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ever had my eyes off Grace while he was in the hope deferred and inst-coming destair, Itulrush there and come back safe and sound, there was house," she said, defending herself against her Meads, the new estate which was to have been no call for him to make any hones about it. In brother-in-law's charge of neglect, "for fear he the delight and glory of Rick Redmayne's deshould be turning her head with foolish compliments, or anything of that kind."
"For the first three weeks!" echoed Rich-

ard Redmayne bitterly; " and after that I sup-pose you shut your eyes and ears, and let him

what he pleased to her."

I mayn't have watched them quite so close, Richard. I knew Grace was a good girl, and he seemed a perfect gentleman; lifteen years

commonplace facts, which evoked no image in the brain of the listener. There had been a picnic, and Mr. Walgry had been attentive to Grace, but not remarkably attentive. She had fainted, and he had been sorry, and very kind.

He decided on senting his brother and his had been to be the sweat of his brow, were lying waste.

He decided on senting his brother and his brother had been sorry had been had been sorry had been been sorry and very kind.

He could make very little of it: only that his daughter was gone from him, and that this was the only man who had come athwart her

Investigation showed him that the means his brother and his brother's wife had taken to find the missing girl were of the slightest. James had gone up tu London, and had consulted an old schoolfellow, a solicitor in a very obscure way of business, who had sent him to a privateinquiry office. The chief of the private-inquiry office had said "advertise," and had opened an eager paw for funds with which to pay for advertisements; but this James Redmayne had positively refused to do. He didn't mayne may positively refused to do. He didn't want the whole county of Kent to know his niece had gone astray. The private inquirer had suggested that his advertisement might be so worded as to be intelligible only to the niece herself; but James was inflexible. To advertise was to publish the family dishonour if dishonour it was a publish the family dishonour

-if dishonour it were, "No," he said doggedly: "if you can't find Gracey without putting her in the papers, I'll wait till her father comes home. Hell find her inst enough. I'll warrant."

Simple-hearted James had an inordinate faith in his brother Rick. Whatever mortal man could do, Rick could do; and the service of professional private inquirers could be as nothing compared with the untutored intelli-

gence of Richard Redmayne.

The first thing Richard did was to advertise in the Times, two other London daily papers, and the two local weeklies:

" GRACE.-Your father is at home. Return, or write. Love, welcome, pardon.

The advertisement appeared day after day, week after week, month after month. People speculated about it, became familiar with the sight of it, and at last came to regard it as a standing portion of their journal, like the printers name and address at the foot of the last column. And while they speculated and won-dered, and anon grew indifferent, Richard Redmayne paced the streets of London in the long summer days, and far into the dismal autumn, looking for his daughter and his daughter's

He did not even know the name of the man he wanted to find. Hannah Redmayne had never called her lodger anything but Mr. Walgry, and it was as Mr. Walgry she described him to her brother-in-law. When asked to write the name, she made several wild attempts, and in every one of them lost hereafter a laberiate of consequents. She could have in a labyrinth of consonants. She could have as easily written the titles of John Milton's prose works.

"How should I know how to spell his name ?" she exclaimed at last, feeling that those various combinations of consonants hardly looked feasible, "I never saw it wrote any where, and I never was much of a hund at writ ing. I can keep my dairy accounts with any and unctuous chuckles expressive of rapture. one, and keep 'em correct to a sixpence; but it aint likely I should be able to write a name as I've never seen. I know he was called Walgry, and that's all I do know about it."

needed for the following an obscure trail and the tracking down of a fee, but with an indomitable resolution, and a firm belief in his own power to discover the man who had wronged him.

He looked for a man called Walgry, ignorant of almost every particular of the man's existence only by the faintest word-picture of the being whom he sought; and lichold, even the man called Walgrave had vanished off the face of the earth, so far as the name is the man, and had given place to H. W. Harcross, Q.C., of Mastalon-crescent, Grosvenor-place; an elliptic arc of monster newly-built mansions, a little more florid in their architectural ombellishment than the mansions of Acropolis-square. but cast more or less in the same mould bert Walgrave was gone, and there remained only this H. W. Harcross, popularly known as the man who had married old Vallory's daugh-The time had yet to come in which the barrister should make a reputation strong enough to outweigh his wife's fortune.

There is no need to dwell upon those dreary gays, and the heart-break that came with them The strong man; who had returned from his two years' exile full of pride and triumph, was not broken yet, was indeed of a stuff not easily crushed; but there were gray streaks in the yeoman's dark-brown hair, deeply-cut lines about the bright gray eyes, a look of settled weariness in his face, as of one who has hoped against hope until the faculty of hoping has been worn out of him.

He had not been content with that advertisement in the London and Kentish papers, but he ment in the London and Redush papers, but he had advertised in Galignani and other foreign journals. His appeal had been published so widely that it seemed hardly possible it could have escaped Grace's notice—and could she see it and resist his prayer?

He had written to Nicholas Spettigue by the first mail that left England after his return, en-creating his late partner to hunt up any letters that might have arrived for him before or after he quitted the colony; and Mr. Spettigue had made all necessary inquiries, and had duly for-

clining years, by waste, or flourished only for the advantage of stangers and squatters. It was vital that the farm should be taken in hand that evening's counsel was concluded. James speedily, boundaries settled, fences put up, or- and his family were to go out to Brisbaue as der introduced where all was now only a fruit- soon as their travelling arrangements could be ful wilderness. The consciousness of this was a secondary source of worry and perplexity to the man whose chief absorbing thought was of his missing child. All his dreams had inded; according to their own discretion. By and older than her, too, if he 'was an hour; and 'The vision was darkened of that low wide-wrapped up in his books."

The vision was darkened of that low wide-spreading log-house, with its light verandates wrapped up in his books."

And then Hannah Redmayne told the story of that vanished summer-time as it had seemed to her unpoetic mind—a bald bare outline of tered. He might live to build it up again, he

Grace, but not remarkably attentive. She had fainted, and he had been sorry, and very kind. And shortly after leaving Brierwood he had sent her a handsome gold locket, as an acknowledgment of her ann'ts attention to him. That was all: let Richard Redmayne make out of the might.

The might have been sorry, and very kind. He decided on sending his brother and make brother's family to take the estate in hand. He was fain to confess that James and those two hukking sons of lds had done wonders with Brierwood. What might they not do in that wider, richer field? He could manage the Kentick form himself, and keep a home open for tish furn himself, and keep a home open for his lost girl—the room in which she had slept from her infuncy to the fatal bour of her flight ready to receive her.

He mooted the question one evening, when he had come down from his London lodging to the farm for a few hours' respite : painted a glowing picture of Bulrush Meads, but spoke with a latent bitterness, remembering all the schemes and hopes that had been associated with his possession of the place. His proposal was at first received with horror by Mrs. James, who was the sole voice of the assembly, no member of her family presuming to think or speak for himself in her presence. What I leave Brierwood, and the country in which she had been born and bred, to go and associate with red Indians—people who scalped each other and lived in wigwams, or if not red Indians, something quite as bad-Blackamoor. perhaps! She would sooner starve than taste bit of victuals that had been touched by Blacksmoor.

Rick Redmayne explained that the Blackamoor element need not enter into the business The aboriginal Australian might be dark of as nect, but did not abound in the vicinity of Bulrush Meads; emigration was the order of the day; she could have plenty of stalwart Irishmen to till her lands and reap her corn.

"I think I'd as lief have to do with Black amoors as Irish," cried Mrs. James. "11's bad enough to have 'em about at hopping

By slow degrees, however, when the map of the estate with all poor Rick's notations, sug-gestions, and calculations made on board ship had been laid out on the table, and pored over profoundly by James and the lads, who might have their opinions, but remained discreetly dumb; when the extent and glory of the estate, the managing powers required for its direction had been brought home to her, Mrs. James softened, listened with increasing interest, be gan to ask questions about this portion of the land and that, and seemed curious as to the ca-publities of the house.

"It would be a fine opening for the boys, James growled at last, perceiving that chosen partner wavered.

"A fine opening for their gallopping about from morning till night shooting wild beasts," said the mother of the boys contemptuously "a deal of work they'd do in an outlandish place like that."

It was Mrs. Redmayne's manner to speak with contumely of the two sons, whom, in her secret soul, she doated on, urged thereto by a sense of maternal duty. So no doubt did Connelia flout and disparage her Gracchi in their Her speech had for once been injudicious.

At the prospect of much slaving of savage beasts the two boys broke out into broad grins

"Crikey, wouldn't that be a jolly game!" cried the elder hope. "Itain't often old Wort let us have a pop at the rabbits in Clevedon gry, and that's all I do know about it."

It was for a man called Walgry, therefore, that Richard Redmayne made his search; a hunter not gifted with those attributes most "Out yonder," cried Richard, kindling at the

thought of that wider world where he had been so successful-" out yonder you'd have as much sport as the kings and their barons had in the days when half England was forest, and it was death for a peasant to kill a stag. You may buy a horse over there, and a good one, for five-pound note, and may keep as good a stud as Squire Chevenix without feeling the cost. Why, you don't know what life is, boys, till you

have lived under the Southern Cross ! "What kind of a dairy is there, now, at this Bulrush place?" Mrs. James asked thoughtfully.

The hove kicked each other in a friendly way under the table, perceiving that she was veering round.
"Well, there's nothing very ship-shape yet

awhile; but there's plenty of room and plenty of material, and I shouldn't mind spending a hundred or so on the improvement of the

The idea of a dairy of her own planning was almost as tempting to Mrs. James as that vision of perpetual wild—beast slaughter was to the lads. The dairy at Brierwood was all holes and corners, she said, with not room in it to swing a cat, though there were inlets enough through which the cats could come to steal the cream. An archetypal dairy had always been one of the matron's pet day The ocean was an untried element, which she regarded with a natural horror; but if anything could tempt her to cross the world in search of perfect bliss, it would be that idea of farmhouse adapted and improved on her own

So, after much debating of difficulties which at first seemed insurmountable, Hannah Redmayne consented to the enterprise; and with her the whole family: the young men having panted for Australia from the moment the subject was started; James, their father, with the docility of a well-trained husband—if Hannah saw it in a favourable light, why, he had no objections," he said in his milk-and-waterish

The uttermost that he she could tell him came to very little. She had funcied herself watchful and careful enough of her niece's hence the stranger's integrity.

"I don't think for the first three weeks I ever had my eyes off Grace while he was in the stranger's many little. Wave to have written to her factor and the stranger's integrity.

"I don't think for the first three weeks I ever had my eyes off Grace while he was in the stranger's many little. The states wan, peer and torcign ruler—they all entrust the house of Courts & Co., with their into a air shape, the hadr't much of a fancy all entrust the house of Courts & Co., with their for a sen voyage, never lavying trusted himbank to the immense wealth of Miss Courts way; but as other folks noade light enough of and of the bank is totally due to the network.

Meanwhile during all this bitter period of courts that promised epissis and of the bank is totally due to the network. brief, he expressed himself willing to do what-steeyer his wife and his brother desired.

made, and thence to Bulrush Meads, where by, when Grace was restored to him-Richard Redmayne spoke of that event as a certain fact
Ledmayne spoke of that event as a certain fact
—he would in all probability let Brierwood,
and bring his daughter to that wild home in the backwoods; but his coming would in no wise disturb or dispossess James and Hannah. There would be ample room and verge enough for the two families.
"We've worked together pretty well so far,

Jim," said Rick, "and there's no reason we shouldn't go on. You can manage the land well for me, and make a good living out of it for yourself; and by and by, when I come out, I'll make you my partner, with as bis a share of profits as if you had contributed half the

capital."
The family, with one accord, pronounced this a very handsome offer, and they shook hands upon it all round. Up in their attic that night in the gabled roof, the two lads felt scarcely disposed to go to bed, so completely had this scheme of emigration taken hold of them. They would fain have begun packing their clumsy wooden trr aks immediately, and have neither rested nor slumbered till they were on board ship.

There ain't any overland way to Australia, is there, Jack?" the younger inquired curious

John Redmayne opined that there was not, "I'm sorry for that," said Charley; "it would have been a jelly game to ride half the way on camels!"

(To be continued.)

For the Hearthstone.

GIVE THE BOYS A TRADE. One of the most secred duties devolving upon

parents, and most likely to pay interest a thou-sandfold, is the bestowing upon their offspring in the spring time of life, a certainty of maintenance in maturer years, and none is so acceptable or easy of attainment as the thorough acquisition of a trade. I say a trade, for the simple reason that in a young country like this, and for generations yet to come, the demand for good skilled hand labor will far exceed that of the brain worker. " but," says a fond mother, disregarding the connorts mechanical toil has bestowed upon her, in the shape of a comfortable begue, wherein the rear-ing and training of a numerous progeny has been successfully accomplished, "I never wish to see my son following his father's occupation: he shall receive the best education our means will allow, and then leave choice of profession to himself, but a profession it must be;" she, in her blind pride, nover thinking it physical or mental

onna prace, nover timenting it physicator mental force predominate. The idea of the family re-coiving the least shadow of prestige mythically hovering over the professions is forconost. This is not a solitary case by any means. We in Canada receive and retain so many old coun-try notions; better far for the growing portion of the Dominion to be at once annihilated. Though I the Dominion to be at once annihilated. Though I am English born, I denounce most emphatically this mistaken idea of the honor of honorable muscular labor. Refer to the advertising columns of an old country newspaper, note the numerous applications for gentred employment, which signifies in many instances an elevated seat in a dirty, dingy office for ten or twelve hours not diea. Subry doubted by the threadbare for the first and states for ten or twelve thours per dlean, salary denoted by the thread-bare cloth coat, shining at chows fitting emblems of sham gentlifty. Then a sojourn to a poverty-furnishen upper floor, where the pale-colored fluid, denominated ten only from courtesy, is served up with still more questionable edubles, accompanied by a slatternly waitress, whose only tien of contribite consists to the resumwhose only idea of gontility consists in the young nam "eating nothing," reserving the surplus for privateldistribution to relatives power even than horself. Ah, yo labor wearied ones, pity sincerely the poor slaves of such occupations, and thank God and bless the parents who pos-sessed practical sense sufficient to give you sweet and thank God and bless the parents who pos-sessed practical sense sufficient to give you sweet independence in the form of a trade. Speaking to a young man a short time ago, he said: "If my parents and only apprenticed me to a me-chanical trade I would now feel independent, instead of being fettered in linky bonds, out of employment half the time, for clerkships are none too plentiful." Here was the simple truth brought home, and yet how many, noting this remark and acknowledging its truthfulness

will still train their young in the same path.

