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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1872.

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 34.

DO THE DEAD HEAR?

BY EBEN E. BEXFORD.

Do the dead hear us whenever we call? Answer me, darling, if you can hear Under the grass that coverar you over, Rank with the new life of the year.

Answer, darling, I long to know : Often you told mo, if you wore dond And lying under the sods and dasies, You would answer the words I said.

Speak to me, leve, and tell me new All the secrets of doath and life; Are you cold, with the grass growing over. That shuts your dwelling away from strife?

Are you lonely, darling? I pray you speak.
I am listening, love, your words to hear.
Does your dead heartyears for the dear old voices?
Do you know, oh darling, that I um near?

You do not answer. I half believe That the dead hear never the living's call; Folded about with rest and quiet. They sleep as the flowers sleep in Fall.

When the Spring of new life shall come. They will hear us and heed us, no longer dumb

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THE DEAD WITNESS:

OR.

LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS, LEPROHON.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. STUKELY AGAIN.

We must now return to the morning following We must now return to the morning following of Tremaine Court, during which she had made the terrible discovery whose explaintion we have given in our last chapter. She was sitting at the open window of her room, pale, still as a marble statue, when her sleeping sister suddenly raised her head, with a quick, terrified movement, from her pillow, and gazing at her with distended, anxious eyes, faintly chaulated:

"Thank God, Lillian, you are there! Oh, my darling, what a terrible night I have passed, following you through dungeons and darkness, interposing constantly to shield you from the anger and violence of father or of Mrs. Stukely. My poor head is fairly reeling with pain,"

"You are foverish, sister, and your restless dreams were the result of your anodyne, which often produces such an effect. Indeed you look very, very ill. Close your eyes awhile, and I will go down and prepare breakfast." Lillian's ever-memorable visit to the east wing

wery, very int. Close your eyes awhile, and I will go down and prepare breakfast."

Still languid and heavy from the effects of her draft, suffering, too, from intense headache, Margaret passively obeyed, and her young sister left the room. Defily, quickly, for her pulses were full of febrile activity, she swept out sitting and dining rooms, dusting and placeing everything in perfect order. That done seems out stang and dining rooms, dusting that pinc-ing everything in perfect order. That done, she sought the kitchen, in which she had previously lighted a fire, and proceeded to toost thoroughly a thin slice of bread which, with a cup of strong black tea, constituted her father's frugal break-fast. Then she prepared as dainty a repust for the poor invalid as the resources of the pantry permitted—a slice of crisp toast, a new-inid egg, a tiny spoonful of marmainde—which dainties she was arranging on a tray covered with a white napkin when Mrs. Stukely's angular form-learned up in the decrease.

daughter, and the paternal love, that burned as ngly in the depths of the woman's cruel ous heart as in the bosoms of the best and gentlest of her sex, had been bitterly tried durnight. Harry Sampson, her son-in-law, was a worthless inchriate, and his poor young wife, still chained to a bed of sickness by alarming symptoms of rapid decline, which had set in some weeks provious, immediately after the birth of her first child, was doomed to liste daily to the brutal tunuts and curses showered on her by her rufflanif husband. Even during the past night, whilst she was lying back in her mother's arms, a proy to an agential spasm of coughing that threatened to end in hemorrhage of the lungs. Sampson had recled into the room cursed thom both us a pair of lazy, lying schemers, and ordered his wife, with threaten-ing gesture and appalling oaths, to rise at once and get him some supper, memoring at the same time to turn Mrs. Stukely out of the house. It was only by dint of money, liberally given him by the latter, that he was induced to return to the ale-house from which he had just come, and leave mother and daughter to their lonely and agonizing vigil.

oncly and agonizing vigit.

"Thank your, poor mother, for your patience!"
gasped the almost fainting girl. "Every angry
look, every quick word you give him, he revenges on me as soon as you leave us."

Mrs. Stukely's white teeth closed with a "Every angry

snap, her fingers clenched, and a wish went up from her heart that she could have Harry Sampson, whilst under the influence of a dranken stuper, down in the vault of the east wing, for what purpose her relentless heart best

With morning's light the sick woman fell asleep, and the trustworthy nurse, who was liberally paid for her services by Mrs. Stukely, arriving to resume her post beside the invalidshe had obtained leave to spend the night at her own house for some special reason—the housekeeper took her way back to Tremaine Court. Suffering and sorrow soften some characters, but they had not that beneficial effect on Mrs. Stukely's, and she entered the house ready to expend on its younger inmates a por-



stie has tyrannized over myself and that suffering angel, margaret, but she shall do it no longer unresisted."

being.

Had she not been so deeply pre-occupied with thoughts of the sick bed she had just quitted, she could not have failed noting at the first form loomed up in the door-way.

Now Mrs. Stukely had passed a painful and a glance the marble-like pallor of Lillian's check, dreary time at the bedside of her married the bright bloom of which usually rivalled that of a wild rose, as well as her pale lips and darkringed, though usually flashing, eyes, indica-tions in one of her temperament that any uning the long dark watches of the preceding cited nervous system to an uncontrollable de-

"Lillian, pray who is that daintily-spread tray for?" asked the new comer.

"For poor Marguret. She was very ill last night, and has scarcely eaten a morsel for twenty-four hours past."

"You are wonderfully attentive," was the

sarcastic comment, as the speaker's eye took in the tray and its contents. "Is that really intended for Margaret?" "Yes, Mrs. Stukely. Why not?"

"Put down that salver instantly. Lay the table in the usual way, and let your sister come down to her food in the usual manner. I want no playing at fine indies in Tremaine Court." "And by what authority do you issue such peremptory orders in my father's house, Mrs.

The housekeeper fell back a step, silent from sheer amazement and wrath, and then recover-

ing breath and speech, she floreely retorted:

"Are you mad, Lillian Tremaine, that you brave me thus? Put down that tray and tell
Margaret that I send her strict orders to come down at once. Do you hear me, I say ?" The young girl looked at her calmly and de-liberately, as if studying some moral phenomenon, and then a faint, scornful smile stole over her beautiful face as she replied, without rais-

ing an intonation of her voice:
"I hear you, Mrs. Stukely, but I will neither convey your orders to my sister nor yet obey mysolf."

A gust of passion swept over the housekeeper, and under its stormy influence she fairly trem bled from head to foot. Balefully she glared at her companion, who stood there calm and de-flant, and a species of intuition told the woman that further attempt at coercing this suddenly awakened nature would be fruitless.

"Well, Miss Lillian Tremaine," she said with a desperate attempt at calmness, "I see I can do nothing with you, but there is one whose authority you will not dare to question, nor his

tion of the bitterness that filled her whole power either. Ah, he'll crush down the devilsh being. if he crush out your life in the attempt. I go o him now."

Without any tokens of outward agitation, the young girl took up the tray that had been the cause of so stormy an altereation, and bore it to her sister's room. The latter still feeling wretchedly ill and faint, gratefully expressed her thanks for the loving attention, and than Lillian, pleading morning work, tenderly kissed her and descended ugain to the kitchen, where she addressed herself at once to some household

There was a rustle at the door, and Mr. Stukely's hard, sinister face showed itself in the entrance.

"Your father wants you in his room, girl P'

CHAPTER VIL

A STORMY ALTERCATION,

Now, incredible as it may seem in one who had seen and suffered so much from Mr. Tro-maine's ungovernable violence as his youngest daughter had done, no thrill of four ran through her frame as she prepared to obey the summons; but with the unimpassable, unmoved look she had worn throughout her dispute with
it endure here, I could earn enough to place me
the housekeeper that morning, she entered her
father's apartment. The horrors of the previous

Mrs. Stukely hughed loud and scernfully. night seemed to have steeled her against all

Mr. Tremaine was sitting up in his arm-chair, attired in dressing-gown and slippers, one leg and foot swathed in flannel, and elevated on a footstool, whilst a dark scowl rested on his face, that looked stern at all times, oven when he

was smiling.

"Lillian, what is the matter with you?" he questioned, looking at her menacingly from beneath his black brows.

"Mrs. Stukely tells me you have been insufferably insolent to-

I was about bringing up breakfast, father, to poor Margaret, who was very ill last night and is still unable to leave her bed, when Mrs. convey her commands to my sick sister to descend at once and take her food in the usual manner, both of which injunctions I disobey-

"And why so, girl? If I repeat them will

"Certainly not, father. To you I owe both respect and obedience—to her, none!" "I tell you. Mr. Tremaine, that the girl, this morning, seems possessed not by one devil only but by twenty.'

"I will answer at least for her possessing the family one—pride," he grimly rejoined. Without seeming to heed these remarks, Lillian, pointing her slender finger at the house-

oper, resumed:
"Almost from my birth she has tyrannized
"Almost from my birth she has tyrannized over myself and that suffering angel, Margaret, but she shall do it no longer unresisted. I have woke to the consciousness that I am a woman

with a woman's will and heart." "Take care, you insolent vixen," broke in Mrs. Stakely, almost livid with rage, "take vomanhood you are not turned out to beg your

"What say you to that?" asked Mr. Tre-maine, the frown on his face ominously deepen-

bread from door to door."

ing.
"O father!" rejoined the girl, with a pathetic sadiess in her voice that was inexpressibly touching, "do you think that could be worse than the joyless, wrethed life I now load? Months ago, but for poor Margaret's sake, I would have left this home to seek one among strangers. With half the labors and privations

"What! Miss Lillian Tremaine, of Tremaine Courl, engaging out as maid—as menial! Have I heard aright?"

"Even so. Better than to be tyrannized over, in my own home, by one who was nothing but a menial herself in my mother's lifetime

"Silence, you she-devil!" thundered Mr. Tre-

"Father, I will—I must speak," passionately retorted the girl, her superb form diliating, her eyes flashing, till she looked like un inspired Pythoness that men in olden times would have istened to, and worshipped with blind devo-

"Why is it, father, I ask, that we—the children of the fair young wife who brought you toth lands and gold—should be allowed to want almost the common necessaries of life, whilst that woman yonder, who was but an upper ser-gant whilst our mother lived, fares now sumpthously every day—wears fabrics of soft, fine texture, and more than that, supports in comfort, as is well known throughout Brompton village, her married daughter and that daughter's idle husband?"

"Who are you that you should dare pry thus into business of mine, you daring young vixen?" queried the housekeeper, furious that her shortcomings should be haid thus squarely before the muster of the house.

"A Tremaine every inch!" retorted the girl. A true daughter of a race that has over proved.

"A true daughter of a race that has ever proved still-necked and unyloiding, age even to the death. Think not you will subdue again the fleree spirit that your own tyrannous oppression

here spirit that your own tyrannous opposessions awoke within me."

"But I, your father, will and can subdue it," slowly said Mr. Tremaine; "yes, utterly crush it," and be threateningly enught up a heavy

it," and he threateningly enught up a heavy rule from the table beside him.

Dauntlessly the girl met his gaze, and as sho stood there confronting him, with the regal port of an empress, she slowly rejoined:

"The worst you could do, father, would be to kill me, and then—why we all know that sooner or later murder will out."

