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THE FAVORITE

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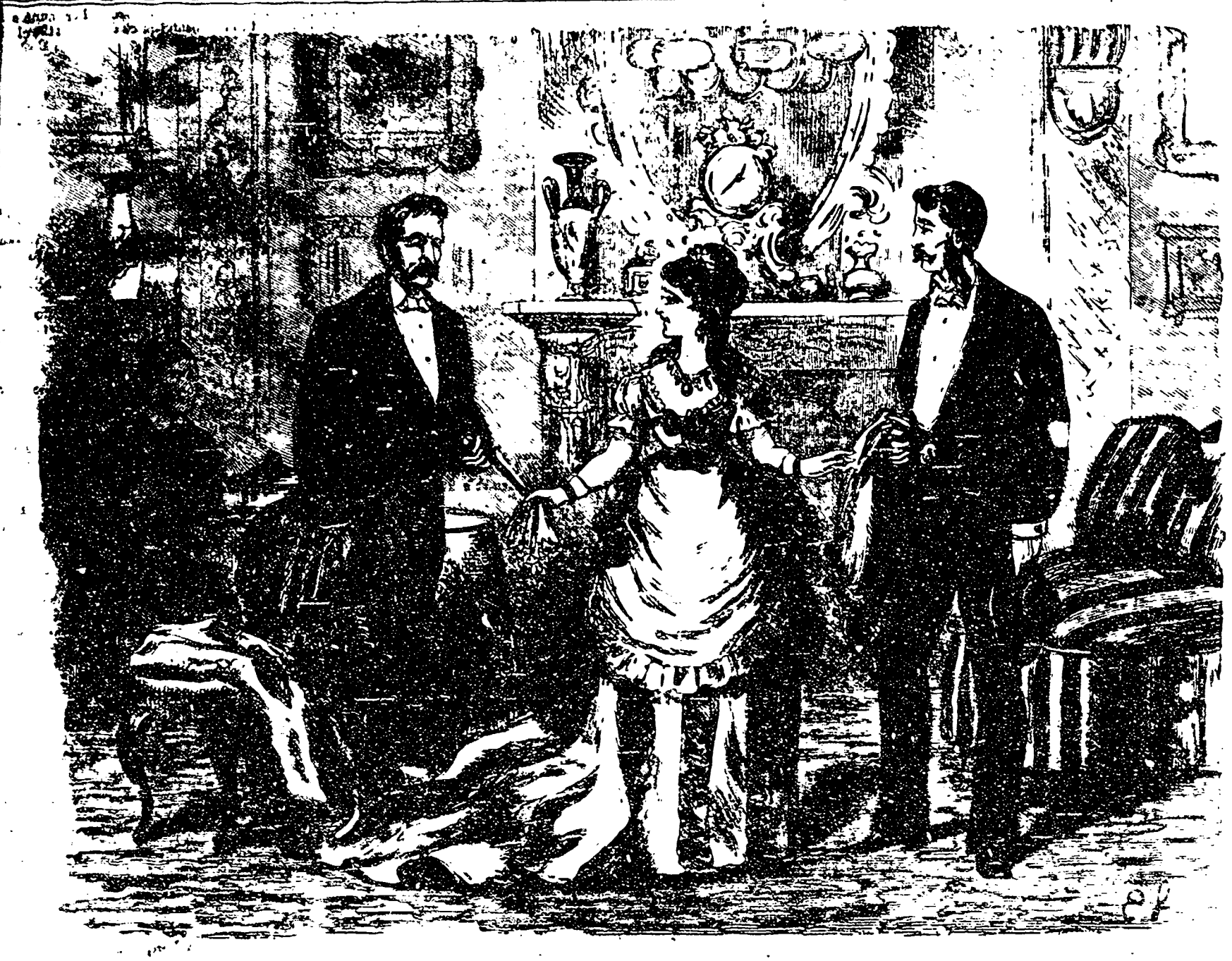

(*For the Favorite.*)

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse." "Out of the Snow." "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT I.

FRIENDS, OR RIVALS?

SCENE I.

A PERFECT MUFF.

August nineteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy: time, evening; scene, McVittie's billiard room, Montreal.

"Will you go up and play a game of billiards, Gus," said Frank Farron to his friend Gus Fowler, pausing in their walk up Notre Dame street, opposite the saloon.

"No, Frank, I am in a hurry; I want to go to the concert at St. Patrick's Hall to-night, and I cannot spare the time."

"Oh! come along! it's just half-past five, and it will only take ten minutes; you've lots of time, come along. Perhaps we shall meet Charlie."

"Who wants to see that muff? I'm sure I don't."

"Oh, Charlie isn't a bad fellow, altho' he is a perfect muff. Come, we could nearly have played a game while we have been talking."

"Well, I'll go up for a few minutes, but only to play one game."

Frank laughed; it was a weakness of his companion's to always say that he would only play "one game," but after that one game was played he would try "just one more" and then "just another," until many games had been played.

As they entered the room they met the object of their late conversation, Charlie Morton. He was standing near a table drawing on his coat, apparently having just finished a game. Sixteen years had passed lightly over his head, and he looked almost boyish yet. He was tall, well made and good-looking, with light auburn hair and blue eyes so peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race. His light curly hair still grew thickly about the temples, and his long fair moustache hung with a graceful curl over a mouth which showed more lines of firmness than the other features gave any indication of. The peculiarities of his boyhood had matured with him in his advancing years, and he presented rather an analogous appearance. He was very nearly being extremely handsome, but, somehow, he wasn't. It was almost impossible to say in what particular point he fell short, but it was clear that he could not be called exactly handsome; good-looking he undoubtedly was, but that was all. So he came very near being intellectual looking; the clear high forehead, the full wide temples, the firm lines around the mouth, and the clean cut strong chin seemed to indicate intellect and strength of character; but then the quiet, almost stupid expression of the face, the want of any depth or brilliancy in the pale blue eyes, dispelled the idea, and it appeared that, altho' he might not be a fool, he did not possess any great amount of talent, and that he would never achieve greatness unless some terrible emergency called forth powers which now lay dormant. This was the "muff," as his companions called him—behind his back—and his appearance really did not greatly belie the cognomen.

"Well, Charlie," said Farron, "have you been getting your hand in? Let us make a match."

"No, Gus; I've played a couple of practice games with Johnnie, and I have scarcely any more time to spare."

"Oh!" said Farron, with rather a peculiar smile, "on duty to-night, I suppose?"

"I don't know quite what you mean by "on duty," replied Charlie, coloring up slightly; "I have an engagement this evening and I mean to keep it."

"Going to the concert, I suppose?"

"Yes"

"Alone?"

"No."

Mr. Farron did not pursue his inquiries any further, but smiled peculiarly with a half look towards Fowler, who also smiled.

Morton seemed for a moment as if about to resent the merriment of his friends, but quickly recovering himself, he said, pleasantly,

"Boys, I haven't time to play a game, but I can wait long enough for us to take a drink. What will you have? Gus, what is yours, a cock-tail?"

"Sir," replied Fowler, with an assumption of utmost gravity, "the man who offers me a 'cock-tail,'—here he dropped the heroic, and added quickly, "offers me something I never refuse. Johnnie," to the bar-keeper, "mine's gin?"

While the three friends were waiting for their drinks, an exquisitely dressed individual entered the room, and after a hasty glance around advanced with outstretched hand, towards Fowler.

The new comer was a "swell" of the first magnitude, his costume was in the acme of fashion, and his whole appearance denoted a man who having nothing to do devotes a large

portion of his time to adorning his person. In the present instance the person was worth some pains in adorning, for the stranger was tall, well made and rather handsome, in a womanish, effeminate style of appearance. He was exceedingly fair, with a warm, rich color which told of perfect health, his eyes were of the palest possible blue, and his hair of the lightest possible tinge of blonde. He called it "golden," but his less complimentary friends designated the hue as "molasses froth color," and as far as actual similitude went they were, probably, most correct. The face was an open good humored one, but gave no signs of intellectual power, and looked something like what the face of an overgrown baby might resemble.

"Why, Polly, old fellow, where did you drop from?" exclaimed Fowler, seizing the outstretched hand, and shaking it warmly, "I thought you intended spending the winter in Europe?"

"Yaas, yaas, I did have some such idea, you know, but it's such awful slow work travelling alone, you know, especially when a fellow don't understand the language, you know. Ah! Frank, how are you, old fellow?"

"First rate, how have you enjoyed your trip?"

"Aw, pretty well, saw lots of strange sights, you know; was in Paris during the excitement at the declaration of war, you know, and saw the departure of the troops for Berlin. But I'm precious glad to get home again and see some of the boys, you know."

"Polly," said Fowler, who had been speaking to Morton, "allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Morton; Charlie, this is my friend Mr. Theophilus Launcelot Polydor Johnson, whom for short we call "Polly." He's one of those lucky individuals who are blessed with industrious fathers who labor hard to amass a fortune in order that their sons might have the pleasure of spending it; and "Polly" bids fair to circulate his father's dollars with as much pains as the old gentleman took in saving them."

The two men shook hands, but not warmly; altho' not known to each other personally each had heard of the other, and there was an evident disposition toward a very cordial mutual dislike.

"When did you return, Polly?" asked Fowler.

"Just a week ago to-day."

"You've seen the Howsons, of course?"

"Yaas, yaas, I've seen them once or twice since my return. Awful jolly girl Annie is, isn't she?"

"I haven't had the felicity of seeing the lady for some months, and am, therefore, unable to testify as to her jollyness. So she is kinder to you than she was before you went to Europe?"

"Yaas, she's evidently getting fond of me, and I like it."

Morton flushed up very suddenly and took a step forward as if to address the speaker, but checking himself he walked to an unoccupied table and began knocking the balls about.

"Really, Polly," said Fowler, in a bantering tone, "you ought to be careful or you will steal the hearts of half the girls in Montreal. What with your "good looks" and "winning ways," to say nothing of your quarter of a million of dollars, you create fearful havoc amongst the fair sex, in justice to whom I think you ought to have a label put on your breast, 'Dangerous.'"

"Stop your chaff, old fellow, and let us have a game, I have only time for one game; have to get home early to dress."

"What, are you going to the concert too?"

"Yaas."

"Alone?"

"No, I think I shall take Annie."

Charlie Morton suddenly dropped the cue he had been knocking the balls about with, and crossing to Johnson, said:

"I ask your pardon for my inquisitiveness, but, did I understand you to say that Miss Howson was to accompany you to the concert to-night?"

"Yaas, I said so."

"May I ask if Miss Howson made any engagement with you to go?"

"Well, no, not exactly; that is, you know, she told me she was going and asked me if I wouldn't go too; and I thought it was a hint, you know."

"It appears to me you take rather too much on yourself," replied Morton, warmly, "to announce in a public billiard-room on such slight grounds as that that you would "take Annie." He turned to the bar-keeper, paid for the drinks he had ordered, and prepared to leave the saloon.

"Look here, old fellow, you know, if you are spooney in that quarter, you know, I don't mind it. I don't care how many fellows there are after the thing I want, I can always win, you know, if I want too."

"Can you?" said Morton, his temper fast rising, "And so you think——"

"Oh! bother what he thinks," exclaimed Fowler, interrupting, "if we are to have a game of billiards, let us begin at once; Polly and I will play you two, if you like, that will make an even match."

Morton pulled off his coat, and quietly selected a cue; five minutes before no power could have induced him to lose the time necessary for a game, but the few careless words of Johnson's had so irritated him that he felt an unconquerable desire to "measure swords" —or, to be more correct—"cues" with the smiling gentleman who thought himself so invincible.

The game was 250 points up, and from an early stage it was evident that the contest rested between Morton and Johnson, Fowler and Farron being but indifferent players and neither of them contributing much to his partner's score. The two men were very evenly matched, Johnson was a brilliant reckless player, attempting the most difficult strokes with a carelessness which showed clearly his immense self-conceit, but withal playing a strong game, far above the average. Morton, on the other hand, was a slow careful player, who never seemed to do anything brilliant, made no long runs, and few "fancy shots," but his steady runs of ten or fifteen kept adding to his score in a way which more than counterbalanced the occasional runs of forty or fifty from his more showy opponent.

The game was closely contested all through, and as they turned the string into the last hundred, it stood, Morton, 235; Johnson, 201; it being the latter's turn to play.

"Look out, boys, now, and see me run out," he said boastfully as he played the first shot, a difficult carom, which he made. Fortune certainly seemed to turn suddenly in his favor; the balls broke splendidly, and kept well together, and he continued to make shot after shot until he had run the score up to 249, wanting only one to go out, and the balls lying well together for an easy carom.

"That's the way to do it," he said confidently, "I told you I always win," and leaning carelessly over the table he struck his ball, but, playing half at random, made a "miscue" and missed the shot.

It was now Morton's turn to play, and he commenced with even more than his usual caution. It was a very trifling matter, the winning or losing of the game, but somehow he felt as if it was a personal struggle between Johnson and himself for superiority. During the long run Johnson had made he had suffered all the agony of defeat, and when he found he had another chance he was so nervous that he almost missed the first shot. Gaining nerve, however, as he went on, he kept the balls together and made the 15 points necessary to win the game; then turning to Johnson with a little smile of triumph, he said:

"You see, Mr. Johnson, you don't *always* win," and putting on his coat he left the saloon.

SCENE II.

A PERFECT FLIRT.

The same evening; place, Mr. Howson's residence on Sherbrooke street.

Mr. Howson was a retired merchant of considerable wealth, who, having acquired a fortune before he was too old to enjoy some of the pleasures of life, resigned his position in the business world and determined to spend the remainder of his days in quiet enjoyment, free from all the cares and troubles of mercantile life. He was a widower with two daughters, Annie aged nineteen, and Julia who had just attained the dignity of her sixteenth birthday. The establishment was presided over by a sister of the late Mrs. Howson, Miss Moxton, a maiden lady about whose age there was some doubt, but about whose temper there was none.

Miss Moxton and her eldest niece were alone in the splendidly furnished parlor, the former seated by the centre table busily engaged on some worsted work, which she was working at with most praiseworthy application, and the latter listlessly turning over some music at the piano, and occasionally trying a few bars in a careless uninterested sort of way.

They were a perfect contrast, the aunt and niece. Miss Moxton was tall, angular, and exhibited rather too generous a development of bone. Never blessed with any great pretensions to good looks, her features, partly on account of her thinness, and partly on account of a natural acidity of temper, had assumed a pinched and sharpened look which gave her somewhat of a bird-like appearance; the high cheek bones, prominent nose, sharp grey eyes and thin sallow cheeks affording an outline which bore a fanciful resemblance to a bird of prey. Miss Moxton's nose was her peculiar feature; originally intended for a Roman it had turned out a complete failure; starting well at the top it, somehow, projected so suddenly and formed so complete an arch that it could only be classed under the denomination of "hooked," but, half way down it suddenly underwent another change, and the tip turned up in the most aspiring and determined manner. It was a wonderfully flexible nose too, and the extent to which Miss Moxton could elevate it, when wishing to express her contempt or dislike of anything, was something tremendous. On such occasions she was accustomed to give her head a sudden toss and elevate the nasal organ with a sort of snort and an exclamation that it was "a shame," "a perfect shame," or other expressions indicative of her dislike. Miss Moxton's dress was plain, almost severely so, and the small quantity of hair which time had spared her, was brushed back from her forehead, and done up in a tight little bunch at the back of her head, having somewhat the appearance of half a French twist loaf. Altogether she gave the idea of being a severe, rigid woman, with rather determined ideas and no hesitancy about expressing her opinions.

