, like hot iron! There was no mistaking that noiseless footfall, that gentle carriage, that graceful form! and long before her slow step brought her to me, I was prepared to see, to hear, to confront Inez Danton. She was shrouded in a long black cloak, the hood of which concealed her face; and so silently and shadow-like did she glide along the path, that I might have supposed her to be a messenger from the dead.

She threw back her hood, and I was startled by the alteration in her appearance. Her eyes were hollow and sunken, her cheeks emaciated and sallow; excessive mental suffering, and the struggles of passion, were impressed indelibly on every lineament of her face. Perhaps it was weakness on my part, but I had loved her once, and I was touched by these traces of sorrow and misery.

"You pity me, Lady Marjory?" said she,

"I do, from my heart."

"You find me changed?"

"Oh yes."

"And you?—are you happy?" I recoiled from the hissing tone with which she spoke these words.

"You know," she continued, "you are about to be married to Basil Edmondstone. Is not that happiness? Is there anything in this world for which you would exchange such a fate? Come, bethink yourself, for impossibility is a fable. Is there anything in existence—any boon so vast, so unheard of—as to buy back your plighted hand?"

"This is futile, Mrs. Danton!" I cried in some alarm, my trepidation increasing each moment as I beheld her excitement. "Let me warn you that in case you are discovered, your person will be secured. Pass on your way, and suffer me to pass on mine—our paths are different for the future, believe me."

"Not so far apart as you may imagine. Listen, Lady Marjory St. Just!—Oecil, Earl of Mertoun, lives!"

"You are mocking me, Mrs. Danton!"

I cried in extreme terror. Her hand was on my arm, and her dark eyes flashed fire.

"Nay, I am not jesting or mocking, Lady Marjory," she said in a grave, low voice; "that child lives in health and safety, and I have come to tell you so."

"Then you will restore him—then you will hear my blessings heaped on your head"—I had thrown myself on my knees before her, for I doubted not the truth of her asseveration: her tones and gestures bore the stamp of veracity. "Oh, wherefore have you played this cruel part, Mrs. Danton? Why did you affirm his death, and hasten my poor father's end?" I scarcely knew what I said or did, the rush of mingled feelings was so tumultuous, banishing reason momentarily; but Mrs. Danton quickly recalled my scattered intellects by sternly rejoining—"Heed not the past, Lady Marjory St. Just—with the present you have enough to do. The Earl of Mertoun lives I tell you. I transferred him to my brother's vessel, which hovered a few miles from the coast. Safe in the mountains of the Ronda the boy is concealed; but he shall be restored uninjured within a month from this day if you are willing to abide by the condition I propose. If not"—her countenance grew, oh, so dark and dreadful—"his fate rest on your head—you will never see or hear of him more."

"Name the condition: it must be hard indeed if I refuse compliance," I uttered steadily, meeting her gaze as she slowly and deliberately said, "You must swear, as I shall dictate, never to become the wife of Basil Edmondstone; and, moreover, not to reveal to mortal aught of what has now passed between us!"

(To be continued.)

A HEALTHY OLD WOMAN

A New Hampshire woman, aged eighty years, when asked recently how she had kept herself so rigorous and healthy, replied: "By never allowing myself to fret over things I cannot help; by taking a nap, and sometimes two, every day of my life; by never taking my washing, ironing and baking to bed with me, and by oiling all the various wheels of a busy life with an implicit faith that there is a brain and a heart to this great universe, and that I could trust them both."

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

THE MONTH OF APRIL.

If we represent the winter of our northern climate by a rugged snow-clad mountain, and summer by a broad fertile plain, then the intermediate belt, the hilly and breezy uplands, will stand for spring, with March reaching well up into the region of the snows, and April lapping well down upon the greening fields and unloosened currents, not beyond the limits of winter's sallying storms, but well within the vernal zone—within the reach of the warm breath and subtle, quickening influences of the plain below. At its best, April is the tenderest of tender salads made crisp by ice or snow water. Its type is the first spear of grass. The senses—sight, hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens, as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one and makes him both glad and sad! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the camp-fire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising over the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full translucent streams, the waxing and warming sun—how these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear! April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delight and new surprises at each return of it. Its name has an indescribable charm to me. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds—like that of the phœbe-bird,

or of the meadow-lark. Its very snows are fertilizing, and are called the poor man's manure.

Then its odors! I am thrilled by its fresh and indescribable odors—the perfume of the bursting sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mould under the leaves, of the fresh furrows. No other month has odors like it. The west wind the other day came fraught with a perfume that was to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It was almost transcendental. I walked across the hill with my nose in the air, taking it in. It lasted for two days. I imagined it came from the willows of a distant swamp, whose catkins were affording the bees their first pollen—or did it come from much further—from beyond the horizon, the accumulated breath of innumerable farms and budding forests? The main characteristic of these April odors is their uncloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are often bitter, they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the odors of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

The season of which I speak does not correspond with the April of the almanac in all sections of our vast geography. It answers to March in Virginia and Maryland, while in parts of New York and New England it laps well over into May. It begins when the partridge drums, when the hyla pipes, when the shad start up the rivers, when the grass greens in the spring runs, and it ends

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when the leaves are unfolding and the last snowflake dissolves in mid-air. It is the first of May when the first swallow appears, when the whip-poor-will is heard, when the wood-thrush sings, but it is April as long as there is snow upon the mountains, no matter what the almanac may say. Our April is, in fact, a kind of Alpine summer, full of such contrasts and touches of wild, delicate beauty as no other season affords. The deluded citizen fancies there is nothing enjoyable in the country till June, and so misses the freshest, tenderest part. It is as if one should miss strawberries and begin his fruit-eating with melons and peaches. These last are good—supremely so, they are melting and luscious, but nothing so thrills and penetrates the tastes and wakes up and teases the papillæ of the tongue as the uncloying strawberry. What midsummer sweetness half so distracting as its brisk sub-acid flavor, and what splendor of full-leaved June can stir the blood like the best of leafless April?

One characteristic April feature, and one that delights me very much, is the perfect emerald of the spring runs while the fields are yet brown and sere—strips and patches of the most vivid velvet green on the slopes and in the valleys. How the eye grazes there and is filled and refreshed! I had forgotten what a marked feature this was until I recently rode in an open waggon for three days through a mountainous, pastoral country, remarkable for its fine springs. Those delicious green patches are yet in my eye. The fountains flowed with May. Where no springs occurred, there were hints and suggestions of springs about the fields and by the roadside in the freshened grass—sometimes overflowing a space in the form of an actual fountain. The water did not

quite get to the surface in such places, but sent its influence.