Whether it was the mero mention of the World Itself, or that there was a something vague, intangible, looking out from those liquid expressive eyes, a something speaking of hidden knowledge and hidden meance, an inexplicable change came over his countenance, and in a quick, husky voice he said:

"Stakely, surn that girl out of the room, and get me a glass of brandy. Hang all women! They are more spitcful in their fights than

Without a word fallian turned from the apart-Without a word fallian turned from the apartment, and, hastening to the library, bolted herself in, that she might give vent to her painfully excited, over-strung feelings. No thought of triumph awoke within her at the comparative victory she had just achieved, no self-gratulation over the memory of the merelless truths she had so boldly spoken, even to her father's own car. Instead, there was that peculiar feeling of isolation—of being at enuity with those around her—so painful to a generous heart; a fear that she had gone too far in recriminations and implied threats, and a dread of the pain and implied threats, and a dread of the pain and regret the knowledge of all that had passed in that interview would bring to Margaret. But she would go to that dear sister at once, and on her loving breast pour forth her faults and

troubles.

Bitterly Margaret wept over the recital, deploring an alterention that could only embitter their lot still further, and infuse fresh venome into Mrs. Stukely's evident hatred. Ill, faint as she felt, she insisted on dressing and going down stairs, and induced Lillian to resume her ordinary household duties, so as to give the housekeeper no further cause of irritation. All went on quietly, however, and Margaret was just beginning to hope the storm would pass without any further ill results when Mrs. Stakely entered the room where she was sewing, and in

a brief imperative tone said:

"Help your sister to put her clothes in order.
Your father, who finds her presence in the house
unbearable, wishes to send her off, as soon as uniographic, wisnes to sond ner on, as soon as she can be got ready, to a hoarding-school, where the pride and insolonee that would otherwise lead her to perdition, will soon be trampled out of her. I will buy her a couple of cheap dresses in Brompton, which you will make up between you. No frills or flounces on them, remember, to foster her miscrable vanity, but have they can be made? I and with this part. plain as they can be made," and with this part-ing thrust the implacable woman left the apartment, closing the door violently behind

Tenrs rose to the young girl's eyes as she thought of the fearful blank her life would be when her warm-hearted young loving sister would have left the roof under which she dwelt; of the long sleepless nights of pain and days of sickness that so often fell to her portion, and which Lillian's sunny, cheerful tenderness had heretofore so generously soothed and alded, but which would now be passed in solitude and gloom-

Margaret Tremaine, however, had obtained Margaret Tremaine, however, had obtained already from her Heavenly Father that pearl of great price—the gift of unquestioning resignation to His Divine will, and in this, as in every other instance, she meekly accepted the challee as soon as it was commended to her lips. There was a gleam of joy, too, for her in the thought that her impulsive, high-spirited sister, to whom the tyranny that reigned in the household seemed to have become suddenly intolerable, would be removed from its soul-withering influonce, at least for a time, and her young heart and sunny nature he allowed to retain their innocent illusions and natural loyousness.

fallian, when told of the new arrangement, exhibited little emotion, assuring Margaret that but for the grief of leaving her, it would be a welcome and desirable change. Firm and unalterable, however, remained her intention of fully solving the terrible mystery of the oak chest by paying another visit to the east vault ofore her departure from Tremaine Court. Swiftly the preparations for her departure went on, Mrs. Stukely entrenching herself all the while in a grim, stony reserve, which none of the sisters cared to break in upon. The young-est at length began to four that no opportunity of putting her project into execution would proant itself, when the housekeeper received word one afternoon that her sick daughter required one afternoon that her sick daughter required her presence inmediately. On hearing this she turned to Margaret—Lillian's presence she had entirely ignored since the day of their dis-pute—and said in the curt, imperative tone in which she generally addressed the daughters of

the household: "Mr. Tremaine's orders are that you should have your sister's clothes packed without delay. I will buy her hat and shawl while in Bromptop, and we will start to-morrow, as soon as I return from my daughter's. I will have to spend the night with her; so, see that your father gots his meals at the usual hour, and bring them to him yourself. He wants no further intercourse with your sister."

Very sorrowful that bright sunny day proved





to the two girls, and tears fell often on the various articles that formed Lillian's scanty ward-robe as they were carefully folded, marked and placed in the old shabby trunk which after a quarter of a century's rottrement in the garret, had been brought down and pronounced by Mrs. Stukely "good enough."

Loving and wise were the counsels poured into the youngest sister's ear by her meek com-panion—counsels full of the gentle spirit of that Divine Master in whose footsteps Margaret Tre-maine strove so earnestly to follow; and finally the impulsive Lillian throw her arms round her,

whispering:
"Sister darling, I will try to remember your
"Sister darling, I will try to remember your lessons, for you truly carry out what you incul-cate—practise what you teach!"

At the usual hour Margaret brought his even-

ing meal to Mr. Tremaine, but after a quick, impatient glance at its contents, he harshly exclaimed:

Take away those slops, but leave the sugar

and bring me up some boiling water."
His daughter knew too well what such orders portended—a solitary orgle, in which reason and conscience would be for a time overpowered, and a being formed by God to His own image reduced to the level of the brute.
"Dear father" she timility appealed, "praytry a cup of tea with a little of this nice light

"No, child. I am not as foud of slops as you women usually arc. Quick, do as I bid you!"
There was no alternative but obedience, and Margaret sorrowfully bore hersalver down again to the kitchen, and then proceeded to fill a jug with hot water. Lillian, who was preparing with not water. Lillian, who was preparing their own simple suppor, looked up upon her entrance, and a glance of sorrowful intelligence passed between the two. Then the thought involuntarily presented itself—a thought sharply rejected even in the moment of its dawning—that her visit to the yault was now rendered comparatively easy. compuratively casy.

Margaret, unusually exhausted and dail, worn ont with exertion and the thought of the mor-row's sorrowful parting, retired early to rest, Lillian declaring her intention of sitting up some time longer to select some books from the li-brary for the purpose of taking with her. This was soon done, and having satisfied herself by a visit to the bedroom that her sister slept, she visit to the bedroom that her sister slept, she stole up to her father's apartment. Even outside the door his heavy breathing was plainly audible; and re-assured by this, she entered, possessed herself of the keys, and then noiselessly retreated. This time she provided herself with an ample supply of matches, and then, lantern in hand, turned her steps to the east

CHAPTER VIIL

BURIED ALIVE

THE incidents of Lillian's second journey were much the same as the first; the same echoing dismal reverberations; hollow sighing sounds; the same stiffness of rusty locks; shurp, violent closing of doors and weird rustling of decaying paper and tapestry. Rats and mice, too, seemed more noisily resentful of intrusion into what had been so long their undisturbed demosne, and they duried out here and there and ran across her path with more boldness than on her first visit. All these things that had so greatly moved and startled her on that occasion

presetty moved and startled her on that occasion passed almost unnoted now, for there was a horror looming up at the end of her journey to which these were as naught.

Arrived at the door of the vault, whilst she was inserting the key in the lock, a sudden sinking of the heart solzed her, and her hand trembled so violently that she was totally unable to control its movements. Again and again she renewed the offort, which still proved unsuccessful. What did it mean? Was it a verning sout her to design an omen that evil warning sent her to desist—an omen that evil threatened her? A light touch on her neck suddenly communicated a shock of terror to her whole frame. Panting with terror, she wildly put up her hand to discover what it was

wildly put up her hand to discover what it was that had so greatly alarmed her. It was only a tress of her own hair which had become loosened from the comb and had fallen on her neck.

Again she essayed to open the door, and this time succeeded. How wildly her pulses throbbed—how pantingly her breath wont and came as she placed her lantern on the ground and opened the fated chest. Clasping her hands over her heart as if to repress its wild beating, she looked down closely, reverentially, into that receptacle of poor mouldering humanity.

Again sho noted the regularly formed, gilttering teeth, the tresses of long fair hair. She took up the coral carring and compared it with the one which she had brought down stairs with her. Alas i it was the same pattern, the same

one which she had brought down starts with her. Alas! It was the same pattern, the same peculiar richly chased gold setting. Still she must have farther confirmation. What was that gittering far down amid those sad frail relies? A tuy crystal and gold locket which had evidently once been attached to the neck of the unfortunate hid away there, but the ribbon of which had mouldered to dust. Hesitatingly, tremblingly, Lillian stretched forth her hand and took it up. The intrinsic value of the ornament was nominal, the gold side was a mere shell, but inside was a tiny curl of dark hair, and inscribed in minute characters on the interior of the locket were the words: " Precious souvenir of my darling little Margaret." Lower down was the owner's name, Margaret Tremaine. It was then true. No more uncertainty —no more room for hope. Sick to death, she fell on her knees, and ruising her clasped lunds aloft, exclaimed: "O God! my poor murdered

Ah! Merciful Heaven, what was that? A hand from behind was heavily laid on her shoulder—no light touch of a stray braid or curl this time—and the voice of Mrs. Stukely hissed

fiercely in her car:

"Miscrable girll What brought you here?" Terror for the moment deprived Lillian of sight and reason. A mist swam before her eyes; a sound as of rushing waters was in her es: and then high and clear above the latter ed the clanging of a door, the turning of a n the look. What was this? Good God i key in the look. Mrs. Stukely had left the place, and there was she looked in alone in that dreary vault with the dead, out of the reach of all human help.

A paroxysm of agonizing despair overwhelmed the unhappy young creature, and in her angulah she threw herself on her knees on the stone floor of the vault, and sobbed and moaned aloud, but vainly; no human voice answered her fronzied appeals. After a lime she became utterly exhausted by her terrible agitation and wild attempts at making her voice audible, and sank

Yes, all was plain to her. She had ever been specially obnoxious to Mrs. Stukely and her father, and now that she had fathomed the terrible secret that linked them together in crime, they would, even for their own safety's sake, keep he in that wault till death should still her

ice for ever. Would she look on human face again—would human accents strike on her car once more? Probably never. Or perhaps Mrs. Stukely might come down to mock and jeer at her misery, and goad her to madness—a companionship more stolerable than actional treats. goad her to madness—a comp intolerable than solitude itself.

Possibly she would be left to die of hunger

ling fact that her candle was well nigh burned out. Ah! surely when that they flame should have shed its last gleasa and expired, the gloom

would become peopled by horrible shapes, supernatural lights, weird monstrous visions. Closing the cak chest, she soated herself in the firthest corner of the vault, with her back loaning against its damp claiming stones, and watched with the intensity of despair the inch of fallow slowly guttering down to extinction.

Now, whether it were owing to her state of utter exhaustion—to nature asserting her rights over that strong, healthy constitution, or to a direct interposition of a merciful Providence, before that they fame that burned so dimly in the mephilic atmosphere had gone out, sweet, profound sleep had descended on the girl and surrounded her with blessed unconsciousness It was morning when she awoke; and though the bright light of day never penetrated into that abode of gloom, the crowing and enckling of poultry, lowing of kine, and other cheerful sounds of merning, faintly distinguishable through the massive walls of the old building, announced the fact. announced the fact.