Annie Howson was a brunette and a beautiful specimen of one. Her complexion was clear, with a rich, warm color tinting her plump cheeks, face a pure oval, with a delicate Grecian nose, eyebrows so perfectly shaped that they at first caused a suspicion of pencilling, and great masses of raven black hair which fell in magnificent profusion far below her waist. But it was in Miss Howson's eyes and mouth that her chief beauties lay; the former were not exactly black, but a sort of velvety brown color which deepened to black in moments of excitement. Very large, and bright, and bewitching were those eyes, and it was an extatic pleasure to gaze into their pure, limpid depths and fancy you read there the soul of truth and constancy. Pleasurable it was, but dangerous also, for with all her appearance of guilelessness and innocence Miss Howson was an arrant flirt, and delighted in using her beautiful eyes to lure captives to her feet and then sport with them. As for her mouth it was perfect; small, delicately shaped and fringed with thin, ruby tinted lips it set one longing to kiss it; and when the coral fringes parted in a sparkling smile and disclosed the rows of small beautifully white teeth the charm was complete. The figure was in perfect keeping with the face, rather under the average height, full and round without any disposition towards stoutness, it was just exactly suited to the face, and it was no wonder that Annie Howson was the acknowledged belle of the city, and that both young and old men bowed in admiration before her.

Miss Howson was what is known as an "accomplished young lady;" she could sing well, because nature had endowed her with a good, sweet, pure voice of considerable power, which art had not been able to spoil; could dance with becoming grace; play the piano with a certain amount of mechanical exactness; could speak French so that every Englishman and no Frenchman, would understand her perfectly; and possessed a sufficient smattering of geography to know that Poland was the capital of Russia; and of history to inform you that Romulus was the founder of the British Empire. Of astronomy she only knew that there was a man in the moon, and she often wished that she could take a trip to the moon to see that man. In fact Miss Howson had been "finished" at a fashionable uptown "academy for young ladies" in New York—where her father had sent her in preference to giving her a good sound education in Canada—and she had learned everything that was useless, and very little that was useful.

"What time is it, auntie?" asked Miss Howson, turning towards Miss Moxton who was facing the clock on the mantel-piece.

"A quarter past seven."

"A quarter past seven! I think Charlie might have been more punctual, he promised to be here at seven to practise this duet with me, before going to the concert."

"Perhaps he has been detained by business. It is quite early yet, the concert does not commence until eight."

"And it will take half an hour for me to get ready after he comes."

"Well, I'm sure," replied Miss Moxton with a toss of her head, "if you are in such a hurry why don't you get ready before he comes?"

"And sit here waiting for him! No, I thank you, I don't please to wait for any man."

"But you think nothing of keeping a gentleman waiting half an hour for you."

"Oh! that's quite another matter; no gentleman expects to find a lady ready to go out with him when he calls for her."

"But she ought to be. The want of punctuality in the young ladies of the present day is shameful, perfectly shameful," and Miss Moxton elevated her nose with a scornful snort as a protest against the unpunctual habits of modern young ladies.

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, and then Miss Howson, looking impatiently at the clock, rose and walked to the window.

"I wish Polly would come," she exclaimed petulantly, "I would go to the concert with him, and teach Mr. Charlie to be more punctual in future."

"Go with Mr. Johnson!" said Miss Moxton in surprise, "then you would have to go alone, for I should not accompany you."

"Well, what would be the harm; I don't see why a girl cannot go out with a gentleman without having some one dragged along all the while 'for propriety;' no one ever thinks of such a thing in New York; and I don't think Polly is a very dangerous person to trust one's self with."

"Dangerous or not," replied Miss Moxton with another toss of her head, "it would be very improper for you to go out alone with him unless you are engaged to him."

"Engaged to Polly! I must be very anxious to get married before I engaged myself to such a fool as he is."

"I'm sure," retorted Miss Moxton, "I wish you were engaged, or married to some good man; like Mr. Morton, for instance," she continued after a moment's pause.

Miss Howson turned from her aunt and walked to the mantel-piece to consult the clock which would go on registering the fleeting seconds with such provoking regularity; but her color rose a little, and she kept her back to Miss Moxton as she replied, half petulantly,

"Charlie, indeed! Why he is nearly old enough to be my father, and I've known him ever since I was a little girl."

"So much the better, my dear, you have known him long enough to learn to respect him, and as for his age, thirty-five is just the right time for a man to get married."

"Yes, but to some one nearer his own age than I am; besides, Charlie is such a muff."

"I am surprised, Annie, to hear you use such an expression, especially as applied to Mr. Morton."

"Everybody says he is; even Polly calls him a muff."

"Because everybody says a thing it does not follow that it is true. I'm sure I never saw anything 'muffish' in Mr. Morton; he is one of the nicest, most agreeable gentlemen I ever met."

"But he is so shy; I don't believe he ever kissed a girl in his life."

"I should think his wife would not be apt to find fault with him on that account. I hate your flirting men, making love to a dozen different girls without intending to marry one."

"And I like a fellow who can make himself agreeable to a girl. I have no great fancy for your 'quiet' gentlemen."

Further conversation was prevented by a ring of the bell, and almost immediately afterwards the delinquent entered the room, looking very hot and uncomfortable as if he had dressed in a hurry, and rushed off in haste to keep his appointment knowing he was late. Miss Howson looked at the clock which pointed to half-past seven, and Mr. Morton following her glance, grew more uncomfortable.

"I am very sorry, Annie," he commenced hesitatingly, "that I am so late, I was detained—"

"By business, of course; that is always a gentleman's excuse."

"No, not exactly business, but I was unexpectedly detained. I am sorry about the duet; I suppose there is not time to try it now, if we want to hear the first part of the concert?"

"I have been trying it all the afternoon, but I could not get on very well without you. I have a great mind not to go to the concert now, just to punish you."

"It will be pleasant punishment, if you will let me remain here, and practise the duet with you."

Miss Howson stood undecided for a moment and then said:

"I think we had better go. I promised to meet some friends there, besides, auntie would be disappointed."

"Oh, don't mind me," exclaimed Miss Moxton, "I don't care at all about going."

Another ring of the bell, and in a few minutes Mr. Johnson entered the room in considerable haste.

"Ah Miss Howson, afraid I would be too late, you know, didn't want to miss the concert, we'll be in plenty of time, if it does not take you too long to get ready, you know," he paused as he noticed Morton, and looked towards Miss Howson. That young lady did not feel very well at ease, and, wishing to gain a moment's time to collect her thoughts, introduced the two gentlemen.

"Mr. Johnson allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Morton; Mr. Morton, Mr. Johnson."

Morton made the slightest possible inclination of his head and said, very stiffly,

"I think I have met the gentleman once already to-day."

"Oh yaas, yaas!" said Mr. Johnson, "billiards, you know, lost by a fluke; shan't lose next time. We'll be late, Miss Howson," he continued, "unless we hurry."

Miss Howson had had time to recover herself, and in the brief moments occupied by the introduction she had decided, in her own mind, which of the two men it would be best to break with, if she was forced to renounce her present flirtation with both. Both men were rich, Johnson was the wealthier of the two, but Morton was also rich and doing a large,

safe, paying business. In all her flirtations, and they were numerous, Miss Howson always took care for the contingency of the flirtation ending matrimonially, and, therefore, she seldom flirted with any but "eligible" parties. In the present case she had renewed an old flirtation with Johnson, on his return from England, but she had no intention of marrying him, and could better afford to break with him than with Morton, who was a great friend of her father's, and whom she really liked, although not able to persuade herself that she loved him enough to promise to become his wife when he asked the momentous question which she sometimes thought she could see trembling on his lips. The fact was Miss Howson fancied herself in love with some one else, and counted on Morton's help to gain her father's consent to her marriage, which she knew he would oppose; she, therefore, was anxious to keep on good terms with Morton, at least for the present, and Mr Johnson was doomed to be snubbed accordingly.

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Johnson," she said, "and labor under some misunderstanding. I made no engagement to go to the concert with you, for auntie and I promised long ago to go with Charlie. I said I hoped to meet you there, but I never led you to believe that I could go with you." She turned to Morton and said, "Sit down five minutes, Charlie, and I will get ready to go with you; pray excuse me, Mr. Johnson, we shall be late unless I hurry," and bowing slightly to that astonished gentleman she left the room.

Miss Moxton had retired some time before to don a very stiff looking bonnet and a wonderfully plain shawl, and the two gentlemen left together looked at each other for a moment, very much like two dogs who meet in the street and seem to be undecided whether to fight or not.

Johnson was more annoyed than he cared to show; he really liked Annie Howson, and had settled it in his own mind that he would marry her sometime when he had got tired of his bachelor life, and he did not at all relish the quiet way in which Mr. Morton seemed prepared to contest the prize with him. Of course, he knew that he had no positive engagement with Miss Howson about the concert, but he took the liberty of doubting Miss Howson's word, and did not believe that Morton had any engagement either, and Mr. Johnson chafed at what he considered a preference shown to his rival.

Morton walked to the piano and began softly practising the duet he was to have tried with Annie. Johnson stood by the centre-table turning over the leaves of a photograph album without looking at it; he was undecided whether it was best for him to go or remain until Annie returned, when the door opened and Julia Howson entered the room.

"Good evening Mr. Morton," she said with a merry smile crossing to Charlie and putting her arm familiarly on his shoulder, "I am ever so much obliged to you for those beautiful chessmen and board, they are just lovely; Annie says I am only wasting my time learning chess; what do you think, will I ever make a good player?"

"If you take time and have patience to learn, you might," replied Charlie, "but I am afraid you are too great a madcap ever to emulate Morphy or Staunton."

The girl pulled his ears playfully, she looked on Charlie as a big brother who humored and petted her, and she was rather proud of it. Noticing Johnson for the first time she spoke to him, and asked him carelessly if he was going to the concert.

Mr. Johnson looked a little annoyed, but recovering himself he said with a smile: "I haven't got anyone to go with me, you know, and my ma don't allow me to go to places of public amusement alone. If you would promise to take care of me, and your aunt doesn't object," appealing to Miss Moxton, who had just re-entered the room, "I should like to go. I have secured a couple of good seats, you know, and as the fellow says in the play 'the carriage waits.'"

Miss Julia was nothing loth to accept the offer, and after some persuasion Miss Moxton gave her consent, and the party started for the concert, Charlie, Miss Moxton and Annie in one carriage, Mr. Johnson and Julia in another.

(*To be continued.*)

The "Infant's Pavilion" will be a notable feature of the Vienna Exposition. Within this pavilion, gathered from all nations, will be grouped the various contrivances used in the care of children. Those that minister to the physical needs, those that amuse and develop the mental faculties, toys and games of all kinds, will find a place there. This is not all. It is the design to present the various plans and systems used in charitable movements for the care of children, and the medical methods and inventions used for remedying physical defects and malformations. The idea of the "Infant's Pavilion" certainly commends itself to the feelings of every one.

BEAUTY AND THE BARBER.

I HAD just finished putting up my shutters; it was getting rather late—nearly ten o'clock, for I'd had a hard day's work of it, and no wonder; for it was the night of the Lord-Lieutenant's ball. We think a good deal of the Lord-Lieutenant down in Yorkshire; and when we get up a bit in the world, and get asked to his lordship's ball, we think a deal of ourselves; and, my word, some folks are a bit proud! Yes; that very day I had dressed the Miss Millikins' hair for the ball—pretty early, mind you, for I wouldn't put my old customers out of the way for any of your upstart people, seeing as I've dressed the hair of all the first families in Lydford, and my father before me, whereof no man knoweth to the contrary, as the lawyers say. Now, Millikin has drawn me many a gill of ale in the days when he kept the tap up Newsman's Yard, and has borrowed many a sixpence off me, too—not but what he was welcome to them, as I told his lordship, when he came to ask me for my vote for the Town Council. But that's neither here nor there. It isn't Millikin and such-like as I'd take the trouble to tell a story about. It were past nine, as I've told you, and I were putting up the shutters pretty smart, not being a thing I often do myself; but it so happened that night; and in another minute I should have been off to the White Horse, to meet one or two good fellows, who were in the habit of having a glass or two together of a night; but, as I was screwing up the bar of the shutters, what should I see drawing up to my door but a splendid carriage and two beautiful horses, all of a lather with sweat! Well, that put me about a bit, to think what a carriage should be doing at my door at this time of night; but I hadn't long to wonder, for a grave, tall, solemn-looking chap comes up to my door, and calls out, "Is Creecher here?"

"That's me," says I.

"Oh, then," says he, "jump in," pointing with his finger to me to get up the steps of the carriage, where there was a tall flunky holding the door open for me. Well, that capped me still more. I've heard of things like that in story-books, and there's something very like it in the "Arabian Nights," where they seem to think a deal more of us barber chaps than they do in this country. But, then, this is a land of freedom. Well, as I were saying, this t'other chap kept motioning of me to get into the carriage; but, says I, "Master, where are you bound?"

"Oh, never you mind," says he; "you'll be well paid. Look sharp."

"But I'd like to beautify myself a bit," says I, "and I mun tell the missis."

With that he took up my hat, that was lying on the counter, and bangs it on my head, and pushes me into the carriage, and away we went before you could say "Jack Robinson." And away we went. Eh, but we did go rarely! It were a dark night, and frosty; and we soon got out of the lights of the town, and still the horses galloped on; and I could see the stars twinkling overhead; and then it grew colder all of a sudden, and the windows of the carriage were covered with ice in a minute, and I could see nought but the inside, where I were sitting with the strange man. And he said never a word. But still we galloped on; and, after a good bit, I heard the murmur and dash of a river hard by above the clatter of the hoofs, and we crossed a bridge, I think, for we went up and down for a minute, as if we had been in a swing. And then the sounds of hoofs died away altogether, as if the horses were galloping over gravel or soft turf; and presently the carriage stopped all of a sudden. A footman stood at the door; the silent man jumped out. "Stay there!" he cried as he went, with a gesture of authority—"stay there!" And there I stayed, for I were cowed-like with being carried off like that, and didn't know if my soul were my own. "What'll the old woman say, though?" I thought to myself. The carriage moved on a bit, and stopped again.

"Now, then, my lad!" says the footman, opening the door.

But I weren't going to be ordered about by such cattle as he. Says I, "I'm on thy master's business, and, if thou doesn't speak respectful, I'll smite thee in the ear-hole." It's well to stand on your dignity with those chaps, you see.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," says the man more respectful; "but will you step into the housekeeper's room?"

And with that I fell off the high horse I'd been riding; for, to tell you the truth, I were thinking for a while I were perhaps rightful son of a lord as had been stolen in his youth, and that they were taking me home to the halls of my fathers, and happen were going to marry me to the daughter of the usurper, to make all square. But, says I, "I'll stick to the old woman." Not but what the flesh is treacherous, and happen I'd have changed my mind when I'd seen the young one. But, however, all that was knocked on the head when I heard the flunky tell me to go up to the housekeeper's room. It were only a dressing job, after all!

Well, before I'd got well inside the door, an old chap dressed in black catches hold of me by the elbow. "Creecher?" says he; "Creecher?"

"Yes, I'm Creecher," says I. "What's your pleasure?"

"Oh, you've to come this way d'rectly."

And away we went along passages, and upstairs, and downstairs; and presently we came to a broad corridor beautifully carpeted, and the old man tapped at a door, and a young woman open it, and says she, "Is he here?" and the man says, "Yes." "Come in," she said; "my lady will speak to you directly." And I went into a little room as was beautifully furnished with easy-chairs and sofeys, and all the luxuries of the season.

"Well, my dear," says I to the maid, "and so your missis is going to the ball? But it'll be well nigh time to go home before she gets there."