What comfort or hope in the future can the poor yieldm to genteel employment sustain to help him in his tedious life Journey. The m, thical dream of a home b. a. access by one loved form and enlivened by young human angels may occusionally in rude, but is directly banished as an unhealthy vagary. The hely ter step the barrier of prudence and form a matrimonial alliance. But the after his of such couples is pitiable to trace, living up to the meagre income only by strict self-denial and economy; no reserve fand can be innugurated; thrown out of poverty's omployment, naught remains but charity or starvation. Then he realizes the sweet independence of a trade, and the mechanic and physical laborer who, heedless of appearances or aping the style consonant with genteel occupations, can furnish and sup-port a cottage home made holy by honest labor. Ah, methinks the Almighty smites down bonignantly upon such hearts and homes. Give your boys, doar parents, a good honest trade, allowing their taste and desires to influence the selection, and never, as long as health and strength are given, will the cry for more broad be uttered unheard by their onkpring. For sad indeed must be the heart of the man who in this wide world has reached maturity without fitting into his appointed niche.

and of the bank is totally due to the patronage of royalty bestowed on her ancestors—the founders of the bank. Her "pass-back" is a most handsome book, inlaid with gold, bearing

the royal arms, in which all the entries are made in the handsomest and most ornamental of writing. Indeed, it is one man's work to at-tend to her Majesty's necount, which is superinended by the "Keeper of the Privy Purse." The Emperor Napoleon, too, much as he would like it believed to the contrary, kept an account there, and the house, prior to the full of the empire, was continually making purchases of English consols to the order. There is no doubt that Napoleon had, a short time ago, a considerable sum invested in those English securities, as have most European potentates at the present time.

Another erect feature with the house of Courts.

Another great feature with the house of Courts & Co., is the large deposits of jewelry, family papers, titles, and other articles of value that are left in their hands for safe-keeping. There are hundreds of large, heavy family cases in their vaults, and during the season in London ladies go daily "to the bank" (they like to make indies go unity "to the bank " (they like to make use of that planes) to take out some valuable ornament for the opera, etc., or to return some after use. There are clerks whose especial duty it is to see to the wants of these halies. The great success of Coults' banking-house is

due almost to accident, as you will see. Burdett Courts, one of the founders, was a modest banker on the Strand, London, in George III's telga, and he made it a practice, as his bank was situated some distance from the so-called "cily," he order to keep himself "posted" on the financial movements going on there, to dino with some of the leading city bankers and bank nanagers as often as opportunity would permit. It was during one of those remions that a bank official casually remarked his surprise that Lord — had been refused a loan of £19,600 that day at his bank. The circumstance was noted by the West End backer, and the dinner over, be repaired at once to the house of the ablentan, left his card, requesting his Lordship to call at his office the following morning on usiness of great importance.

usiness of great importance.

The next morning ——was announced to Mr.
Coutts, and on his inquiring what business had
accessitated his visit, the banker at once informed him that as a bunker he had heard that

formed him that as a banker he had heard that his lordship desired a loan of £10,000, and he respectfully offered him his services.

"But I can give you no security. Mr. Coutts," sald his Lordship, as the hanker commenced counting a small package of crisp bank notes that were on the desk.

"Your Lordship's note of hand will be quite soffered."

sufficient," gallantly responded the West End banker, and he banded him a note to sign. "But I do not think I shall now want as much as ten thousand pounds," hesitated the

nobleman. "That is immaterial, your Lordship," replied

the banker.

"On second thought I will take the ten thousand, and as I shall only need live thousand, you will please place the remainder to my credit as an opening of an account with you in my name.

The banker thanked his new customer, escorted him with much politeness to his carringe at the door, and then bade him "Good-

they are the banker was a long-sighted one. It was a good investment. The balance was soon increased, the loan returned, and the nobleman commenced to tell the story round at the Court of St. James of the wonderfully accom-modating spirit of the West End banker. Others soon deposited their funds in his hands, and the story was so well circulated at the palace that the King's curbsity was aroused, and he informsi the banker's patron of his desire to meet the

Courts went finally. He was introduced to the King, and his quiet, modest manners won the favour of the Court. His presence at the Court created quite a sensation, for it was soon afterward reported that the King had given bis private duances into the keeping of Burdett Contis. The rest of the Court soon followed the example of the King, and thus secured to the iouse the wealthy patronage of the aristocracy

of England.
Miss Burdett Coutts has, as is well known,
the interests of the employees of the hank
much at heart. It is a hard matter to get into
the bank. Noblemen's sons now seek positions
in the establishment, and some of the partners are noblemen. College educated men are alone taken us cierks, and then an examination is conducted with the same strictness as the ex-amination into the family reputation and gene-ral recommendation of the amplicant. Exral recommendation of the applicant. For overy vacancy there are hundreds of applicants, But whon admitted, a clerk has a fine position. He will be told on his being almitted that he must not wear a moustache, but simple side whiskers; and in his dress, although nothing will be said to blin on the subject, every modesty of style will be expected of him. This is done on account of the great dislike the real aristo-cracy of England have for the guidy, showy top of the middle classes, who so often, in his ignor ance and seif-conceit, apes the gentieman.

The Phrase "By Hook or by Crook."—The destruction canced by the fire of London in 16%, during which 12.20 houses, ac., were burned down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary-marks requisite to determine the extent of Land, and even the very site eccepted by building: previous to this terrible visitation. When the rubbish was removed and the load cleared, the disputes and entangied claims of those was houses had been destroyed, both as to the position and extent of their property, premised not only interminable occupation to the courts of law, but made the far more serious evil of delaying the robuilding of the city until these disputes were estiled, inevitable. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy soltionent of their respective claims than could be hoped for by logal process, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the mest experienced land-surveyors of that day—mon who had been theroughly acquainted with London previously to the fire; and, in order to escape from the numerous and vast evils which more delay must occasion, that the decision of these two arbitrators should be final and binding. The surveyors appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were Mr. Ilook and Mr. Crook, who, by the justice of their decisions, gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by their speedy determination of the different claims, permitted the robuilding of the city to proceed without the loast delay. Hence areas the extrication of persons or things from a difficulty.

must be the heart of the man who in this wide world has reached maturity without fitting into his appointed niche.

Lizzie Branson.

Lizzie Branson.

A FEMALE ROTHSCHILD.

The banking-house of Coutts & Co., is the repository of all the old English aristocracy, who, from the Queen down, mostly bank there. There are rich old dowagers, malten ladies and honorables, the rich old English Baronet with his estates in the rich passures of Berkshiro and Kent and his "shooting-box" up in the North;

MARK TWAIN ON CHAMBERMAIDS.

MARK TWAIN ON CHAMBERMAIDS.

Agginst all chambermaids of whatever agg or mationality, I grown the curse of Bachelordom!

ficenuse.

They always not the pillows at the opposite end of the best from the gas burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping. (as is the ameent and homored custom of bachelors), you have to hold your hold from dazzling your cycs.

If they cannot use the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pail your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

They always put your boats into increes, idle placus, they always a country of creating them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. This is because it computs you to get only the passing a country of the dark with the hord as the wall will permit. This is because it computs you to get down in an undiquided attitude not make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the hord, and seed to the conduction of the passing passing the analysis of the match box in some other place. They than up a new place for it every day, and put a bottle or other perichable glues thing, where that glass thing, groping about in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

No matter where you put anything, they won't let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get.

And they use more hair oil than any six men.

They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and unorengation agony upon you, but after you get up, they don't come any more till the next day.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. (New Edition)

Sir Charles Dilke is not "original "after all. This, from an unpublished (as yet) hook by a Miss Grafon, shows where he got his one from:
This is the Castle of Windsor.
This is the Queen that lives in the Castle of Wind-

or. These are the ladies that 'tend on the Queen that ives in the Castle of Windsor.

These are the pages that how to the ladies that fend on the Queen that lives in the Castle of Windsor.

These are the pages that how to the ladies that fend on the Queen that lives in the Castle of Windson.

These are the lackeys that wait on the pages that how to the tadies that fend on the Queen that lives in the Castle of Windson.

These are the soldiers, tried and sworn, that guard the crown from the unicorn, that stand by the lackeys that wait on the pages that how to the lackets that been that lend on the Queen that lives in the Castle of Windson.

These are the "military knights" fortorn, founded by Edward before you were born, that outrunk the soldiers tried and sworn, that guard the crown from the pages that how to the lackeys that wait on the pages that bow to the ladies that tend on the Queen that lives in the Castle of Windson.

Those are the knights that the garter have worn, with armorial banners tattered and torn, that look down on the military knights forlorn, founded by Edward before you were born, that outrank the soldiers tried and sworn, that guard the crown from the majes that how to the ladies that lend on the Queen that live in the Castle of Windson.

This is the de not all shaven and shorn, with the pages that how to the ladies that lend on the Queen that lives in the Castle of Windson.

This is the de notall shaven and shorn, with the canons and cleer, hat doe in the morn, that install the knights that the garter have worn, with armorial thanners intered and torn, that look down on the military knights ferborn, founded by Edward before you were born, that outrank the soldiers, tried and sworn, that guard the enews from the unicorn, that shall be keys that wait on the page. that have the first that wait on the piece, that how to the ladies that 'tend on the Queen that irves in the Uastle of Windsor.

A DEMOCRATIC PRINCESS.

The following description of the Princess Pierro

The following description of the Princess Piarro Napoleon Homparte's dressmaking establishment at 67 Benel street, Landon, is published:

A soher page in buttons conducts the visitor to a room, "arranead, with a taste and an elegance which English mode-makers—adepts in the art of entelograms of the coloring of carpet and cartains, not ton many mirrors nor a redundancy of gid-ling, and three or four valuable priots and paintings, as substitutes for the usual garish pink and yellow." Here pr. sides the Princess—a tall, very handsome woman—over a bevy of young workwomen she had obtained for her purpose from Paris, and whose mechignomed heads and plan meatness of dress are admirably in keeping with the prietical business objects of the place. Having adopted dressmaking as a vocation, the Princess enters carnestly lated in England, she thinks, a "good middle-class" school of dress-making "—the same as that which, in Paris, makes a griscille as neat, dainty and tast-fid of dress, in her way, as any person, and adds, "I hay dresses—a thousand frames each is chemp—of Worth, and by using them as models for my own workwomen, can give my casted each is chemp—of Worth, and by using them as models for my own workwomen, and give my castomers exact counterparts of his masterpieces at less than half his prices. Mine is "domneratic" dressmaking, you perceive, and I am not afraid of the word." The Indies may be able to tell just how sound this speech is in rd, and how much of cheword." The Indies may be able to tell just how sound this speech is in rd, and how much of cheword. The Indies may be able to tell just how sound this speech is in rd, and how much of cheword. The ladies may be able to tell just how sound this speech is in rd, and how much of cheword. The ladies has been to tell just how sound this speech is in rd, and how much of cheword. The ladies has been to tell just how sound this speech is in rd, and how much of cheword. The ladies has been to tell just how sound this speech to the parents of the parents of his ma

there may be really something princely in it.

How to Darss a Surre.—The "woolly taste" in mutten is not derived from the wool. The peculiar flavor of ill-dressed mutten has nothing to do with the cont of the sheep, but arises from the absorption by the meat of the gases from the intestines, which, as the outside of the careass cools, cannot occup, and are therefore absorbed by the flesh. There is a simple remedy. As soon as the animal is dead, let the hide he shit up from the brisket to the tail, and to the knees, by a quick motion of a sharp pointed knife, inserted beneath the skin. Strip the skin from the body and the ribs and logs, so that it will be out of the way of the intestines. Then open the sheep immediately, and disembowel it. All this ought to be the work of about one minute or two, or if it exemples five, there will not be sufficient time for the careass. A sheep should be killed by thrusting a sharp knife through the neck, back of the windpipe, without touching it, however, but sutting the arteries and the death of the animal will be comparatively paintess and rapid, As mutten should be made the chiefment diet of a farmer during the summer, it's well that every one should know how to slaughter and dross a sheep in the best manner. Among other trades a farmer ought to be a fair if not a good batcher. He will not then complain of woolly mutton.—

American Agriculturist.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART. FREEPORT, DIGHY COUNTY, N. S.