Filled with gratitude, she prostrated herself in bumble thanksgiving for the calm night that had been youchsafed her; but after a while the full consciousness of her awful situation again asserted itself, and again despair assumed the mastery. Whilst thinking how beautiful and mustery. Whilst thinking how beautiful and bright was that outward world, which she would probably never see again, and imagining to herself the crimson and golden glories of the sunrise which, ardent lover of nature that she was, she watched nearly every morning with admiration that knew no satiety, recalling, too, the pure, healthful, life-glving breeze thatswept over the meadows, rippling the bending corn, the forest tops, a sound close at hand startled her. It was the grating of a key in the lock, and a moment after Mrs. Stukely, lamp in hand, followed by Mr. Tremaine, entered.

Lillian looked at them in silence, but uttered

oword. Her father spoke first.
"Well!" he said, scullingly, "like a true daughter of Evo you must taste of the tree of knowledge, only to find the fruit exceedingly

Still the ghi spoke not.

"Why do you not throw yourself at your father's feet and ask his forgiveness, you stiffneeked girl?" harshly interrogated Mrs. Stukely. · Is life so utterly worthless that it is not ever worth the asking for ?"

"Alas I what am I to say?" was the faltering reply. "I feel as if my sentence had already been pronounced—my doom sealed."

A gleam of satunic exultation shot from the heavylengers and party at these words, but

lousekeeper's deep-set eyes at these words, but Lillian did not observe it.

Turning more fully towards her father, who stood immovable, grimly regarding her, she went on in low, hurried tones:

"If I but know what words or prayers could soften you, father—what memories, what feel-lings to appeal to, I would pour forth my soul in supplication at your foct, ask of you not to cut me off in life's morning, but to restore mo again to that blessed outward world which by my own folly I have forfeited?"

"And for what purpose girl?" he asked, bending his black brows till they almost met together. "Till you would reveal the secret your unnatural and mad curiosity has discovered and hand me over at the same time to the mer-lets of the law, another illustration of the sage profundity of the proverb, murder will out, quoted by you less than a week ago with such significance. I might have guessed something strange lay latent under the spirit of violent in-subordination you displayed so suddenly and so feurlessiy.'

"Futher! father! think not I could be guilty under any circumstances of such unfilled and monstrous conduct? O have pity on mo! I am so young, and death in this living grave would be so terrible! I would go far away from Tre-maine Court, if necessary, cross the sea even; assume a fictitious name—do anything you

Mr. Tremaine still maintained a moody silence but Mrs. Stukely harshly said:

"None of these things are necessary. Mr. Tremaine exacts from you for his protection, and indeed to a great extent mine, nothing save a solemn promise, rather an oath, that you will observe inviolable secrecy regarding all you have seen or learned in this vault. Whose bones do you believe those to be in the chest yonder ?"

yonder?"

"My mother's," rejoined the girl, her pale face grawing of a still ghastlier pallor.

"I divined you thought as much from the words I overheard you utter, when I entered here so unexpectedly, last night. Well, knoel and aways to observe the secretary we ask by

those mouldering relies; for if there is any thing you will hold sucred, it will be them." Mr. Tremaine turned his head aside as his daughter tremblingly obeyed, but the house keeper glared down at her with a strange bale

thought or design.
"We will return now to the upper world," she curtly resumed, "and you will start for school this afternoon. I have but one counsel to give

that seemed to musk some hidden

you, remember your oath!" Whilst Mrs. Stukely was still speaking, Mr. Tremaine, abruptly left the vault; Lillian on a sign from her female companion hesitatingly followed scarcely able to realize that she was free, and the housekeeper herself brought up the rear closing and locking the different doors behind them.

"If your sister should be awake," the latter warningly said or have missed you through the night, make up some plausible excuse to account for your absence. I wish too that Margaret should help me to clean out your father's foom to-day, and naturally we desire you should avoid all private intercourse with her.

Lilling bowed assent, feeling the injunction was to a certain extent just, though unnecessary after the binding outh she had taken. As they passed into the corridor which led from the dis maleast wing to the inhabited part of the house and the girl once again emerged into full suc shine and liberty, the fervent exclamation

My God I thank Thee !" escaped her lips.

shine and liberty, the fervent exclamation:
"My God I thank Thee "escaped her lips.
The housekeeper overheard the words and they brought again to her hard cruel face the undefinable sinister smite or rather sneer that it had already worn once or twice in the vault, but fortunately for Lillian's peace of mind, she did not perceive it. Evil it certainly portended to the youngest daughter of Tremaine but in what sape or at what time Mrs. Stakely horself alone know.

From the day that Lillian had so dauntiessly braved her father's wrath and the housekeeper's power, a vague uneasy feeling had pervaded the mind of the latter that the young girl had in some unknown way obtained possession of a portion of the secrets of Tremaine Court; or else had had her suspicions awakened in some unaccountable manner. Still those misglyings were so vague and misty that they would probably have had no result but for one or two circumstances trivial in themselves that led to the most unexpected and scrious consequences.

On arriving at Brompton the day on which

and thirst, a slow, lingering, awful death, doubly terrible in that it would be accompanied by ghastly ellence and darkness. And now a new clement of horror presented itself. An accidental glance at the lantern revealed the appalarment of the control of the con craved that her mother would procure for her at once a bottle of some dainty cordial of which the housekeeper generally made a small supply the housekeeper generally made a small supply every autum, and kept carefully put away in one of priv...e cupboards at Tremaine Court. Now there was no one in Mrs. Sampson's cottage but the nurse, a stranger who had never entered Tremaine Court in her life, so she could not be sent at night to rouse up the family, even for the purpose of satisfying the invalid's wish. There was no alternative but that of Mrs. Stukely's returning herself. Without an impatient look or murmur, she dreve back the dreary distance through the thick murky night, and softly let herself into the house with Mr. Tremaine's intel key which she generally kept for her own hitch key which she generally kept for her own sorvice. Straight she went to the closet where the one lantern the house possessed usually hung, it being more convenient and safe for a night visit to the closely filled cupboard, or ra-ther side pantry, but she recoiled in astonishment-the lantern was no longer there.

Why that very morning she had seen it suspended on its accustomed nall where indeed it had remained for months past, being rarely used. Who had taken it and for what purpose?

That she must find out at once. Softly she stole up-stairs and in passing the room occupied by the sisters she gently opened it and looked in. Pale but wrapped in tranquil sleep Margaret Tremaine's face rested on the pillow, but where was Lillian? Mrs. Stukely's heart gave a great bound, and intuitively her already direct was presented. bound, and intuitively her already dimly aroused suspicions pointed to the truth. Hastily she sought Mr. Tremaine's room and entered, fearless of awaking him, for she know from experience that he usually profitted of her absence to drink himself into a state of stupor that lasted till morning.
As she laid divined, the keys were gone. Tak.

ing up her lamp again she turned her steps, with pule lips resolutely set, in the direction of the east wing, finding as she had anticipated, the long closed, long barred doors of that portion of the building all open before her. Down she went, revolving on her way thoughts worthy in their cruel windstiveness of a fond out of in their cruel vindictiveness of a flend, and at times lesing sight of the dreadful consequences that might ensue from the discovery of the se-crets of the vault, in the satisfaction she felt at seeing the high spirited dauntless girl whom she hated as evil natures hate those they have in-jured, given over, bound and helpless as it were, into her power.

What passed during the short interval she re-

what passed during the short interval she remained in the vault we already know.
Returned again to the inhabited part of the mansion, a moment's reflection decided her on the course she was to pursue. Roger Tremaine, she remained that the course she was to pursue. she remembered with a look of angry disgust, would not be fit for held conversation till the heavy sleep of in exication in which he was plunged, would be at its term; meantime her plunged, would be at its term; meantime ner sick daughter would be anxiously looking for the cordial, so the best thing to be done was to procure the latter and bring it to her at once. Airs. Stukely could return to Tremaine Court by day break, and decide then with the master of the house what course to pursue, consigning meanwhile the keys of the east wing to the depths of her capacious pocket as a place of cer-tain security, all of which details as we have seen she closely followed out.

Margaret Tremaine was still sleeping when

Margaret Tremaine was still sleeping when Lillian after her liberation from the vault, softly stole into the bed-room they shared in common, resolving if possible to make her morning ablutions before the slum berer twoke, so that they might restore to the countenance something of its usual colour and expression.

The eldest sister's only remark on awaking was: "Lillian dear how very rale and ill you

was: "Lillian dear how very pale and ill you

Mrs. Stukely's voice was here heard calling sharply from the foot of the stairs for Lillian to go down and help with breakfast, a summons instantly obeyed. Owing to the housekeeper's tactics the girls were kept apart the greater portion of the day and no opportunity of private conversation allowed. With the same pallid cheek, careworn look and vaguely troubled eyes that had distinguished her all day Lillian hade her sister farewell, and then with her father, Mrs. Stukely and the shambling awkward driver set off.

Their conveyance was a hackney coach, weather stained, and with cushions and lining whose original line had merged with a tint for which even an artist could not have found a name. The only point in its favor was that the portince. At a very dingy hotel in the immediate vicinity of the depot they alighted, and Mr. Tremaine informed the obsequious landlord who stood bowing in the doorway that they would rest awhile and take suppor there, pro ceeding afterwards, despite wind or rain, to Beech Grove Seminary their destination, which lay some seven miles farther on.

In due time supper was served, but as it consisted of smoky ten, cold, scorehod toast, and half cooked raneld ham, the travellers supped but lightly, Mrs. Stukely then rose declaring her intention of going on a short shopping excursion to purchase some trilling articles for Lillian which she had forgotten to procure at Brompton the day previous. Lillian on her invitation accommunied her.

(To be continued.)

Ilans.—Nontross is the first consideration which makes a hand attractive. No matter how long, bony, or large-hanted and anshapely, if it is clean, and the inger-naise property cared for, a hand can never look diegusting.

A solt warm. Plable hand has great power and fascination. There is character in a large band, many times far greater thun in a tiny one. A hand corresponding in size to the rost of the body is much liner than the little fat, dimpled hands so many are grant of who passesses, and others cave the passession. It is equally as nonsensical to squeeze the hands into gloves a size too small, as to pinch the feet it light boots.

A very small nose is considered insignificant, while

THE GOLD-FINGERED BRAHMIN. A HINDOO TALE.

BY JOHN G. BAXE.