"Hush!" she says, putting her finger to her lips; and then I began to think it was a death job as I had got on hand. I've had such jobs afore now when the corpse has been young, and with beautiful hair. Ah, and many a time my finger has itched; for, says I to myself, "It's a pity such a sight of beautiful hair should go down to the worms when it might be going on enjoying itself atop of some other young woman's head"—ah, and I could tell you a tale or two about that. But it wasn't a job of that kind I found, as I heard somebody moving in the next room, and such a soft little moan as it went to my heart to hear it—ay, lad. And then somebody came out—a tall, splendid lady, dressed in black satin, as haughty as a queen.

"Creecher," she says, "are you Creecher? Don't speak, but listen to what I tell you. A lady has had an accident—has been severely burned. Remedies have been applied—plasters, what not. Her hair—"

"I understand, my lady; you want me to take it off. I'll do it in a jiffy, if you'll lend me one of his lordship's razors, for I was that hurried when I came away, I left mine behind me. I've got my scissors and comb, my lady," says I, pulling them out; "because, as good luck would have it, I'd just cut a chap's hair as was going to fight next—"

"Silence!" she says, "Creecher!" looking at me quite disgusted; and, beckoning the girl, she says, "Take the fire-shovel, and throw them things away." But I wasn't going to lose a good set of tools, so I claps 'em into my pocket, and buttons up my coat, and, says I, "Now your ladyship?" And she says, "Amélie, throw something over the wretch." And with that Amélie brought a white gown with sleeves as smelt as beautiful as a nosegay, and she wraps me up in it; and I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass, and, thinks I, "You might take me for parson when he's agate at the Seven Commandments."

"Now," she says, "Creecher hold your tongue, and listen to me. Whatever happens, she must not lose her hair; you understand, it must be saved at all hazards. Now, come and do your duty."

Eh, but it were pitiful to see the poor lassie, half sitting, half lying, in a thing atween a easy-chair and couch. All her face was covered over but her eyes, and they seemed to burn. Such sad, pitiful eyes I never saw before nor since. She'd had beautiful long hair, that came down to her knees a'most; but, eh, it were in a tangle, all knotted, and twisted, and ravelled together with messes and poultices, and all kinds of things they'd put on her head. No, there wasn't a thread of it anywhere that wasn't bound up and twisted. Well, I looked at it, and I shook my head.

"My lady," says I, "it would take me twelve hours' hard work, without stopping, to untwist all that hair."

"Well, then," she says to me, "Why don't you begin?"

"But," says I, "your ladyship, do you know what twelve hours is, sitting up with a man pulling away at your tangled hairs? Why, my lady," I says, "I don't think as I could stand the job, as am hale and well; and as for the poor young lady there, why, bless your heart, it would kill her."

But her ladyship took no notice of me. "Well," she says to the young lassie, "you hear what he says. Are you ready to begin?"

And the lassie gave a little sigh, a heart-breaking little sigh, and she says in a feeble little voice, "Go on."

"But," says I, for I wanted to have an excuse to be off the job, "I wouldn't do it under a hundred pounds."

"Oh," says she, "then you shall have a hundred guineas."

That was a temptation, mind you, to a chap as wasn't much beforehand in the world, and hadn't ever had as much as ten pounds in his pocket at once all his life. But I was sorry I took the job after all.

"I mun have my supper," I says, "first, and think about it."

"Ring, Amélie," she says to the maid, "and order up a tray."

And a bang-up supper I had in the little sitting-room: a chicken and champagne, or what they call a cure-or-so, out of a brown jug; but I didn't think much o' that; and I'd sooner call it kill-or-so, if I were giving it a name, for eh! it did make my head sing above a bit, and I only took about a gill of it to see what it were like.

Well, when I'd done my supper, I were taken into the young lady's room, and I began the job. I took it up bit by bit, washed it in spirits of wine, combed it out hair by hair, and so I went on hour by hour. There was nought for it but patience and hard work. She seemed to doze a bit, the poor lass, ever and again; but work as gentle as I would, it must have given her a deal of pain. She'd sigh a little now and then, and give a little soft moan sometimes; but eh, she bore it all, all her weariness and pain, for all the suffering and trouble that were in her eyes—she bore it like an angel from heaven. The old woman sat beside us for an hour, till she got so sleepy she couldn't keep her eyes open; and then she beckons to the maid to come and sit in her place, and she goes off to her comfortable bed, I suppose; and by-and-by the maid goes fast asleep, and everything seemed asleep but me and the lassie. There wasn't a sound but the wind soughing among the trees outside, and the murmur of the river falling over the weir.

Well, the job went on, and still as it went on the lassie seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and then a big awful fear came into my throat. She were dying under my hands.

Conscience says to me: "Joshua!" says she, "you're killing that nice fine young gal, you're killing her for a hundred guineas." "Hold thy tongue," I says. "It's no such thing. It's her mother's doing," says I. "If she be her mother, her breasts are as hard as adamant." But it were no use. Conscience was at me again. "Joshua!" she says, "it's you who are killing the poor lassie. If you were not at job, they could get nobody else to do it. Joshua, throw thy comb and scissors into the fire."

"A'm dommed if I don't, too!" says I, quite sudden-like, and I pitches my things into the fire-place with a clatter as I thought'd wake up the maid, but she slept too sound. "There goes a hundred guineas," says I. But now ye should ha' seen the look as crept o'er the lassie's face when she saw what I were about. Her great eyes softened and filled with tears, and she put out a little white hand out of the wraps, and I took it in mine, and says I: "My dear, do you care so much about your hair that you'd lose the beautiful life God Almighty's given you, and the sweet bright days that may follow?"

"Oh," but she says, "mother!"

"Mother be ——!" Eh, I'm feared I said a bad word there. "Do *you* care?" says I—ay, just like that—"do *you* care?" says I.

And she shook her head. Well, I picked up my scissors again, and in a jiffy all the beautiful hair was lying on the floor; and the poor head was dressed with soft dressing, and I'd waked the maid, and had her missis put to bed, right and tight, and then I gave her a kiss—yes, by —— I did. I, Joshua Creecher, kissed the lady Felicia Felixstowe, ay, and I says God bless her, as if I'd been her father. And she called as I was going away, and she says in a little whisper, "I've got no money; take the hair."

The maid let me out by the back staircase, without anybody hearing us; and away I went right over hill and dale, as tired and as happy as a man could be. But I were sorry about the hundred guineas too.

Well, it were about six months after that, a tall, nice-looking young chap came into my shop, and says he, "Creecher," says he, "have you got a nice plait of hair, real golden hair, as you could sell to a lady as is going to Court?"

So says I, "Well, no;" for I never meant to sell the hair as the young lady gave me, never.

"Well, but," says he, "you haven't sold it, have you?"

"What business is it of yours?" says I.

"My dear," says he, running out to the carriage, "it's gone!"

"Oh, Creecher, how could you!" she says, looking out of the window, a little bit put out, but so sweet, too, bless her pretty face! Ay, it was Lady Felicia herself, as bonny as a fairy.

"Why, your ladyship!" says I. "Well, I'm pleased to see you. Bless you, I've kept your hair for you, my dear, and I've done it all up in the most beautiful way. Come in, my lord," says I.

"Oh, I'm not a lord," says he; "I'm only plain Jack Thompson of the Holt;" and says he, "Creecher, I owe her to you, my boy."

"Why, how's that?" says I.

Says he, "The Dook of Dovercourt were wild to have her, and they say he'd asked Lord Cromer, her father, for her the very night she was burned; but when he heard she'd lost her hair, and was likely to be disfigured, he cried off, else they'd have forced her into it; but then I stepped in and carried her away."

"Ay," says I, "and much joy I wish you, Colonel Thompson," says I, "and hope you'll accept this hair, sir, as a wedding present."

"All right!" he says, "Creecher." But he left a bit of paper on the counter. It was a cheque for a hundred guineas.

So I didn't lose by the job, after all. And the carriage comes for me every fortnight to take me to Holt, to do the hair of the young people there; but they come so fast that I say they'll overmaster me.

NEW FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION.—The *Building News* publishes the following description of an invention in which iron or steel, hollow earthenware and concrete or cement are the materials employed in combination. The walls, partitions, floors and roofs are constructed of cells of metal in which are placed earthenware pipes, the sides of which are splayed outward at the base to form a skewback. The pipes and iron flitches are bolted together so as to constitute composite girders. Between each skewback, an earthenware hollow pipe with oval-shaped head and flat soffit, channeled and indented to receive the plaster of ceiling, is placed, with sufficient room left between the composite girders to receive a charge of cement concrete. The upper surface of the floor is levelled and covered with strong cement grout. Holes are left in the soffits of the hollow pipes for ventilation, and the pipes themselves may be utilized to convey warm air through the building. In walls and partitions, the iron and steel lengths are placed in a vertical, in floors, in a horizontal, and in roofs in an angular position. In partitions, wire is used instead of latch to receive the concrete and plaster. The proportions of the concrete are six parts of broken brick, slag and sand, and one of cement, well mixed. The floors are made in one body and not in layers. This method is said to be cheap, to require no skilled labour to construct, to furnish thorough ventilation, and to require comparatively no repairs.

For the Favorite.

MY LOVE.

BY C. D.

My love is like the red, red rose
That breathes the sweet perfume,
It charms alike my thoughts and dreams,
And I its charms consume.

My love is no expensive wife,
Tho' very dear is she,
Two cents a day upon my life
Is all she costeth me.

Of bonnets, paniers, bustles, lace
She never feels the need;
No flowers at her command I place
Save only one poor weed.

And yet not e'en the fairest girl
Can with my love compare,
Although she boasts no glossy curl,
Not e'en one scrap of hair.

Thrice daily, after every meal,
I press her to my lips,
And then as sweet a kiss I steal
As bee from lily sips.

May I all other loves from
My remembrance wipe,
Whilst loving one poor bit of clay,
My beautiful, my pipe.

MONTREAL, 1873.

LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND SHAMROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

EN ROUTE FOR LONDON.

Wyett civilly delayed his departure till the fresh search Mrs. Price set on foot had come to an end, with no better results than the former one. Not a creature had seen Essie since the children were sent off to school some hours previously; but no comment had been made on her absence, as her capricious mistress, who had been too busy to notice it, was apt to resent anything that betokened a kindly interest in the girl.

At last, Wyett, remarking that he had already lost one train, and ran a risk of being too late for another, bade his troubled hostess adieu, and joined the miller, who had been whiling away the interval with sundry glasses of ale and whiffs of tobacco.

When he had taken his seat in the miller's cart, he stooped down to drop some halfpence into Mrs. Price's apron.

"These are for the children to buy sweeties with. You'll send me a line about those papers when you've found the girl, won't you?"

"Do ye think I ever will find her, Mr. Wyett?" asked the woman, with white lips and chattering teeth. She had been disturbed by a bad dream on the previous night, and was credulous enough to connect it with Essie's disappearance.

Wyett laughed. "Oh! she's only hiding to frighten you."

Mrs. Price clenched her hands. "If I thought that, I'd cut her into mince-meat!"

The touch of the miller's whip sent the horse off at a trot before she had finished her vindictive speech; but Wyett, with a mocking smile, kissed the tips of his fingers to her as he was borne away.

"Farewell, most amiable of women," he muttered. "If Essie has a spark of common sense in that little head of hers, she will consider any fate preferable to dwelling beneath your roof!"

As he had predicted, he did not reach the railway station until the train had puffed away. There was not another due for two hours, but he heard this with smiling equanimity.

"What can't be cured must be endured. Take care of my trunk, porter, and I'll walk on to the next station. The stroll will stretch my legs, and be pleasanter than waiting on a draughty platform."

The civil miller offered to drive him a mile on his way, but the proposal was gaily rejected.

"You stout countrymen always think that we poor Londoners are frightened of an hour's walking; but I'm going to show you the contrary, and so good-bye, and thank ye!"

With his travelling bag in one hand, and neat little umbrella in the other, Wyett strode away, stopping at the top of the first bit of rising ground to turn and cast his eyes warily around, and wave a farewell to the miller, who was jogging homeward over the moor. Then our pedestrian began to descend the hill, and approach a large plantation of larch trees, which skirted the by-road he was traversing.

And now—a most unusual thing for Wyett to do—he commenced whistling shrilly one of Darcy Lesmere's favorite airs. After a while, he paused, and looked curiously about him. The trees grew so closely together as to throw a dark shadow over the secluded spot, and he did not perceive at first that a crouching figure had risen at his approach from its concealment amongst the ferns that grew luxuriantly beside a little pond. But when the lost Essie stepped into the open, and came slowly towards him, his face assumed an air of profound satisfaction.

"So you did not forget any of my instructions? That's well. I have more hopes of you than before." And, opening his bag, he drew from it a waterproof wrapper, and small black hat, and tossed them towards her.

"Put these on, child. Quick! we have no time to lose. Put this veil down over your face, and hide it as much as you can. That will do. You look somewhat more like a decent travelling companion than you did before. Fling your old shawl into the pond; it will set some one searching for you in the mud at the bottom!"

When these directions had been obeyed, he resumed his journey, signing to the girl to follow, and she did so unhesitatingly, as if he had already acquired an influence over her which rendered her passive in his hands. Yet, as he walked on, with Essie half running to keep pace with him, she stole several wistful glances at his impassive face; and when he turned sharply round, and detected this, she blurted out the question, "Are you my father?"

Wyett stared at her, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Certainly not. What put such a queer idea into your head? I am happy to say that I am not your father."

"Where is he, then? You know him, don't you?"

"How should I?" he queried, in return. "I dare say he is dead; but why do you ask?"

Essie was silent awhile, though her face was working strangely, and her eyes moist with tears. Coming suddenly to a full stop, she abruptly demanded, "Then where are we going? What makes you take me away?"

Wyett walked on for a few steps without replying; but finding that she did not accompany him, he had to come back to her.

"Why detain me now with idle questions?" he cried impatiently. "I thought I made you fully understand yesterday that my plans for your benefit have nothing to do with your parentage. You have a voice which, if properly cultivated, will make your fortune. I shall have you decently educated, and taught singing by a good master. In return for this, I shall expect you not only to repay me the sums I shall expend on you, but also a third of all the moneys you take when you appear in public."

Essie mused.

"That means that you'll teach me to sing everything, and I'm to pay you out of my earnings?"

Wyett smiled.

"I don't think I promised you quite such a comprehensive education. But no matter, we understand each other now, so please walk a little faster. The sooner we are out of this neighborhood the less risk there will be of some one recognising you, and setting Mrs. Price on your track."

The girl cast a frightened look behind her.

"I'll never go back!" she gasped. "I'll be killed first!"

"Imprisoned you might be, if she found you," said Wyett, coolly; "for she accuses you of going to one of her cupboards, and robbing her!"

Essie's face flamed with passion.

"It's a false! I'm no thief! The case is mine; it was my mother's, and she meant me to have it. I heard Uncle Price say so often and often before he died! I won't be called a thief!" And in her excitement she stamped her foot, and looked defiantly to Wyett, whom her impetuosity amused.

"Silly child, I'm not accusing you. If you are certain the case is your own, you are justified in taking possession of it. Then you did take it? I thought as much. What have you done with it? Have you got it about you?"

Essie clutched the bosom of her print frock, and nodded assent.

Wyett's eyes glistened. "Humph! You ought to take great care of such a relic. You had better let me have it, and keep it under lock and key till you have some place of security to bestow it in."

Essie glanced at him from under her eyelids, but did not speak. Long ill-usage had made her mistrustful, and though so ignorant, she was quick-witted enough to see that Wyett was curiously eager to get possession of the case.

With a slight frown, he repeated his suggestion. "It will be safer with me, I tell you. Give it to me."

But, retreating from his outstretched hand, she doggedly answered, "I want to keep it myself."

"Let me look at it," he cried impatiently.

But even this she refused to do.

"Tain't nothing to see,"—an answer so provoking, that he muttered an oath under his breath at her obstinacy. But, too politic to let her perceive his annoyance, he cleared his brow, and carelessly said, "Just as you please, little one. Only remember, if you lose your treasure, you will have yourself to blame for it."