The fields of wheat and rye, too, how they stand out of the April landscape—great green squares on a field of brown or grey!

Among April sounds there is none more welcome or suggestive to me than the voice of the little frogs piping in the marshes. No bird-note can surpass it as a spring token; and as it is not mentioned, to my knowledge, by the poets and writers of other lands, I am ready to believe it is characteristic of our season alone. You may be sure April has really come when this little amphibian creeps out of the mud and inflates its throat. We talk of the bird inflating its throat, but you should see this tiny minstrel inflate its throat, which becomes like a large bubble, and suggests a drummer boy with his drum slung very high. In this drum, or by the aid of it, the sound is produced. Generally the note is very feeble at first, as if the frost was not yet all out of the creature's throat, and only one voice will be heard, some prophet bolder than all the rest, or upon whom the quickening ray of spring has first fallen. And it often happens that he is stoned for his pains by the yet unpacified element, and is compelled literally to "shut up" beneath a fall of snow or a heavy frost. Soon, however, he lifts up his voice again with more confidence, and is joined by others, and still others, till in due time, say towards the last of the month, there is a shrill musical uproar, as the sun is setting, in every marsh and bog in the land. It is a plaintive sound, and I have heard people from the city speak of it as lonesome and depressing, but to the lover of the country it is a pure spring melody. The little piper will sometimes climb a bulrush, to which he clings like

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a sailor to a mast, and sends forth his shrill call. There is a southern species heard when you have reached the Potomac whose note is far more harsh and crackling. To stand on the verge of a swamp vocal with these, pains and stuns the ear. The call of the northern species is far more tender and musical. There is yet in my mind some uncertainty about the truth of the opinion held by naturalists, that these little frogs presently take to the trees and become the well-known "tree-toads" whose call so frequently announces rain.

Is there anything like a perfect April morning? One hardly knows what the sentiment of it is, but it is something very delicious. It is youth and hope. It is a new earth and a new sky. How the air transmits sound, and what an awakening, prophetic character all sounds have! The distant barking of a dog, or the lowing of a cow, or the crowing of a cock seems from out the heart of Nature, and to be a call to come forth. The great sun appears to have been reburnished, and there is something in his first glance above the eastern hills, and the way his eye-beams dart right and left and smite the rugged mountains into gold, that quickens the pulse and inspires the heart.

Across the fields in the early morning I hear some of the rare April birds—the cheewink and the brown thrasher. The robin, bluebird, song-sparrow, phoebe-bird, etc., come in March; but these two ground birds are seldom heard till toward the last of April. The ground birds are all tree-singers or air-singers; they must have an elevated stage to speak from. Our long-tailed thrush, or thrasher, like its congeners the cat-bird and mocking-bird, delights in a high branch of some solitary tree whence it will pour out its rich and intricate

warble for an hour together. This bird is the great American chipper. There is no other bird that I know of that can chip with such emphasis and military decision as this yellow-eyed songster. It is like the click of a giant gunlock. Why is the thrasher so stealthy? It always seems to be going about on tip-toe. I never knew it to steal anything, and yet it skulks and hides like a fugitive from justice. One never sees it flying aloft in the air, and traversing the world openly, like most birds, but it darts along fences and through bushes as if pursued by a guilty conscience. Only when the musical fit is upon it does it come up into full view, and invite the world to hear and behold.

The cheewink is a shy bird also, but not stealthy. It is very inquisitive, and sets up a great scratching among the leaves, apparently to attract your attention. The male is perhaps the most conspicuously marked of all the ground birds except the bobolink, being black above, bay on the sides, and white beneath. The bay is in compliment to the leaves he is forever scratching among—they have rustled against his breast and sides so long that these parts have taken their color; but whence come the white and black? The bird seems to be aware that his color betrays him, for there are few birds in the woods so careful about keeping themselves screened from view. When in song, its favorite perch is the top of some high bush near to cover. On being disturbed at such times it pitches down into the brush, and is instantly lost to view.

This is the bird that Thomas Jefferson wrote to Wilson about, greatly exciting the latter's curiosity. Wilson was just then upon the threshold of his career as an ornithologist, and had made a draw-

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ing of the Canada jay, which he sent to the President. It was a new bird, and, in reply, Jefferson called his attention to a "curious bird" which was everywhere to be heard, but scarcely ever to be seen. He had for twenty years interested the young sportsmen of his neighborhood to shoot one for him, but without success. "It is in all the forests, from spring to fall;" he says in his letter, "and never but on the tops of the tallest trees, from which it perpetually serenades us with some of the sweetest notes, and as clear as those of the nightingale. I have followed it for miles, without ever but once getting a good view of it. It is of the size and make of the mocking-bird, slightly thrush-colored on the back, and a greyish white on the breast and belly. Mr. Randolph, my son-in-law, was in possession of one which had been shot by a neighbor," etc. Randolph pronounced it a fly-catcher, which was a good-way wide of the mark. Jefferson must have seen only the female, after all his tramp, from his description of the color; but he was doubtless following his own great thoughts more than the bird, else he would have had an earlier view. The bird was not a new one, but was well known then as the ground-robin. The President put Wilson on the wrong scent by his erroneous description, and it was a long time before the latter got at the truth of the case. But Jefferson's letter is a good sample of those which specialists often receive from intelligent persons who have seen or heard something in their line, very curious or entirely new, and who set the man of science agog by a description of the supposed novelty—a description that generally fits the facts of the case about as well as your coat fits the chair-back. Strange and curious things in the air,

and in the water, and in the earth beneath, are seen every day except by those who are looking for them, namely, the naturalists. When Wilson or Audubon gets his eye on the unknown bird, the illusion vanishes, and your phenomenon turns out to be one of the commonplaces of the fields or woods.