A famous merchant, who had made
A fine estate by honest trade
With foreign sountries,—by mischance,
(The failure of a firm in France
And several cargoes lost at sen,)
Became as poor as poor could be;
Of all his riches saving maught.
Except, indeed, the pleasing thought
Of sonorous deeds in botter days,
Which some romembered to his praise.
Of those, a Brahmin, who land known
The ascredant cre his wealth had flown,
And how he helped the sick and poor,
Entered, one day, his open deer,
And said, "My friend! I know vow well;
Your former state; and what befoil
That all was lost; and well I know
Your noble life, and fain would show
(Since I have power—Heaven be adored!)
How all your wealth muy be restored.
Now please attend: Whone'er you see
A Brahmin who resembles me
In looks and dress, (and such an one
Will enter here at set of sun,)
Just strike him on the forchead-thrice;
And to! his fineers. In a trice,
Will turn to solid gold! Of these
Out off as many as you please,
(Tho ten will make a goodly sum,)
And thus the Brahmin-form will come
Whenever you have used of gold.
Consider well what I have told!"
With this, the Brahmin-form well come
Whenever you have used of gold.
Consider well what I have told!"
With this, the Brahmin went away,
And, sure enough, at close of day,
A stranger, like the other, came,—
So like, indeed, he seemed the same,—
And sat him down; and quick as thought,
Aud all his ingers turn to gold!
O wondrous sight!—And now behold
The happy merchant rich once more
As in his thrifty days of yore!

A barber, carious to know
Whones all this sudden wealth might flow,
By watching, morning, meen and night,
The ollow reasoned, "thrice as much
As if a single man I touch:
The magic Brahmin brought to light:
And straight he called three Brahmins in,
And bade them sit: "For so I'll win."
The follow reasoned, a thrice as much
As if a single man I touch:
The more the men, the more the gold!
I'll have as much as I can hold
I'll have as much as I can hold
I'll have as much as I can hold
I'll have as much as I can lo

To all who read this pleasant tale,
The barber's fate may serve to teach,
How saidly instances fail
Who aim at things beyond their reach i

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THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI .- (Continued.)

In such a party, if Mr. Harcross had chosen to eat his dinner in comparative silence, he might have done so with impunity. There were plenty of people to talk; and Georgie's aunt, Mrs. Chowder, whom he took in to dinner, was not exacting so long as the ministering spirits of the banquet brought her the nicest entrées, and not the ruined walls of the vol-auvents, or the legs of the chickens. "I can't dine without currie," she told her neighbour confidentially, "and I can't dine without hitter beer. I know it sounds dreadful; but I was twenty years in India, and use is second twenty years in India, and use is second nature, you know. I don't know whether you noticed it, but there was no grated coccanut in that currie. I must give Georgian's cook poor dear Chowder's recipe; a copy of it, that is to say. The original document is in his own handwriting, and I keep it among the letters he wrote me when I came home for my

While Mrs. Chowder enjoyed her dinner, name. The only point in its favor was that the roof and sides seemed rain proof, a considerable however, Mr. Harcross did not abandon him-advantage to judge from the low black clouds gathering in the far off horizon, announcing in all probability a wet stormy evening. On the his best and bitterest things, to the de ight of party journeyed in unbroken silence till they reached Cheswick Junction, a railway terminus and military to that his pack, and watching his unper basides of some manufacturing iman admiring circle, talking much more than at Clevedon a very pleasant business. There usual; not hanging back, and watching his opportunity to flash in upon the tak with interesting rules in that fair garden of Engspeech as keen as a sword-thrust, after the land; and Lady Clevedon's visitors were manner of some dinner-table wits, but making all the talk at his end of the table; and sustaining it with unabated vigour.

Weston Vallory, who was sented at Augusta's left hand, was not slow to observe this extreme vivacity.

"How lively your husband is to-night!" he said to Mrs. Ha cross: "he has almost a

"I suppose he wishes to make himself agreeable to our friends," Augusta answered, in her chilling way, but with a little suspicious glance across the table towards her husband nevertheless. "He is not generally dull in

"O, dear no; on the contary, he is a man who seems created to shine in society. It's a nity that type of man always seems to lose a ittle in the domestic circle."

Augusta flashed one of her sternest glances upon her cousin; but he was as much accustomed to the angry flash of those brilliant hazel eyes as sho was to this kind of malicious

insinuation against her husband. "I don't know what you mean by losing in the domestic circle," she said stifly; "I nover find Hubert at a loss for conversation at home'

"Really now," said Weston, with his insolent incredulous air, "I should have thought that even Canning or Sydney Smith must have been rather had company at home. A man of that kind wants such a dinner as this to develop his powers. Though, by the bye, there really is no one here, and that's why I felt surprised by Harcross's excessive vivacity. I can't see the source of his inspiration. What can it matter to him whether those girls in blue think him a wit or a dullard; or that old Indian General, or the stout party in green satin—an aunt of the house, I believe? What kudos can he get from amusing all these

"It is just possible that he may wish to please my friends," replied Augusta, with dignity. "You cannot suppose that a man in his position must always have a motive for being agreeable. He is not upon his promo-

"No, he is one of those infernal lucky fellows who have only to open their mouths for manua to fall into them."

"He has worked harder than most men, and has more talent than most men, Weston. I den't see that there is any luck in the case."

"Don't you? Was there no luck in marrying

you? What is there to distinguish him from the ruck of mankind, that should entitle him to such a prize as he secured when he won you? How provokingly devoted you are to the fellow, Augustu!

"Weston, I will not allow you to talk in that style."

"O, come now, Augusta; I'm sure I behave myself remarkably well, but a man can't always be dumb. It provokes me past endu-rance sometimes to see you so fond of him" "Indeed! I had supposed myself amongst the coldest of wives"

"Cold 1 Why, you blaze up like a volcano if one says a word against yonder demigod. He cannot do wrong in your sight. Why, I verily believe that if any awkward episode of his past life were to come to light, you'd accept the revelation as a matter of course, and go on adoring him."

"I really wish you would not use such absurd words, Weston—"demigod" and "adoration!" Of course I am attached to my husband. Our marriage was one of inclination, as you know, and Hubert's conduct from first to last has been most conscientions and disinterested. With regard to his past life, I doubt if I have the slightest right to question that, although I should be naturally grieved to discover that he had over been unything less than I believe him to be, a man of high moral character."

"Upon my word, Augusta, you are a model wife. But suppose now, during your engagement to him, at the very time when you were keeping company, as the maid-servants say, there had been any little episode—a rustic ilirtation, for instance, which developed into something of a more serious character—how

This time Mrs. Harcross grew suddenly pale

even to the very lips.

I will never speak to you again, Weston," she said, without raising her voice in the least degree, "unless you immediately apologise for that shameful insinuation."

"My dear Augusta, I was only putting a cause. I will beg your pardon a thousand times over, if you like, I had no idea of offending you."

You always offend me when you talk of my husband. I request that for the future you will abstain from speaking of him."

"I expunge his name from my vocabulary. From this moment he shall be as sacred in my eyes as the Llama of Thibet, or those nameless goddesses whom the Greeks worshipped in fear and trembling. I could endure anything rather than your anger, Augusta."

"Then pray do not provoke it by any more silly speeches about Hubert. Lady Clevedon

is rising; will you give mo my fan, please? I dropped it just now. Thanks."

Her colour had come back by this time.

That insinuation of Weston's was of course, like all the rest of his malicious speeches, the meaningless emanation of a jealous soul. She had grewn accustomed to the idea that this cousin of hers should be thus bitter upon the subject of her marriage. She knew what a crushing disappointment that marriage had been to him, and was hardly inclined to be angry with him for being still devoted to her, heart and soul; still jealous of the winner. Where else, indeed, could she have found such faithful service, such unflagging zeal?

"Poor Weston," she used to say to her con-fidantes, "he would go through fire and water

And through fire and water Weston Vallory was quite prepared to go, with one end and aim held steadily in view.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"ON PLEASURE BENT."

Summer skies and summer woods, quaint rarely at home for luncheon, but were to be found at that social hour either picnicking on the smooth turf in the chancel of a dilapidated abbey, or roughing it in the sanded best parlour of some rustle inn, or camping on the summit of a hill, with a Turneresque landscape spreading wide beneath, and melting into the blue sky beyond an opposite range of wooded hills twenty miles away. Sir Francis Clevedon's horses, and such job-

horses as were to be hired in the village of Kingsbury, had rather a hard time of it during these festivities, and may reasonably have wished thomselves in any other state of life. Little rest had they in the gloomy, substantial old stables, in the spacious quadrangle, where near-trees and vellow issuine climbed over the dark red-brick walls, and a great clock clanged the hours, half-hours, and quarters, with a dissonant clang that outraged the summer quiet. As soon as the cheery, lounging breakfast was over, the morning papers read, and perhaps a stray game of billiards indulged in, while the ladles were dressing for the day's excursion, preparations for the start began on the broad gravel drive in front of the porch. Matrons were duly stowed into landau and barouche; maidens came tripping down the stone steps in riding-gear, with chimney-pot hats perched connectishly on wonderful structures of puffed and plaited hair; adventurous spirits, eager to drive doubtful horses in tittuppy dog-carts, paused for the signal for departure; dogs barked, footmen and grooms an to and fro, carrying shawls and sun umbrellas; ponderous baskets of comestibles were hung on to the heavier carriages; and at last, Georgie having mounted a mail-phaeton with her husband, in defiance of etiquette, the gay procession moved merrily off at a dashing pace down the long avenue, whose glories have been somewhat thinned by Sir Lucas, but which is still a noble alley.

"I will drive with you, Frankie," says the young wife, nestling under her husband's elbow. "What a tall creature you are up there! I would sooner stay at home ut once than sit and prose in that stuffy landau, while you rattled on a quarter of a mile before us, smok-



been there I would never have been here, where I'm just as comfortable and happy as the Queen." Mrs. Cox led the way first into one room and then another until, in one of the drawing-rooms, which she told him had not been touched yet, only dusted, because it was to be re-furnished, and there was no use of doing any-where everything was to be thing to a room where everything was to be new, Catchem spird a small writing portfolio, in which the paper seemed to have been hastily put in, and was protruding at one end.

was a drag round my neck every day I was in it; but you see, Mr. Catchem, if I had never

Mr. Catchem felt weakly at once, and, sitting down, asked in a faint voice if he could have a glass of water; would she take the trouble to see that it was fresh from the spring? "Surely, Mr. Catchem, surely, I'll get it for

The good woman bustled out in search of

fresh water, saying to herself:

"Deary me, poor man, he always did look grey and miserable like; I daresay it's that that made him so cross and fretful with

(To be continued.)

THE REPORTURIAL INQUISITION.

We do not know what punishment the council of war wild indiction Marshal Bazaine, but we do know what, in the meantime, the de-fender of Metz is subjected to a terrible ordeal. fender of Meiz is subjected to a terrible ordeal. Torturing, quartering, hot from applied to the soles of his feet, in short, all the punishments of antiquity and the middle ages, were nothing compared with that M. Bazaine is condomned to submit to at this moment.

It may be called the terments of reporterage.

M. Bezaine is the victim of the reporters of the

M. Bazaine is the victim of the reporters of the fifteen or twenty Paris dailles.

At six o'clock in the morning a reporter presents himself to the Marghal. "Excuse me, monsieur, for waking you so

Do you come from my counsel?"

a No, monsterr; I come in the interest of Le Phare Pétrolien, the most enterprising journal published in Parls. On your account we shall publish three editions to day, and even a fourth if it be necessary. Ah, monsieur, you are a greater success than Troppmaun."

The Marshal does not seem to be flattered by the comparison.