From this moment, the conversation languished. Essie meekly obeyed her conductor, who, amongst other precautions, travelled to town in a separate carriage, never appearing to have any connection with the quiet little girl, whose dark eyes watched for, and promptly obeyed, his signals. Arrived in London, he took her to a respectable coffee-house, where he invoked the landlady's good offices for his little niece from the country, taking care, however, that the woman should have no opportunity for questioning her, till Essie's evident fatigue furnished a good excuse for sending her to bed.

In the first hour after the tired and confused girl had been left to herself, she stood at the window, peering beneath the blind at the busy street below. She had eagerly consented when Wyett proposed bringing her to London, but now the roar of the great city startled her, and everything was so new and perplexing, that she was half-inclined to wish herself back at Mrs. Price's. More hopes, more wild schemes, were floating in Essie's untutored mind than her new guardian dreamed off; though every attempt to put them into shape was crushed by her sorrowful sense of her ignorance. This had never been felt till she came in contact with Lord Glenaughton's children, and saw Lady Ida's contemptuous looks rest upon her, and heard Darcy Lesmere and Wyett commend her one great gift—her clear, melodious voice. What Wyett would do with her, and how long it would take to make her as clever as the beautiful Lady Ida, were the questions which filled her thoughts when she laid her head on the pillow, and dropped asleep.

But her slumbers, despite her fatigue, were brief and light. A vague fear that her unfeeling relative had contrived to become cognisant of her whereabouts, and would, at some unexpected moment, pounce upon her, haunted her dreams, as well as her waking moments. At last she awoke, impressed with a fancy that some one had touched her, and that it must be Mrs. Price, whose harsh voice she lay tremblingly expecting to hear.

There was a light in the room, though she had extinguished her own; and the measured breathing of some person was audible for a moment or two, before she ventured to unclose her eyes.

It was Wyett, who was standing by the table, carefully examining something.

Essie slipped her hand beneath her pillow, where, for greater safety, she had placed the card-case. It was gone; and growing more and more afraid of the unscrupulous man who had possessed himself of it, she lay watching him from beneath her long eye-lashes.

She saw him smooth out and read the faded letters the case contained; shake his head, and mutter his vexation at the unsatisfactory nature of their contents; and then carefully examine the case again and again.

It was a clumsy, old-fashioned thing, very different to the elegant receptacles in modern use. Wyett turned it over and over, till his slender fingers came upon a secret slide, the existence of which neither Mrs. Price nor Essie had suspected. Drawing it open too hastily, the contents fell to the floor, and candle in hand, he stooped to reclaim them. One small, thin slip of paper lay at his feet; this was all. He did not know, till long after, that another and rather larger piece had fluttered under an old chest of drawers close by; only Essie, watching him unceasingly, knew that he had not recovered all he had dropped.

But Wyett had found enough in that one thin slip of paper to bring an exulting look to his crafty face. Carefully securing it in his own pocket-book, he restored the faded letters to the case; and came, with noiseless step, towards the bed. Essie, overwhelmed with dread of what he would say or do if he discovered that she was awake, lay perfectly still, scarcely venturing to breathe, till he had slidden the case under her pillow; and quitted the room, leaving her once more in darkness.

It was a long time before she could overcome her fears that he would return; but at last, with a desperate effort, she sprang up, groped her way to the spot where the paper lay, and grasping it with both hands, stole back to bed.

She could not examine it until the morning, and then it was only to look at the characters upon it hopelessly, and sob through her tears, "Ah, if I could but read! — if I could but read!"

CHAPTER V.

WELCOME HOME.

When Darcy Lesmere came of age, the Earl, his uncle, resigned his ambassadorship. His lady had grown very weary of Spain, and was eager to return to her own country, and enjoy the pleasure of preparing her beautiful daughter for an *entrée* into society, and witnessing her triumphs. Nor was Ida free from ambitious dreams of successes to be achieved and conquests to be made, though she would protest tearfully against Darcy's predictions that, in the whirl of dissipation, he should be forgotten. A boy and girl attachment had sprung up between the cousins. Ida was lovely enough to make Darcy's infatuation pardonable; and a certain respect for his fearless love of right caused the wilful girl to wear her gentlest aspect in his presence. A dream of making her his own while she was still little more than a child, and moulding her into a woman as good as she was beautiful, sent Darcy to his uncle to entreat permission to woo her. But the Earl shook his head.

"I don't know any one on whom I would sooner bestow Ida than on you, my dear boy, but it must be when you are both of you older and wiser. Ask me this question three years hence, and you shall have my cordial assent to your union."

Darcy reddened.

"You think, then, that I do not know my own mind—that I shall change?"

"I think that marriages too hastily concluded often result in the misery of both parties," the Earl replied. "I have seen an instance of this in my own family. But, without implying any doubts of your constancy, I feel that it would be unjust to Ida, if, at the early age of sixteen, I permitted her to affiance herself to any one. Better that you should wait for your bride, Darcy, than that either of you should reproach me hereafter."

Darcy admitted the justice in what the Earl said, and he was not so madly in love as to be very much troubled at the prospect of a long probation.

"If this is your decision, sir, I think that, instead of returning to England with you, I shall join some friends, who are proposing a tour to Russia. We may go farther, and penetrate into Tartary or Persia, if we fraternise as well as I fancy we shall."

"An excellent idea! I should like Percy to accompany you, but his mother would object to such a lengthened separation from her boy. And how long do you propose to be away?"

This was a question Darcy could not answer. His friends had attached themselves to an experienced *savant*, who was to be the guide and director of the travelers; and if the Earl refused him the hand of Ida for three years, he felt that he would rather spend the greater part of the interval in active pursuits, than fritter his days away in London, or settle down on his estate, alone.

It was, therefore, without fixing any time for their reunion, or even hinting at the wishes he connected with it, that Darcy Lesmere bade his beautiful cousin adieu. He was too honorable to breathe a word that would militate against his uncle's arrangements; and it was in a quiet, cousinly fashion that he kissed the tear-stained cheek of Ida, as they shook hands and parted.

The three years had nearly expired, when Darcy came back to England. He had left his native country a boy; he returned to it a thoughtful, intelligent man, whose prejudices had been softened, and mind expanded, by constant association with men of ability and intellect. As he drove towards Portland Square, in which Lord Glenaughton's town house was situated, he was amused to see how few changes had taken place during his absence. The same names were over the shops; he could almost have said the same faces met his gaze in the throngs that were passing and repassing; and, at Glenaughton House, the identical myrtles stood on the balconies, through which Ida used saucily to smile a good-morrow. Would she be as little altered as the rest?

The Earl was in his library, alone, when Darcy was ushered in. His lordship's hair had grown greyer, his form was losing its erect bearing, and the lines of care were deepening around his handsome mouth; but his greeting was cheerful, as well as cordial, and, in a few minutes, the uncle and nephew were chatting together as freely as of old.

"And so you come to us from the Himalayas! From the mountains of Asia to the West End of the metropolis—the height of the season!" the Earl observed, with a smile. "From the sublime to the ridiculous, truly! You will find London society very tame after tiger-hunting and crag-climbing!"

"Not if the faces of old friends wear a welcome for me," Darcy replied. "My aunt and Ida—are they here and well?"

"Ida is quite well. I have kept your secret, so you can meet her without a pang of uneasiness, even if you have outgrown your boyish fancy. She is very gay and very much admired."

Darcy made no direct answer to this, contenting himself with repeating his inquiry for Lady Glenaughton.

"She has gone to Richmond for a few days, taking Ida with her," his lordship replied, with a faint sigh. "Her health has been impaired of late by much anxiety."

Darcy was surprised to hear this, for her ladyship was one of those quietly selfish people who do not make the distresses of others their own. On whose account, then, had she experienced mental uneasiness?

The Earl soon solved the difficulty.

"You do not ask after Brancleigh, so I suppose that you have heard——"

Here he paused, and finding that he remained silent, Mr. Lesmere replied that he had heard of cousin Percy from the Nevilles, who were staying at Folkestone when he passed through. "They tell me that he is one of the handsomest young fellows about town. Where is he?"

"I cannot tell you," the Earl answered, gloomily. "We seldom see him now. He has taken chambers in the Albany. His conduct of late has caused us the greatest uneasiness. His mother's tears and my remonstrances annoyed him, and so he avoids us."

"I suppose I can guess what is amiss," said Darcy, cheerfully. "Percy has been extravagant, as lads will be who belong to crack regiments and are full of fun and spirit. You must pardon a few follies, sir, in consideration of his warm heart, and really great affection for you."

The Earl was a reserved man, and it chafed his pride to permit any one to perceive how deeply his estrangement from his only son was troubling him. But Darcy Lesmere was one of the few men in whom we intuitively confide, and his uncle had hidden his anxieties in his own bosom till they grew intolerable.

"If you know all!" he sighed, still wrestling with his pride, and his yearning to find comfort in revealing the worst.

Darcy looked at him inquiringly. "I know that Percy is thoughtless and wild," he said: "but at the same time so full of generous impulses, so quickly subdued if convinced that he had given pain to any one, that I cannot believe him capable of any great errors."

"You describe him correctly," the Earl answered. "He is impetuous and well-meaning, generous and credulous. It is these very qualities that are entangling him in such a web of

disgrace that it maddens me to think of it, I have been too fond of my boy, Darcy—too fond of him; and this is how he requites me!"

Lord Glenaughton averted his face, and his nephew was silent for a while. But Darcy was blessed with one of those hopeful dispositions which are not easily brought to regard any trouble as irremediable; and his affectionate regard for both father and son made him eager to bring about a reconciliation

"I suppose, sir, I must conclude, from what you have been saying, that Percy has contrived to exceed his allowance?"

"Yes; his extravagance has been so great that I have been obliged to mortgage an estate to extricate him from his difficulties."

"He must have had bad advisers," Darcy pleaded. "He may have been drawn into expenses through his good-natured readiness to trust those about him. We must persuade him to retrench."

"He tells me that he is doing so now, but as I did not complain of his lavish expenditure, so I cannot commend him for this new prudence. He does, not curtail his expenses to give me pleasure, but in order that he may be able to marry—yes, marry the vile temptress whose acts have so terribly changed him. You start, Darcy," the Earl continued, his features working convulsively, "but it is a fact that my only son is in league with, and I believe is proposing to marry, a creature that even he, with all his hardihood, would not dare to bring in contact with his sister. This is the sorrow that I cannot make head against, and it is killing his mother."

Darcy sat for a few minutes gazing pityingly at the proud patrician whose fondest hopes seemed destined to be blighted by the madness of a too impressionable boy. His first emotion was of contempt for the weakness that had made Percy succumb to the first temptation that assailed him; his second, a conviction that the Earl was attaching a greater weight to a silly love affair than it merited; and he could not help saying so.

"No one can be more sorry than I am to hear of this infatuation; but it cannot be anything more than one of these short-lived attachments romantic boys are apt to form. There was a certain Spanish Countess at St. Petersburg, who turned the heads of all who came near her—my own included," he added, reddening and laughing, "till she was detected in the act of cheating at cards. Who and what is the lady who has acquired such power over Percy?"

"An actress," the Earl scornfully responded. "She calls herself Madame Lestelle, and, by all accounts, she is young, pretty, and wily enough to play the game cleverly, which is to make her a Viscountess."

"An actress," repeated Darcy, with raised eyebrows. "We will get him admission behind the scenes, and let him be present at a few rehearsals, and he will speedily confess himself disenchanted."

But Lord Glenaughton shook his head.

"The intimacy has already lasted for months, and Percy gives no sign of returning to his senses. On the contrary, an allusion to the doubtful character of this woman is so passionately resented that I find it best to be silent. In fact, Darcy, I see but one way of ending this most disgraceful affair."

"And that?" asked his nephew eagerly.

"Is by appealing to Madame Lestelle herself—to her cupidity, I mean. If she could be made to comprehend that Percy is entirely dependent on me until my death, she might be induced to accept an annuity, or a handsome sum paid down, and release my foolish boy from the engagement into which she has drawn him. You see to what expedients I am compelled to stoop, through his unfilial conduct."

"If Percy considers himself bound to make this person his wife, we must not blame him for being loth to do anything which he regards as dishonorable," Darcy responded, thoughtfully. "Your idea of treating with Madame Lestelle seems an excellent one; and if avarice is her ruling passion, you will not have much trouble in buying her off."

"Will you, then, assist me in carrying out this plan?" asked his uncle. "I cannot stoop to plead to this woman myself; but if you will see Lestelle for me, I shall be spared the humiliation of revealing all these degrading details to an indifferent person."

Darcy mused.

"Before saying 'Yes' to your request, I should like to see Percy. I am still inclined to fancy that your very natural anxiety has induced you to exaggerate his danger."

"I wish I dared hope so too," the Earl replied. "However, you shall form your own opinion. Much as Percy has altered, he retains his old brotherly liking for you, and will perhaps be more confidential to a young man, not much his senior, than he has ever been to me."

"I'll go to him directly," said Darcy, starting up. "Where do you say that I shall find him?"

But the Earl, though gratified by his promptitude, was too hospitable to let him go till after luncheon. Throwing off his sadness, he played the courteous host for an hour, talking of the Court, the state of foreign affairs, home politics—every subject but the one that secretly engrossed him—till his nephew would no longer be detained.

"If Percy and I return here to dinner, shall we find you at home to entertain us?" he looked back to inquire.

"I shall be delighted if you can prevail upon him," the Earl replied. "But he will not come, Darcy. A private box at the theatre, where Lestelle displays her fascinations to a gaping multitude, has charms for him which I doubt whether you will be able to induce the poor foolish boy to renounce."

"Anyhow, I mean to try," was the cheerful response; "and, as I have great faith in my power of persuasion, I think you may count upon seeing us."

But his face lost its hopeful smile when he had quitted the Earl's house, and was on his way to the Albany. He know that in Percy's veins there ran the current of resolute spirit which characterized his father's simplest actions. Whatever either of them willed to do, they had been rarely known to forego, *whether right or wrong*. The same quality—in some cases, properly called firmness, in others obstinacy—that made the Earl a valuable member of his party, might carry his son to the length of a disgraceful marriage. He was already entangling himself from his relatives, and had taxed his father's forbearance to the fullest extent; and what arguments were likely to have effect with one so difficult to convince? Although Darcy viewed the matter more dispassionately than Lord Glenaughton could be expected to do, he could not help foreboding a disastrous termination to it. And the blood tingled in his own face at the thought of the refined, carefully guarded Ida being talked of in connection with an actress of doubtful reputation.

"Such a marriage shall not take place if I have the wit to prevent it," he muttered, between his teeth, as he entered the Albany. "It may be rash to pit myself against an artful and beautiful woman; but if I fail, I shall at least have merited by uncle's thanks—and Ida's; and if I succeed in opening Percy's eyes to the true character of his *inamorata*, so much the better for all of us."

CHAPTER VI.

THE COUSINS MEET.

On inquiring for Viscount Brancepeigh, Mr. Lesmore was ushered into a luxuriously appointed sitting-room, the walls of which were adorned with portraits of ballet dancers and popular singers, intermingled with battle scenes and incidents of the chase. On a side table some foils, a pair of boxing-gloves, a masquerading costume, a gay dressing-gown and smoking-cap, two or three handsomely mounted riding-whips, and some faded bouquets lay pell-mell in a dusty heap, as if their owner had ceased to use them. Altogether, the room had a neglected look, and Percy sat before the littery fire-place, moodily gnawing his tawny moustache, and tearing into little bits the letters that lay on the table beside him.

But as soon as he recognised his cousin he sprang up with boyish delight, and shook both his hands again and again.