A prominent April bird that one does not have to go to the woods or away from his own door to see and hear is the hardy and ever-welcome meadow-lark. What a twang there is about this bird, and what vigor! It smacks of the soil. It is the winged embodiment of the spirit of our spring meadows. What emphasis in its z-d-t, z-d-t," and what character in its long, piercing note. Its straight, tapering, sharp beak is typical of its voice. Its note goes like a shaft from a cross-bow; it is a little too sharp and piercing when near at hand, but heard in the proper perspective, it is eminently melodious and pleasing. It is one of the major notes of the fields at this season. In fact, it easily dominates all others. "Spring o' the year! spring o' the year!" it says, with a long-drawn breath, a little plaintive, but not complaining, or melancholy. At times it indulges in something much more intricate and lark-like while hovering on the wing in mid-air, but a song is beyond the compass of its instrument, and the attempt usually ends in a breakdown. A clear, sweet, strong, high-keyed note, uttered from some knoll, or rock, or stake in the fence, is its proper vocal performance. It has the build and walk, and flight of the quail and the grouse. It gets up before you in much the same manner, and falls an easy prey to the crack shot. Its yellow breast, surmounted by a black crescent, it need not be ashamed to turn

Dress Dreams . .

Often had—seldom realized. Whose fault? Modiste perhaps; material probably. The nearest approach to a "dream" of a gown is made of **PRIESTLEY'S "EUDORA,"** with its soft, rich, dustproof surface; with its qualities of easy fitting and graceful draping; it possesses a charm and refinement of its own, which it lends to the wearer.

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to the morning sun, while its coat of mottled grey is in perfect keeping with the stubble amid which it walks.

The two lateral white quills in its tail seem strictly in character. These quills spring from a dash of scorn and defiance in the bird's make-up. By the aid of these it can almost emit a flash as it struts about the fields and jerks out its sharp notes. They give a rayed, a definite and piquant expression to its movements. This bird is not properly a lark, but a starling, say the ornithologists, though it is lark-like in its habits, being a walker and entirely a ground bird. Its color also allies it to the true lark. I believe that there is no bird in the English or European fields that answers to this hardy pedestrian of our meadows. He is a true American, and his note one of our characteristic April sounds.

Another marked April note, proceeding sometimes from the meadows, but more frequently from the rough pastures and borders of the woods, is the call of the high-hole, or golden-shafted woodpecker. It is quite as strong as that of the meadow-lark, but not so long-drawn and piercing. It is a succession of short notes rapidly uttered, as if the bird said, "if-if-if-if-if-if-if." The note of the ordinary downy, or hairy woodpecker, suggests, in some way, the sound of a steel punch; but that of the high-hole is much softer, and strikes on the ear with real spring-time melody. The high-hole is not so much a woodpecker as he is a ground pecker. He subsists largely on ants and crickets, and does not appear till they are to be found.

In Solomon's description of spring the voice of the turtle is prominent, but our turtle, or mourning dove, though it arrives in April, can hardly be said to contribute noticeably to the open-air

sounds. Its call is so vague, and soft, and mournful—in fact, so remote and diffused, that few persons ever hear it at all.

Such songsters as the cow blackbird are noticeable at this season, though they take a back seat a little later. It utters a peculiarly liquid April sound. Indeed, one would think its crop was full of water, its notes so bubble up and regurgitate, and are delivered with such an apparent stomachic contraction. The females are greatly in excess of the males, and the latter are usually attended by three or four of the former. As soon as the other birds begin to build, they are on the *qui vive*, prowling about like gypsies, not to steal the young of others, but to steal their eggs into other birds' nests, and so shirk the labor and responsibility of hatching and rearing their own young. As these birds do not mate, and as, therefore there can be little or no rivalry or competition between the males, one wonders—in view of Darwin's teaching—why one sex should have brighter and richer plumage than the other, which is the fact. The males are easily distinguished from the dull and faded females by their deep, glossy, black coats.

The April of English literature corresponds nearly to our May. In Great Britain the swallow and the cuckoo arrive in April; with us, their appearance is several weeks later. Our April, at its best, is a bright laughing face under a hood of snow like the English March, but presenting sharper contrasts, a greater mixture of smiles and tears and icy looks than are known to our ancestral climate. Indeed, winter sometimes retraces his steps in this month, and unburdens himself of the snows that the previous cold has kept

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R. MACAULAY,
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back; but we are always sure of a number of radiant, equable days—days that go before the bud when the sun embraces the earth with fervor and determination. How his beams pour into the woods till the mould under the leaves is warm and emits an odor! The waters glint and sparkle, the birds gather in groups, and even those unwont to sing find a voice. On the streets of the cities, what a flutter, what bright looks and gay colors! I recall one pre-eminent day of this kind last April. I made a note of it in my notebook. The earth seemed suddenly to emerge from a wilderness of clouds and chilliness into one of those blue sunlit spaces. How the voyagers rejoiced! Invalids came forth, old men sauntered down the street, stocks went up, and the political outlook brightened.

Such days bring out the last of the hibernating animals. The woodchuck unrolls and creeps out of his den to see if his clover has started yet. The torpidity leaves the snakes and the turtles, and they come forth and bask in the sun. There is nothing so small, nothing so great, that it does not respond to these celestial spring days, and give the pendulum of life a fresh start.

April is also the month of the new furrow. As soon as the frost is gone and the ground settled, the plough is started upon the hill, and at each bout I see its brightened mould-board flash in the sun. Where the last remnants of the snow-drift lingered yesterday the plough breaks the sod to-day. Where the drift was deepest the grass is pressed flat, and there is a deposit of sand and earth blown from the fields to windward. Line upon line the turf is reversed, until there stands out of the neutral landscape a ruddy square visible for miles, or until the breasts of the

broad hills glow like the breasts of the robins.

Then who would not have a garden in April? to raket together the rubbish and burn it up, to turn over the renewed soil, to scatter the rich compost, to plant the first seed, or bury the first tuber! It is not the seed that is planted, any more than it is I that is planted; it is not the dry stalks and weeds that are burned up, any more than it is my gloom and regrets that are consumed. An April smoke makes a clean harvest.

I think April is the best month to be born in. One is just in time, so to speak, to catch the first train which is made up in this month. My April chickens always turn out best. They get an early start; they have rugged constitutions. Late chickens cannot stand the heavy dews, or withstand the predaceous hawks. In April all nature starts with you. You have not come out your hibernaculum too early or too late; the time is ripe, and if you do not keep pace with the rest, why, the fault is not in the season.—*John Burrows, in "Birds and Poets."*

WILLOW BASKETS.