James I. Follows, Esq.,

James I. Follows, Esq.,

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You are at liberty to publish this for the benefit of other sufferers. I am, sir, respectfully yours.

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> No. 22. CONTENTS.

STORIES. FROM BAD TO WORSE. A Story of Montreal life. By J. A. Phillips, Chap. IV., V. BEGORDALE. By Ernest Brent, Chap. VIII., IX. IN AFTER-YEARS. By Mrs. Alexander Ross. Chaps. XI., XII.
TO THE BITTER END. By Miss M. E. Braddon.

WINDALE'S SOUVENIR. By Isabella Velancy Crawford, Chaps. 1., II.

By Whitelaw Reid.

Small-Pox.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Strolling around. The art of loafing. By a quiet stroller.

Give the Boys a Trade. By Lizzie Branson.

The Editorial Office and the Counting Room.

BELECTED ARTICLES.

The Divine Companionship. Christian Union.

—A Female Rothschild.—Mark Twain on Chambermaids.—A Democratic Princess.

—The House that Jack built.

POETRY.

Lost Hours. All the Year Round.—The Ambitions Vine. By John G. Saxe.—On the Dead Beat.—Beautiful Things.—Home.— Parted. By Dr. Norman Smith.

NEWS ITEMS,

GEMS OF THOUGHT. SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. FARM I TENS. HOUSEHOLD ITEMS,

WIT AND HUNOR. WERS TO COURSE.
LITERARY ITEMS,
HEARTHSTONE SPHINX,
MARKET REPORT ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

SMALL-POX.

The little excitement which was kept up in the daily press a few weeks since with regard to the spreading of this disease in this city, has subsided, but the epidemic is as busy as ever, and the death-rate keeps steadily at a from Montreal, which would cause great delay high figure. The mortality returns for last and prevent many vessels from m week show thirty deaths from this disease, all French Canadians. The whole number of deaths from small-pox from 1st January to 18th of May is 581, of which 559 were Roman Catholics and 22 Protestants: 455 were children and 126 adults. The large preponderance of deaths amongst the French portion of the population over the English-speaking portion is significant, and calls for more than passing notice. Of the 455 children who have died of small-pox 447 were buried at the Catholic Cemetery, and only 8 at the Protestant. These figures do not include the burials from adjoining parishes, which amount to 84, swelling the whole number of interments of small-pox victims since the 1st January, in the Catholic and Protestant Cometeries, to 665. The True Witness of last week has the following sensible remarks on the subject which are worthy of consideration by the medical profession.

"It would be well worthy of the medical profession to attempt to determine whether at all, and if at all, how far, diet has nurthing to do with the ravages of small-pox; whether, for instance, the Jews—who, if true to their law, abstain from foul feeding, and in particular the use of the flesh of the unclean beast—enjoy to any appreciable extent an immunity from the We have been assured on high authority that they do; but in Montreal their numbers are too small, and the premises with which their experiences furnishes us are too limited, to justify us in forming, or attempting to form, any conclusion. The presumption, however, is strongly in favour of the theory, that unclean food tends to make the system of the unclean feeder more liable to the attacks of faul, or unclean disease, such as small-pox, than bo were he more scrupulous in his diet. Fifth of course, neglect of ablutions, of thorough ventilation, and ilmperfect drainage, are all provoking causes of disease; and it would be well worth the trouble, if some of our scientific men were to address themselves to

there are at the same time certain physical laws which enunet be violated or neglected with impunity; and the observance of which is re-warded by a comparative immunity from many of the diseases and afflictions to which the dis obedient are peculiarly liable. A question then that we would propound as worthy of serious attention is this:—Has dieranything to do with small-pox? Do clearly feeding people, like Jews and Mahometans, enjoy any advantages in the shape of immunity from its attacks, over those who feed grossly, and use unclean

We think, however, that one of the principal causes of the virulence of small-pox amongst the French population is the want of vaccination amongst them; we have been told that French Canadians have not the loathing for this disease that English people have, that they do not dread it so much, and that, therefore, they do not take so great precautions against it as the English do; this may, perhaps, be true—altho' we doubt its accurarybut we are more disposed to think that the unwillingness to be vaccinated, so noticeable amongst a large portion of our French population, is greatly due to the strong opposition to vaccination offered by an ill-advised French Canadian doctor who has set his individual ignorance against the combined wisdom of almost the entire medical profession Since Jenuer first observed that milkmaids wore exempt to a wonderful degree from small-pox, and, on investigation discovered that it was from their being unconsciously inoculated with cow-pox while milking, vaccication has grown stendily in favor, and has year after year proved that it is the safest and best means of combatting small-pox; and any one who deliberately and violently sets himself against the principle of vaccination incurs a great moral responsibility. In this connection, in view of the disinclination of French Canadians to vaccination, the heavy death rate, and the near approach of summer which will doubtless cause the disease to spread considerably, if not the specific process of the summary of the specific process of the summary will not allow him to induly of recty in "phis," as he calls it; and the specific process of the summary will not allow him to induly of recty in "phis," as he calls it; and the state of the summary will not allow him to induly of recty in "phis," as he calls it; and the summary will not allow him to induly of recty in "phis," as he calls it; and the summary will not allow him to induly of recty in "phis," as he calls it; and the summary will not allow him to induly of recty in "phis," as he calls it; and the summary will not allow him to induly of recty in "phis," as he calls it; and cause the disease to spread considerably, if not stamped out now while there is yet time, and the weather is still cool, we would venture to suggest to the Catholic Clergy that it would be well for them to take the matter in hand and to trige upon their flocks the necessity and advantage of vaccination. We feel confident that a few words of advice would cause many toget over their objection to vaccination and the saving of many valuable lives will, in all human probability, be the result.

There is another view of this small-pox question, which altho' rather sordid in comparison to the saving of human life, is yet very pertinent. It is the effect which the preeunce of small-pox as an epidemic in Montreal will have on the pleasure seekers and travellers who usually visit us in such large numbers during the summer and from whom a large portion of our population derive a considerable portion of their income. It is not likely that parties going off on a pleasure tour of a few weeks will visit a city where small-pox is known to be prevalent, and run the risk of

The effect on the shipping may also be very disastrous, for should the disease increase, and be communicated to the sailors, a quarantine would undoubtedly be established at all the ports to which our vessels go, against ships clearing proper number of trips during the scason, thus involving considerable loss on the owners and great inconveniences to the shippers. It is of absolute importance that the disease should be met firmly and at once, or, as the warm wenther comes on us it may spread and involve great loss of life and serious inconvenience to

For the Hearthstone.

STROLLING AROUND SKETCHES HERE AND THERE.

BY A QUIET STROLLER.

STROLL I. THE ART OF LOAFING.

Did you ever conceive a passion for sirolling milelly about, picking up such spare scraps of information, experience or knowledge as may be in your path? I have, and I find my stroiing around frequently furnishes me with solid food for reflection, and has greatly added to my scant stock of knowledge. In fact, being rather of a nomadic disposition, I like to stroll leisurely about, looking at things no one fancies I notice, and gathering information in places where it is not usually gained. In my strolling about I have got to know something about lonfabout I have got to know something about four-ing—the "Ast of Loading" I have called it, and I think advisedly. There is no doubt in my mind that loading is an art, and there are some great professors of the art. It can scarcely be called a high art, and it is most undoubtedly not a fine art; but it may safely be classed as a low art. The art of loafing is a vast and compre hensive study, and the graduates and students of the art are legion; it takes time, patience and long suffering to make a really first-class loafer; but I have seen some men who, by steady and arduous application, have risen to double first-class honors in the art. The loafer is not indigenous to any one place, he is to be found everywhere; it must be a very poor little country village, or a termible place for hard work, that cannot boast at least one loafer; but the the task of determining the causes, hygienic loafer, pure and simple, in all his pristine force and dictetic, to which we must attribute the ex-

tent to which small-pox has attained in Montreal since last autumn; and the striking prediction that it has manifested for French Canadians. It would be most important too, in the interests not of science only, but of humanify, to ascertain whether Jews, and those who always from the contrast of leafers, would be to have a living true nuclean ford, enjoy in any degree on because of leafers, would be to have a property of the last of leafers, would be to have the property of the last of leafers, would be to have the property of the last of leafers, and the last of leafers, would be to have the last of leafers. abstain from unclean food, enjoy in any degree an immunity either from small-pox, or other content; if these were all abolished it is possible children. Of course, health and sickness, life that the art of loading might take its place and death, are in the hands of the Lord; but amongst the "lost arts"; but while those four

amongst the "lost arts"; but while those four things exist—especially street corners—loafers will flourish, and the art of-loafing will gain new proselytes every day.

It must not be supposed that when I weed the term "loafer" I mean only those poor wretches who can almost always be found in bar-rooms waiting for a chance drink; no, I use the term in its full, wide and general sense, as covering the entire class of those who, to a certain extent, live on their wits; the class which really represents the drones in the luman beelive, who work little and earn little, but who cat much, drink much and loaf much, very much. The art of bonfing might be divided into five grand classes, each containing some "bright particular stars" who shine far above the average of their class, and are followed by a vast array of lesser stars," who since for above the average of thost class, and are followed by a vast array of lesser satellites who move in the wake of the great luminaries and humbly implicate their example. I shall call those five principal classes, "the gentlemanty loafer," "the hotel loafer," at the boarding house loafer," "the bar-room loafer," and "the corner loafer;" and shall treat each in

By consulting "Webster's Unabridged" I "Loaven, n, (N. H. Ger. laufer, Prov. Ger. laufer, lofer, L. Ger. looper, a runner, from laufen, lofen, lopen, to run), an idle man; a vagrant who seeks his living by sponging or expedients."

It is under this deat deficient the laufer of the laufer than the laufer than

who seeks his living by sponging or expedients."
It is under this first definition, "an idle man," that my first class or gentlemantly loafer comes. He does not sponge, except occasionally on other people's time. He is always well dressed and clean, and frequently affects the "swell." The gentlemantly loafer is generally well to do, having enough income—wrung from the sweat of other people's brows—to support him; and he samiters through life doing nothing, caving nothing, and feeling very little for his fellow man. He dawdles away his morning at his tollet or in bed making up for last night's at his tollet or in bed making up for last night's carouse; he loads about the streets for an hour or so, "glying the girls a treat," as he calls it; wastes half an hour or so in some saloon or reswastes had an hour of so in some smoon of the taurant, where he is generally leafed on by a brother leafer in more impocunious circumstances than himself; takes a drive or a ride, if he is able to keep a horse; dines at the clubgeniteanonly loafers usually belong to clubs—or at home if he does not belong to any club; goes to the Theatre, throws a bouquet to his favorite density, takes her is supper possibly, after the danseuse, takes her to supper, possibly, after the gets home about the time men who have to work for their living are thinking of getting up. The gentlemanly loafer is a veritable drone; he is of no use whatever to the general welfare of a country, he invents nothing, discovers nothing, does nothing, knows nothing, is good for nothing, and simply ides away his time until he finally loais off into eternity. In this category of gentlemanly loafers I do not wish to be supposed to tlemanly loafers I do not wish to be supposed to include the landed geatery, and men who live on their means, and are generally styled as "doing nothing," for it is that class which does most for the world in encagning the arts and secences, who devote much time, pains and money to the furtherance and sustemance of charitable and benevolent institutions, who to a great extent fill our houses of Parliament and other dallicent to be desired and the arthur bedden and who attents they delice and who attents they deliberative bodies, and who, although they nominally "do nothing," really work hard in the cause of civilization and humanity, and do their duties as well and fully as the hardest worked and most industrious laborer. I do not include this class, but I do include "men about town" and the ike, as they are the very class I

The hotel leafer. mose commonly known as a "dead head." The family of the dead heads is a numerous and prelitione, and its ramifications extend to almost every business and profession. About the only person it is hard, if not impossible to dead head it on is a lawyer. I never heard of a lawyer who had a dead head client, although such a rara avis may, perhaps, exist. The hotel loaier takes various forms; sometimes he is in a very humble spinore, and is content to loaf in the kitchen, or in the servants' departments; at others he rises one step higher and occupies an attic in the most elevated part of the hotel, and takes his meals in the general dining room; not unfrequently he reposes in the best room in the house, and meditatively ploks his teeth with a toothpick in front of the hotel with the air of a man who owns the whole building. The hotel loafer is fre-quently—indeed in most lustance—a man who has some business or profession, but for some unaccountable reason the proprietor of the hotel allows him to board free; sometines it is be-cause he "draws custom to the house," sometimes on account of past favors, but generally it appears to be for some reason which no one but the proprietor himself knows. Peregrinating members of the press furnish a good supply to the army of hotel loafers. Hotel keepers seem to think it an impropriety to change pressmen for the trifle of a few days accommodation, and either expect to get paid through the medium of a puff, or to get no pay at all. Indeed the press-men, altho probably the most hardworking class in the community, figure very conspicuously as dead beads; on railways, stormboats, at dinners, balls, theatres &c., the pressman figures as a dead head. I do not think this is the fault of the pressmen who I believe, as a rule, would rather pay than place thomselves under any ac-tual or fancled obligation, but it is the fault of the custom which has grown so strong that it seems to be conceeded that members of the press have the right to go wherever they please without paying. There is one point about the hotel lonfer that I particularly dislike; if he has any money, he will more generally spend it out of the hotel he is loading on than in it. He seems to think it is quite correct for him to take his three meals a day and sleep for no thing, but appears to have a grudge against the landlord for not furnishing free drinks and cigars also : and when he asks a friend to take a drink or a smoke he generally goes "across the street," or " round the corner."