The chronicler now begins to ask questions

and to take notes:

" How did you sleep last night ?" " Very well."
" By your leave."

What are you doing?"

M king a sketch of your bed. There, that will suffice, I think. Did you dream?"

What?"

"I don't remember."

· That's a pity; but I will invent a dreamsomething quite remarkable. You dreamed, for example, that you were at Metz, and that you were killed leading a column against the besidener."

"You will be satisfied with my invention, never fear. Did Madame is Marechale come to see you last evening?"
"Yes."

"Did you kiss her?"
"Cortainly."
"On which cheek?"

"What has that—"
"Oh, that is very important, monsieur."
"Well, I kissed her on the forehead."

"Excellent. I am much obliged, and, by your leave, will call again, by-and-by."

About twelve o'clock, just as the marshal is sitting down to his dijener, the reporter re-

Do not put yourself out of the way, Monsieur le Marcohal, I beg. Go on, please, as though I were not here. I arrive in the middle of your déjouner. I am sorry."
"Why so?"

"I intended to arrive at the beginning."

No; in order to know what you breakfasted

"All the dishes are still on the table "Très-bien! An omelet, stewed kidnoys, asparagus. All prepared to your taste?"

"The omelet was a little overdone."

"An! And how is your appetito?"

"Who cares to know..."

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Marcehal, you have no idea how these particulars interest our readers. When, for example, we were able to give the bill of are of Troppmann's dinner, we could safely increase our edition ten thousand.

hat are you doing now?" "Making a sketch of your dining-room."

At about four o'clock 1. M. the reporter calls

How have you spent the time since I left

"Walking in the garden."

"Alone?"
"No; with one of my aides-de-camp."

"Have you read the papers?

"One only, La Pairie."
"I will make a hasty sketch of your garden, and return at seven o'clock for the bill of fare of your dinner."

At cleven o'clock the reporter, in spite of every obstacle, makes his way into the Mar-shal's sleeping apartment. M. Bazaino sits up in bed to receive his visi-

tor.
"Ah! how fortunate! I arrive just at the pro-

per moment. "Are you golug to pester me long in this

"Until the day you are condemned."

M. Bazaino roplics with a grimace.

"You will allow me to sit down in this chair," says the chronicler; "I will retire when you put out your candle. En attendant, I will make a

sketch of your nightcap."
Were I the Marshal's judge, I would condemn
him to pass the remainder of his life under the surveillance of the reporters. ADRIEN HUART.

It rather hit the nail on the head when a lady on being asked what she thought was the meaning of the words, "the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," answered that, in her opinion, "it was bedbugs."

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

"A TRAVELLER" writes to the London Daily News that the petrification of human flesh is not a new art in Italy, and that in the hospital at Florence there is a table apparently of pietra dura-hard stor: -the different stones of which are, in fact, petrif. : slices of human flesh.

of bussen fiesh.

Stram Paviour's Ramer.—A pavior's rammer, actuated by steam, has recently been employed in the Rue Chaptal, Paris. This mechanical appliance is the invention of Mr. Ligner, and consisted a small Lonoir portable dankey ongine that operates a heavy steel rammer. The rapidity of execution of the work results in great economy of labour, and is said to more than compensate for the outlay on cost and fuel.

fuel.

The Board of Health of one of the towns on Long Island has forbidden the use of fish as a fortilizer within a certain specified distance of residences unces plowed in as soon as applied to the land; which indicates that the custom of allowing lish so used to lie upon the surface for some days must be deluterious to the health of persons in the vicinity. It is popularly believed, on many parts of Long Island, that residents of a district where the soil has been enriched with fish are more liable to be attacked by lockjaw, in the event of accident.

Separating Water from Stram—The invention of

lockjaw, in the event of accident.

Separating Water from Steam—The invention of Mr. James Shepherd, of Manchester, relates to apparatus for separating water from steam before admission to the engine-cylinder. The steam flows from the steam-pipe into a chamber divided into two parts by an upright partition, and containing a deflector formed with louver bars, or with inclined slots or perforations, which deflect the steam downwards into a water-chamber, where the steam parts with its water. The steam then rises on the other side of the partition, and re-enters the steam-pipe, or flows to the said pipe through the spaces between a number of metal rods, which assist in the aforesaid separation.

of metal rods, which assist in the aforesaid separation.

The most extraordinary stories have appeared in regard to the antural history discoveries and by the Australian eclipse expedition of December last, which, it will be remembered, lailed to see the oclipse by reason of the cloudiness of the sky. Mr. Foord says they dredged up from the sea bottom a piece of foral, on which was found crawling a creature with the body of a fish, "but wonderful to relate, it had in the place of lins four logs, terminated by what you might call hands, by means of which it made its way rapidly over the cenal reef. When placed on the sky-light of the stoemer, the fish stood up on its four legs, a sight to behold!" We should think so. Fortunately this remarkable specimen has been preserved for scientifie description. Another member of the party describes the rate on an island where they encamped, as "of every color from black to yellow, and some tortoise-shell." The discovery of four-handed fish and speckled rate ought to solace these gentlemen for the loss of the celipse.

Something Abour Tologres.—Nothing, observes

four-handed fish and speckled rats ought to solace these gentlemen for the loss of the celipse.

Something about To ours.—Nothing, observes Hall's Journal of Health, but the probose of an elephant, compares in muscular flowbility with the tongue. It varies in length and size in reptiles, birds, and manumalia, according to the peculiar organic circumstances of each. A gireffe's tongue has the functions of a finger. It is hooked ever a high branch, its strength being equal to breaking off large strong branches of trees, from which the tender leaves are then sirpiped. An ant-hour's tongue is long and round, like a whip-lash. The animal tears open dry, clay walls of ant-hills, thrusts in his tongue, which sweeps round the apartments, and by its addesive saliva brings out a yard of auts at a swoop. The mechanism by which it is protruded so far is both complicated and beautiful. A dog's tongue in lapping water takes a form by a mere act or volition that cannot be instanted by any ingenious mechanism. The human tangue, in the articulation of language, surpasses in varioty of motions the wildest output in the process of t

FARM ITEMS.

A Wisconsin man tells the Western Poundogist how he secures, at very small cost, some of the advantages of the hot-bed: I procure a lot of shallow boxes and fill with rich dirt, such as will not easily pack or bake on top. I place these on the dumphil, where it is formenting, and with some more boxes for covers my hot-bed is done! Can you heat it for changes, ponemy, convenience, or any other ossential point?

sential point?

FINEST THE HARVEST.—The better plan is to finish each field as you go, but we can not always do just what we know to be best. In the hurry of harvest, and with fewer men than we need, it is sometimes accessary to "get the biggest of it." and trust to finding time to clear up afterwards. As soon as: the main bulk of tite crops is secured: a farmer is very apt to reliax his exertions. This should be guarded against. There should be not up until overything is finished. Then take a rest and enjoy yourself.

is finished. Then take a rost and enjoy yourself.

Cow that IRAKS HER MILK.—Ira-Woolson asks for a remedy for a cow that leaks her milk. It is senetimes prevented by placing an India rubber ring around the teat alter milking. Another way is to milk the cow three times a day. Another way, often practiced, is to apply a small quantity of colloin to the end of the teat after milking. This forms at once a thin, tough membrane or skin, which will provent leakage, and is easily removed before milking. Collodion may be had at the druggists.—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

Rural New Yorker.

A MAN fortunate enough to own 100, 200 or 500 acros of land should not, says the Farmer's Home Journal, be so contracted in his views as to suppose that the chief end of his existence is to make monoy. With a family around him, secured against want or embarrassment, he should give his attention to beautifying his grounds, to rendering his home more cheerful, and the cultivation of an aesthetic tasto which will bring to himself, his wife and children a rich contentment that will endear the spot called home to the hearts of each one, and bind them together in a fonder and more endearing union.

Thrashing.—If the grain is safe in the bars, we

THEASHING.—If the grain is safe in the bars, we should be in no hurry to thrash. It is not probable that wheat will rule permanently lower during the next twolve months than at the present time. We do not say that it will be higher. We are not urging farmers to hold on their grain, but simply not to be in a hurry to thrash, unless there is some object to be gained. Wheat keeps far botter in the straw than in the granary, and it is fur better not to thrash until the straw or grain is needed. But where grain has to be stacked, and where thatching is not practiced, it is better to thrash as early as possible.

OATS.—This is generally the last

better to thrash as early as possible.

Oats.—This is generally the last grain crop to harvest. Where the straw is used for fedder, it is well to cut the crop before the eats get fally ripe. Or where eats and straw are to be all cut up together and fed to horses, the crop may be out while there is considerable "mitk" in the grain. In this case it is necessary to be very careful in curing. Un the whole, we are inclined to think that the better plan is to let the oats stand until they are nearly or quite ripe. The grain will be heavier, and less time is required for curing. Maci., hewever, depends on circumstances. If we are likely to have settled hot weather, we should prefer to let the oats stand until quite ripe. Oats are not unrequently damaged by being drawn in before they are sufficiently cured, especially after they have been exposed to rain. It is important that the outs are perfectly dry inside and outside the sheaves and at the butts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRANKL ADAMS. - Plouse sond address.

PENSYTH.--There is a letter for you at address given. A. P. J.—The Crown Prince of Prussia is a printer by trade.

eer by trade.

STUDEN:—The title "doctor" was first used in the twelfth century.

TEMPUS.—Almanacs were first published in Buda, Poland, by Martin Ikus in 1470.

A. E. Jarvis.—" To a Departed One" will boused.
"To a Lover" is respectfully declined.

Miss, Toronto.—In the seventeenth contary the opithet "miss," applied to females, was considered a term of represent.

F. Adams.—You do not give your address. Send along your manuscript; we are not alraid of mistakes. We are used to them.

PLAY-GORE.—The "Black Crook" was originally produced at Niblo's Theatre, New York, on 15th September, 1885, and ran 474 nights, the gross receipts being \$764,000.

J. H. W.—The term "tramways" is derived from Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, in Dorbyshire, who in 1800 used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. As this plan was pretty generally adopted the roads became known as "Outram roads," and subsequently, for brevity's sake "tram-roads," afterwards corrupted to "tramways."

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

FEGERN SANGARER.—Nothing can be more refroshing at the dinner-table in hot wenther than claret or port wine made into sungaree with proportions of water, sugar, and nutneg as taste shall direct, then frozen, with the addition of a few whites of egg beaton to a froth. Send to table exactly as you would known punch.

roman punch.

French Rolls or Twist.—One quart of lukewarm milk, a teaspoonful of salt, a teasupful of yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. When very light, add a beaten ogg and two tablespeconfuls of butter, and knead in flour until stiff enough to roll. Let it rise again, and when very light, roll out and cut in strips and braid it. Bake thirty minutes on buttered time.

CAUTION ABOUT POTATORS.—As a contemporary justly remarks:—"The use of potatics is a proventative against scury, if not an actual cure for it. Potatoes that have been exposed to the air, and have become green, are unwholesome, and new potatoes—i. e., unripe one—have much to do with the provalence of cholora, and such like discusses, during the summer months."