"You dear old Ulysses, have you finished your wanderings at last? The sight of your brown face does a fellow no end of good. What a beard you have grown!" and the young officer drew his fingers regretfully down his own smooth cheeks, where whiskers would not be prevailed upon to flourish. "Why, you're half a head taller than I am, and goodness only knows how many inches wider. What a chest! You're more the man that I shall ever be."

"Bah!" cried his cousin, striding to the nearest window and opening it. "How can you expect to keep your muscles and sinews in good order while you shut yourself up in this close room with the thermometer of summer heat. As to envying me my burnt skin and hairy face, that's decidedly a bit of bosh. I have not seen you in your regimentals yet; but I'm quite satisfied with your good looks, and so are you, *mon chevalier*."

Percy laughed, and drawing a couple of chairs to the open window, went in search of cigars and a claret cup, then began to question his guest.

"When did you come, and who have you seen? My father of course!" and Darcy detected the faint sigh that followed the mention of the Earl's name. "Ida's at Richmond, isn't she? She's quite the belle now, with half a dozen lovers at her feet. Do you mean to enter the lists with them?"

"Not till I have reconnoitred the ground a little," was the smiling reply. "If I cannot have a whole heart, I'll be contented with friendship."

"If you can," was the prompt retort. "But when a woman holds her happiness in your keeping, it is useless resolving or rebelling. I hope Ida will marry well," he added; "it will disappoint the *pater* terribly if she does not."

"From what I remember of *ma belle cousine*, I think I may safely predict that her good sense and good feeling will preserve her from a misalliance," Darcy replied; then, fancying that he saw Percy's brows contract, he changed the awkward topic. "I like your bachelor quarters, but I cannot compliment you on the works of high art with which you have surrounded yourself. What has become of the head in crayons of my aunt, that used to hang in our study at Madrid?"

Percy got up, and in some confusion began pulling down the lithographs and flinging them into the fire-place, where a few taps with the poker converted them into a shapeless wreck.

"I did not advocate or even hint at such wholesale destruction," his cousin commented.

"Pshaw! I had forgotten the stupid things, or they would have been consigned to the flames long ago," answered Percy. "I wish I had the money I foolishly squandered on the rubbish."

"Experience must be bought, *mon ami*. How do you like your brother officers?"

"Well enough; but I'm thinking of selling out. It's such an expensive corps."

"Selling out, or exchanging, which do you mean?" Darcy inquired. "If you wish to see some active service, I commend you. A year or two on some foreign station would do you no harm."

The lad eyed him suspiciously.

"Have you been told to give me that advice?"

"Certainly not; I spoke at the spur of the moment, though, I believe I should say the same after a week's deliberation. I have enjoyed my own wanderings in other lands immensely."

Percy leaned back in his chair, and twisted his cigar round between his fingers.

"I wish they had let me go with you, old fellow! No, I don't, though! But I wish something had been done with me when I was a child, to make me different to what I am."

"In what way? At your age, and with your advantages——"

But Darcy was hastily interrupted.

"Bah! advantages, indeed; what are they? I have been humored and petted till I'm just an over-grown idler; fit for nothing unless a war broke out, when I should do very well to be shot at!"

"Do you often hold these opinions, or are they merely the result of a severe night's dancing, or a snubbing from some pretty woman?"

"You speak in jest," retorted Percy, sullenly; "but I am in earnest."

"Not quite," said his cousin, with emphasis, "or you would not sit here bewailing lost opportunities, but be up and doing your best with those that remain. Percy, my dear fellow, I don't want to steal into your confidence, but I should certainly like to know what is at the bottom of these murmurings."

"Nothing more than you have learned already," was the evasive reply. "I have grown sick of myself, as we loungers about town must do at some time or other. Where are you going to take up your abode—at my father's?"

It was evident that he did not choose to say any more about himself, and Darcy saw that he must proceed warily, or he would arouse the irritability which lurked in the tones of Percy's voice, and the quick movements of his restless hands.

"At an hotel, I think, unless you intend to offer me a shake-down here. But there is time enough for that. I have promised to go back to my uncle to dinner, and I took upon myself to say that you would put aside any other engagement you may have, and go with me. Don't meditate a refusal. It would disappoint your father, and I want an appreciating audience for my tales of travel and adventure."

Percy smiled, but shook his head.

"I should enjoy an evening with you, above all things; but frankly, my father and I don't get on together, and we are best apart. I have given him cause to be displeased with me, I'll not deny it, though my extravagance shall yet be atoned for; but on the other hand, he is prejudiced, unjust, unfeeling!"

Here he was gravely interrupted.

"Gently, gently, Percy. The son of Lord Glenaughton abusing him to the nephew, who owes him almost equal respect and gratitude, is an anomaly I cannot countenance. Say, if you will, that there have been hasty words on both sides, which should be regretted and forgiven, and I shall be ready to agree with you."

Percy bit his lip, and made an impetuous reply.

"When my father will hear me patiently, and acknowledge his injustice to the woman his suspicions so shamefully wrong, I will try to be a better son to him, and not before."

"Am I to carry this message to my uncle?" asked Darcy, a little sternly. "Am I to say that, unmindful of the filial affection you owe to him, you propose terms to which he must consent, before you will return to your duty?"

"Tell him nothing!" was the passionate response. "Don't interfere between us; it will do no good. We are best apart. When I try to reason with him, and convince him that he is in the wrong, he curls his lip so scornfully, that my blood grows hot, and we are obliged to separate or quarrel. Leave our bickerings to time, Darcy. We are not the first father and son who have found it impossible to get on together; and I can't come with you to-night, if I would, for I have an engagement."

"I must be permitted to remark, even though I offend, that the influence which some one evidently has over you cannot be of a good kind, if it induces you to quarrel with your best friends."

"I have no better, truer, friend than the woman whom my father abuses; and knowing this, I will not hear a word against her from any one else!" said Percy, haughtily.

Darcy sighed, and finished his cigar, before he spoke again. It was no use arguing with this hot-headed boy, who made it a point of honor to defend his enslaver against all comers.

The striking of a neighboring clock gave him an excuse for ending the interview

"Then I must return to Belgrave Square alone; but I shall look in upon you some time to-morrow. In the evening, perhaps, when I have been to Richmond. Do you dine at the mess?"

"Rarely; and I will stay at home for you till eight. After that, I have an appointment."

"After that hour," his visitor mentally concluded, "he runs himself in the similes that are bestowed on all admirers indiscriminately. Poor, foolish youth! he is deep in the mire, indeed!"

Pointing to the chaos on the table as he passed it, Darcy asked, with a smile, if it consisted of mementoes of past triumphs.

"Past follies, if you will. I have discharged my servant, or you would not find my rooms so untidy."

"Are you such a veritable hermit that you even wait upon yourself?" Mr. Lesmore queried in surprise.

"Not entirely. The valet of one of my neighbors comes in now and then. It is cheaper."

"I can't think why you should begrudge yourself the comforts of life," said Darcy, with uplifted eyebrows; "and a good servant is one of the greatest of them."

"True; but I want to live within my income I have a reason for it."

As this was all he would say, and he was palpably chafing at Darcy's good-humored comments, the latter thought it best to leave him.

The Earl looked grieved, but not surprised, to see his nephew return alone.

"It is as I anticipated," he said. "Percy is ashamed to meet me. This is the only proof he gives that his follies have not destroyed all his good feelings. I suppose you have nothing pleasant to tell me?"

Darcy hesitated, and his uncle waved his hand impatiently.

"I am answered. You would have spoken promptly enough had he shown any remorse for the past. And now we have bored you sufficiently over this very unpleasant subject, so it shall be banished. The dinner is served."

Gracefully and pleasantly the Earl chatted till the cloth had been removed. He was proud of his nephew, whose abilities he had recognised long since; and he retained sufficient sympathy with youthful enthusiasm to listen indulgently when the young man — a Liberal in politics — argued warmly against the Conservative policy of his uncle's party, though he quizzed him for the zeal with which he advocated his own views.

When they were parting for the night, the Earl threw his arm familiarly over Darcy's shoulder.

"What are you going to do with yourself to-morrow? Shall I drive you to Richmond? Lady Glenaughton and Ida will think themselves ill-used if you do not pay them an early visit."

"After the morning, I am at your disposal, my lord. My first task must be to see this Madame Lestelle, and ascertain on what terms she will release Percy from his foolish engagement. Do you give me full permission to act as I think best?"

The Earl wrung his hand.

"Most certainly I do. If you succeed in bringing back to me my estranged son, Ida and her mother may be able to thank you; my own gratitude is already too vast for speech."

Darcy said a few hopeful words, and refusing the offer of a bed, hastened to the nearest hotel. He slept ill, for the repressed passion and grief in Percy's hollow eyes haunted his dreams; and at as early an hour as propriety permitted, he was rapping at the door of Madame Lestelle's modest villa at Kensington.

(To be continued.)

For the Favorite.

IN THE WEST WING OF BARTON GRANGE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. M. E. MUCHALL,

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

I, Marion Belton, had been traveling for a whole day and two nights without any rest, and when I stepped off the platform of the railway terminus into the comfortable carriage which my uncle Barton had sent to meet me, I was, to use a slang expression of our day, "dead tired," and, on learning from Joey, the old negro coachman, that we had still some twelve miles to travel before we could even see the Grange, with a half-smothered sigh of impatience and weariness I nestled down among the soft cushions, and, for the first time since I left home, fell fast asleep.

This was my first journey from home all alone, and my first visit among strangers, if indeed I could look upon uncle and aunt Barton in the light of strangers, for both had often written to me and my dear mother asking her to spare them Marion for a long visit; but mamma was not well off, and the journey was a long and very expensive one, so my visit to Barton Grange was one of the pleasures talked of and longed for without much chance of ever coming to anything. However, one very happy day there came a more than usually long letter from uncle Barton, enclosing a draft for eighty dollars on one of the banks, which money, he said, was to pay his dear Marion's expenses down to Barton Grange, for it was high time his little heiress should come and look over her domains. So it was decided that I should go, and as mamma was indispensable at home, I was obliged to travel all alone. But I managed very nicely, and now, within an hour's drive of Barton Grange, I was actually sleeping as quietly as if I were in bed at home. I wakened with a start when the carriage came to a stand before the lodge gate, which one of old Joey's sons

opened for us immediately, and as we drove rapidly up the avenue, so beautifully shaded with chestnut-trees, all my weariness was gone in a moment. I leaned out of the carriage and looked eagerly about me, trying to take in all the beautiful grounds at a glance. Then I looked everywhere for the Grange, and was just going to ask Joey how far we had yet to go when a turn in the road brought it in full view, not nestling snugly among the trees as I had expected, but standing out all by itself on rising ground, massive and grey in the moonlight.

A sense of desolation and awe crept over me as I looked at the old Grange, and half-unconsciously I spoke my thoughts aloud, saying:

"That old house looks to me as if it were haunted."

My words were distinctly heard by my sable companion, for he turned round and said sententiously:

"Save us, missie, what an idee to come a floatin' inter yer hed. Ole Joey have libbed a pile o' years at the ole place an' nebber seed one yit, though folks do say——"

Just at this moment one of the spirited animals he drove, frightened at some shadow in the moonlight, began to rear and prance in the most alarming manner, requiring all Joey's skill and attention to guide him up the steep ascent that led to the Grange; and although I was all curiosity to know what it was that folks said, I could ask him no more questions. His next remark was:

"Here we are at last, missie, an' bless me if that aint ole masser hisself a comin' out to meet yer. Stiddy thar, yer critters; stiddy thar, I say, while young missie gits out."

Scarcely waiting for the carriage to stop I sprang out, and was soon folded fondly in uncle Barton's arms. The dear white-haired old gentleman kissed me over and over again, saying as he did so:

"So this is Marion, my dear sister's child, and the very image of her mother. Come in, darling, come in. How tired you must be, but your aunt will see after your comfort. It is not often she sits up till two o'clock in the morning, but she did to-night that she might do her part in giving you a warm welcome."

Talking very fast and lovingly, patting my hand, which he still held, uncle Barton led me up the broad steps and through the spacious hall into the drawing-room.

There he introduced me to aunt Barton, who received me with all the warmth of a mother. She was very delicate and sweetly pretty. Refreshments were set out for me, but I could neither eat nor drink, greatly to the distress of the dear old couple.

"Bed will be the best place for you, Marion dear, after your long, fatiguing journey. Veno, who is to be your own little maid while you stay with us, will show you to your room. She sleeps in a little closet near, so you can ring for her when she is required."

Veno appeared as if by magic, and after many loving injunctions to lie as long as I liked in the morning from both uncle and aunt Barton, I followed my quiet little attendant up to my bedroom. There again I saw fresh evidence of the love which they seemed so ready to lavish upon me. Everything was so comfortable and elegant. I was very tired, but sleep would not visit my weary eyes, for all the thoughts common to a young and rather imaginative girl chased themselves through my excited brain. Among others, the idea returned with great force to my mind that the Grange was haunted. Surely old Joey had some story which he would have told me if that tiresome horse had not taken fright. Yes, I would make great friends with the old negro coachman, and get him to tell me. Then it seemed to me that I slept for over an hour, for the next thing I remember was hearing the servants moving about very softly. I had been always used to early rising in my northern home, so that long before the bell rang for prayers I was ready to go down. The breakfast passed off most pleasantly. Both uncle and aunt Barton had much to ask, and I had no want of interesting home news for them. As we rose from the table aunt Julia said to me:

"Make yourself quite at home, Marion. Walk about the plantation anywhere you like. I am unable to walk, so cannot go with you, as I should wish to do, and your uncle has to visit one of his plantations some distance from home, and will hardly return till night, so you are free to amuse yourself till luncheon is ready at one o'clock."

Very much pleased with her kind permission, I spent a delightful morning in rambling over the beautiful grounds below the house, and whenever I turned my eyes on that huge building, with its many chimneys, gables and wings, I could not help wondering why it was built on that one bare spot instead of peeping out from among the pretty trees that grew up so gracefully at the foot of the hill. I walked round and round it, and viewed the grounds that lay below from every jutment of the Grange, deciding in my own mind that by far the prettiest view was obtained from the west wing. This again set me wondering why they had not chosen to occupy the west end of the Grange. That they did not occupy any part of it I knew, as uncle Barton, in pointing it out to me, had said:

"We never have used that side of the Grange, Marion, but you can look at it from the outside if you wish."

My uncle was absent at lunch hour, but aunt Julia talked all the time to me on subjects very dear to my heart,—my own dear mother's home and its loved inmates. When again alone, I wandered out, for I was completely fascinated with the grand old park. Indeed I liked everything in my Virginian estate, as uncle called it, better than the desolate-looking old Grange. I could not admire it, at least the outside; within it was very comfortable.

We met at six o'clock for dinner. It was quite dark at that hour, for the days were shortening rapidly. It was quite a new thing to me dining so late, but I enjoyed it greatly. The brilliant lamp-light, the costly silver plate and the glittering glass, the colored servants moving softly over the velvet pile carpet, seemed to me like glimpses of fairy-land.

After they had left the room, and we were quite alone, uncle Barton said:

"Now, little one, you have been wandering about all day long in the park, so you must reward your aunt for giving up your society by telling her what you think of the old place. Of course I am anxious to have your opinion also, because as it is to be your own at no very distant date, we are both hoping you like it."

"It is just the very loveliest old park I ever saw, uncle; I shall never get tired of its beauty," I said warmly.

He looked pleased, and passed his hand fondly over my head, saying:

"So much for the park; now for the Grange itself, Marion?"

I did not like to tell either of them that I thought it very desolate. I merely said:

"I have been so much taken up with the grounds that I have had little time for the house yet; but one thing I have noticed is that by far the nicest view is from the west side, and if I were mistress or master of Barton I should occupy the west wing."