The boarding house leafer is the meanest of all leafers; he is not like the hotel leafer who is generally countenanced by the landlord but he sneaks into a boarding house under false colors, stays until he is put out and then departs for " fresh fields and pastures new." He is the meanest because he victimizes a class who can ill afford it; he robs the fatherless and defrauds He will not work more than will the widow. suffice to supply him with tobacco and drink; and sometimes he combines the business of boarding house loafer with that of barroom loafer also, and then he can loaf for drinks as well as board. Board and lodging he seems to think are his by Divine right and boarding house keepers the means which Providence has provided for him to live without working. I have known a skilful boarding house

leafer live for nearly two years without ever once having been guilty of paying even a week's board. To be sure, he changed his residence fre-quently; on an avenge about once in two three weeks, sometimes oftener, but he did not mind that, he liked change, and moving his baggage was not expensive as he had none; I believe he has loft Montresh now declaring "he never could find a desent boarding house in the city," and gone to some other city when he is not so well known amongst boarding house

keepers.

The bar-room loafer everybody knows who visits any number of drinking places; he is generally an idle, worthless fellow, too lazy to work, and with a perpetual thirst on him. I never know a bar-room loafer refuse a drink except one, and he had had twenty-seven glasses given him during the day, and when asked for the twenty-eighth time he excused himself on the plea that he did not feel well, and took a eigar! The bar-room loafer is sometimes of a quarrelsome and bullying disposition, and disposed to be troublesome, especially in his cups; but more frequently he is abject, servile, and cringing, ready to curry favour with any one who seems "good for a drink," but hard and severe on a brother loafer whom he finds poaching on his own domains. To follow the profession of a bar-room loafer requires a man to have a very thick skin, he must not be offended at little slights, affronts or insults, and even if an irate bar-keeper kicks him out, he should smile as benignly as possible and treat the matter as a first class joke. Bar-keepers do not like loafers; they suph them and play small lokes on them The bar-room loafer everybody knows who as benignly as possible and tract the matter as a first class joke. Bar-keepers do not like loafers; they snub them and play small jokes on them whenever they feel like it; the loafer has to submit; he tries to make people think that he and the bar-keeper are excellent friends, brothers almost, but it is generally an abject failure. Barroom loafing, like fishing, requires great pationee and persoverance; the loafer will sometimes have to sit for an hour or more quietly waiting for a bite; he is affable and courteous, and speaks politely to all who enter, unless he should recognize a brother loafer, and then he is frigidity recognize a brother loafer, and then he is frigidity itself. On very very rare occasions, when no one will come in and ask him to drink, the loafer will treat himself, but this he very seldom does, and he never treats any one else-the most melancholy sights I ever w was seeing two loafers—who were intimate, and had been drinking off the same crowd for several days—meet early one morning in a bar-room, each thirsty and trying to get a private drink. They eyed each other suspiciously, just bowed slightly, and slided sliently up to the bar; net-ther spoke; there was a pause of nearly a min-ute; the bar-keeper placed himself in front of them, and with a quiet smile asked, "do you want anything, gentlemen?" "Jim," satt the elder, and most experienced loafer, "will you—will you toss for a drink?" and he laid a you—will you toss for a dring?" and he must be near piece on the counter as if to show the intended limit of the treat. They tossed, and the man who had proposed the liberal plan of getting over the difficulty won; hodrank his rye with evident gusto, and went away smiling at the consciousness of having lonfed on his brother longer.

The corner loafer is the worst loafer of the whole lot; he is either an incipient thief and rowdy, or a would-be libertine and roue. It is a sad and pitiable sight to see the number of boys, quite young boys too, who loaf about street corners, chewing tobacco or smoking a short pipe; a corner loafer never smokes a long type or a whole clears, so not turns by well included. pipe or a whole cigar; sometimes he will indulge in a "butt," but his normal condition is a short pipe or a chew of tobacco. The principal quality of a corner longer is persistency; he will stick to his corner like a fox to his tall; policemen to his corner like a fox to his tall; policernam may drive him off, but he will only go half a block or so and return to his corner again. Most loafers have a pet corner, and they do not thoroughly enjoy loading in any other place. A good first-class loafer can loaf eight hours at a stretch, and I have seen one or two extra first-class men who could go an hour or two better. Corner loading is not profitable; it brings in no returns, but it is a numerously followed calling. The only object in corner loading is to tell indecent stories, indulge in blasphemous and im-moral conversation, and to insult lady pedes-trians. On dark nights corner leading will some-times lead to even worse things than these, unwary passers-by are knocked down, robbed, and sometimes severely beaten. There is no doubt that the criminal list of every large city is considerably swelled from the ranks of the

corner lonfers.

These are by no means all the students of the art of loading which one can find while strolling around any large city, but I have already spun out my article to a greater length than I intended, and must, therefore, bid you added for this prock.

LITERARY ITEMS.

SCRIENER'S MONTHLY for June has as many as fifty-three illustrations, those accompanying Mr. Richardson's "Travelling by Telegraph" (second article) being of extraordinary richness and beauty. There are pictures of Harrisburgh, glimpses of the Susquehanna. Havana and Watkins Glons, Scencea Lake, etc., etc. Another interesting illustrated article is on "The City of Warwick." England. Prof. Higard, of the U. S. Coast Survey, explains with maps, tubles, etc., his curious and important theory of the centre of gravity of populations; Mr. Whitelaw Rold, managing editor of the Tribusa, ably discusses "Schools of Journalism;" Mr. Wilkinson continues his criticism of Mr. Dowell's prose; Mr. Warnor gives us another charming chapter of "Back-Log Studies;" Mr. W. J. Stillman presents an interesting sketch of an "English Art Reformer;" Mrs. Oliphant's "At his Gatos" is, as usual, strong and masterly; Saxe Holm's "Draxy Millor's Dowry" has a singular rush and brockiness,—this instalmont contains an exquisite little hymn by Draxy herself. Then there is a powerful story in the Lancashiro dialoct, by Faumic E. Hodgson. The separate pooms are by Harriet McEwon Kimball, Elisabeth Akers Allon, and Mary L. Kitter, Dr. Holland, in "Topics of the Time," writes of "Theatres and Theatre-going," and "The Loneliness of Farming Life in Amorica." The Old Cabinet talks about "Cousin Bertha," "Our Standing among our Friends," "Talking about the Absent," "Human Sympathy," "The Afterglow," "Imitation," and "The Big Picture." The Scientific Department is well filled; Home and Society, among other timely papers, has an excellent little article (with illustrations) on croquet. Outlure and Progress has oritiques on Church's "Parthenon," Thomas Moran's "Grand Canon of the Yellowstone," music, now books, etc., and the cichings are very graceful and suggestive. The contributed and editorial papers altogether cover a romarkably wide range.

remurkably wide range.

OLD AND NEW.—The June number of OLD AND NEW completes Vol.V. The complex story of "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other" onds in this number, in a mingled conflagration made up of the fires of love and the hurning of Chicogo, very graphically described. There is an interesting account of the Bruhus Sounai, a sort of Hindoo Protestant Society; a continuation of Mr. MacDonald's homomissionary novel, "The Vicar's Daughter;" a grightly account of "Living in Germany;" and a good deal of entertaining and fine-cut reading, in the Literary and Social Departments. Mr. Hale's Introduction is the most significant part of the number for it is a terse, clear, and strong statement of the "true fnots" about the much-contested "indirect damages" connected with the Alabama claims.

The port of London now pussesses 488 acres (water) of docks, and nearly 3,000 acres of river waterway. The average number of vessels constantly moored in the port is about 351; and when the last Census was taken the floating population of the Thames between ken the fleating population of the Thames between album and Plumstead was returned by the Cus-us officers as amounting to 6,540 persons.

A GOOD senson will produce as many as 20,000 oranges from a single tree.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States—Charles Walter, convicted of murdering a family of three persons and robbing them of all their property, eight miles from Marsh-field, Mo., three years age, was hanged at Marsh-field, Mo., three years age, was hanged at Marsh-field, Mo., three years age, was hanged at Marsh-field, Mo., three years age, was hanged the head. inflicting a fatal wound, and then put a builtet through his own head, and fell dead by her side. —John David Wolfs, one of the oldest morehants of New York, died on 19th ut. He leaves real estate valued at \$5,000,000. — The woods in various parts of Long Island are on fire. —Libbie Garrabrand has been sentenced to be hung at Pattorson, N. J., on 18th July, for the murder of K. F. Burreugis. — A messanger of the Gallatin Mational Bank, while roing his rounds on 19th ult., was knocked down, and \$3,000 in gold taken from him. Two bridges on the Missouri Pacific Railroad have been washed away by recent heavy rains. — A special from Scranton. Pa., says the wood for thirty-two miles along the Dolaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad has been on lire for several days, causing consternation in towns along the road from Dunninge to Tobyhanna. Engineers cannot see tou feet ahead of their locomotives, and are compeled to croep cautiously along. The town of Tobyhanna has been entirely surrounded with fire since Mondny, and it has taken horoulean exertions of five hundred men to save it from being rounded with fire since Mondny, and it has taken horoulean exertions of five hundred men to save it from being round a successful strike for eight hours work more favoured as successful strike for eight hours work more favoured as successful strike for light hours it from being round and the proposition of New York, was pulled on the Ningara River. — Honry Peek has recovered \$3,000 damages against the New York Contral Railroad for being put off a palace can for refusing to pay extra fare for drawing-room car when the ordinary car of the drawing-room car when the ordinary

veral of the students of Cornell University, some so badly that they are not expected to recover.

Canada.—Large fires are again raging in the neighborhood of Otthwa.—The workmen of Quebee are agitating the nine hour movement.—Small-pox is still prevalent in Terento, but is on the decrease.—James Sabin, a respectable farmer of Vienna, Out., committed suicide on 14th uit. by shooting himself through the head.—New hydrants are being put down throughout the city of Toronto.

The grosery of Thomas Bridge, at Cayuga, was totally destroyed on 22nd uit.; loss, \$2,200.—The Levis campwill be divided this year into two brigades, onch being commanded by its senior officer. Col. Casault, Deputy-Adjutant General, will command the camp.—A little girl, aged live years, the daughter of Mr. Barras, of Levis, foil upon her face into a kettle of boiling water at the Convent of the Grey Nuns. In Quobee, on 22nd uit., and was very seriously scalded.—The Quebee printers have obtained an increase of wages without recourse to a strike.—The Corporation of St. Mary's offer a bonus of \$1,000 per annum for ten years and exemption from all taxes for five years to any manufacturing firm who shall establish there and employ not less than fifty skilled workmen.—As ad affair occurred at Toronto on 23rd uit., on the way to the necropolis, Two horses attached to a heerse containing a corpse ran away down an embankment, overturning the hearse and throwing the coffin out, completely smashing it.

Fearce.—President Thiers has given permission for the remains of a calling Louis Philippe to be

bankment, overturning the hearse and throwing the collin out, completely smashing it.

France.—President Thiers has given permission for the remains of ex-king Louis Philippe to be brought from England and interred at Droux in the Prometrient of Eure et Loire.——It is understood that the party of the Left. in the Assembly, will, after the cless of the impending trial of Marshal Basine, domand the impeachment of the members of the last Ministry under the Empire.—Henri Rochefort, whose departure for Now Caledonia half been delayed, sailed for that island, on 24th dit. together with several other prisoners, who have been convicted of participation in the Communist revolt.—The Commission on capitulations, in their report relative to the surrender of Strasburg, blame theneral Urich on all paints for the capitulation of the city. He is especially censured for securing for himposed upon his enlisted men.—Le Gaulois publishes a letter from the Emperor Napoleon dated Chiselhurst, May 12th, and addressed to the Generals and Commanders of the French army. In this communication the Emperor makes the following asknowledgment:—I sau responsible for Sedan. The army fought heroically with an enemy double its strength. After 14,000 had been killed or wounded I saw the contest was merely one of desparation. The army honor having been saved I exercised my sovereign right and unfurled the flag of truce. It was impossible that the immediation of 60,000 men could save France. I obeyed a cruel, inexorable necessity. My heart was broken, but my conscience was tranquil.

heart was broken, but my conscience was a languary and the England.—The North German Lloyd's steamer Bailtimore was run into by the Spanish SS. Lorento Timpsea, near Southampton, on the night of 23rd ult, and a hole cighteen feet long knocked in her. She was run aground and all the crew and passengers sayed. She will be a total wrock. The Spanish vessel was unhurt.—The Queen's Birthday was observed at Windsor with suitable court festivities. The celebration in London takes place on lst. June, by which time the Prince and Princess of Wales will have reached home.—The agent of the Cunariting has received information of the loss of the have reached home.—The agent of the Cunard line has received information of the loss of the steamship Tripoli from Livernool for Boston. The Tripoli went ashore on South Tuskar Rock, off Carrs Point. The captain and crew and passedgers were all saved, but the vessel will be a tetal loss. Little of the cargo can be saved.

of the cargo can be sayed.

Spain.—The Cortes has passed a bill providing for bringing the effective force for the regular army in Spain up to 60,000.—Numbers of Carlists continue to surrouder to the Government troops.—The whereabouts of Don Carlos remains a mystery, but that he escaped from Spain is certain.—The ministry has resigned and King Amadeus has called on Serrano to form a new ministry.—Later despatches from Biscay report that the Carlists organization in that Province has the completely annihizated. 5,000 of the insurgents surrendered to the loyal forces on Sunday last. Order is now restored throughout the entire Province.