A general mistake is made about baskets, most people supposing that the white willow basket is the best, said a basket maker recently. It looks best, but is by no means the strongest. The white willow slips are cut in the autumn and kept green all winter by packing their stubs in wet sand or water, and when spring comes the bark peels off with a twist of the hand. The buff baskets, on the contrary, are made from dried willow slips, which have been steamed and then peeled. While not so handsome, they are much stronger, and will wear far longer than the white.

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THE DINNER MAKERS

Cookies.

One cupful of butter, two of sugar, five of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, four of milk, one egg, flavor to taste. Roll thin, cut in small rounds and bake quickly.

Gems.

One pint of flour, one of milk, an egg, half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the egg until light, add the milk and salt to it, and beat gradually into the flour. Bake twenty minutes in hot gem pans. A dozen cakes can be made with the quantities given.

Potato Soup.

One carrot, one onion, and two large potatoes chopped fine. Boil, and put through colander. Then add pepper and salt to taste; add a good-sized piece of butter, and one quart of milk. Let come to a boil and serve.

Spanish Bun.

One cup of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, yolks of three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one teaspoonful of soda, half cup of hot water poured on soda, essence of any kind; add flour to make a stiff batter, bake in square pan; when done, add the whites of three eggs, and three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, beaten to a stiff froth, spread over top of cake, and return to oven to brown slightly.

Cocoanut Cookies.

One cup butter, three cups sugar, one cup milk, two eggs, one-half cup shredded cocoanut, one teaspoonful soda, lemon. Flour enough to make them stiff enough to roll out.

Potato Straws.

Cut raw potatoes about two inches long and about one-eighth of an inch thick; fry in boiling fat till a golden brown, and crisp; drain well on a sieve before the fire and serve in the centre of a dish of cutlets.

Bananas for Dessert.

Slice the bananas, but not too thin, scatter pulverized sugar over them and before it dissolves squeeze the juice of one or two lemons over them, or oranges may be cut up and mixed with them, or they may be served with cream and sugar. They are very nice with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

To Corn Beef.


For fifty pounds of beef make a pickle with two gallons of water, four pounds of salt, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, one and a half ounces of saltpetre, half an ounce of saleratus. Put these ingredients on to boil, and when they boil, skim, and put away to cool. When cold, put the beef in it. Put weights on the meat, to keep it under the brine.

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PNEUMONIA

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is the best pick-me-up,
after an attack of these diseases.

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Scalloped Salmon.

One can of salmon, drain off liquid, mince the salmon fine, butter the dish, then place a layer of salmon on, and a layer of bread or biscuit crumbs alternately, seasoning each layer with salt and pepper, have the bread crumbs on top, pour the liquid over, then fill to top with milk, bake three-quarters of an hour.

Welsh Rare-Bit.

Half a pound of cheese, two eggs, a speck of cayenne, a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of cream. Break the cheese in small pieces and put it and the other ingredients in a bright saucepan, which put over boiling water. Stir until the cheese melts; then spread the mixture on slices of crisp toast. Serve immediately.

Baked Eggs.

A great variety of flavors can be given to baked or, as they are sometimes called, shirred eggs. Heat and butter the dish, and drop the eggs carefully in, so as not to break the yolks, sprinkle salt and pepper and small bits of butter on each egg; place in a very moderate oven until the white is just set and serve immediately. For variety you can sprinkle chopped ham, tongue, parsley, or grated cheese over them. Another way is to take one large tablespoonful of butter and put it into a saucepan. When it is melted add a generous teaspoonful of flour, stir until smooth, place at one side of the stove and gradually add one cup of cold milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. Let this boil up once and then

pour into the egg bakers. Take six or eight eggs, and, being careful not to break the yolks, drop them on top of the sauce. Sprinkle chopped parsley over the whole and bake until the white is just set. Serve at once.

Egg Nests.

Take as many eggs as you require and separate, keeping the yolks whole in one half shell; add to the whites a saltspoonful of salt and beat to a stiff froth. Cut out pieces of bread with a large biscuit cutter, toast, and spread with butter, and moisten the edges in hot water; place the toast on a platter that you can put in the oven, and put the beaten whites on the toast in high mounds; make a hollow in the centre of each mound, and put in a piece of butter the size of a chestnut, and then the whole yolk; sprinkle seasoning on the yolk and place in a moderate oven. A few minutes should set them.

Apple and Rice Pudding.

Boil one ounce of rice in milk till it is quite soft and can be beaten to a pulp; scald five good-sized apples which have been peeled and cored, and beat them into the rice with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a little grated lemon peel and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and add them to the mixture, and whisk them well together. Have a hot basin ready and pour the mixture into it, and put the basin into a stewpan of boiling water till the egg is set and firm. Make a custard with the three yolks, flavor it with cinnamon.

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the use of inferior powders, but now declares that

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Perfectly dry and white, and no lime in it.

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It pays to use it.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

To Relieve a Burn.

The white of an egg applied to a burn relieves the pain.

After a Bruise.

To prevent the skin from being discolored after a bruise, apply salt butter quickly. Very hot bathing of the part is also efficacious.

A Flannel Night-Dress.

A soft flannel night-dress is the best for rheumatic, anæmic and feeble persons, also for feeble children. Feeble people generally ought to wear wool next to the skin from head to foot.

A Wound From a Nail.

For a wound made by running a nail in the foot, apply a piece of salt pork and bind it on the foot, and keep the foot at rest on a chair or a stool for several days, if need be, to avoid inflammation and possibly lockjaw.

Rules of Health.

Those who wish to retain good health should follow these rules, according to the Medical News: "Eat fruit for breakfast and for luncheon. Avoid pastry. Shun muffins and crumpets and buttered toast. Eat wholemeal bread. Decline potatoes if they are served more than once a day. Do not drink tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water, and sleep eight hours.

Weak Ankles.

Weakness of the ankles in children may be cured by rubbing with salt water. One teacupful of common salt should be dissolved overnight in a pint of water, and the ankles bathed and well rubbed with this three times a day.

After Scarlet Fever.

After scarlet fever the room should be thoroughly fumigated with sulphur, being shut up for twenty-four hours, with the sulphur burning in it. After this all the paper should be stripped from the walls, which should be repapered, and the ceiling whitewashed.

Toothache Caused by a Cold.