CURRANT SHRUB.—Fill a stone jar with rod currants, stripped from their stone. Pince the jar in a kettle of water. Let the water boil around the jar until the juice is well extracted. Let it drip then through a flannel jelly-big. To each pint of clear juice add a pound of white sugar and half a gill of best brandy. Cork up tight. Use as a summor beverage, mixed with ice-water.

verage, mixed with ico-water.

PIOKLED CHERRIES.—Take the largest and finest red chorries fully ripe. Morellas are the best. Either remove the stems entirely, or out them short, within two inches of the fruit. Have ready a large glass jar. Kill it two-thirds with fresh newly-gathered chorries and then fill up to the top with the bevinegar. Keep it well covered, and it both fruit and vinegar are of excellent quality, no boiling is necessary, and no spice, as the cherry flavor with be retained, and they will not shrivel.

[Index Press Corp.—Take two quarts of steek made.]

tained, and they will not shrivel.

GREN PA Sore.—Take two quarts of stock made from bones; when it boils, throw in half a tenspoonful of sugar, two ounces of butter, inif a tenspoonful of sait, and a quart of ready-shelled peas. Let all boil rapidly for twenty minutes, then shred up the hearts of two lettuces, and add a tenspoonful of dried and powdered mint, or a good spray of green mint. Let the soup boil for ton minutes longer; then tenspoonful of flour and a little cold water, mix tegether, strain and add to the soup, if not sufficiently thick. The spray of mint must be taken out before sending to table.

to table.

ROMAN PUNCH.—Take two pounds of best loufsingar; beat fine the poels of three conages; then add
the junce of eight or ten cranges, one quart of water,
and lennen juice in such proportion as to give a dash
of acidity without making positively sour. Now mass
through a this cleth. Whip up the whites of four
oggs, and mix in well. To ten punch glasses and half
a tumblorful of rom. Freeze it, and serve up in
punch glasses set around the table in an urn or patcher after the company are
geated, and let each person help himself. Roman
punch comes in just after you commence the mean
dinner, or after you remove the meant—like Champagne, and to take the place of sangarou—not as a
dessort, or with dessort.

PRESERVING FRUITS.—As the season for preserv-

dimor, or after you remove the ments—like Champangne, and to take the place of sangarou—not as a dessort, or with dessort.

PRESERVING FAUTS.—As the season for preserving fruits is at hand, we print the following which we find in one of our exchanges, for the beneat of our lady friends:

Our native fruits, both wild and cultivated, furnish an exhaustible supply of the propper ingredients for the making of all kinds of preserves. We give a low tried recipes for their manufacture, and trust that they may be used extensively to the exclusion of the unhealthy compounds that we are so prone to patronize:

Jelies of Strawberries and Eliackberries.—Bruise the fruit, put in a thin cloth, and allow to strain over night. Next morning add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice, boil twenty minutes.

Fig. Jelly.—Wash, and add water sufficient strain; add half a pound of sugar to be fruit, boil twenty minutes; strain, then add sugar and boil as above.

Fig. Jelly.—Wash, and add water sufficient to cover the fruit, bird twenty minutes; strain, then add sugar and boil as above.

Wild Crab Apple.—Cover the fruit with w. ter and boil until soft, then strain; add one pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Siberian Crab Apple.—Proceed as for preceding, but add only one-half pound of sugar to each pint.

Haw.—Cover with water, boil until tolt, mash, strain and add a balf a pound of sugar to each pint.

Haw.—Cover with water, boil until tolt, mash, strain and add a balf a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; built wenty minutes.

Brandy Fanches.—One pound of sugar to each pint of pint of juice.

Plum.—Mash, boil, strain; half pound of sugar to pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

Brandy Fanches.—One pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; built fruit until soft, mash the syrup gain until the right consistency put the peaches in the jurt the safety.—Twelve pounds of fruit, six pounds of sugar, and quart of eider vinegar, cloves and einnand. Let the fruit boil in above until soft; take of sug

ogs.

"Plum Preserve.—Plums are equally good done in molasses as sugar. If sugar is used, take an equal quantity of fruit and sugar. Make a clear syrup and boil the plums gently forty minutes. They will require heating over once if to be kept. Beech plums are very excellent prepared in this way, as well as for pies.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

GRIEVING for misfortunes is adding gall to worm-wood.

Go not for every grief to the physician, for every quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the bowl.

True picty is not a morose, but a cheerful thing; whilst it makes us joylul, it delivers us from frivolity yet it causes us to be pleasant.

THERE are two kinds of gaioty; the one arises from There are two kinds of galoty; the one arises from want of heart, being touched by no pity, sympathising with no pain, even of its own causing; it shines and glitters like a frest-bound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from a heart overflowing with kindliness towards all men and all things; and suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it causes, from the happiness which it sees.

which it sees.

There are a thousand engaging ways which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the carnest movement in addressing a friend, or mere especially a strunger who may be recommended to us, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regard of all. There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or wenner, adds a charm that is even more irresistible than

beauty.

A CULTIVATED tasto marks a woman of elegance and refinement. Mon may be, and probably are, superior to women in all that requires profound thought and general knowledge; but, in the arrangements of a house and the introduction of ornamontal furuiture and articles of biouteric, there can be no doubt of the innate superiority of women. Every one must have remarked the difference in the furnishing of a bacholor's house and one where a ludy presides: the thousand little elegances of the latter, though nothing in themselves, adding, like eighers, predigiously to the value of the solid articles they are appended to.

Life heaft us on like a stream of a mighty river.

prodigiously to the value of the solid articles they are appended to.

Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our beat at first glides down the narrow channel through the playful murmurs of the little brook and the winding of the grassy borders. The trees show their blossoms ever our young heads; the flowers on the bank seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagely at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a deoper and wider flood, amid objects more striking and inagnificent. We are animated at the moving picture of enjoymentand industry passing around us—are excited at some shortlived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be ship-wreeked — we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the rear of the ocean is in our curs, and the tessing of waves beneath our feet, and the land lessons frum our eyes, and the floods are litted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Poor Gas.-" A burning shame." QUERY.-Does a clock's hands got its gloves on lick.

To Rowens.—Can a dead man steer his own A SMALL girl defined dust as " mud with the Juice squeezed out."

How can we part? as the barber said to his bald-readed customer.

How to Thavel, Chearly,-Get wrapped up in a novel, and go by book-post.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.—Why is love like a points? Because it becomes less by pa(i)ring. POPULAR DELUSION—That "boys will be hoys;" for, if they live long emough, they will be men. Why are some men like musical-glasses?—lie-cause, to got at their best tones, you must keep them

"The prisoner has a very smooth countenance,"

-"Yes; he was ironed just before, he was brought

n. That accounts for it."

A MAN having a cock that was much given to crowing by night as well as by day, gave him the name of Robinson. The reason was because Robinson Crusee. Is the weather does not grow coder very soon, Mr. Fahrenheit, in justice to his patrons, should at once add a second story with a Mansard roof to his thermometer.

Who are the most discontented of all tradesmen?

—Black miths: for their bellows and blows are always going, and they are striking for wages all the
year round. OLD Gent to hay--" Did you over fight in the wrong?" Boy--" Often." Gent--" Dear me, why?" Boy--" Didn't know until Lot the worst of it that I had got old of the wrong follow."

MARKED life haz its chances, and thiz is just what gives it flavor. Everybody tuve to phool with the chances, bekans everybody expects to win. But I am authorized tew state that everybody don't win.—

Josh. Hillings.

ACOUNTIYMAN wont to see his lady-love, and, wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermomokron is twenty degrees below zelon this even-in."." 'Yes." innocently replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

A CONNECTICUT lover, young and outhusinstic, who sang and played for nourly two house before the house of his lady love the other evening, was electrified—that is, shocked—after a short pause, by a cordial "Thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other follow," who appeared at the window.

SENING INSPECTION.—An oditor thinks, from the manner in which shirts are made in this city, there ought to be an inspection of sewing. He says he went to the expense of a new hirt the other day, and found himself when he awoke in the morning crawling out from between two of the shortest stitches.

(INE Bladest) (Ha. inc. the Alle American)

ing out from between two of the shostest stitches.

ONE Blodgett (Blo-jny, the dite pronounce it), of Detroit, bounced from his little conch on the morning of the Glorious Fourth, animated with the resolve to fire his old masket 1000 times that day. He did not by undit sundown, when the overstraited weapon flow into 1000 pieces, more or less, taking Blo-jay's scalp, nose, and one car us trophics.

Keense Lark Hours.—William S—is a tennster who is noted for keeping late hours, as he usually goes home at two octock in the morning. Well, one stormy night about a year ago William concluded to go hoose early, and accordingly he arrived at his house at just midnight. In answer to his knock his mother opened a window and inquired, "Who is there?"

William, "was the roply.

No." said sice, "you can't come that over me my Williams won't be home for two hours yet."

Pear Bill had to wait till his usual time.

By a squall in Delaware Bay last wook, while sail-

Pear Bill had to wait till his usuni time.

By a squall in Delaware Bay last week, while sailing in a yacht, two young men were overtaken. From the way things looked the capsizing of their craft was very near inevitable. "Bill," said one to the other, "this is serious business; can you pray 7" No. I can't to the heart of the other, "Well, you can sing a hymn, can't you? for tooks sake." "No; I can't sing here." "Well, we must do something religious. Take up a collection." To this Bill consented his companion's hat he deposited thirteen pennics, a cork-screw and a broken-bladed knife. As he did this the wind lulled, and the shallop made a successful landing.

Strak Excess Jores.—Engineer Stone, or "Old

it is the wind lulled, and the shallop made a successful landing.

STEAR EXGINE JORES.—Engineer Stone, or "Old Rock," as he is more generally called among his acquaintances, who run on the oast and of the Peorin and Oquawka Railroad, is a natural wag, dry as a chip. One day "leock" met with a party of the St.—Louis, Alton and Chiengo Railroads boys at l'corin junction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a unction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a unction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a unction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a unction, and so so in "That is very good," exclaimed Stone. "Here is to did Brush, otherwise Hodges, a perfect stick," "That is very good," exclaimed Stone. "Here is to did Brush, was seen of "Rock" he was pursuing a "2:40" gait toward his engine, and Hedges with a big stick close on his rear. This is not quite so good as the repartee of Nick Denton, while a division engineer on the Hinois Central, at a festival, several years ago, in De Witt County. A fellow, named Jack Wallace, gave as a toast, "The Two Nicks—Old Nick and Nick Denton." The table came down with a clatter. Nick arose, as grave as a judge, and when the noise had subsided, he said he fully appreciated the honor conferred on him in connection with Jack's most intimate friend! He hardly know how to requite the kindness, but as one good turn deserves another, he would give: "The Two Jacks—Jack Wallace and Jacksas I' Jack collapsed, and the company went into hysteries.

- MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Scott monument will be unveiled in Central Park on St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 33.

THE one hundred thousand volumes belonging to the Tycoon are to be turned into a public library for Yokohama.