JAPAN.—When the decree of the Tenno of Japan abolishing all edicts, against Christianity was made known, Buddhist priests, already despoiled of their lands, protested against this sot. Ten unarmed priests attempted to force themselves into the Emperor's grounds to have an interview. They were met at the grand gate, and refusing to halt, five were out down, and the others retreated. This is all there is in the story of the attempted assassination of the Emperor.

MEXICO.—The revolutionists have appeared in small parties in the vicinity of Camargo, the head-quarters of the Government forces under Gen. Cevallos. On 22nd ult. the revolutionists attacked one of Cevallos' outposts and worp repulsed. It is reported that a small party of men belonging to the forces lately commanded by Cortina Joined the revolutionists. Trevino is said to be near Monterey recruiting.

Cuna.—Intendents of the banks received that the Spanish bank retire a portion of its large bills and issue three million or more of fractional currengy.

—A commission of tabacconists and manufacturers has been formed to take measures to evade difficulties between employers and , workmen.

Austria.—The Arch-Duchess Sophia, mother of Emperor Francis Joseph, is dangerously ill with typhoid fever. Latest bulletins report her sinking rapidly.

The present Prince of Wales is the sixteenth Heir Apparent to the English Throne who has berne the distinction. Of his litteen prodecessors, six died while holding the Princedom, and nine reached the

A COSTI.Y DIGTIONARY.—When Gustavus III. founded the Swedish Academy in 1786, its eighteen members were charged to compile and publish a Swedish dictionary. The first volume, containing the letter A, was issued in 1870, having oen about £10,000. At the present rate its completion would require 2,236 years, at an expense of about £340,000.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

For the Hearthstone. PARTED.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITE.

We have paried, aye forever, Broken is the magic tie, Now I wander weary hearted, 'Neath a distant foreign sky; Yet there lingers, fendly lingers, 'Mid the happy scenes of yere, Thoughts that still are eager seeking For the Joys that bloom no more.

We have parted, but thine image, Lavely as the fairest flower, In my heart 1'll fondly treasure, Till the closing of life's hour. Wheresoe'er my footstops wander, In distant climes and lands afar, Thou wilt be my guardian angel, Still wilt be my guiding star.

We have parted, but entwining (Ness around thy cherished name, Memory wreaths her sweetest flowers, In an endless mystic chain, Time may bear me swilly enward Over life's tempestuous sea,

Over life's tempestuous sea,
) et. amid its wild commetion.
Oft I'll turn and think of thee

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. GRANTLEY IS SUGGESTIVE.

The gentlemanly George Darrill went out when breakfast was over. It was his habit to take a constitutional between the morning meal, and what, in his airy way, he speke of to to his Bow-street friends as tiffin.

He was a great man still in his way amones a certain professional set, with whom he drank bitter beer at the silent hours in the Strand vicinity, and restored his nervous system by sundry drains of something stronger. There is scarcely a more pitable object in this fair cre-ation than a man about town in the early day, before the customary stimulants have done their

"I shall be better able to see Grantley after a stroll," he said, as he passed a slik handkerchief round his hat—an irreproachable hat being one of his gentlemanly points! "and if he should come before I return you will keep him here, and try to see what he wants."

"He will not come before you return," said

Mrs. Darrill, quietly. "You must return before he cones, George, and without too much artificial nerve, mind."

George Darrill muttered semething about not heing dictated to, but there was an undercur-rent of meckness in his tone when he said he would not be longer if he could help it. He liked to keep up a semblance of an authority he had long since resigned, and it deceived no

· I wonder he did not ask you for a little change," observed Theodore, before George Dar-rill was well out of hearing; "he generally does, unless it's Friday, and he knows we are cleared out till treasury time on Saturday

"Speak of him with more respect, Thoodore. You might do that, for my sake; I have suffered enough for both of you, heaven knows."

"I don't see what you suffered for me," said the youth, suffer, or, if you did suffer, it was no fault of mine; besides, you think I for-get how he used to serve me before I was big enough and strong enough to take care of my-self. And I tried to think he was my father," he added, bitterly, "little thinking he had two hundred a year of my own which he was spend-ing."

ing."
The actress turned from him with a sigh. It was part of her punishment, that the son of the was part of her band to love massionately was man she had learned to love passionately was the screet trouble of her life. She could not defend her husband from the young man's sneers. George Darrill had lost the respect of all good men, and thrown away his own. He had descended so low as to borrow money of Theodore and his general conduct was not such as to induce Theodore to treat him with consideration.

Ada was glad when the youth followed her husband's examples and went ont. She was quite aware that he would be found the next few hours at the bar of a tavern, or in the midst of a knot of betting men, but he had grown beyond her control, and it was a relief at least to be rid of him, no matter where he went. She often asked herself, in the moments when she often asked herself, in the moments when she did reflect, who was responsible for the way the boy'sh reprobate had taken. She determined to sot him a better example, and appeal to his affection; but the attempt was too great a tax upon her patience, required too great a change in the liabit which had become necessitous, and so the wood resolutions made in the morning. so the good resolutions made in the mo were forgotten till the next, then only remem- him-

bered to be forgotten again.
But for Walter existence would have been very barren to the once popular and still heautiful actress. It was years since her heart had shaped a prayer, till he grow up and gave signs of a true and gentle nature, which she prayed might never change.

He was very quiet and studious. He was fond of books, and had picked up a knowledge of music without assistance, except such as came to him voluntarily from the ladies who visited Mrs. Darrill. The only desire she had left was to save for him, make a fortune for him, and keep him from following in the footsteps of his

"And there is not much I would not do" she thought, as she locked at him this morning, " to save you from George Darrill's wretched ex-. I often thank heaven you are not a with such a parent your late might have beeu even worse than mine.'

Mr. Grantley came in the afternoon, The gentlemanly George had returned with just sufficient artificial nerve to give his manner a defiant He never was entirely at his case with the polished esquire, who was fifteen years his

"I see you have received my letter," said Everard, putting his hat on his cano and his ca ne in a corner, against one of those heavy side-boards generally to be found in furnished apart-ments, where dining-room and drawing-room are combined in one. "I am glad to find you

at home, Mr. George Darrill."

"You mentioned important business, Mr. Grantly, and expressed a wish to see me.

"Yes, I dkl. I want your help on very important and rather serious business—that is, if you are willing to serve a friend—at a price." The gentlemanly George waved his hand, as if such a consideration as price were wide of the

You remember." Everard went on. "that "ubout two years ago, you, madame, wrote, at my suggestion, to Eugene Temple, of Brook-dale, mentioning your relationship to him, asking a little temporary assistance, and omitting the triffing circumstance that, prior to your marriago to his uncle Chreuce, you were married to the gentlemanty George.

That was at your suggestion too," said Ada, quietly.

The stage world is so much like the real that

The stage world is so much like the real that her dramatic experience had given her a tolorable insight into character, and she had studied Everard Grantley to advantage.

"Yos, madam, you are right; and he left me to see to it, as he did to all things then; and being a liberal-minded young gentleman he instructed me to make you such an allowance as would meet the case justly."

would meet the case justly."

"And you gave me a cheque for three hundred pounds," said Ada. "I was very grateful for it, Mr. Grantley. I hope you do not think I have forgotten how kind you were."

"I mention it, madam, because it leads up to the more serious topic. I had interested Eugene so deeply ou your behalf that I have no doubt he would have done much more had he not been deterred by a segmile of coverence. He been deterred by a scruple of conseience. He was not quite sure he was spending his own money."

Mr. George Darrill with uneasy visions of having to refund the three hundred advanced to Ada, waited with considerable anxiety to hear what was coming.

"We have heard," said Everard, addressing

himself to the actress chiefly, and keeping his gaze fixed upon her, "that there may be another claimant for Brookdale, You, madam, are aware that Clarence Temple went abroad—how many years ago?"
"Two and twenty."

"Thanks; and in some part of America—Philadelphia, I think—he married Miss Ellon Ada Darrill drew a deep breath as she said-"Yes! I remember it well."

search, come in contact with the boy you would know him at once."

"How?"
"By the extraordinary resemblance which "By the extraordinary resemblance which the Temples bear to each other—always taking the likeness from the father. Thus, Clarence Temple and his brother, the parent of Eugene, might have been taken for one and the same when apart. Again, Eugene, the present master of Brookdale, and Theodore, the son of Clarence Temple and George Darrill's wife, are singularly alike. This resemblance has run through the temply tor generalions, and depend upon it the family for generations, and depend upon it, find the lawful son of Charence Temple when and where you may he will be so extraordinarily like our Theodore that he might be his

twin brother." "If he is," said Darrill, "it will be very

"It will be more strange if he is not," said Everard, and I think, George Darrill, it would be as well for you to take Theodore with you. The voyage would do him no harm. It would take him away from bad company, give him new ideas, and make him what he really is in one sense, the son of a gentleman. There is not the slightest doubt of his paternity; every tenant on the Brookdale estate would recognise him a a Temple at once, where he by any chance to be seen down there."

And he might have been," Ada said with a gloomy glance at her husband: " better men than George Darrill would have died a hundred times, but he lived to return."

me a long time, but I should surprise you. I daresay, were I to introduce myself in a new character."

"You would have to come a long journey to

surprise me," said the precoclous reprobate, with a coarseness of manner and speech strangely at variance with his graceful figure and proudly featured face. "You don't get over me like you do the governor, so keep your handsome outfit to yourself, or give it somebody who is more fond of being about in a ship than I am."

"But it is absolutely indispensable that you should have the outfit and use it," said Grantley, calmiy. "I am an old friend of your father's, Theodore, and what I am doing now I am doing for your advantage. You would not always like to live on a pattry two hundred a year, would you?"

"Not if I saw a way of getting more."

"And you would not care to work for more?"

"Not if I could get it any other way."

"You are very old for your time of life, Theodore, but you have not yet lost the refreshing frankness of youth—a quality I was scarcely inclined to credit you till now. to the next room, and I will do two tidings for "What are they?"

"I will tell you how to add to your ircome without working for it, and I will tell you who your father was.

The last promise had the effect desired. was part of a solemn compact between Ada and Clarence Temple that the boy's paternity should Ada Darrill drew a deep breath as she said—
"Fate, my dear madam, and it could not have taken a more gentlemantly shape. He is own ideas on the subject, and a dishonourable whot, unfortunately, without cause. Well, a little battered now, I admit, but a couple of vanity had made him assert that he was the

He had feured it would be monotonous

He had feared it would be monotonous at first; but as the tranquil days restored his wearied brain to list healthy tone, he saw how beautiful Prookdale was, with hill, and glen, and waterfall, landscape and sen.

There were the grandgreen heights on every side but one, and where the grand green heights were not, there was the ocean. Sweet as it must have been to see these things in suff-communion—sweet as the repose was to one out of whom hard-world wear never could drive the pactry engrafted in his nature—it was sweeter still to share communion and repose with one who had become all, set his second self—for Julia Temple was to him as fair and pure, as gentle and as sympathetic, as the Egerla for whom Namu place. Numa placed.

"I shall be sorry when my story is finished," "I shall be sorry when my story is finished," he said to Julia. She stole somethares to his cyrle with a book; but the book was rarely read—it was more pleasant to watch the thoughtful face and rapid pen, and know that she alone of all the world had the privilege of penetrating the sacred precinets of the writing-poin. "I shall be some resert full and." shall be very sorry, Julia, and I am getting to the last chapter now." Julia could scavely understand his regret. To

her, a story fluished was something accom-plished—another monument to the literary fame she was so proud of, and for which he cared

"It will be associated with Brookdale always." to win the associated with Brook date always,"
he went on, as he laid his quilt aside, "by our know, little one, a story is more to its author than what it is to the outside world—a more string of incidents and chapters, with a bit of character here and there." "You mean that it must be read in the spirit

lu which it is written?"

"That were to hope for too much," he smiled,
"It is something to be read at all in these
lays. Stories are like their writers and men in coheral. They get either too much praise or too much blame. But this is not what I meant. Every chapter I have written here is a record of ome pleasant days spent in the dear old place. shall think of Brookdale when I look it

Mr. Drayton furned his face from the lender, serious eyes, and was silent then. His holiday was nearly over, and he bad not the moral courage to fix the date of his departure. The prospect of the return to his dingy Landon

chambers had never seemed so uninviling.

"I have liked those new months away very weetly," he said, after a pause. "The deley for death has had more attraction than I ever found i It before. Certainly I never felt so much lead of the inevitable."

· What is the inevitable, Laurence ?"

• The great metropolls, as the little serilies eall it. The city of toll and dust, heart-nelle, icain-work, false good-fellowship, and petry ided corship—and these things are more nalpable to

corship—and these things are more national to a man without a home than to him who can orget frem by the quiet of his freeside,"

"Why do you not have a home then?"

"Have I the right to inflict myself, with my arratte habits and singularities, upon some poor lit, who might think me a mixture of her ideal Gyron and her ideal Scott. I am at once the most impractical and most methodical of which I like many in 12 tons. men. I like case, indolonce, and luxury to a selfish extent. I have a rooted etestation of poverty, Julia. I have a vagrant disposition, and my work to me when the mood isposition, and my work to me when the mosel con me is more than whe or free of could be, o you can imagine what an odd kind of hus-and I should make."