The toothache caused by a cold in the facial nerves may often be relieved by wringing a soft cloth out of cold water and sprinkling it with strong vinegar. This should be laid on the face like a poultice, and will often be followed by refreshing sleep.

Towels for Babies.

Towels for babies should be of the softest and most absorbent material. An old diaper constitutes one of the best of towels at this early age, and later in life rather worn Turkish towelling is excellent. After drying it is well to rub the baby briskly with the palm of the hand until the skin is slightly reddened, in order to establish good circulation of the blood. Sometimes rubbing with alcohol or with a little olive oil is of distinct value for delicate children.

HERBAGEUM makes the food more nourishing. If one half of a litter of pigs regularly each day receives Herbageum it will grow right away from the other half and be much sooner ready for market, and the pork will be sweeter and firmer. There will be a saving of time, labor and money. This also applies to bees, calves, colts, sheep and fowls, as well as to dairy cattle. In fact we are credibly informed that the extra return from food when Herbageum is used is such as to make 500 lbs. of any kind of fodder or grain, or even the high-class foods such as oil cake, cotton seed and pure flax seed, equal to 600 lbs. of the same without it.

Write the BEAVER MANUFACTURING CO., GALT, ONT., for a pamphlet, and say you read about it in OUR HOME.

Beware of Impurities.

Housewives should beware of all sorts of impurities. Dirt breeds disease even when concealed. Out of sight out of mind; but it may be fatal forgetfulness, and the impurities you have been getting out of sight may come back in the shape of low fever or typhus, and take you and your household captive.

Oil and Gas Stoves in Sleeping Rooms.

Oil stoves and gas stoves should never be kept burning in a sleeping room, for they are burnt in the open air of the room, and having no connection with a chimney flue, throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion into the air of the apartment, and make it unfit for respiration. Even an oil lamp is injurious in a sleeping-room if left burning all night, but an oil stove is worse, because stoves generally feed more flame, consume more of the oxygen, and give off more poisonous gas.

Sleeplessness in Children.

Sleeplessness is a trouble which should never be felt in infancy, if a child is in good health and brought up under sanitary conditions. Its chief causes are discomfort of the clothing or bed, indigestion arising from improper feeding, cold or too much warmth, too much light in the room, and noise.

To secure comfortable sleep for the baby, he should, after bathing, be quietly laid in his cot in a darkened room, and after he has once dropped off to sleep, no noise of talking, or movement about the room should be allowed if there is the least restlessness. He should be put to bed regularly at

the same hour every night, so that to fall asleep becomes a custom, and however much he may struggle to get up and go downstairs, as often happens after the first few months of infancy, this should not be yielded to. Sometimes the nerves have been over-excited, and the child becomes rebellious, screams, kicks, and cries. If this should happen it is exceedingly wrong to resort to punishment or whipping, as is sometimes done, for the excitement of the nerves may be due to some pain or indigestion, or to over-fatigue induced by seeing strangers, or being kept out too long. To restore peace, the child, when its passion is a little subdued, should be gently nursed in the lap, and quietly talked to, while its limbs and back are rubbed. After a little a drink of milk may be given, and the infant will soon fall asleep, and may be laid in its cot.

Much depends on the way in which it is laid in its cot, for if the neck be bent in an uncomfortable way restlessness will be induced. Baby should lie nearly flat with the head slightly raised on a specially made pillow, which should come well under the neck and shoulders, and the bedclothes should not be tucked in too tightly. A drink of cold water will often enable a child to turn over and go comfortably to sleep, and when the little one wakes its position in the cot should be changed, and its pillow taken up and beaten, and replaced on the opposite side to that on which the child has been lying, so that it may be cool.

APRIL'S CHANGES.

My name is April, sir, and I
As often laugh, as often cry
And I cannot tell what makes me,
Only as the fit o'ertakes me.

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ITALIAN NOVELETTES.

No. III.—Federigo's Falcon.

[By Giovanni Boccaccio.]

Coppo di Borghese Domenichi, who was of our city (Florence), and a man of reverence and authority in his day, and from his virtues and manners, much more than from the nobility of his descent, worthy of everlasting remembrance, being now advanced in years, often took pleasure in the narration of past events, to which his retentive memory and pleasing delivery lent an unusual attraction. Among other interesting events he narrated to us that there once lived in Florence a youth called Federigo, son of Messer Filippo Alberighi, who for feats of arms and accomplishments was held in higher esteem than any cavalier of his age in Tuscany. This young man became deeply enamoured of a lady called Monna Giovanna, reputed in her time one of the most beautiful and agreeable women in Florence; and in order to win her affections he gave a succession of tournaments, feasts, and banquets, and spared no expense in his entertainments.

But this lady, not less discreet than beautiful, paid no regard to all that was done in her honour, nor condescended to notice the author of them. Federigo thus spending all his property, and acquiring none in return, was soon stripped of his wealth, and became suddenly impoverished, having nothing now remaining but a small farm, on the produce of which he found a bare subsistence; yet he still retained a favourite falcon, which for her rare qualities was nowhere to be matched. Being thus unable to live any longer in the

city in the style he was accustomed to, and being more than ever enamoured of the lady, he departed to his little estate in the country, and there; without inviting anyone to his house, he amused himself with his falcon, and endured his poverty with tranquil patience.

It happened that when Federigo was reduced to this extremity, the husband of Monna Giovanna fell sick, and feeling the approach of death, made his will, leaving his possessions, which were very great, to an only son now growing up, and in the event of the son's death, to Monna Giovanna, whom he dearly loved; and he had no sooner subscribed his will than he died.

Monna Giovanna, having thus become a widow, went according to the custom of our ladies to pass her year of mourning in retirement, removing to one of her estates very near to the farm of Federigo. Hereupon it happened that her son was accustomed to visit Federigo, and taking great delight in hawks and dogs, and having often seen Federigo's falcon, he became wonderfully fond of it and ardently longed to possess it but did not venture to ask for it, as he well knew how dear it was to its owner. Within a short time after this the boy fell sick. His mother, who had no other child, and loved him to excess, stood over him the whole day to tend and comfort him, often asking him and entreating him to tell her if there were anything in the world he desired, as, if it were possible to procure it, he should have it. The youth, after a repetition of these questions, at length said:

"My dear mother, if you could by any means procure me Federigo's falcon, I

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Galt, Ont.

think I should recover from my sickness."