THE Chicago barbers say they will do no work on Sunday, and pious citizens are asking, "What shall I do to be shaved?" A PAPER called the Meteor is published by the inmates of the Alabama insane asylum, and it is not so flighty a sheet as one would imagine, either.

An exchange says that if you hand a lady a news-paper with a serap out out of it, not a line of it will be read, but every bit of interest the paper possesses is centered in finding out what the missing scrap

opera-bouffe season recently, the manager denurred to her exorbitant terms, remarking that her income would be higher than that of a Marshal of France. "Well, then." said she, "got a Marshal of France to sing for you." WHEN Madame Schneider was engaged for an

My clit. then, "said sae, "get a harsand of France to sing for you."

M. De Saints-Bruve once fought a duel. When the principals took their positions it was raining hard. Sainte-Beuve und his pistol in one hand, and with the other held his umbrella. The seconds protested. "I have no objection to being killed," said he, "but as to being wet—ne?"

New type-setting and distributing machines are on exhibition in Londos, and in use in the Times office. The composing machine is worked by two boys, who can compose as fast as three highly skilled workmen, and the distributing machine, worked by one lad, can distribute rather faster than a highly skilled compositor.

There are now living of the family of the late Mr.

There are now living, of the family of the late Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hicks, of the town of Milan, nine daughters and two sons, whose ages are respectively as follows: 73, 71, 69, 67, 65, 63, 61, 59, 57, 55, 65—making the united ages of the living members of one family of brothers and sisters 63 years. We doubt if there is a parallel case to be found.

There who are unable to propure ice may find it

Those who are unable to produce ice may find it useful to know that if a jar or pitcher filled with water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cutton, and be constantly work the evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a low temperature. In India and other tropical countries where ise cannot be procured this experiment is common.

experiment is common.

On the 10th of October next a nuptial ceremony of much interest will be celebrated in Brooklyn—the silver wedding of Henry Ward Beecher with Plymouth Church. The jubilation will continue four days. The first will be the Sunday-school day. This will bring together between 2,000 and 3,000 children. It is also proposed to reassemble these who have at any time belonged to the school. On the second day it is proposed to have a reunion of all the present and past members of the church then living, their number set members of the church then living, their number being 3,210. The remaining days are to be devoted to appropriate exercises, including the delivery of addresses and reading of papers pertinent to the wedding.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

202. CHARADE.

When daylight is broaking far over the sky. You may hear my voice in the clouds on high; And all day long, 'neath the spring's bright sun, I gladden the hearts of old and young.

My second's used "wisely," but often "too well," As I cling to the heels of you elegant swell. Who struts thre' the street. "Lord Dundreary." Now to buttle I go, with friend or with foe; My fate is the same, 'mone hears of the sluin; Ah, mo! but life is so weary.

My whole is a flower of syllables two, Not very pretentious nor lovely to view, But it answers my purpose of rhyming,—adicu! 200. ENIGMA.

Before and behind, above and below. Refere and behind, above and below,
Look for and find mo wherever you go;
Liriumph in sunlight, in darkness I hide,
Yelyou're never without me, wintover betide.
I aftend on the Queen in her loffiest state,
Yet on begars and thieves I am fated to wait.
Quite cosmopolitan, I wander away.
But cannot be taken by night or by day.
Nothing there is in the whole of creation
With which I don't hourt the most triendly relation.
The world owns my sway, though I've no nationality.
Volt of hosty or soul, I am still a reality.

G. F. P.

201. LETTER PUZZLE.

The following words, in the order named, will form three plain capital letters—a measure. The initials of these letters name three other mousures.

1. Sour; pure flint; share; utility; foreign; a primitive word; a chosen part; a merias; a coin of ancient forecee; a mixture of vinegar and honey; the body of Hebrew laws.

2. A bow; east down; French for "who"; a kind of vise; a forest tree; needour; a species of deer; an exergreen tree; loss of voice; containing dow; a stone table.

an overgreen tree, use a session table.

3. Skill; fixed: Frouch for "what"; custom; for over; a hono; final doom; a sea fowl; a genus of American lizards; elemency; a division of the Turkish empire, ac. t in importance to a province.

W. Goday.

205. LOGOGRIPH.

I introduce myself to you, For puzzle friends to guess; My frame is formed of letters fow My meaning to grow less.

Curtail me, then a thing I name To women of great use: Deprive me of my tail again, What's given in abuso.

Transpose me, now I bring in sight A nickname for a boy; But take me in another light, A thing that dogs enjoy. Again transpose—use all your wit-

That if you cannot make me fit, You'll never find me out. E. P. MERLDITH. Kensington, South Australia. 206, VERBAL CHARADE.

First in glandness, not in pleasure;
Second in weight, not in measure;
Third in sunshme, not in light;
Fourth in wrestle, not in light;
Fitth in waves, not in billows;
Second in blasters, not in water;
Eight in waves, not in water;
Eight in girl, not in daughter;
My whole the name of an connent man—
Trace his mane now, if you can.

G. M.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 32. 191. Renus.—Reade, : Read : Dear ; Dure ; Arc ; Ear ; Eru ; Reco ; Decr ; Red.

192.—Pounce Acnostic.—Mary Rose, thus:—MonitoR, Assertion, Romances, York.

190	.—Square W	ORDU.—	
	1.	2.	3.
	MURAL	WORST	ROGER
•	ONEGA	00008	OUNCE
	REMIT	R 0 U S E	GNILB
	AGILE	BUBAN	RULAT

194.-ENIGMAS,—1. Bark; 2. Olivo. 195.-Renus.-Robert Burns, thus:--1. Robert-son, 2. Olivo-r. 3. B-ream. 4. Evo-sham. 5. Rose-mary. 6. Tunbridge. 7. Buck-beam. 8. Under-wood. 9. Rock-bird. 10. New-castle. 11. Snow-drop.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

August 14th, 1872. Market quiet and easier. Wheat was quoted to to 30 lower in Chicago this forences; Liverpool advanced tid on flour and 2d on red wheat last evening, but declined 1d on white wheat, and 3d on corn this

morning.

The following were the latest telegrams resolved on Change:—

August 13. 1.30 p. m. August 14. 1.30 p. m. 8. d. 8. d. 28 6 69 20 8 s. d. s. d.

Superior Extra nominal...... 9 00 to 0 Middings 4 00 4 70 Pollinds 885 to 4 00 Upper Canada Bag Flour, \$\psi\$ 100 lbs. 3 00 to 3 25 City bags, (delivered). 3 35 to 3 40 Whrat.—Market quiet. A cargo of No. 2 Milwaukee changed hands at \$1.45.

OATMEAL, NOT bri. of 200 lbs.—Quotations are \$4,-50 for Lower Canada, and \$4.80 for Upper Canada brands.

Pras, # bush of 66 lbs.—Market quiet at \$210 to \$50.. according to quality; a car load was taken at the latter rate. UATS, P bush of 321bs.—Quiet at 28c to 29c.

Conn.—Ensier. Cargo sales at 55c to 56c. Banker, Phush of 48lbs.—Nominal at 45c to 50c, according to quality. BUTTER, per lb.—Market inactive. New 16c to 17c; old nominal at 7c to 9c.

CHEESE, & lb.—Quiot. Sales of factory fine at 10 to. PORK, per bri. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet. New Bloss, \$15.25 to \$15.50; Thin Mess, scarce at \$14.00 to \$14.25.

LARD.—Winter rendered firm at 10 je per lb. ASHRS, \$2 100 lbs.—Potsquiet. Firsts, \$6.60. Pearls dull. Firsts, \$9.25.



BLOOD FOOD.

My story is a ghost story and one of the genu-ine article I conclude, from putting together my preconceived ideas of ghosts, and the particular

A NIGHT EDITOR'S STORY.

experience I have to relate on this oc was an experience so strange, so terrible, and so fraught with poignant grief, that for a long time after the occurrence I shrank from all mention of it; but time, the great alleviator, enables me now to sit down and give a calm account of the events to which I refer. I was night editor on the Hawbuck Morning

Senting! My associate in the local department Sentinel. My associate in the local department was Ward Suttle, a young fellow of keen perceptions, ready wit and active ability. He had clear eyes, a concentrative brow, a rather pale complexion, a long, flaring, jet-black moustache and an open, wide-nwake look that was a perfect index to his character. Nothing escaped his observation. He was indefatigably industrious, when the fell out all the news delying out items and picked out all the news delving out items from the most apparently barren ground. Ho was the best local we over had, and our depart-ment, soon after his advent, outstripped all contemporaries in the variety and spice of our city

ward had one fault, however. The social bowl possessed powerful attractions for him, and it was too often evident that he had imbibed more freely than a sound judgment, would dis-tate. To be sure he was seldom unfitted for tate. To be sure he was selected united to business—not more than once in three or four months—but he was pursuing a course which, if persisted in, must I endeavored to persuade him, result in his downfall. I talked to him often about it, but, aithough he listened pleasantly, my words seemed to be uselessly expended. He was the same free and easy, lighthearted, convivial follow; and hard-working and

hearted, convival follow; and hard-working and valuable assistant.

He would frequently choose a topic of popular interest and write thereon a series of descriptive articles in a free, gossipy vein, just calculated to atch the public attention. This was in addition to his regular work as city editor. The amount of labor he accomplished and the ease with the transferred in the convention of the preferred in the content of the content of the conferred in the content of which he performed it, frequently filled me with astonishment.

Well do I remember when he chose for his theme 'Dregs and Scum.' He penetrated the theme 'Dregs and Scum.' He penetrated the vilest haunts of the lowest classes, and described their habits in a worderfully vivid manner. Their vices, their misfortunes, the bright spots in their lives, together with scraps of adventure and incident—exciting, amusing and pathetic—were all treated with rare spirit and grace by his ready pen.

ready pen.

Of course in this pursuit he visited the resorts
of thieves, villains and despondoes, and plunged
into scenes against his safe exit from which there were many chances.

"Wo will see what can be fished up from the slime." he would say, with a mocking laugh, and start off on one of his midnight excursions. Or again he would announce that he had an appointment to meet some distinguished friends, the true purport of which remark we all well un-

Ward and I, when at work, occupied a room by ourselves, while the managing editor, and Builey, his assistant, bad another apartment,

just across the hall.
One night, about half-past eleven, Ward said

to me:

"Well, Peck, I guess I'll go ont and see what
I can see. I've sent in a couple of columns,
and Dobbin will be on the look-out to report if
anything turns up. I'll be back by half-past one

Dobbin was a middle aged, seedy individual of some ability, but no particular occupation, who loafed around the office most of the time in readiness to assist, for a small remuneration, in any department that happened to be crowded. He frequently lont his aid to Ward in reporting police cases, accidents, rows, and the like.

"Hold on, Ward," I said, looking him in the face; hadn't you better wait until to-morrow

Why? Oh! I know; you think I'm not exactly well balanced. But I'm all right. I'm in just the mood for it to night, too." "Yes, you always are, for that matter. Where

"Yes, you thinky into, for that matter. Where do you propose to go to-night?"