"You have surely drawn a flattering descrip-

ion of yourself, Laurence," said Julia."

"I know the weak points of my nature, and speak of thom as caudidly as my degrees friend would. Marriage to me would be a serious and a curious undertaking. To begin with, I am

a curious undertaking. To begin with, I am poor."

"Not very poor."

"Poor, if I measure my income by my instincts. I don't suppose I stadl ever make more than seven hundred a year, and that only for a fixed period. Literature is not like business. There is no profit attached to it. No matter how much a man may get for his books it is simply his price, and he never saves. A provident writer is as rare as a blue diamond or a white crow. When I royldence gives lim the power of turning paper into gold, fate makes a hole in his pocket, and keeps it always open. Some men are rich on seven hundred a year some men are rich on seven hundred a year—some men are rich on two; but these are not literary men. My butcher or my grocer saves money, because he pays wages. He has a business, makes profits, and puts so much away. Broad by, he trains a juvenile butcher and gro-cer in the way he should go, and retires in peace to a drawing-room over the shop, or a cottage in the desolate region of Dulwieh, and that man is happy. Life to him means an unstin-ed table, with plenty of beer and grog, and a seat under a cherry tree in his own garden. His

"Whatever induced you to study the habits of th people?"
(My dear child, we study everything. The literary man is a surgeon in his way, and a sort of social analyist. He has the whole mental world before him to dissect, and, believe me, between his work and the surgeon's, the surgeon has the best of it; but to return. The writer has the best of it; but to return. The writer has not the greeer's advantage. He leaves no business for his children; when he puts his pen down, work and profit both stop together. Thus if he marry at all he must marry a lady, and unless he marry for money that hady would see her husband a mere ink drudge—scribbling vapid rubbish—to pay the rent, the taxes, and the lattle?

" Is it wise to think of these things?" asked Miss Temple, gently. "would it be a crime for a man to marry for money—that is to say, to marry a girl with money?"

"Not, perhaps, a crime; but to such a man as me it would be an act of folly. It would be against my whole way of thinking. Man is the born bread-winner. He should never be in a

"And so, then, you would rather let a woman break her heart than marry her if she were rich?" said Miss Temple. "I confess the philo-sophy is strange to me. A poor man, marrying a rich girl, might spend her money honourably and wisely. A wealthy man might marry her,

and squander the money of both." and squamer the money of hoth."
"Humph!" said Mr. Drayton to himself. "I wonder who taught you to philosophize, Miss Temple. Your argument admits of too many answers, Julia, so we will let it alone. I shall that the letter work." be in Lundon next week." " So soon !

"Yes: back to the old haunts, the old people, the man who always wants to bitter with me, and nover by any chance has small change about him; the men—their name is legion—who want to tell me a good thing which they think I can make something out of; and the men who will persist in introducing me to the whole list of their acquaintunce, whicher I like it or not; and in the hurry and turmell of these I fancy I shall often think of Brookdale, and long for these quiet hours with my little Julia."
"I hope you will, Laurence, and come back to
us," said Julia.
"This innocent love," he thought; "this

sweet, sweet confidence-all mine now, and



THE DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

we hear that a child was born—a boy—and { years' travelling and temperate living may resthat boy, the son of Ellen Danvers, would, if tore our George to something of his pristing living, be the master of Brookdale; would hold, in fact, the position which your own hopeful a couple of years in the position which your own hopeful "A couple of years in "You could not surely hope to get through and they sat together for half an hour. There but for the previous contract with our friend

".I know," she said, with a slow upheaving of er breast. "You need not remind me of what her breast.
I have lost."

"Now, since my cousin Eugene heard of the possible existence of this boy, he has been trouble in his mind," Mr. Grantley went on; "he is, ble in his inind," Mr. Grantley went on; "he is, as I have told you, a singularly conscientious man, and were he really satisfied that a legitimate son of his uncle Clarence was in existence he would resign Brookelle to him without a struggle. Mark you, he would require strong proof. Nothing that would not satisfy me would satisfy him, and so, if we find this boy, who, I suppose, would by this time be a young man of twenty, his identity must be established to a certainty."

There was a slow, suggestive deliberation in Granticy's tone and manner which impressed George Darrill and puzzled him. Ada, after looking fixed y at Everard, asked

"Have you quarrelled with your cousin Eu gene, Mr. Grandey

"You have put a leading question, madam,,' he said with a smile. "There is no direct answer to it. I have left Brookdale for the preanswor to it. I have lett igookagie for the pre-sent, and Miss Temple has declined the offer of my hand; but I have scarely quarrelled with her brother. He has not, perhaps, treated me so well as I deserved to be treated. He has in a manner given up my friendship—still we have not quarrelled. I should be sorry to see him less his home; but as a matter of justice, should I find Clarence Temple's lawful son, it is clearly my duty as a gentleman to lot no affection for my cousin Eugene stand in the way of any help of mine which the rightful heir might require.

George Darrill nodded reflectively, and listen ed with nervous engerness. He looked at his wife—her face expressed acthing he could

"I want you to go to America" Everard went on, "I want you to make the necessary inquiries, Mr. Darrill, and find the sen of Ciarence Temple if you can. It will not boan easy task, I know. It will not be an inexpensive one either; but if you do your work well you shall not be troubled by any considerations Remember, above all touching the expense. things, to keep sober. The future is conce as well as the present; and if through as well as the present; and if through our agency—yours and mine—we find this young man, and establish him in a property worth ar annual seven thousand, we should doubtless, fine him proportionately grateful."

Ada Darrill sat and listened mutely, watching him as if she saw more in his words than the words themselves.

"Go on," she said, as Grantley paused while tarnished pendulum Cupid to the timepiece swung for twenty seconds in dead

"There are difficulties in the way, but you are a man of emergencies, Darrill. Chronco Temple died long since, I believe, and I have reason to think he lived under a feigned name from the time of his marriage. Your course is to follow the history of Miss Danvers from the time she left Philadelphia with her English husband. There is one thing in your favour. Should you by accident, or in the course of your

beauty."

"A couple of years i"

"You could not surely hope to get through your work in less time," said Grantley, in grave deprecation. You have first to find the hoir, then the proof of his identity—nothing must be loft unfinished. I shall be well contented if you bring the air of Brookdale home in two years, with builts notable, proof that he is the son of with indisputable proof that he is the sen of Clarence Temple and Ellen Danvers. You have the most particular point of all them. You

must acquire every atom of information regarding that half and her family as a ground-work to the whole."

"I think," said Darrill, slowly, "I begin to

"I think," said Darrill, slowly, "I begin to see what you require of me."

"There is no doubt you will before I have done. I provide you with everything needful for the journey, Theodore shall have a handsome It and some pocket-money."
Suppose he should refuse to come?"

"He will not refuse. Let me have half an hour's conversation with him, and I think I shall be able to impress upon him the benefit to be derived from the trip. I will give you the rest of my instructions and the funds this evening, adding this one thing more: you must keep a diary from the time you set foot in America, and turnish me with the details of your search, even to the minutest details for a flaw would be

atal to the cause of the claimant you are going to discover. "When are we to be ready to start?

now, with your permission, I have something to say to Mrs. Darrill.'

The gentlemnuly George took the hint and his hat together. He stopped to prefer a modest request for a tridling temporary favour—the fayours he required were always trifling and al

yours he required were always training and al-ways temporary. Everand rending the request in his eyes before a word was spoken folded a five pound-note and gave it him.

"And now, Mr. Grantley," said Ada, when her husband had gone, "what does this mean?" Though they were alone, he gave the answer in a whisper, and her cheek blanched. He fill-ed a glass with brandy, and she drained it with ed tights with brings, and struggled to her a shudder; but whatever had struggled to her lips to urge against the words he whispered died away under the strong quiet class of his hand, and the strange controlling power of his gaze.

"Remember," he said, "it is only what might have been after all."

"Yes; but the sin," she said. Granticy, it seems too terrible to think of."
He smiled between his teeth, and with his lips
firmly closed. He was a handsome man, but
his face had a curious and deadly expression
when he smiled like that. Grantley, it seems too terrible to think of.

Everard Grantley had expected Theodore would offer a little opposition to the journey, but he was not prepared for the sturdy insolence with which that young gentleman declined to go

on any terms.

"Who are you, I should like to know, that you are going to send me a "fousand miles out of London, whether I like to root?" he said, when Grantley told him what was desired.

"You have got some motive for being so kind and liberal towards me, I should think. Per-

haps you want to get me out of the way in
"On the contrary, my dear young friend,
thore is no one in whose welfare I am more
keenly interested," Everard replied, with imperturbable good temper. "You have known

and they sat together for half an hour. There was a singular clatton in his bearing when the interview ended, but he was as declied as a child to Everard. When the Thursday came, he was oulto ready and eager to take his place on board o vessel for America.

Ada and Mr. Grantley went to the Docks at

he final hour. The slavish love which had grown upon George Darrill for the woman he was leaving behind nearly unmanned him, and she was glad to end the painful scene. She thought how dif-ferent this was to their separation in the years goue by, when he left her with a hurried and impatient kiss, angry at the tears she could not uppress. Retribution in that simple thing came now. There were no tears except those he

wept for hor.

Grantley's last words to him were somewhat singular spoken at such a moment, and in the purpose is achieved. He is—as he would say, presence of him they most concerned.

"Take care of Theodore," he said, " and if anything should happen to him, let mo hear hear hess still goes on; his children are provided for."

without loss of time. The young man laughed.
"Nothing will happen to me," he answered, unless the change of climate is fatal to my sustitution. I don't think I ought to have

started without medical advice, whon you know

constitution.

how delicate I am. Grantley waved an adleu to both. The dock, Grantley waved an adlen to both. The dock, with its uncouth crowd of labouring men, and its busy traffic, was not a pleasant place for leave-taking. Not even the lovers of Mantua could have put any romance into their last impassioned farewell, had it been fated to take place in the midst of hurrying passengers, coils of rope, and thick-voiced sailors, who made such noisy and malodorous accessories to the parting scene in the muddy end of the river near Tower

You have not much to be proud of in your oklest-born, Mrs. Darrill," ho said, as he led her out to the hired brougham in waiting. "Wa

"Surely, Everard Grantley, you might find something gentler to say at such a time as "At such a time! Why, if neither ever re-

turned, you would be the gainer. You have lost an ugly background in the gentlemanly George, and the Atlantic may save our ingenuous Theo-dore from a worse fate." "Still, he is my sou," she said, with a tremor in her voice, " and I could almost pray for his safe return."

" My dear madam, if that will bring him back. pray hy all means. Let his name be remembered in your orisons, whatever they may be. He is more than your son: he is the son of Clarence Tomple, and I would not have him lost for all there is in the ship that is taking him from London. Ours is a very ancient himlly, and every member of it is valuable to me.".

CHAPTER IX.

CLARENCE TEMPLE'S SON.

Margaret's brother had been gone some time before Laurence Drayton could make up his mind to leave the quiet haunt where he was so profoundly happy. That fine old-fushioned house, in the midst of the most picturesque scenery on the southern coast, was such a change from the clubs and chambers of the town-bred man.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

might be mine always, were we differently fated. As it is, the time may, perhaps, come when I shall have to stand by and see her given to another. Thank heaven, the dear child only thinks of me as she did in her doll and pinafore says. I am glad I am nearly a dozen years her senior. She will never think of me except as a brother—a grave, elderly, goodnatured kind of person, to whom she might come even with her little love secrets. Yes, I shall come back frequently," he said, "but not to make such a lengthened stay. Let me run down three or four times a year when I am leded and want to get times a year, when I am jaded, and want to get out of houses for awhile; and mind that you write to me."

write to me."

"Every day!"

"Well," he said, slightly overwhelmed by the young lady's liberality, "I will not give you quite so much trouble, pet. Say twice a week or so, and when anything particular occurs. I do not think Eugene seems so sad or thoughtful since Mr. Grantley went away."

"He never told you anything?"

"Never; but I have a little matter to men-

"Never; but I have a little matter to men-tion before I go. He is strangely relicent, even to me, and there is some confidence between him and Mr. Grantley that I should like to know the secret of. Nothing of grave importance, I am sure, by the mere fact that he seems so much happier since your cousin went."

The week were on, and Laurence Drayton wrote "Finis" on the last fello of his book. It

was a pleasant task ended pleasantly, and the author done knew how much he was indebted to Julia's society for the sweetest character and the most beautiful incident in his story.

He might have drawn such a character from the purer depths of his inner consciousness, and enlarged upon it in his dingy town rooms; but it would have lacked the freshness, been want ing in the tender, poetic bits of imagination which it gained by his study of the girl as she lived, and moved, and spoke in her native

place,
"And I love her," he told himself many a time, and know there is no one in the wide world with whom she would be so happy as with me; but there is the difference of money be-tween us, and in the intural course of things our paths will widen out, and take us far from eacl other. She will only lose a friend, and I shall have to meet her with an empty heart, and smile and talk with careless courtesy, as if these times-this sweet interchange of thought and

tenderness—had never been."

The last chapter of his story was written, and
Laurence Drayton sald farewell to Brookdale then. He spoke seriously to Eugene on the

ht before he went away.
When I first came here," he said, "I saw there was some search between Mr. Grantley and yourself, and for your sake—for Julia's—I tried to find out what it was. You told me it was nothing very scrious, Eugene, and I had to believe you; but I do not think you told me the

I did as far as I could, Lamence, old fellow," "I did as in as I count Laurence, our renow, and the master of Brookdale, a pologetically, "It is a point of honour between Everard and me that I shall say no more."