The lady hearing a request so far out of her power, began to consider what she might do to gratify her son's wish. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, but had never received from her so much as a single glance in return. How then (she reflected) shall I send or go to beg this falcon, which from all I hear is the best bird that ever flew, and moreover is now Federigo's sole maintenance; and how can I be guilty of so great a rudeness as to deprive a gentleman who has no other pleasure remaining of this his only recreation? Thus troubled in her thoughts, she knew not what to reply to her son. Her maternal love, however, at last prevailed, and she determined to attempt to gratify his wishes, but resolved not to send, but to go herself to Federigo. She then said to her son:

"My dear son, be comforted, and get well, for I promise you that the first thing in the morning, I will go myself for the falcon, and bring it to you."

This promise brought a beam of joy into the boy's countenance, and the same day he showed evident signs of amendment.

The next morning Monna Giovanna, taking with her another lady as a companion, proceeded to Federigo's humble habitation, and inquired for him. As it happened not to be a day fit for hawking, he was in his garden, and desired

one of his people to go to the gate. He was beyond measure surprised when he heard that Monna Giovanna was asking for him, and ran in great joy to meet her.

As soon as she saw him approach, she gracefully moved to meet him, and respectfully saluting him, said:

"Federigo, I am come to recompense you in some sort for the evil you have received at my hands, at a time when you loved me more than was wise on your part, and the recompense I intend is to make myself and my companion your guests at dinner to-day."

To which Federigo with great humility replied, "Alas! madam, I do not recollect to have received any evil at your hands, but so much good that, if it were ever in my power, I should be happy, for the love I have borne you, and more so for the honour of this visit, to expend my fortune a second time in your honour;" and thus speaking, he respectfully led her into his house, and thence conducted her into his garden, and there, not having any other person to introduce her to, said:

"Madam, this good woman, the wife of my husbandman, will wait on you whilst I prepare our table."

Living in extreme poverty, Federigo was seldom in a state to receive any one in his house, and this morning being less prepared than usual, and finding nothing to show respect to a lady in whose honour he had entertained such



Want it ?

Better than riches is the health that comes from a good, wholesome skin. No cutaneous troubles if you use **BABY'S OWN SOAP**. Keeps the skin soft, clean and sweet. For sale by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

numbers of people, he was grieved beyond measure, and stood in great perplexity, inveighing against his evil fortune as a man bereft of his senses, and running hither and thither, and finding neither money nor provision, and the hour being late, and his desire being great to show the lady some mark of attention, and happening to cast his eyes on his favourite falcon, which was resting on its perch in his chamber, and seeing no other resource, he seized the poor bird, and finding it fat and in good condition, thought it would be a dish worthy of the lady, and without further hesitation he wrung its neck, and giving it to a girl, ordered her to pluck it and place it on the spit and carefully roast it. He then spread on his table a napkin of snowy whiteness, one of the few things which yet remained to him of his former possessions, and after some time, with a cheerful aspect returned into the garden to the lady, and told her that a dinner, the best he could provide, was prepared for her. On this the lady with her companion went and seated themselves at the table, where Federigo with great courtesy waited on them, whilst they unknowingly ate his favourite bird.

When they had risen from table, after some agreeable conversation, it seemed to the lady to be now a proper time to make known the purpose of her visit, and turning politely to Federigo, she thus spoke:

"Calling to recollection your past life, Federigo, and remembering my reserve, which you perhaps esteemed hard-heartedness and cruelty, I doubt not that you will wonder at my presumption when you learn the object of my visit; but if you now had, or ever had had children, and knew the strength of a parent's affection, I feel assured that you would in some measure pardon me; and though you have none, I, who have a dear and beloved son, cannot yet forego the common affections of a mother. I am, then, by maternal love and duty, compelled to ask of you the gift of a possession which I know is indeed very dear to you, and justly so, since your evil fortune has left you no other comfort in your adversity. The gift then I ask is your falcon, which my son is so desirous of possessing, that if I do not obtain it for him, I fear it will so far aggravate the illness under which he labours, that I shall lose him. On this account, therefore, I entreat you, not by the love which you profess for me (by which you ought in no degree to be governed), but by the magnanimity of your character, which is better manifested in a



(Assessment System.)

The Colonial Mutual Life ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

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Rates for \$1,000.

Age	Yearly	Age	Yearly
20	\$13 75	41	\$21 60
21	13 80	42	22 20
22	13 90	43	22 80
23	14 00	44	23 25
24	14 15	45	24 20
25	14 30	46	25 70
26	14 50	47	26 60
27	14 70	48	27 55
28	14 95	49	28 55
29	15 20	50	29 60
30	15 50	51	30 75
31	15 80	52	32 10
32	16 15	53	33 70
33	16 55	54	35 50
34	16 95	55	37 20
35	17 45	56	39 20
36	18 00	57	41 60
37	18 60	58	44 50
38	19 30	59	48 15
39	20 00	60	52 35
40	20 75		

Policy has surrender value after three years.
Free as to residence, travel and occupation.
Grace allowed on all payments.
Losses paid promptly.
Nothing better ever offered.

Agents Wanted. Write for particulars.

A GOLD WATCH

will be awarded to the person securing the largest number of trial subscriptions for OUR HOME at the price of ten cents for three months. For full particulars read the announcements on page 52 of OUR HOME.

courtesy of this kind than in any other way, that you would do me the favour to bestow it on me, so that by this gift I may be enabled to preserve the life of my dear and only son, and I shall myself be for ever indebted to you."

Federigo thus hearing the request of the lady, and seeing it out of his power to gratify her, as he had served his falcon for dinner, began in her presence to weep most bitterly, and became unable to utter a word in reply. The lady supposing that Federigo's grief arose from his affection to his falcon, and his regret to part with it, and expecting a refusal, prepared herself for the worst.

"Since the hour, most honoured lady," began Federigo, "that I first fixed my affection on you, I have always found Fortune most perverse and cruel to me but all her blows I consider light in comparison with the one she has now dealt me, seeing that you have condescended to visit my house, which when I was rich you would not deign to enter, and entreat me for so small a gift, for she has so contrived that it is not in my power to grant it you, and why it is not you shall briefly hear. When you informed me that you meant to honour me with your company to dinner, considering your rank, and that it was only proper that I should pay you due honour by procuring every delicacy in my power, as is becoming on such occasions, and recollecting the falcon which you now request of me, and its many excellent qualities, I considered it a dish not unworthy to be placed before you, and I therefore this morning served it up to you roasted at dinner, a thing which at the time I considered most opportune, but finding now that you wished to possess the falcon alive for your sick son, my inability to gratify you grieves me so far that I think I shall never know happiness more."