"Would you, pussy? Well, so would I if mother there wished it, but she has a great horror of even visiting the west wing, and as we see few visitors, this part of the house suits us nicely. Now that dinner is over, if you will just seat yourself in that easy chair I will tell you some news that ought to please you."

I laughingly obeyed, and demanded my reward.

"Well, it is just this, Marion, that when you marry, if we are still living, and the place has not fallen into your own hands, just pay us a visit during your honeymoon, and I will have the west wing handsomely fitted up for your reception, that is provided you send me timely warning, so that we may rid it of any ghosts that may haunt it. There is a skeleton in the long dining-room that troubles your aunt sadly."

"A ghost—a skeleton, uncle Barton. I was quite sure the old place was haunted directly I set eyes on it. May I go into the west wing all alone?"

Aunt Julia shivered and said quickly, "Oh, Marion darling, you would just get your death up there."

"Let the child go if she likes, mother, if she resembles her own mother she will not faint, even though a puff of wind puts her lamp out; but take some lucifers with you, Marion, for should such an accident occur you might find it rather hard to retrace your steps."

He placed a night lamp in my hand as he spoke, and laughingly telling me to avoid coming in contact with my aunt's skeleton, he held the door open for me while I past out.

My readers will ask if I felt any fear. No, at least not then.

On and on I went, through long lofty corridors and up winding staircases. The only thing I noticed as I went through each room was blue mould covering the walls, while the chill, damp air made me shiver with cold, although the night was by no means a cold one. Before leaving the door of the long corridor, which connected the east and west wings together, I took the precaution to tie my handkerchief to the door handle, as I had somewhere read of persons losing their way even in a house; and I by no means cared to run any risk of adding to the number. Having explored some nine or ten rooms, some large, some small, but all the same in one respect—desolate, gloomy and damp—I now began for the first time to wish myself back in the cheerful old dining-room, and hastily I tried to retrace my steps. But I soon became quite puzzled, as one hall and one room seemed so much the same as another. I was very anxious to find the door which led out into the other part of the house, and I had left an unmistakable sign to know it by. Often I came to one that seemed the very one, but I looked in vain for my white flag, it was not there, and I turned away to try in another direction. At last I came to a door that I fancied I had seen before, and pushing it open, I found myself in a long, narrow, gloomy-looking room, with a large window of stained glass at the further end. Damp and blue mould covered the paper as in all the others. Not caring to make any longer stay in this ghostly-looking apartment, I was about leaving it when a low dismal moan fell distinctly on my ear, and at the same instant my eyes, now more accustomed to the dim lamp light, caught sight of some moving object low down on the floor at the very other end of the room. As if urged on by supernatural strength of mind, I crept nearer and nearer to the spot, for as yet I could distinguish nothing, but too soon my eyes took in the awful sight which even now after the lapse of many years rises before me with terrible distinctness.

Seated in a low rocking chair, such as children often use, her long fair hair falling in heavy curls round her childish face, her tiny hands clasped closely together, while her figure swayed backwards and forwards with every motion of the chair, sat the withered form of a little child. Her age must have been about four years or perhaps less. Every feature was there; the flesh had indeed shrunk away, but the skin was drawn tightly over the little face, while the long fair hair, the thin hands clasped so tightly together, and above all the sad patient look on the childish face, formed a picture horrible indeed, but at the same time touchingly melancholy. The low dismal creak of the chair seemed to me like a sad moan of despair from its little occupant. I would bear it no longer, but flew almost panic stricken, from the room, and knew nothing more till I found myself in uncle Barton's arms and aunt Julia's low voice sounding like the sweetest music in my ears, as she said to her husband:

"Poor child, she had a terrible fright, but she is coming too at last." Then to me as I opened my eyes. "Marion dear, how could you go wandering all alone through those dismal old rooms; you know I begged you not to do so."

I smiled faintly as I replied.

"Never mind, auntie, I was terribly frightened, but I deserved some punishment for not listening to your advice. I can promise you that I won't go there again. Seeing a ghost is too much even for my northern nerves; but as I have seen it, do tell me how that poor little child comes to haunt the west wing."

Uncle and aunt Barton exchanged glances, and then my uncle replied.

"It is a sad story, my dear; and I would much rather not dwell on it; but as the little creature has appeared to you, I suppose I must satisfy your curiosity. But remember, Marion, I can only tell you what others have told me; I do not care to answer for the truth of my story. Well, dear, many years before my father bought the Grange, it belonged to a very rich planter; who cared little about it and never spent more than a couple of months through the year in it, but he often gave his city friends leave to occupy it, and sometimes a large party would run down for a few days' pleasure. Picnic parties have been held without number on the Grange grounds, and at the time I speak of the west wing was in great favor, as the views of the grounds and surrounding country were so charming; and to crown all there was a fine dining-room and dancing saloon. The former of these you will scarcely forget—the dining-room I mean. Once a large party came over a hundred miles, from one of the great cities, for a few days' pleasure. There were married and single people, and even young children among the number. Mothers thought the country air so good for their little ones. One little girl between three and four years of age was much noticed and petted, for she was very lovely and a sad cripple. She had no power to help herself, but would sit hour by hour in her little rocking-chair, which some one of the party would carry for her wherever she wanted it placed. Her favorite seat was close to the stained window in the long dining-room, and there she would love to sit rocking to and fro, singing sweetly to herself, while the other children romped about outside or in other parts of the Grange. She was the step-child of a gay, fashionable lady, who took little care of the sweet, helpless little cripple she had so faithfully promised her husband she would protect with a mother's love. Some said that the fair young child stood between her own healthy babe and a fortune, and it is not unlikely. Well, a few hours before the party left the Grange she gave out that little Nettie had been sent on with her nurse, who was going home another way that she might stay a few days with her mother, and the fresh change of air would be very beneficial to her little step-child The girl, indeed, had been sent on before, but the poor innocent child was left in her little chair up in the long dining-room to die a cruel lingering death of starvation; but not one of that gay party, as they left the old Grange, for one moment realized the awful fate of the fair-haired cripple."

Just as uncle came to this part of his sad story I burst into convulsive sobs, and again aunt Julia's low sweet voice broke upon my ear.

"What is the matter, Marion darling; are you in pain or have you been dreaming of home? You have slept so very restlessly for the last half hour."

"Oh, aunt Julia, I have been so frightened. But where am I?"

"In bed, my pet, just where you ought to be. Your uncle and myself have breakfasted hours ago, and I have been quietly watching you for the last hour."

I sat up in bed and drew a long sigh of relief to find it all a dream. I had fallen asleep, I suppose, just about the time I had made up my mind to get up, and had not only dreamt a whole day's ramble over the grounds, but a night ramble through the west wing of the Grange, and a ghost story into the bargain.

Dear old uncle and aunt Barton have now been dead many years, and the property actually was left to me; but though it has been greatly modernized in many ways I seldom care to go at night into the west end of the house, for foolish as I may appear to my readers, there always rises to my memory with great distinctness the form of a fair-haired child swaying backwards and forwards in a low rocking-chair, just as I saw her in my dream the first night I slept in the west wing of the old Grange.

MRS. GAMP IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

A SKETCH BY DICKENS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

In the second volume of John Forster's Life of Dickens (published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.), there is a delightful addition to Mrs. Gamp's speculations on matters and things in general. In 1847 Dickens thought of writing a small illustrated volume, describing his amateur theatrical tour with Lemon, Forster, Leech, Jerrold and others. It was to be called "Piljians Projiss," and was to bear upon the title page its description as an account of a late Expedition into the North, for an Amateur Theatrical Benefit, written by Mrs. Gamp, (who was an eye-witness), Inscribed to Mrs. Harris, Edited by Charles Dickens. It was never finished, and the following delicious fragment of it is now for the first time published by Mr. Forster:

I.—MRS. GAMP'S ACCOUNT OF HER CONNECTION WITH THIS AFFAIR.

"Which Mrs. Harris' own words to me was these: "Sairy Gamp,' says she, 'why not go to Margate? Srimps,' says that dear creetur, is to your liking, Sairy; why not go to Margate for a week, bring your constitootion up with srimps, and come back to them loving arts as knows and wallies of you, blooming? Sairy,' Mrs. Harris says, 'you are but poorly. Don't denige it, Mrs. Gamp, for books is in your looks. You must have rest. Your mind,' she says, 'is too strong for you; it gets you down and treads upon you, Sairy. It is useless to disguige the fact—the blade is wearing out the sheets.' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'I could not undertake to say, and I will not deceive you, ma'am, that I am the woman I could wish to be. The time of worrit as I had with Mrs. Colliber, the baker's lady, which was so bad in her mind with her first that she would not so much as look at bottled stout, and kept to gruel through the month, has agued me, Mrs. Harris. But ma'am,' I says to her, 'talk not of Margate, for if I do go anywheres, it is elsewheres and not there.' 'Sairey,' says Mrs. Harris, solemn, 'whence this mystery? If I have ever deceived the hardest-working, soberest and best of women, which her name is well beknown is S. Gamp, Midwife, Kingsgate street, High Holborn, mention it. If not,' says Mrs. Harris, with tears a standing in her eyes, 'reweal your intentions.' 'Yes, Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'I will. Well I knows you, Mrs. Harris; well you knows me; well we both knows wot the characters of one another is. Mrs. Harris then,' I said, 'I *have* heerd as there *is* a expidition going down to Masjestir and Liverpool a playacting. If I goes anywhere for change, it is along with that.' Mrs. Harris clasps her hands, and drops into a chair as if her time was come—which I know'd it couldn't be, by rights, for six weeks odd. 'And have I lived to hear,' she says, 'of Sairy Gamp, as always kept herself respectable, in company with playactors!' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'be not alarmed—not reg'lar play-actors — hammertoors.' 'Thank Evans!' says Mrs. Harris, and bustiges into a flood of tears.

"When the sweet creetur had compoged herself (with a sip of brandy and water warm, and sugared pleasant with a little nutmeg in it), I proceeds in these words: 'Mrs. Harris, I am told that these hammertoors are litter'ry and artistickle.' 'Sairy,' says that best of wimmin, with a shiver and a slight 'relasp, 'go on, it might be worse.' 'I likewise hears,' I says to her, 'that they're agoin play-acting for the benefit of two litter'ry men; one as had his wrongs a long time ago, and has got his rights at last, and one as has made a many people merry in his time, but is dull and sick and lonely his own sef, indeed.' 'Sairy,' says Mrs. Harris, 'you're an Inglish woman, and that's no business of you'rn.'

"'No, Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'that's very true; I hope I knows my dooty and my country. But,' I says, 'I am informed as there is ladies in this party, and that half a dozen of 'em, if not more, is in various stages of a interesting state. Mrs. Harris, you and me well knows what Ingeins often does. If I accompanies this expedition, unbeknown and second cladge, may I not combine my calling with change of air, and prove a service to my feller creeters?' 'Sairy,' was Mrs. Harris' reply, 'You was born to be a blessing to your sex, and bring 'em through it. Good be with you! But keep your distance till called in, Lord bless you, Mrs. Gamp; for people is known by the company they keeps, and litterary and artistickle society might be the ruin of you before you was aware, with your best customers, both sick and monthly, if they took a pride in themselves.'

II.—MRS. GAMP IS DESCRIPTIVE.

"The number of the cab had a seven in it, I think, and I ought to know—and if this should meet his eye (which it was a black 'un new done, that he saw with; the other was tied up,) I gave him warning that he'd better take that umbreller and patten to the Hackney-coach office before he repents it. He was a young man in a weskit with sleeves to it and strings behind, and needn't flatter himself with the suppogition of escape, as I give this description of him to the police the moment I found he had drove off with my property; and if he thinks there ain't laws enough he's much mistook—I tell him that.

"I do assure you, Mrs. Harris, when I stood in the railway office that morning with my bundle on my arm and one patten in my hand, you might have knocked me down with a fea-

ther, far less porkmangery, which was jumping agninst me, countinual and sewere all round. I was drove about like a brute animal and almost worritted into fits, when a gentleman with a large shirt collar and a hook nose, and a eye like one of Mr. Sweedlepipes' hawks, and long locks of hair, and whiskers that I wouldn't have no lady as I was engaged to meet suddenly a, turning round a corner, for any sum of money you could offer me, says, laughing, 'Hallon, Mrs. Gamp, what are you up to?' I didn't know him from a man (except by his clothes); but I say faintly, 'if you're a Christian man, show me where to get a second-cladge ticket for Manjester, and have me put in a carriage, or I shall drop!' Which he kindly did, in a cheerful kind of a way, skipping about in the strangest manner as ever I see, making all kinds of actions, and looking and winking at me from under the brim of his hat (which was a good deal turned up), to that extent that I should have thought he meant something but for being so flurried as not to have no thoughts at all until I was put in a carriage alone with a individgle—the politest as ever I see—in a shepherd's plaid suit with a long gold watch-guard hanging around his neck, and his hand a trembling through nervousness worse than a aspian leaf.

"'I'm wery appy, ma'am,' he says—the politest vice as ever I heard!—'to go down with a lady belonging to our p y."

"'Our party, sir,' I says.

"'Yes, ma'am, he says, 'I'm Mr. Wilson. I'm going down with the wigs.'

"Mrs. Harris, wen he said he was going down with the wigs, such was my state of confugion and worrit that I thought he must be connected with the Government in some ways or other, but directly moment he explains himself, for he says:

"'There's not a theatre in Lonnon worth mentioning that I don't attend punctually. There's nve-and-twenty wigs in these boxes, ma'am,' he says, a pinting towards a heap of luggage, 'as was worn at the Queen's Fancy Ball. There's a black wig, ma'am,' he says, 'as was worn by Garrick; there's a red one, ma'am, 'he says, 'as was worn by Kean; there's a brown one, ma'am,' he says, 'as was worn by Kemble; there's a yellow one, ma'am,' he says, 'as was made for Cooke; there's a gray one, ma'am,' he says, 'as I measured Mr. Young for, myself; and there's a white one, ma'am, that Mr. Macready went mad in. There's a flaxen one as was got up express for Jenny Lind the night she came out at the Italian Opera. It was very much applauded was that wig, ma'am, through the evening. It had a great reception. The audience broke out, the mjment they see it.'

"'Are you in Mr. Sweedlepipe's line, sir?' I says.

"'Which is that, ma'am?' he says—the softest and genteelest vice I ever heerd, I do declare, Mrs. Harris!

"'Hair-dressing,' I says.

"'Yes, ma'am,' he replies, 'I have that honor. Do you see this ma'am?' he says, holding up his right hand.

"'I never see such a trembling,' I says to him. And I never did!

"'All along of Her Majesty's Costume Ball, ma'am,' he says. 'The excitement did it. Two hundred and fifty-seven ladies of the first rank and fashion had their heads got up on that occasion by this hand, and my t'other one. I was at it eight-and-forty hours on my feet, ma'am, without rest. It was a Powder ball, ma'am. We have a Powder piece at Liverpool. Have I not the pleasure, he says, looking at me curious, "of addressing Mrs. Gamp?'

"'Gamp I am sir,' I replies. 'Both by name and natur.'

"'Would you like to see your beecgraffer's moustache and wiskers, ma'am?' he says. 'I've got 'em in this box."

"'Drat my beecgraffer, sir,' I says, 'he has given me no region to wish to know anythink about him.'

"'Oh, Missis Gamp, I ask your pardon'—I never see such a polite man, Mrs. Harris' 'P'raps,' he says, 'if you're not of the party, you don't know who it was that assisted you into this carriage?'

"'No, sir,' I says, 'I don't indeed.'

"'Why, ma'am, he says, a wisperin,' 'that was George, ma'am.'

"'What George, sir? I don't know no George,' says I.

"'The great George, ma'am,' says. 'The Crookshanks.'