"I might have heard for myself had I listened

"I might have heard for mysen hard instened to that interrupted conversation," said Laurence; "and I almost wish I had if you are bound by a promise not to tell me."
"Well, I am—that's the fruth. Nothing very solemn, you know, and besides, if anything turns up, you are sure to know quite soon amough."

"Had you not better tell me now?"

Engene put out his hand with a faint smile.

"My dear old friend, it is impossible."

"Well," said Laurence, with a sigh, "should any trouble come, see that you send to me, for Julia's sake. Promise me that."

And they parted so. He kept his last words for Julia, and there was more than a brother's affection in his tone and in his eyes when he would always be her true and aithful friend.

Her brother's stately house had never seemed so desolate as it did when Laurence Drayton went as he had come—in fact, carrying his own valise, and with Brutus by his side.

(To be continued)

THE DIVINE COMPANIONSHIP.

It is to be regretted that our sense of God's It is to be regretted that our sense of God's presence is so generally confined to certain exceptional times. When we go to church or when at home we kneel down to pray, then we try, at least, to realize the presence of our Father. We think of him, too, when we are in any great emergency. The most irreligious man, put in sudden peril of his life, cries out to Heavon for Help. The Christian thinks of God when he is in trouble, and when he is tempted and when any specially deep experience comes and when any specially deep experience comes to him. This is all well. But we ought not to open the doors of our souls to God only at spe-cial times and seasons. We think wrongly of him when we suppose him to be responsive only

to our specially religious moods.

The heart of God lies about our lives as close ly as the air. There is no smallest act or thought that does not echo itself in him. And this bi-vine presence is intensely sympathetic. It is not the more oversight of a Judge, registering praise and blame. It is the companionship of one who rejoices in all our joy, and suffers in all our pain. There is no glad heart-beat in the our pain. There is no glad heart-beat in the world that the Almighty heart does not beat with gladness in response. There is no little child's cry of sorrow over its broken toy, that a more than mother's love does not catch.

The sense of this presence should not be bur densonic to us. Nothing is fulser than to sup-pose God to be always exacting. He gives him-self with all the generosity and freedom of love. he would not have us always serious toward him. Our God dwells not in Sinal; not even Calvary is his only home. He is in all the bonuty of the world alout us. In the trees of the forest, in the dew-drops quivering on the grass, in the robin's song, in the fleecy clouds, in all the beauty and music that till the heart on Spring's brightest day—in all these is our God They are his vestments and his voice. As, look ing on the face of a friend, we feel the soul within, so we are to look upon Nature and say, "This is the face of God."

"This is the face of God."
We do not need to laboriously carry our feelings to God, or to call him into them, as if from outskie. He is with us, whether our thoughts go out to him or no. If when we would feel his presence our thoughts fall back earthward, through weariness or weakness of the flesh, his tenderness responds to our weakness. If, whore we are glad with simple human gladness, or when a mood of innocent mirthfulness is upon us, the thought of God crosses us, we need not try to adjust ourselves to him, to clothe ourselves, as it were, for the heavenly guest. He is happy in our happiness. Our gladness, though it be without thought of him, makes him glad. And there is no trouble so small that his sympathy is not with us before we can ask for it. No household perplexity, no bodily ache, no little chill of the heart, comes to us that is not felt in sympathy by him. We have but to open our eyes to see him in everything about us. And when we cannot open them, none the less is he there.— HOME.

By F. McD.

Know yo the place to loving heart most dear, The name which quickest dries the falling tear, The thought which makes the lonely exile raise A cheerful song of hopefulness and praise? "Tis that of home.

Not the cold house where 'closed in four square walls, We simply live, because our duty calls; Nor a'en that spot, most sacred on this earth, The country fair to which we owe our birth.

That is not home.

But where hearts beat in sympathy with hearts, Where one's good fortune joy to all imparts; Where the tear shed, or the half-uttered sign, Meets quick response in each observant eye, Such is home.

But O, while grateful for this human love. Forcet not, thoughtless one, the home above; All tender joys with which we now are blest Are shadows faint of Heaven's peace and rest, There is our home.

For the Hearthstone.

WINDALE'S SOUVENIR

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

CHAPTER I.

THE SIGNET RING. "Ringlet, oh ringlet.
She gave you me and said:
Come kiss it, love, and put it by.
If this can change, why so can I.'
Oh he, you golden nothing he.
You golden lie."

" A splendld shot! I don't think I could beat that myself, Windale," and the speaker, a red-faced military man, nodded patronizingly at the marksman and surrounding group of gentle-

Windale, of Windale Towers, looked critically at the nait his ball had driven into the wall of the shooting gallery, and then back at Colonel

"I think I can do even better than that Colonel," he answered.

"Here Jim; tell Jean to bring me the mother-of-pearl case he knows of, and be quick

Jim scuffled away on his errand, and Windale

continued, touching the pistol he had laid on a uand beside him.

"These clumsy affairs hardly give one a fair

chance; I'll show you a pair I was given while in Egypt that it's really a pleasure to shoot with. Ah, here they are!" tlls valet had appeared, bearing carefully in his hands a mother-of-pearl case, elaborately mounted with gold, on a broad band of which blazed the Windale crost and initials, in brilliants of considerable size and lustre. The care with which Jean handled it showed that it was

valued highly by its possessor, who, taking it from him, proceeded to open it with the aid of a small gold key attached to his watchchain. With all the enthusiasm of men on such sub-jects Windale's guests crowded around him, and many were the exclamations of admiration that

many were the exculmations of admiration that greeted the exquisite, though deadly toys, glittering on their hed of snowy satin. They were passed round the group, and even Colonel Martin, an acknowledged authority on such subjects, condescended to pronounce them "Perfection, sir! Never saw anything like them, except a pair ordered a few months ago for the Shah of Persia!"

"Rather long in the barrel, Windale," said a young man who had not yet spoken, though he had examined them with closer attention than

had examined them with closer attention than any, perhaps, of those present.

Its was a tall, slight man, of some thirty years, with more aristocratic grace about him than beauty of feature. He was dressed in the rather picturesque costume affected of late by gentlemen in the country, and the dark blue shooting jacket and knickerbockers displayed to advantage his fine form and creet bearing.

Whelle, short, dark, almost swarthly so and

advantage his due form and erect bearing.
Windale, short, dark, almost swarthily so, and
with the erisp curls at his temples slightly
touched with gray, formed a strong contrast
to his guest, as he leant forward to take the
pistol front the other's slender, white fingers.
"Do you think so?" he said carelessly, "Well
I venture with them what I would not with any

others I ever handled."

Despite his condemnatory remark, Darwyn's fugers lingered lovingly on the weapons as he restored them to their owner, and his light blue eyes followed them engerly, as Windale laid them for an instant on the stand. But his attention was received in the stand. nttention was speedily

ings of his host. On Windalo's left hand binzed a ring, a table diamond, set in a massive band of gold, and, engraved on the stone, the seal of the family. was a real antique, and it was well known the almost superstitious regard in which it was held by each successive hand of the house.

A murmur of interest ran round the group, as Windale proceeded to take the ring from his finger, and passing a slender cord through it, suspended it against the end of the wall of the

gallery, while Jean, who appeared quite up to the business, louded both pistols carefully. "A risky business," muttered the Colonel to Darwyn, as Windale drew back in order to take proper aim, and, while everyone held his breath, Windale raised the pistel, there was a sharp report, and the ball was lodged within the unin

Jured circle of the ring.

There was a burst of applause from all but
Darwyn, who stood by with a slightly supercilious curl of his tinely cut lip, which was not lost upon his host. In the buzz which followed the successful shot, his voice, in an aside to the Colonel, reached Windale's quick ear.

"A more trick," he was saying, in a low but perfectly audible tone, "and assisted by great good fortune. He might not be able to do the

same thing again in five hundred attempts."
"Don't agree with you," said the Colonel shortly, "Windale's simply the best shot I ever saw in my life. He's not the fellow either to

risk his ring on chance."

Darwyn shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and was turning away, when deep Windale's voted arrested him. "Hear, Jean, re-load this pistol, and hand me

It was evident that Windale was about re peating the shot, and the glance of annoyance the darted at Darwyn showed the latter he had overheard his remark to the Colonel, although

took no other notice of it. Twice the feat was repeated, and Darwyn, lespite himself, was forced to join in the general applause. Windale's countenance had reits secenity, and with his finger on the delicate trigger, he was about taking aim for the last

time, when a small door, but a few paces from the suspended ring, opened, and a group of ladles entered the gallery. Observing Windale facing them, and about to fire, a chorus of little screams burst from the gay crowd, and, with great fluttering of dainty summer raiment, they fled back into the corridor, with the exception of one who remained

undaunted and motionless on the threshold.
On her white form the eye of Windale fell; he started slightly, but perceptibly; unintentionally his finger pressed the trigger and discharged Before the wreath of smoke had

lady in the doorway.

"Miss Oglivio!" no exclaimed, his dark face flushing deeply with agination. "Are you unhurt? Pray speak, and assure me that I have not reason to regret my awkwurdness!"

Miss Oglivic smiled. "I am perfectly safe,"

she said, advancing into the gallery, " and must, on my part, make my excuse for disturbing your aim. We came to see how you gentlemen your aim. We came to see how you gentlemen were passing the time, as you deserted us so quickly after breakfast."

The words were fewand sufficiently common-place, but the voice in which they were spoken was something long to be remembered. It was was something long to be remombered. It was low and peculiarly soft, yet containing suggestions of latent, but wonderful capabilities. It was not a youthful voice, though its owner was yet young, that is to say, it had none of the bell-like ring in it of untried girlhood; its tones were full of memories, but of what? Probably, after all, this wonderful voice was simply the result of some uncommon development of the lungs and laryux; for women who live so com-pletely before the public as did Miss Oglivic, are not frequently troubled with such visions of the not requestly troubled with sites visions of the past as lend a deeper richness, a more tender melody to the natural voice. No matter whence came its thrilling power, those who had once heard her speak waited with impatience for her next words, and more than one of the admitted judges of such matters had observed that it was a great substitute to the market reach that a great misfortune to the musical world that Miss Oglivie had not been born in an humbler sphere, in order that she might have won fame and fortune by its aid.

For the rest, she was strangely beautiful, that is of an order of beauty which seemed strange and the universal blending of the rose and illy in the faces of the blooming girls by whom she was constantly surrounded. There was a tradition in the family that Miss Oglivie's grandmother, twice removed, had been a Perugrammother, twice removed, had been a Peru-yian hady of rank, and socioty always brought forward the cfreumstances to account for such thoroughly un-English traits in one of its idels as the creamy hue of Miss Oglivic's skiu, and the unfathomable chen blackness of her lovely brilliant eyes; such eyes to be crowned with the pule gold locks derived from her Saxon ancestors. However, the contrast, though unique, was charming, and while Dowagers with unmarried daughters pronounced Alaxara Oglivic a "fright," the men, from the young Duke who had just attained his moustache and his majority, to Herbert Easel, the fumous head of the R. A., deelard her "perfection" and so of the R. A., declared her "perfection," and so

of the R. A., declared her "perfection," and so she was—physically.

When she blushed, as she did now, under the eloquent and tender glance of Windale, the dawn of the roses in the rich, creamy velvet of her checks, was a superb bit of coloring, Miss Oglivic seldom felt called upon to blush and a fremor of delight ran through Windale, as his engage axes parted the appropriate has despited.

and a fremor of delight ran through Windale, as his eager eyes noted the unwonted hue deepening on the face of the first and only woman he had ever loved.

The moment of exquisite pleasure was not fated to linger long. Darwyn, languid and aristocratic sauntered past Windale, and approached the darkeyed heanty.

"Miss Oglivie," he said, "pray allow me," and he stretched out his hand in order to relieve ther of a piled up basket of flowers which she held, while Windale, jarned away to address some courteous words to the ladies, who had bere this re-appeared on the seene.

ore this re-appeared or the scene.

He never saw another man engaged in conversation with Alaxara, without a pang of disyet to merit the name of jealousy, and while he was estensibly engaged in an animated exchange of badinage with the honorable Godine Architave who for some time land been bringing all the fascinations of her aristocratic, but rather frosty charms of mind and person to bear on the owner of Whilele Tower with as certain the owner of Windale Tower, with, as certain advertisements say "a view to matrimony," he was listening with keen attention to the low voices of those behind him.

Darwyn's next remark proved that Alaxara had declined his proffered courtesy. He was quoting Tennyson.

Ah, one rose. One rose, but one, by those fair fingers call'd Were worth a hundred kissee press'd on lips Less exquisite than thine.

It was very softly spoken, evidently intended for one car alone, but each syllable fell with perfect distinctness on the hearts of two beside Miss Oglivic, Windale, and a indy standing a little apart from the group, and whom Dame Rumor had for some time declared to be the betrothed of Darwyn, who helr to an ancient oarldom was considered a very eligible parti

indeed.