In confirmation of his words he then produced the feathers and beak and talons of the poor bird. Monna Giovanna at this recital reprehended him for killing so fine a falcon for a lady's dinner, at the same time, however, highly commending in her own mind his magnanimity, which it had not been in the power of Fortune to abase. The lady having thus lost all chance of possessing the falcon, and despairing of the recovery of her son, thanked Federigo for the honour done her, and for his intended good-will, and departed very much dejected. Her son, either through pining for the falcon, or from his complaint being aggravated by disappointment, died a few days after, to the great grief of his mother.

After having for some time indulged her sorrow and tears, her brothers see-



**Positively cured by these
Little Pills.**

They also relieve Distress from *Dyspepsia*, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, **TORPID LIVER.** They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable

**Small Pill. Small Dose.
Small Price.**

A PRETTY PENKNIFE will be sent to everyone who secures ten trial subscriptions for **OUR HOME** during the month of March. See page 62.

DON'T GET BALD!
It Makes You Look Old.

THE EMPRESS HAIR GROWER Stops the hair from falling out. Promotes the growth of the hair. A delightful hair dressing for both ladies and gentlemen. A sure cure for dandruff.
PRICE 50c. Your dealer can procure it from any wholesale druggist. Prepared by
C. J. COVERNTON & CO.,
Cor. of Bleury and Dorchester Sts., MONTREAL.

Farmers tell the truth when they say **HERBAGEUM** ensures better cows, more milk, choicer butter, cheaper pork, extra calves, finer horses, healthy sheep, larger lambs, thriving turkeys, laying hens. Do you use it?

THE BEAVER MANF'G CO., GALT, ONT.

ing that she was left extremely rich, and was still young, entreated her to marry again. This she was not desirous of doing, but finding herself constantly assailed by their request, and recollecting the noble conduct of Federigo, and this last instance of his magnanimity, in having sacrificed the finest falcon in the world out of respect to her, she said to her brothers:

"I should willingly, if it were agreeable to you, remain in my present state, but if you insist that I marry, I will assuredly take no one for my husband but Federigo degli Alberighi."

On which her brothers, smiling, replied, "What folly is this? Would you marry a man who is a beggar?"

To this she answered, "Brothers, I well know that the matter is as you state it, but I choose rather a man that hath need of wealth, than wealth that hath need of a man."

The brothers seeing her fixed determination, and knowing the genuine worth of Federigo, notwithstanding his poverty, bestowed their sister on him with all her fortune. Federigo thus unexpectedly found himself united to a beautiful lady whom he had long dearly loved, and passed the remainder of his days in peace and happiness.

GIN AND WATER.

It is not always necessary to attack a man with the sledge-hammer of argument to prevent him from taking a wrong path. A cleverly turned joke, administered with tact, often serves a distinctly philanthropic purpose.

An English manufacturer who was noted for his natural shrewdness, as well as for the good-will he bore his men, one day wanted some work done which could only be managed by a certain skilled workman.

Unfortunately, the man was given to drink, and a bargain was struck that, besides his wages, he should have unlimited gin and water.

"Now, mind," said the master, "you promise to drink up what I first give you, before you touch a drop more."

As the work went on, the man asked for his gin.

"How much will you start with?"

"Sixpen'orth."

"Now gin and water, mind you; and you must drink it all before you drink again. Hot or cold?"

"Cold."

"All right. Here goes! Bring me a pail of water."

It was brought, and into it the gin was poured. The man was taken aback, but

he was held to his bargain, and finished the work. He went away sober, with his wages in his pocket, and—a result not to be despised—his countenance illuminated by a good-natured appreciation of the joke.

DANDELIONS' TIME.

Mid the velvet grasses growing,
Where the early south winds play,
Shine, like sun-laced dials glowing,
Dandelions, glad and gay:
Gay and glad, to bluebirds showing
—Mounting upward as they sing—
That their gold hearts, set to blowing,
Tell the time is Spring.
Dandelions' time is true:
All the earth is new.

Wild flowers into bloom are stirring,
Lilies open, silver white;
Insects wakened, murmur whirring
Slow crescendos of delight:
Mists in radiant surrender,
Shimmer by, divine with dew;
Skies are fathomless with splendor,
Fathomless with blue.
Dandelions' time is true:
All the heavens are new.

Bluebird, stay not in your flying,
Sing the joy it is to be!
Reach the far heavens overlying,
Touch the sunniest height! For me,
Tides of life divine inflowing
Through my heart, these wonders bring;
And a sad wild rapture growing
Tells the time is Spring.
Dandelions' time is true:
Earth, and heavens are new.

APRIL ON THE HILLS.

To-day the world is wide and fair
With sunny fields of lucid air
And waters dancing everywhere;
The snow is almost gone;
The noon is builded high with light,
And over heaven's liquid height,
In steady flocks serene and white
The happy clouds go on.

The channels run; the bare earth steams;
And every hollow rings and gleams
With jetting falls and dashing streams;
The rivers burst and fill;
The fields are full of little lakes;
And when the romping wind awakes
The water ruffles blue and shakes.
And the pines roar on the hill.

The crows go by, a noisy throng;
About the meadows all day long
The shore-lark drops his brittle song;
And up the leafless tree
The nut-hatch runs, and nods, and elings;
The bluebird dips with flashing wings;
The robin flutes; the sparrow sings;
And the shadows dusk and flee.

I break the spirit's bitter bands,
A dreamer in enchanted lands;
I feel the heat upon my hands;
With neither grief nor care,
Afar from men and far from books,
All life is full of sunny looks;
My heart is leaping like the brooks,
And the wind blows through my hair.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Ottawa, Ont.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Saves Sleepless, Nervous and Despondent
People From Insanity.

THE GREAT MEDICINE HAS NO EQUAL.

Medical men of the highest standing, and a host of others competent to judge, declare that Paine's Celery Compound is the only effective medicine for the banishment of all the troubles that lead to sleeplessness or insomnia.