"If you'll believe me, Mrs. Harris, I turns my head, and see the wery man a making pictures of me on his thumb nail, at the winder; while another of 'em—a tall, slim, melancolly gent, with dark hair and a bage vice—looks over his shoulder, with his head o' one side as if he understood the subject, and coolly says, 'I've draw'd her several times—in Punch,' he says too. The owdacious wretch!

"'Which I never touches, Mr. Wilson,' I remarks out loud—I couldn't have helped it, Mrs. Harris, if you had took my life for it!—'which I never touches, Mr. Wilson, on account of the lemon!'

"'Hush!' says Mr. Wilson. 'There he is!' I only see a fat gentleman, with curly black hair and a merry face, a standing on the platform rubbing his two hands over one another, as if he was washing of 'em, and shaking his head and shoulders wery much; and I was a wonderin' wot Mr Wilson meant, when he says: 'There's Douglidge, Mrs. Gamp,' says he, 'There's him as wrote the life of Mrs. Candle!'

"Mrs. Harris, when I see that little william bodily before me, it give me such a turn that I was all in a tremble. If I hadn't lost my umbereller in the cab, I must have done him a injury with it? Oh the bargian little traitor! right among the ladies, Mrs. Harris, looking his wickedest and deceitfullest of eyes while he was a talking to 'em; laughing at his own jokes as loud as you please; holding his hat in his hand to keep cool himself, and tossing back his iron-gray mop of a head of hair with the other, as if it was so much shavings—there, Mrs. Harris, I see him, getting encouragement from the pretty delooded creeturs, which never know'd that sweet saint, Mrs. C., as I did, and being treated with as much confidence as I'm sure never violated none of the domestic ties, and never showed up nothing! Oh the aggrawation of that Douglidge! Mrs. Harris, if I hadn't apologized to Mr. Wilson, and put a little bottle to my lips which was in my pocket for the journey, and which is very rare indeed I have about me, I could not have abared the sight of him—there, Mrs. Harris! I could not!—I must have tore him, or have give way and fainted.

"While the bell was a ringing, and the luggage of the hampricious in great confugion—all a litter'ry indeed—was handled up, Mr. Wilson demeans himself politer than ever. 'That,' he says, 'Mrs. Gamp,' a pinting to a officer-looking gentleman, that a lady with a little basket was a taking care on, 'is another of our party. He's an author too—continivally going up the valley of the Moses, Mrs. Gamp. 'There,' he says, alluding to a fine looking, portly gentleman, with a face like a amiable full moon, and a short, mild gent, with a pleasant smile, 'is two more of our artists, Mr. G., well beknowed at the Royal Academy, as sure as stones is stones, and eggs is eggs. This resolute gent,' he says, 'a coming along here as is apperently going to take the railways by storm—him with the tight legs and his weskit very much buttoned, and his mouth very much shut, and his coat a flying open, and his heels a giving it to the platform, is a cricket and beecgraffer, and our principal tragegian.' 'But who,' says I, when the bell had left off, and the train had begun to move, 'who, Mr. Wilson, is the wild gent in the prespiration, that's been a tearing up and down all this time with a great box of papers under his arm, a talking to every body very indistinct, and exciting of himself dreadful?' 'Why?' says Mr Wilson, with a smile. 'Because, sir,' I says, 'he's being left behind.' 'Good God!' cries Mr. Wilson, turning pale and putting out his head, 'it's your beecgraffer—the Managur—and he has got the money, Mrs. Gamp!' How'ever, some one checked him into the train and we went off. At the first shreek of the whistle, Mrs. Harris, I turned white, for I had took notice of some of them dear creeturs as was the cause of my being in company, and I know'd the danger that—but Mr. Wilson, which is a married man, puts his hand on mine, and says, 'Mrs. Gamp, calm yourself; it's only the Lugein.'"

THE STUDY OF DANCING.

A glance at the advertisements in the newspapers at this season of the year reveals a goodly array of offers from professors of the art of dancing to teach the accomplishment in a few lessons. Some of these announcements appear to imply on the part of the masters and mistresses of the craft the possession of a secret as mysterious as the celebrated charm of Mr. Rarey: that is to say, they undertake to tame the wildest and most uncouth of pupils into tame and graceful performers by a process so quick that it seems to owe its virtue to magic. This, indeed, is the new mode. The old fashion prescribed that a lady or gentleman should learn to walk before dancing. Neophytes were practically put to the back board and the goose step. They were made to march slowly to a tune upon a squeaking kit or sort of pup-fiddle, and after a severe course of such treatment were at length initiated by single steps into the manner of moving in a quadrille. We have now changed all that. The cramming system is at work in the dancing school. And as horse-trainers are in the habit of harnessing proficient stagers with animals unaccustomed to the shafts, professors of the dance have discovered that nothing expedites the culture of a pupil like having "the benefit of his daughters to practise with." Of course the number of people engaged in this calling is a proof of the large proportion of persons in town requiring their services, but no adult will readily confess to taking lessons, any more than he or she will, if possible, be detected dyeing the hair or dining at one o'clock. However, there are both ladies and gentlemen who really make dancing a study.

Although the winter is the season of the dancing man's discontent, he has a few opportunities of consolation in those off-hand scratch parties which indefatigable mothers are not indifferent to promoting at any time of the year; in fact, he loves the little dance perhaps even more than the big ball. In the crush and polite confusion of the large assembly there is but scant room for the proper exercise of waltzing as a fine art. To be sure, the occasion may be seized in order to exhibit the gifts of pilotage and steering, but these are only the minor niceties of the dancing man's craft; there is nothing he likes better than an improvised affair, when at some one's suggestion middle-floor furniture is thrust into corners, a centre space is established under the gasolier, and the piano is made to give tongue in a quadrille; for the genuine dancing man does not ignore quadrilles. The figures enable him to develop latent capacities of fascinating movement which contrast remarkably with the sort of plantation walk in which an ordinary practitioner endeavors to do what is expected of him. There is an air of assurance and of certainty about his manners which is imposing. In lancers or caledonians he is at once completely at home as a drill sergeant among ramrod recruits. He is master of every perplexity, and by his discreet management all extricate puzzled performers from the miseries of that ridiculous dead-lock which at intervals will occur in quadrilles of a semi-domestic kind. But, of course it is in the round rather than the square dance that your right dancing expert chiefly triumphs. The whirling dervish would not get the better of him in wind. His head is equal to the most limited circle of revolution. His shoes flash simultaneously with the gleam of his partner's white boots. Contrast his perfect composure at the rapid finish of a galop with the discomfiture, to say the least of it, visible on the countenances and the neckties of commonplace guests. One has been hauling a blonde against the music until every step was a torture to both. Another is obliged to stagger to a sofa with a general appearance of having had the boxing-gloves on with a friend. A third has been compelled to stop after a single turn in order to make the requisite apologies for a torn dress and a disturbed temper. A fourth, who has contrived to keep up like a man in a dream, when the reprieve of a halt comes drops in a crisis of vertigo into the bosom of an indignant wallflower. Our dancing man serenely twirls through it all. If his partner can stay, it is really a pretty sight to note the perfect rhythm of the spinning, and the ease with which the grand problem of the reverse is solved without a hitch. For the dancing man disdains the mere alphabet of waltz or galop, and if he has a good partner, you will discover them taking relief from the monotony of the figure-by-alternating the direction of the swing. This can be done without risk of collision by moving inside the regular round of the dance, describing a smaller circle; but it has also the effect of precipitating an inclination to giddiness to which unaccustomed waltzers of the outside ring may be subject.

The dancing man is made, not born. It is not an private parties that he acquires so wonderful a command over his legs. He is the person to whom the professors of calisthenics, &c., both male and female, to whom we have before alluded, largely address themselves. Our dancing man frequents the academy of some distinguished thirjack, where the professor receives only advanced pupils. Here our dancing man learns the feats which put you to the blush when your awkward interpretations of Strauss or Godfrey into motion were contrasted with his. Not that the professor or his daughters could do with every one what they have done with our dancing man. He brings his soul to his work, and gives his whole mind to his heels. He picks up steps with wonderful alacrity. He has a kind of phenomenal apprehensiveness for the most recondite of figures. He has a memory of exceptional strength for postures. But besides his studies with adepts the dancing man has twice the experience of the average adventurer into evening parties. He is indefatigable in the season and never misses the chance of showing his accomplishments out of it. And, oddly enough, it often happens that neither middle age nor marriage cures the dancing man; and his gyrations are perfect to the last. Portliness imparts a kind of graceful swimming motion to his circuits, and any girl who knows the value of having her own dancing seen at its best cannot do better than keep a waltz or two on her card for the Benedick who in his early youth and long after the expiration of his legal infancy had won the admiration of many a ball-room by his grace, expedition and confidence in the discharge of a fascinating obligation of polite intercourse.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

POLISH CUSTOMS.

A Polish funeral strikes an English eye as being a very disorderly affair. In England all is done "decently and in order;" the coffin with its flowing pall, the mourners walking "with solemn step and slow" behind the corpse. Here, on the contrary, the *bare* coffin is placed on an open hearse, on each side of which walks the undertaker's men, dressed in a long black coat bordered with white cord (the sign of mourning), and hats of an indescribable shape; neither round nor square, neither straight nor crooked, unique of their kind. The funeral procession—I speak of a Catholic funeral—is opened by a boy bearing a large crucifix; he is followed by the priest or priests; then such male friends as choose to bear tapers; then the hearse, followed by the female mourners and a miscellaneous crowd, pushing and jostling, praying or quarreling, according to their disposition, all rushing and striving to be nearest the body. Arrived at the grave (the corpse is rarely taken to a church), the office for the dead is said or sung, and then the nearest relative present throws the first handful of mould on the coffin, saying, "May the earth rest lightly on thee." It will easily be imagined, that when performed solemnly and reverently, this action is profoundly touching. That the first earth which falls on the coffin of a parent should be placed there by the trembling hand of a son, and with that earth should fall the dear of filial grief, is a custom so full of real feeling, that we could wish it were adopted by civilized. But, alas! no sooner has this first handful been thrown in, than the crowd push forward, each scratching up a handful of earth and throwing it pell-mell into the grave. The scene is too disgusting to describe. The last time I assisted at a funeral, I saw men, women and children, beggars by the score, all pushing and screaming around the open grave. The grave-digger, tired of waiting until these had done jostling and fighting, at last jumped into the grave, and stamped down with his feet the superincumbent earth. This curious mixture of reverence and disorder is not confined to funeral solemnities. To spit on the church floor, or to dispense with pocket-handkerchief during mass, is a usual habit, not only with the poor peasants, but with persons who ought to know better. Yet, in spite of this, nothing strikes a stranger's eye more forcibly than "the exterior devotion of the Poles." It is an everyday occurence, and especially during Lent, to see women lying flat on their faces in the middle of the church with their arms stretched out so as to form a cross, during the whole service, a long sermon included. Of course people are obliged to step over them to reach their places. The exceeding indelicacy of such a proceeding requires no comment; but to those who inquire why the Polish peasantry of this nineteenth century are still as ignorant, as superstitious, as credulous as those of the sixteenth century, it affords a clue to the answer. The peasants are not allowed to have any self-respect; they still consider themselves as beings inferior to their masters, and, in consequence, not permitted to aspire to a higher degree of civilization. All their relations with their employers tend to foster this sad state of things. Their cottages are holes such as no English farmer would permit a laborer to inhabit. Their bed is straw, sometimes stuffed into a piece of sacking, but more often spread on the bare earth. The tables and stools are of the rudest description; and as to household comfort, it is unknown. It will be hardly credited, but it is a fact, that many of the peasants prefer this state of piggery, (pardon the word, reader; it is the only right one), because it is an exact contrast to the condition of the German peasant. Once let a Pole imagine that anything sensible or practicable is German, and he will refuse to use it. As a case in point, I may state that the German children have light and yet capacious knapsacks strapped to their shoulders in which they carry their books, copy-books, &c., to school. I once ventured to suggest to a Polish lady the utility and comfort of this knapsack. The child holds himself straight, his hands are free, in case of rain, to carry an umbrella, and his books are spared many a tumble into the mud or snow. Never shall I forget the air of disdain with which she said, "*My* son is not a *German*!" A few minutes afterwards, "my son" passed through the room with his books and slate tucked under his arm. Before he reached the hall door, two very distinct cracks told the fate of the slate, and back came the boy for a piece of string to tie the whole together. It is patriotic not to use a knapsack.—*Chamber's Journal.*

NIAGARA FALLS WITHOUT WATER.

On the 26th of March, 1848, the river presented a remarkable phenomenon. There is no record of a similar one, nor has it been observed since. The winter had been intensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was very thick. This was loosened around the shores by the warm days of early Spring. During the day a stiff easterly wind moved the whole field up the lake. About sundown the wind chopped suddenly around and blew a gale from the West. This brought the vast tract of ice down again with such tremendous force that it filled the neck of the lake, and the outlet, so that the outflow of the water was greatly impeded. Of course it only needed a very short space of time for the falls to drain off the water below Black Rock. The consequence was that, when we arose in the morning at Niagara, we found that our river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a respectable creek. The British channel looked as though it had been smitten with a quick consumption, and was fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat Island, and out into the Canadian rapids, the water was gone, as it was also from the lower end of Goat Island, out beyond the tower. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided almost to a moan. The scene was desolate, and but for its novelty, and the certainty that it would change before many hours, would have been gloomy and saddening. Every person who has visited Niagara will remember a beautiful jet of water which shoots up out of the water about forty rods south of the outer Sister in the great rapids, called, with a singular contradiction of terms, the "Leaping Rock."

The writer drove a buggy from near the head of Goat Island out to a point above and near to that jet. With a log-cart and four horses he had drawn from the outside of the outer island a stick of pine timber, hewed twelve inches square and forty feet long. From the top of the middle island was drawn a larger stick, hewed on one side and sixty feet long. There are few places on the globe where a person would be less likely to go lumbering than in the rapids of Niagara, just above the brink of the Horse-shoe fall. All the people of the neighborhood were abroad, exploring the recesses and cavities that had never before been exposed to mortal eyes. The writer went some distance up the shore of the river. Large fields of the muddy bottom lay bare. * * The singular syncope of the waters lasted all the day, and night closed over the strange scene. But in the morning our river was restored in all its strength, beauty and majesty, and we were glad to welcome its swelling tide once more.—*Holley's Niagara.*

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1873.

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Publisher, Montreal.

WOULD-BE LECTURERS.