"Down to Muggin's Forks."

The very worst place in the city! The concentration of vile and desperate lawlessness.

"You're not in earnest, Ward? You're not going there to-night, are you?"

"They's just where I am going. You know

going there to-hight, are you?"

"That's just where I am going. You know their great mogal, Barney Buck, is awaiting for trial for that highway robbery scrape, and I want to hear their comments. Jove! won't it he a rich treat ?"

"I heard they were going to have a talk about

"Yes, Muggins' Forks is to hold an indignation meeting. Ha! ha!"
"Well, Ward, I wouldn't go, that's all."

"Well, Peck, I don't want you to go,

going."
"You may take this, if you want it;" and I unlocked a drawer, and drew out a six-abooter.
"No!" he exclaimed, laughing in scorn.

"You had better take it."

But he persisted in declining.
"Very well; have you own way. But, be cool, and keep a sharp look out. And promise me one thing, Ward; that you will not drink anything more to night—at least till you get back." He had been slowly moving toward the door,

and now rushed out suddouly, exclaiming with n hugh:
"All right; I guess not."

After he was gone, I moved uneasily in my chair for some moments, and at last, with an effort, bent myself to the work before me. Presently Bailey came in on an exand.

"Don't ask," I replied.
"Oh!" he exclaimed with a scowl. "Be gone

Where's Sutfin ?" he said.

long ?"
"Till half past one," I said.
"Well, I hope he'll get buck." And with the
last word the door swung shut, as Bailey re-

tired.

I echoed an amer to his wish. We all liked Ward and felt an interest in him. He was young,

so bright, and capable of so much.

My head was not clear that night. I could not think straight, nor bring my energy to bear on the task before me. So I took my meerschaum down from the shelf, scraped it, out carefully, went to a private drawer, and filled the pipe with genuine Turkish Tobacco that I kept on with genuine Thirkish Tobacco that I kept on hand for rare occasions like the present one. For it was not often that my brain baffled mo, and, when it did, a pipe full of this tobacco would invariably set things going swimmingly. I suspect it contained a liberal admixture of those fascinating, treacherous drugs for which the cast is famous, for its effect was always interesting the contained the contained the cast is famous, for its effect was always interesting. describably exhibitating. It gave me new energy, new life and a quick, far-eighted penetration that could grapple with any problem within the

scope of my learning or information. Perhaps I took a more liberal allowance than usual that time. I do not know that I did; but I never felt so keen or so fascinated by any work as on that particular night. I worked or steadily and untiringly, conscious of no effort and completely absorbed in the tasks before

I do not know how long I had thus sat when n very strange incident occurred. It was the beginning of the strongest experience of my

beginning of the strongest experience of my life—an experience whose parallol I hope and expect never to pass through again.

My tasks were completed, with the exception of one or two trifies, and I leaned back in my chair and yawned. Happening to look around, I know not what impelled me to look around at that particular moment—I behold the door open noiselessly, and Ward Sutfin enter. It was about two o'clock, or after.

"What is the matter, Ward?" I cried; for, there was a bright red wound on his forehead, and every vestige of color seemed to be fuded

and every vestige of color seemed to be fuded from his face.

He paid no attention to my inquiry, but pro-

cecled direct to his desk and sat down. He walked with his usual quick step, and immediately on seating himself took pencil and paper and began to write:

"Ward! I say."
Still he did not reply. His pencil travelled

Still he did not reply. His pench travelled over the paper rapidly.

"Ward!" I spoke loudly and sharply.

But he paid no attention to my voice. I concluded he was so absorbed as not to hear me, though that would not be like him. I felt curious to know how he had received the would on his forelead, which however. I conwound on his forehead, which, however, I con-cluded from his cool behavior could be nothing

I took a newspaper, rolled it up into a bunch and threw it at his head, thinking to startle

Horror! It seemed to go through him, and ho went on writing, apparently undisturbed.

"It's just as I feared." I said, still searching or the missing paper.
"What is it?"
"Ward——"

"What of blin ?"

"He is killed."
"Ward killed? How? When? Who brought

the news?"
I suddenly paused in my search, and stared at him blankly, as he asked the last question.
"Why don't you answer mo?" His voice was full of burshness and distress.

"Who told you? Where is he?"
"In a cellar-way on Pinche's alley."
"Who brought the news? Will you answer

"He brought it himself-or rather his ghost

did," I answered doggedly.
"See here, Peck," said Bailey sharply, "don't have any fooling on such a subject. Are you joking, or are you not?"
"Joking! No, no! I wish I was! But come

"Joking! No. no! I wish I was! But come out!" I seized him by the shoulder and endeavored to drag him toward the door. "We must find his body."

Balley thought I was out of my head, and I do not blame him. He disengaged himself from my grasp, and wheeled about, facing me.

"Now tell me what you mean?" he said, sternly, with a voice and manner that brought

In as calm a manner as possible, I related to him the events of the few moments just

was extinct. The physician said he must have

bon dead in hour.

I thought, when I returned to the office, that Bailey looked upon me with an expression akin to awe. But I was in a mood far from triumphant. I had loved Ward dearly, and was bowed down with grief at his untimely, and terrible

I spare all sickening details of the excitement that followed, of the talk about my part in the tragedy, of the fruitless search for the murder-

ers.
Afterwards Bailey made me give a more explicit account of the strange manner in which I received information of this tragic event.

And, as I minutely described each circumstance, he alternately opened his eyes wide, scowled, laughed, and looked wise. What else could he do?

I do not attempt to give any explanation of what I have related. The facts, or my memory of them, have been laid before the reader. But I delicate them ever executions obtained them.

of them, have been laid before the reader. But, as I think them over, questions obtrude themselves upon each other.

Was I dreaming? If so, is there method in a dreamer? And can a stimulated brain receive an impression from a dream so vivid and indelible as to be indistinguishable from a memory of an actual fact? If so, what is memory but a delusion, and to what extent can we trust our recollections of the past? But why pussue the subject? the subject ?

When I had concluded, he eyed me narrowly and his face bore an incredulous look.

"You don't believe me," I said. "But be

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GATHERING WATER LILIES.

nzed at him spell-bound.

I gazed at him spell-bound.

Fimily he threw down his pencil and arose.

"See here, old boy!" I excluded, springing

up and starting toward him.

But, without even so much as looking at me, he walked quickly to the door, opened it seemed to glido out, and closed it noiselessly

seemed to gide out, and closed it noiselessly after him.

I followed him hastily, Going into the outer hall, I expected to overtake him, but he was not in sight. I ran across an office boy.

"Did you see Mr. Sutfin, just now?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"You did not?"

"No sir. There halv't been nobedy here."

"No, sir. There haln't been nobody here."
"How long have you been here?"
"A fow minutes. I was waitin' for Sim."
"Ward certainly just came out here from my

Guess not, icastwise I didn't see him." I want hawildered to my room. was fost a bout to sit down to my table, when I bethought my-self to examine what Ward had written. I went to the desk, and, to my intense

astonishment and horror, read the following: "MURIDER.—Mr. Ward Sutin, local editor of this paper came to his death at the hand of assassins shortly before 2 o'clock this morning. Ho had been attending, as a spectator, an in-dignation meeting at Muggins' Forks, and white leaving was set upon by three rumans, and severely beaten. One of the trio accomplished their murderous design by striking a fearful blow on his forehead with a small bar of iron. They left his body in a cellar way in Pinehe's alley."

At first I was so transfixed as to be able only to hold the paper in my hand and stare at it. I read it thrice over, scanning each word and lotter in a horrible fascination. It was Ward's handwriting—there was no mistake about that; and Ward had written it, for I had seen him.

Strange to say no suspicion of a practical joke entered my head for an instant. Calm reflection would doubtless have suggested that explanation of the affair. But I did not reflect murdered, and that I had soon his chost! Strange proceeding, would it not be, for a man to appear after being killed, and write his own oblituary? However, the strangeness nor the preposterousness of the idea did not enter my

mind then. I simply accepted it at once, with all its horror and wildness.

As I said, I hold the paper in my hand, and read it carefully. I was in a sort of stuper for a few seconds, and then came suddenly the desire to act. The place mentioned as the receptacle of Ward's body must be searched

receptacie of Ward's body must be searched immediately.

I laid the paper down and went to the door.
As I opened it, a gust of wind swept in, creating quite a commotion among the papers. I sprang back to the table. Ward's manuscript had blown off with rest, and I stooped down to table for it. I went ballayer step to look for it. Just then I heard Builey's step in the outer hall, and I called out:
"Bailey! Bailey! Come in here, for God's

"What's up, Peck?"

He entered hastily, and spoke with surprised anxiety. I can't distinctly recollect, much less account for, my manner on that night.

kind enough to help me for a moment, and we will soon find the paper. The wind blow it on the floor." -

We searched for some time, but in vain. I felt rather chagrined, and was doubly anxious to find it. But it was not to be found. Wo

searched every stray scrap.
"It must have fallen into the fire-place." I said. "See — there are its charred remains, now."

now."

"Yes, I see," said Bailey, looking at me, pityingly. "But never mind to-night, Peek. You had better go home and get rested."

This inturisted me.

"You are trifling!" I ejaculated. "You don't believe me. But I am neither drunk nor crazy. I have spoken the truth, and you or

some one else must go with me immediately to Bailey pooned, and endeavored to persunde me out of this idea.

coremony.

I made my way into the street and walked swiftly to police headquarters.

I was well acquainted there, and without being obliged to enter into minute explanations, was furnished with an escort of two officers.

"Been a fuss at the Forks, did you say?" remarked one of them, after we had got well on

our way. "Yes—in fact there has been a murder-"Whew I That's coming it pretty strong,"
"It is rather a singular affair, take it all through. But if we search the cellar ways on Princhp's allay, it's my opinion, that we'll find the dead body of Ward Sutfin."

Both men uttered startled exclamations at this, and demanded to know my reasons for thus speaking. speaking.

I then detailed to them the particulars that have already been related, at which they uttered sundry expressions of surprise and incredu-

But we burried on faster than ever, and in due course of time reached that quarter of the city known as Muggins' Forks. It was in a state of comparative quietude, being dark and silent, lights glimmering only occasionally here and there out of low groggeries.

Soon we turned on Pinche's alley, a narrow dirty, dark lane, from various corners of which arose stenches almost unbourable. We walked slowly and cautiously along, guided by the light of one of the policemen's lanterns, which cast about a ghostly glimmer, seeming to make visible the foulness of the air and the corruption which left not untained one inch of space. With he stating steps and dread anticipation we pursued our horrible search. Down into damp places and nests of filth we peered, withdrawing from each as soon as we had scanned it thoroughly.

We found it.

It hay partially doubled up, but the head and face were visible. I looked first at the forehead, and there was a bright red wound, corresponding precisely with the one I had seen on — what? We found it.

We carefully gathered it up and straightened it out, and composed the limbs in a less painful posture. There were two hands that worked

with loying, though trombling touch.

It was taken to the hospital, in order to ascertain beyond peradventure whether or not life

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