In the spring season thousands are restless, fretful, nervous, despondent and gloomy. They find it impossible to obtain restful and sweet sleep, and soon become physically exhausted; some already are mere wrecks of humanity.

Such sufferers cannot with safety trifle with sleeplessness and continued unrest. All in such a condition demand immediate succor and aid before nature becomes too overtaxed. The weakened, exhausted and irritated system must be strengthened.

For every form of sleeplessness or insomnia there is but one remedy, one healer; it is Paine's Celery Compound,

the only medicine that acts in a truly natural way to produce sleep and perfect rest.

This wondrous remedy of nature should be used at once if satisfactory and immediate results are desired. Do not allow your rundown, nervous system to lead you to the very brink of the grave in spring time.

Putting off will only complicate your troubles, and deeper misery will be yours. Use Paine's Celery Compound and you are assured of perfect action of the heart, stomach, kidneys and liver, and sweet sleep will be your life blessing.

Get "Paine's," the kind that cures. Remember that there are miserable imitations — celery preparations that are worthless and dangerous as well. Ask your dealer for "Paine's" and take no other, if you seek for life and health.



Stands for BLACKS, of this there's no doubt,—
The black on these faces will never wash out;
For wool, silk and cotton, Black Diamond Dyes
Are used without fear by the prudent and wise.

The above is taken from "Excelsior Rhyming A B C Book, Illustrated." Each letter of the Alphabet is 2½ inches long; no two letters of the same color. Just the Book for the little ones. Sent for 3-cent stamp to any address.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal.

TERMS.

OUR HOME is issued every month from the office of publication, 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal, Canada, by Watson Griffin, editor and publisher. OUR HOME ordinarily contains only forty-eight pages, including cover. Sixty-four or more pages may often be given, but additional pages over forty-eight are a gift to the subscriber from the publisher. Its subscription price is fifty cents per annum in advance for any part of Canada, Newfoundland or the United States.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year. Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps.

Money for renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to this office. We do not authorize agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions.

In changing your post office address, always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive OUR HOME regularly, write to this office and the matter will be looked into at once. Write addresses so plainly that no mistake can possibly be made.

If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of OUR HOME they should send in their renewal subscriptions before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for.

Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval.

All new advertisements and changes must be sent in by the 15th of each month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of OUR HOME.

Address all communications to

"OUR HOME,"

16 St. Sacramento Street,

MONTREAL, Canada.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1897.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

OUR HOME will be sent on trial for three months to any address in Canada or the United States outside of the city of Montreal for ten cents, and to any address in the city of Montreal for thirteen cents. To the subscriber who sends in the largest number of trial subscriptions before the 10th of May a beautiful gold watch will be awarded. To the one who sends the next largest number of trial subscriptions a fine silver watch will be given. For the third largest list of names of trial subscribers the prize will be a costly, gentleman's silk umbrella with handsome handle, while an equally fine, lady's silk umbrella will be the fourth prize. In addition to these prizes a pretty penknife will be sent to everyone who sends in ten trial subscriptions during the month of April.

EVERYONE MAY HAVE A PEN-KNIFE.

Every subscriber of OUR HOME cannot win the prize of the gold watch. That will only be given to the one securing the largest number of trial subscriptions before the 10th of May. Only one silver watch will be awarded and only one gentleman and one lady, or one boy and one girl will receive a handsome umbrella, but every one of the subscribers of OUR HOME may secure a pretty pearl handled penknife by inducing ten friends to subscribe for OUR HOME for three months at the price of ten cents each. Pretty penknives are being sent out every day to all who send in ten trial subscriptions. Those who win the prize penknives by getting ten trial subscriptions may also compete for the other prizes.

AFTER YOU GET YOUR KNIFE.

After you have won a pretty pearl handled pocket knife by getting ten trial subscribers for OUR HOME, get as many more as you can and try hard to win the gold watch, the silver watch, or a handsome umbrella. While many are winning penknives by sending in ten trial subscriptions not many are sending more than ten. The largest list of trial subscriptions is not likely to be a very big one, so it will not be such a very difficult thing to win one of the prizes offered.

THEY SEND ONE OR TWO.

While many people all over the country are winning pretty penknives by getting ten trial subscribers for OUR HOME there are some friends of the magazine who, not caring to compete for prizes, show their appreciation by sending one or two trial subscriptions. They do not get any reward, but the publisher wishes to thank them for their kindness in helping to extend the circulation.

.. PROHIBITION ..



“Men of the Movement.”



Temperance workers and prohibitionists who want to know something of men who are recognized leaders of the work in Canada should have a copy of “MEN OF THE MOVEMENT,” a 64 page octavo book in handsome lithographed covers, containing first-class photogravure portraits of thirty leading Canadian prohibitionists and biographical sketches. This book

WILL BE GIVEN AWAY

to all who respond to this advertisement, and the advertisement will not appear again. This announcement is made to test the value of advertising temperance literature in OUR HOME.

THESE ARE THE TERMS:—If you will send twenty-five cents to pay for a three months' trial trip to “THE TEMPLAR,” Canada's only Prohibition weekly, and state that you saw the advertisement in OUR HOME, a copy of “MEN OF THE MOVEMENT” will be sent you free by mail.

Address your order to

The Templar Publishing House,

HAMILTON, Ontario.

RADNOR

Bottled at the spring in the Canadian Laurentides.
"I consider Radnor a most excellent and delicious Table Water."

—SIR HENRY IRVING

GALT, ONT., DEC. 5TH, 1896.

THE PUBLISHER,
"OUR HOME," MONTREAL.

Dear Sir :

Enclosed you will find copy for change in our advertisement, and we are pleased to inform you that evidently your columns are widely read. For several years we have been advertising in different publications, and in some of them with marked success.

Five months ago, we began to use the columns of "OUR HOME," and we assure you that since then we have had more enquiries, directly traceable to your publication, than from any other in which we advertise. Enquiries directly traceable to it have reached us, not only from the central portions of Canada, but also from outlying provinces, a number having been received from British Columbia to the West and Nova Scotia to the East, while it has brought requests for information regarding our line from as far South as Virginia and South Carolina.

Trusting that this information, though unasked for, may be of value to you.

We remain,

Sincerely yours,

THE BEAVER MFG. CO.