Doubtless a certain mysterious sympathy exists between people whose minds are with the same subject, and the eyes of Windale and Ygerne Orkney met, as Darwyn's softly breathed request saluted the ears of both

Miss Oglivio had a decided penchant for the stately old Towers with their wide stretching demesnes, and did not exactly dislike their swarthy owner, added to which Darwyn report said an engaged man, whose rent-roll would never bear comparison with that of Windale. Hence her answer was different to what it might otherwise have been. She laughed and drew a little away from his side, and said in that clear, carciess voice which is a dentible w

in that clear, caretess voice which is a ucumon we to whispered sentiment,

"Thanks for your compliment, but you should have addressed it to Miss Architrave, whose poor fingers really suffered from the thorns in cutting them! I am only one of

Anything more unlike the resy Goddess than the honorable Godine, who turned towards them on hearing her name mentioned it is impossible for one to imagine. The voice of Alaxara was as liquid honey, but between her ruby lips there dwolt a something that had a sting in it. A smile at the expense of the acid and angular Godine, slight but perceptible flew from lip to lip, merging into a convulsive chuckle in the person of Colonel Martin, whose particular horror Miss Architrave was, for some deepseated reason known but to himself.

Darwyn was secretly annoyed at Alaxara's hus making their conversation public property, but his usual languid goodhumor was not ap parently much disturbed. He begged, and obfained a half-opened rose bud from the skinny fingers of Miss Architrave, with as much em-pressement as he would have shown on receiving a similar favor from Alaxara's glowing

Windale breathed freely as the conciousness windate oreinded recty as not conclusives that Miss Oglivid was not encouraging Darwyn's attentions stole on his disturbed mind like a breath from the balmy south; in his sudden content he glanced again at Ygorne Orkney, and man-like was surprised and puzzled by the storn paller of her fair face. He was satisfied with the termination of the little bit of by-play, and with about that the? and why should not she?

and why should not she?

But Ygerne saw only the slight put upon the man she loved, and who was bound to her, by the triumphant rival. The love she had fondly

thought all her own, she saw spurned by Alaxara, and her face darkened into something more than gloom as she turned and walked proudly

than gloom as she turned and walked proudly away.

The glitter of something at her feet caught her eye, and stooping she lifted it from the ground. It was Windale's ring. His aim, rendered unsteady by the sudden apparition of Miss Oglivie on the threshold, had swerved so far that the built had at once cut the slonder string by which the ring was suspended, and fractured the golden setting. The ring was familiar to the eyes of Windale's guests, and bending her gloomy eyes on it as it by in the palm of her hand, Ygerne turned again towards the group, part of which had airendy left the gallery. Behind with lingering steps and lowered volces walked Windale and Alaxara.

Twice Ygerne spoke, but it was not until she

Twice Ygerne spoke, but it was not until she laid her hand on his arm that he porceived her, and with a silent gesture she laid the ring in his hand, and filtting past them, disappeared up the corridor, followed by a glance from the Peruvian eyes of Miss Ogilvie, which might have told a tale to Windale had his mental vision been clear enough to see the low triumph

gleaming in them.

As it was, Windale with a deep flush on his As it was, windale with a deep fush on his bronzed fuce, was looking with mingled grief and vexation at the shattered ring lying in his paim. His mind had been so fully occupied that he had quite forgotten it, and in some way the accident that had happened to it jurred most painfully on him, he knew not why. At any time it would have been a subject of koen regret with him, but something that was more subtle than regret possessed him as he glanced

The same indefinite feeling drew his eyes from it to the face of his companion, with per-haps less tenderness than usually shoue in them. He met the full magnetic glance of the dark eyes, and without so much as looking again at the ring he slipped it mechanically into his pockel. They were alone, and the far away laughter of the others rippled faintly back to them from the distant lawn whither the rest of the guests laid betaken themselves to while away the hours of luncheon, with croquet and

Miss Ogilvio was perfect mistress of the pr prictics, and her tone and manner as she said e Shall we join the others?" was perfect. They conveyed two things, that her inclinations would have led to the prolongation of their tite-a-tite, but that she would sacrifice her inclinations to decorum. She knew quite enough of the nature of the man beside her to feel that the woman he would choose must occupy a position which the faintest breath of scandal could never assail. Hence she was willing to forego the present opportunity in order to bind him more securely in her fetters.

From the gross flattery convoyed by words Windale would have shrunk as from an adder; but what man will turn from the delicious incense offered up to him, in the voice and glance of the woman he loves? Windale saw that he was not indifferent to her, and his sudden onlightenment broke down the last barrier he

had creeted round his heart.

Men at Windalo's time of life are frequently more impulsive than men of fewer years, and Windale was by nature more than commonly

"Not if you will grant me a few moments," he said, in answer to her inquiry. "I feel that I must say to you what has been next my heart for weeks. "Lot us visit the orangery, we are not likely to be disturbed there."

not likely to be disturbed there."

It has a glittering line at the farther side of a hedge of thicket roses, through a little rustic gate, in which Windale led his beautiful guest, whose heart beat with a triumph that sent the rich blood in rosy waves over her exquisite throat, up to the misty gold of her hair, and to the tips of her long, white fingers. Oh, rosy hue of love, how many unworthy thoughts mask themselves beneath your proper color!

Are to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs
Holy Writ."

The eye of a lover is keen to take encourageor the reverse, from signs even less te. Windale saw the blush, and was

He threw open the door of the orangery, and, leading her in, closed it carefully.

"Shall we walk," he said, "or would you prefer a sent?"

prefer a sent?"
She motioned him to proceed, and they walked slowly on, between lines of orange trees, on which golden spheres hung like topazes amid a wreath of snowy blossoms. The air was faint with the aromatle perfume, although the glasses were partially up to admit the balary breath of summer, and not a sound broke the silence save the twitter of the swallows as they skimmed on

wift wing overhead.
Well, here it was that Windale asked the nestion, on the answer to which depended, he felt, his earthly happiness, and here it was that Alaxara broathed a "yes" that did her infinite credit. It was so exquisitely poised between the impulsive "yes" of a woman whose soul is full of a great love, and the gracefully gracious consent which might have beseemed an Empress, conscious of the inestimable boon she was

conferring.
Windale was, as I have hinted, rather difficult to please, but even had he been less in love, her maimer of accepting his suit would have loft him

othing to desire.

An hour of goki comes at least once to a man during his lifetime, and Windale basked in its so fully and actively employed, its early years in distant travel, its later in the arduous and honourable service of his country, that little time had been left him to enlit out the more plea-sures of existence, and this new train of thought and feeling came to him like a revolution of a new and more beautiful life.

As they turned to leave the orangery, he

touched very lightly one of the heavy curls which lay on her white dress, and whispered,
Give mea ring from it that I may have it set in
diamonds, as something tangible to romind
me that you have promised me to be mine, and something of yours to lie on my heart whe

He could not have made a request more disagreeable to his beautiful betrothed. Her magnificent Saxon hair, in its rich undulations of curls and waves of paly gold was dear to her very soul, and even slightly to mar one of its tresses was inexpressibly repugnant to her. But not a shade of hesitation crossed her

brow, as lifting Miss Architravo's garden seis sors from amid the roses in the basket she still carried, she dipped the glittering tendrils of a ringlet, and with a smile as sunny as the June

morning without, laid it in his hands.
For a moment they paused, while he produced his note book, in order to place it between the leaves. As he drew it from his pooket, comething came with it which fell glittering t the floor between him and Alaxara, and the old feeling returned as he perceived that it was the

broken signet ring.

"My ancestors would have predicted misfortune from the omen," he said, laughing a little grimly, as he lifted it from the floor; "but we of the nineteenth century are wiser, my dar-

But some way it grated harshly on him to

remember that it was through her the valued heirloum had been injured.

CHAPTER II.

TWO INTERVIEWS.

" How many among us at this very hour Do force a life-long trouble for ourselves By taking true for false, or false for true." Idula of the King.

Ygerne Orkney was a proud woman, none the less so because her sweet and gracious qualities kept her pride mostly from public view, and when Darwyn returned to her side after his atwhen Darwyn returned to her side after his at-tempted firtation with Miss Ogilvio, her recep-tion of him piqued his self-love amazingly. She was courteous, but cold as the marble nymphs on the terrace, and absolutely ignored his skil-

on the terrace, and absolutely ignored his skilfully implied compilments and hinted entreaties for a tite-a-tite walk through the park.

She laughed and talked resolutely with two or three men who lingered at her side as she walked up and down the wide south terrace, and as when one fears the loss of an object one has held but lightly, it developes a thousand new beauties, so Darwyn, looking frequently at Ygerne's delicate face, was only surprised at the exceeding beauty he had but alimby perceived before.

His ongagement to Miss Orkney had been the result of much plotting and manequying on the

result of much plotting and manouvering on the part of his uncle, the Earl of Hardenstle, but while Darwyn had simply carelessly obeyed the commands of the head of the House to consider commands of the head of the House to consider himself betrothed to the great Northern helress, Ygerne had brought her heart in her hand, and fondly dreaming that she possessed his, laid it at his feet. But of late she was beginning to see with a clearer vision. For some weeks they had all been together at the Towers, and she was not slow in perceiving that Darwyn was deeply interested in the beautiful Miss Oglivic, and the deep-sented pride of Ygerne was rising like an armed glant in her breast. While many would have gladly taken her in rags and povwould have gladly taken her in rags and poverty, as King Cophetia did the beggar-maid, he was seeking her wealth alone. Who can blame her that she turned resolutely on the love linger-

her that she turned resolutely on the love lingering in her heart, and that the armed heal of
pride surely, surely, was crushing its life out.

The scene of the morning had aided the work
not a little, and Darwyn, keen-sighted enough
to see his blunder, though not sufficiently so, or
too carcless to see its effects, was only dismayed.

Any rupture with Ygerne, he knew, would
infuriate the old Eart, and though the title and
antilled proporty could not be allowed.

inturiate the old Eart, and though the title and entailed property could not be alienated from him, the latter was but a very trifle when weighed against the vast transferable property in the possession of his uncle; hence, with much inward self-upbraiding, he determined to recover by strenuous exertions the ground he saw but too plainly he had lost. What was the brilliant to him that he would leave by include Alaxara to him that he should lose his lands and his bride for her smiles. Had she not

He drove back the thought of a certain time long years gone by with a strong hand, and bending his head so close that his breath stirred the petals of the yellow roses in her black lace hat, and the crépé waves of her dusky brown hair, he said :

" Ygerne, do not be cruel. Walk with me as far as the Wood Lodge, for I have something to say 10 you that cannot be said before these

men."

Ygerne's delicate scarlet lip curled very fantly, but she kept her velvety brown eyes fixed on the marble pavement as sheanswered:

And I have also something that must be said to you, but we need not go so far to exchange remarks. See, they have kindly left the terrace." Indeed, the gentlemen, fancying themselves de trop, had joined the party on the croquet lawn below.

Darwyn was folled in his attempt to obtain an unwitnessed interview, for though out of carshot.

unwitnessed interview, for though out of earshot, they were within full view of the players, but he was full to be content, and as Ygerne scated herself on the low, broad balustrade of the terrace, he folt that he had nothing for it but to sit down beside her and hear what she had to

Coldly, calmly, courteously she broke their

Coldly, calmly, courteously she broke their engagement, withholding from him not one of her reasons for doing so, and it was a triumph of self-restraint that not a fattering tone, not one varying blush, revealed to the manshe was discarding that he was, despite pride and wounded affection, dear to her still.

Darwyn looked in silence, borne of utter dismay, at the pure outline of the face, the profite of which alone was turned towards him, and despite its delicate leveliness, the tender curves of the lips and the soft light in the eyes, softer still from the length of the dark-curled lashes, he felt that his fate was sealed. But the very certainty filled him with a kind of desperation. He started impetuously to his feet and stood be-Ho started impetuously to his feet and stood be-

Ygerno!"

him.
"Stop!" she said, rising also, and stretching her slender hand towards him with a gesture of command. "I will not hear you! Nothing on could say would alter my determination you could say would after my determination, and we might both be led to say what afterwards we would regret, for it is not my wish, Mr. Darwyn, that we should part as enemies."

"And do you expect that we shall remain friends?" he said, with a concentrated bitterness

that startled her with its revelation of the true nature of the man; but in steady pursuance of her plan, she held out her hand with a frank grace that even he could not resist. He clasped the small hand eagerly. "Yearne!" ie exclaimed, "take back what you have For a foolish flirtation with a woman I neither

love or respect, will you doom me to lose all that makes life endurable? Oh, Ygerne, consider what you are doing." She was becoming cruelly agitated. A feverish glow burned in her cheeks. She looked round, as though seeking some avonne of escape, and tried to draw her hand from his grasp.

He thought that she would yield, and seeing the players on the lawn thoroughly absorbed in the game, he pressed her hand to his lips with real emotion. What man of his calibre could behold the fulling away of a prospect of fourteen thousand a year without very genuine agitation? How little he knew of the nature he had to do

With eyes full of sorrow and scorn, Ygorno Orknoy looked at him, and as he, rightly read-ing her steadfast gaze, slowly dropped her hand, she turned and walked away in a silence which spoke volumes, while he stood and looked after ner slight, oreot figure with eyes in which a

very devil lurked.

He had not the generosity to acknowledge that he had himself alone to blame in the transaction, and a flere hatred towards her was beginning to shoot up already in his breast. Strange anomaly! he was capable of the most intense hatred, while his affections were wavering and evanoscent as the floating mists of

norning. Hardly had Ygrene disappeared, when a rustling behind him attracted his attention, and turning round he beheld the brilliant figure of Miss Ogilvie standing in the French winds opened on the terrace. He started, flushing angrity, for there was a mocking smile on her lips that told she had overheard his conversation with Ygerne.