However successful Stanley may have been in finding Dr. Livingstone, he has been a most signal failure as a lecturer; the parties who engaged him to deliver one hundred lectures at five hundred dollars each, cancelled the contract after trying him three nights in New York where he did not pay expenses; more recently he made his appearance in Boston, and, altho' the attendance seems to have been somewhat better than in New York, his success was no greater, and both the matter and manner of his lecture are severely criticised by the Boston papers. The fact is, Stanley has none of the qualifications for a lecturer, and his description of how he found Livingstone, altho' tolerably readable in book form, appears to be very dull and stupid when served up as a lecture. There seems to be an impression in the States that any one can deliver a lecture; the moment a person becomes notorious in any way he, or she, immediately starts off to bore people with an account of what he or she did, and how he or she did it. In the past few years there have been dozens, we might say hundreds, of this class of would-be lecturers who have "strutted their brief hour on the stage," and then sunk into the nothingness which they deserved. As soon as a man makes a mark in literature he is sure to find some Library Committee, or enterprising showman to invite him to lecture; he generally accepts, and goes about for a few years boring people who would really like to hear a good lecture, with a collection of twaddle at which they cannot laugh, and it would not be polite to cry. There appears to be no subject too ridiculous, nor any man too unqualified to attempt to lecture; thus, when Weston, the pedestrian, failed some years ago in his attempt to walk one thousand miles in one thousand hours, he immediately began to lecture about it; and now we are informed that Mrs. Laura D. Fair, the woman who shot Crittenden, intends to lecture on Woman's Rights—specially, we suppose, their right to shoot men. Fortunately these would-be lecturers soon exhaust themselves, but unfortunately they keep many good men from the platform, and serve to lower the dignity of the profession of the lecturer. Nothing can be more improving, especially to the young, than a good course of lectures during the long winter evenings, and the Americans are to be complimented on the fact that almost every town, or village of any size and pretension has a lecture hall at which a regular course of lectures is delivered every winter; but their intense love of novelty, and partiality for momentary admiration of any new candidate for public favor, opens the door too easily for the entrance of any impostor who may choose to force himself on the platform without any qualification. This is greatly to be regretted and, unless checked, will lead to a general distrust in lecturers and probably close one half of the lecture halls now open nightly. Here in Canada we are not much annoyed with these would-be lecturers; indeed we have too few public lectures or lecturers, and it is a discredit to our large cities to see our lecture halls lie empty for almost the whole season, unless they are occupied by a minstrel troupe, or some travelling show; it is, therefore gratifying to know that arrangements have been made for Professor Pepper, and other distinguished English lecturers now in the United States to visit Canada before they return home. The University Literary Society of this city deserve praise for their enterprise in securing the services of the distinguished Englishmen who will shortly appear in Montreal, and we trust the public will show their appreciation of the Society's efforts by making the venture a successful one so that it may be encouraged to give us a regular course of lectures every winter. We want good lectures delivered by able men, but we can with pleasure dispense with the services of would-be lecturers of the Stanley & Co. stamp, who have nothing to say and don't know how to say it.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The report of the coroners of the City of New York presents some curious features; from it we learn that there were 57 cases of homicide, 140 of suicide, 209 of sunstroke, 735 accidental deaths, 206 bodies found floating in the river during the year 1872. The murder record is terribly high, being more than one a week, besides which it is fair to suppose that a large percentage of the bodies found in the river—perhaps one half—were murders no trace of the perpetrators of which has ever been found. The number of homicides exceeds that of the previous year by 15; and in view of this increase it is well to note that no execution took place in the City of New York during the year, and that thirty murderers now await trial in the Tombs prison. The increase of crime in New York during the past four or five years has been terrible, and unless the verdict in the Stokes case has a salutary effect, as we hope it will, we fear New York will drift into such a state of lawlessness that the dangerous remedy of a Vigilance Committee will have to be resorted to. The administration of justice has been so lax, and bribery and corruption so notorious, that all confidence in the power of the law seems to have been lost, and people have been pretty freely taking the law into their own hands. We hope now that one example has been made a better state of things will ensue.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

It would be a terrible thing to think that men could actually be glad that a fellow creature is condemned to death, but we believe that the sentence of death passed on Edward Stokes for the murder of James Fisk jr., on 6th January 1872, will meet with general approbation; and there will be a feeling of satisfaction, at least in New York, that the dignity of the law is for once to be upheld. The record of New York for last year is a fearful one, 57 homicides, and no one punished, and the fate of Stokes will probably cause a revulsion in public feeling and we expect to see many more convictions in the present year. No one who has read the evidence can doubt that Stokes wilfully murdered Fisk, and that the sentence of death is a just one; and while commiserating deeply with the unfortunate young man whose own rash act has so suddenly cut short his career, we cannot but express our satisfaction that there appears a possibility of law and order once more reigning in New York, and of lawlessness and ruffianism meeting their due rewards.

MAKING A FORTUNE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was that he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and when he asked to have it raised, the president, the cashier, and the board of directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence when he knew business was dull, and the bank could not meet its expenses now, let alone lavish one dollar on such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed and sad, and the haughty scorn of the president and cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go into the side yard, and bow his venerable twenty-four inch head, and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be made worthy of the cashier's and president's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst upon him, and gazing down the dim vista of years with his eyes all blinded with joyous tears, he saw himself rich and respected. So Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy, a monkey-wrench, a cross-cut saw, a cold chisel, a drill, and about a ton of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and all those things. Then, in the dead of night, he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it for a while, burst the door and brick into an immortal smash, with such a perfect success that there was not enough of that safe left to make a carpet-tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load up with coupons, greenbacks, currency and specie, and to nail all the odd change that was lying anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with over one million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and then sent word to the detectives where he was.

A detective called on him next day, with a soothing note from the cashier. McFadden treated it with lofty scorn. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the president, cashier, and board of directors. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent private supper, to which Mr. McFadden was invited. He came, and as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him, he pondered over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with wild exultation.

Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was all fixed that Mr. McFadden was to keep half a million of that money, and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man, but refused, with haughty disdain, the offer of the cashier to marry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society, he browses around in purple and fine linen and other good clothes, and enjoys himself first-rate. And often now he takes his infant son on his knee, and tells him of his early life, and instils holy principles into the child's mind, and shows him how, by industry and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro-glycerine, and monkey-wrenches, and cross-cut saws, and familiarity with the detective system, even the poor may rise to affluence and responsibility.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE ex-Emperor Napoleon died, at Chiselhurst, on 9th inst. Notice next week.

MARRIAGE with a deceased wife's sister has been legalised by the Melbourne Legislature.

NEW census of France shows the population to be 36,102,921, a decrease of 366,935 since 1866.

THE British Government declines to support the proposal of the Royal Geographical Society for sending out an Arctic expedition, partially at the public expense.

A VALUABLE horse belonging to the Rochester fire department lay dying of the "epizootic." A fire alarm sounded, and the noble animal, true to his impulses, raised himself upon his feet and fell back dead.

EDWARD STOKES has been found guilty of the murder of James Fisk jr., on 6th January 1872, and sentenced to be hung on 28th February. By a curious coincidence he was sentenced on 6th inst., just one year after the murder of his victim.

THE following statistics show the great value of the milk product of the United States: Milk consumed as food, at three cents a quart, is worth annually $175,000,000; butter, $195,000,000; cheese, $29,000,000; condensed milk and whey and butter-milk, used in raising pork, $10,000,000, making a total of $509,000,000.

THE horses in Camden, Ark., are sadly affected by the epizootic, and the local newspaper informs us that they are subjected to a treatment of blankets, assafœtida, and hot whiskey and water. It must go to the heart of any genuine Arkansas traveler to see the last-mentioned article lavished upon horses. It never much increased the locomotive powers of the human race, and a horse who should have the epizootic and delirium tremens together wouldn't be likely to travel much farther in this world at least.

THE salmon catchers of the Columbia river, Oregon, have driven a brisk business during the present season, and it appears from a statement of the results that this interest is of no mean proportions. There were taken between April 1 and Aug. 1, 1872, for canning purposes, 170,000 fish, weighing, when dressed, 2,700,000 pounds, making 56,250 boxes of 48 pounds each, and worth at wholesale market prices, $482,000. The salmon taken for curing purposes during the same season amounted in number to 162,500, weighing, when dressed, 2,600,000 pounds, making 13,000 barrels of 200 pounds each, and worth $117,000. The total number of salmon taken on the lower Columbia River during the season of four months amounted to 332,500, weighing 5,300,000 pounds, and worth $549,000. There were also large numbers sent to market for sale fresh.

THE critic of the Boston *Advertiser* having said of Mrs. Boucicault, as *Arrah*, that "the delicious humor of the race speaks from her elbows and ankles as well as her lips and eyes," a contemporary gets after him in this fashion: "There! Elbows and ankles, eloquent with the delicious humor of a race, is good. This innovation opens up a new field in dramatic criticism. We shall now probably hear of Mr. Edwin Booth's shinbones and knuckles speaking of the glowing pensiveness of the Scandinavian race, or Mr. Sothern's back teeth and the nape of his neck speaking of the fatuity of the English nobility. The phlegmatic nature of the Dutch may now be discovered in Mr. Jefferson's heels and wrists, and the restlessness of the volatile Yankee may speak from the finger nails and hip joints of Mr. Warren. Delicious humor speaking from elbows and ankles! Goodness gracious."

THE occurrence of some suicides which have attracted unusual public attention makes it of interest to explain that suicides have increased of late years in England. In the six years 1859-64, the annual average was a little over 66 to every million of population; but in the six years, 1865-70, the latest period to which detailed returns extend, the annual average was nearer to 68 than to 67 in a million of the population. In the first six years the suicides of a year only once reached 70 per million of population; in the last three years, 1868, 69, 70, the ratios were 70, 73, and 70 per million. The range in the twelve years was from 62 per million in 1867 to 73 in 1869. Comparing the last period of six years with the first, we find that the suicides by drowning bear a larger proportion to the whole number of suicides than they did; but there is a smaller proportion of suicides by hanging than formerly, though that is still the most frequent mode of exit adopted.

IT is said that probably about 60,000,000, or 70,000,000 cod-fish are taken from the sea annually by the toilers around the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when we consider that the cod yields something like 3,500,000 eggs each season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod! Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are also wonderfully productive. A herring six or seven ounces in weight is provided with about 30,000 ova. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and of the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon said that if a pair of herrings were left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield a fish bulk equal to the whole of the globe on which we live. The cod far surpasses the herring in fecundity. Were it not that vast numbers of the eggs are destroyed, fish would so multiply as to fill the waters completely.

WHAT a worry it is, to be sure, to be a person of high degree! There is poor Lord Walter Campbell, recently employed in a mercantile house, who wished to marry a young lady of good position. Upon his applying to the young lady's father the parent stated that he referred all such questions to his wife. The mother, in turn, said she must refer it to the Duke of Argyle. The Duke pleaded that, considering his connection with royalty, he must consult his eldest son. The marquis could do nothing without the queen's consent. Her Majesty felt that the issue must be referred to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as head of the family. The Duke rejoined that since the recent changes in Germany he looked upon the Emperor William as his sovereign, and must bow to his advice. The emperor said he could do nothing without Prince Bismarck's opinion, and Prince Bismarck declared he had no opinion at all, one way or the other. And so the question—to marry or not to marry—was brought to a dead-lock.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM, New York, was destroyed by fire on the morning of 24th ult. The fire also consumed Grace Chapel and several dwelling-houses. The total loss is about $1,000,000, one-third of which falls on Mr. Barnum. All the animals but three were burned. This is the third time the Fire King has attacked Mr. Barnum. The first fire was on July 12, 1865, when the old museum, at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, where the *Herald* building now stands, was destroyed. In the winter of 1865 Mr. Barnum opened his new museum at 539 Broadway, which was burnt on March 3, 1868. Mr. Barnum did not immediately start a new museum, but became connected with a traveling circus, and it was only at the close of the last tenting season that he leased the old Hippotheatron in 14th Street, and opened it as a museum and circus. Mr. Barnum announces that he will have another circus, menagerie and museum ready by the spring. He has ample means at his disposal, being one of the wealthiest men in Connecticut, and worth, probably, ten or twelve millions of dollars.

For the Favorite.

WINONA;

OR,

THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve;" "Wrecked; or, the Rosclerras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

WINONA'S SACRIFICE.

Archie rushed down the moonlit hill, and into the arms of Mike who was rushing up, terror in his eyes and blanched face.

"What is the matter?" cried Archie, as Murphy gasped for breath, "speak man!"

"Yes, speak," thundered the voice of the Colonel. "What has happened?"

"Oh wirra! it's meself doesn't know, but there's bad work out yonder," replied Mike in a voice shaking with emotion. "Here Captain, run up to the house and bring a rifle or two from the stands, while the masther an' me brings out a canoe. Oh run, man, if you've any sinse in your head."

Archie turned and fled up the hill without a word, his heart bounding with wildest excitement, and Mike dragged the Colonel towards a small hut of logs where the canoes were kept.

"Come, rouse yerself," he cried, somewhat terrified at the stony expression of the old man's rugged face. "My name's not Mike Murphy or that tanned rascal has carried off Miss Drosia; but it'll be quare if me an' you, an' the Captain an' Andy Farmer, don't get her back. The apple of me eye that she is!"

While he spoke he had got out a large bark canoe, and now turned to glance over the lake as he placed the light thing on the water that rippled at his feet, while the Colonel stood like a figure of grey granite in the moonlight.

WINONA'S SACRIFICE.

Though the moonlight was excessively brilliant it was almost impossible to discern any object on the wavering, dazzling sheet of water, and as a profound silence now reigned, and the fishing lights had disappeared, the lake appeared deserted, but that a trained eye might have discovered about a quarter of a mile out some dark specks floating idly on the water; but Mike's sight was not good and they escaped his observation. He held the canoe and pointed to the Colonel to enter it, but a sudden faintness appeared to overcome the old man, and just as Archie came rushing back with the rifles and paddles, he sank down on a large boulder standing on the margin.

"You must go without me," he said slowly, "but bring me back my daughter."

"It's best so," said Mike, motioning Archie into the canoe, "he's so wakely. Now, Captain, steady an' let her have it."

Like many even city-bred Canadians, Archie was a magnificent canoe man, and casting a look of compassion on the dreary form of the old man sitting on the rock, his paddle flashed through the molten silver of the lake, and steered by Mike the shore rapidly receded behind them. For the first time Archie had an opportunity of questioning Mike, and as the canoe flew over the water he called out—

"What has occurred? Did you see anything?

"Bedad I did," responded Mike in a voice of mingled grief and excitement. "I helped Andy Farmer out with his canoe, laughing to meself at the fool's arrand I wor sendin' him on, and thinkin' the second jack-light was belonging to an Indian camp that's pitched below the narrows portage yonder, and then I stood watchin' him as he paddled off like fury, for he hates Hawk-eye like poison, and when he got quite high to the two-lights, I heard Miss Androsia scream out, an' thin Winona an' the crack! crack of two rifles or mebbe more, and then the lights went out, an' the lake was as quiet as a churchyard. The saints be good to us!"

"Didn't you see anything?" asked Archie, "to give us a clue should we want one."

"Yes, just that they wor red-skins as wor in the second canoe, but no more, for the jack-lights went out in a wink and my eye-sight's but wake," replied Mike, guiding the canoe towards the spot where the jack-lights had disappeared.

Archie's stalwart frame quivered with excitement, and at this moment a faint cry came from the spot towards which they were paddling, and the canoe absolutely bounded through the water, as they wielded their paddles with redoubled energy. In another moment they reached the spot and in an instant discovered the position of affairs. Farmer's canoe floated bottom up on the lake, and at a little distance floated that which had contained Androsia and her companions, and clinging to its side with one bare arm, while her pall of raven hair floated out on the shimmering water, was Winona, her dark eyes burning like wells of fire, and the blood pouring in a stream from a gun-shot wound in her bronze shoulder. Of Androsia or Farmer, or the Indian boy there was not a single sign, and it was evident that the Indians who had attacked the party must have succeeded in escaping behind the shelter of one of the two little islands, one of which rose not far from the spot where Archie and Mike now found themselves. Dumb with dismay Mike paused with uplifted paddle, and gazed over the lonely sheet of water; but Archie accustomed to prompt action brought the canoe alongside that to which Winona was clinging, and prepared to take her into the frail bark, as he saw that her strength was ebbing fast, for the water was turning crimson around her. As Mike perceived his purpose he roused himself from his momentary stupor and while Archie endeavored to maintain the balance of the canoe he leant over and grasped Winona's arm to draw her closer. "Ah, thin, Winona, asthore, where's Miss Drosia?" he exclaimed, "sure it's not murdhered the colleen is! spake, girl, and don't be smilin' in that deadly way!"

Winona drew back from his grasp, and in a voice that already sounded faint, she exclaimed—

"Linger not here! The opposite shore, quick before she is lost to you for ever."

"We can't leave you here to die," said Archie in terrible perplexity, "come let me draw you into the canoe, quick."

Winona waved her beautiful arm with a gesture of determination and authority. She looked Archie fearlessly in the face.

"Squaw must die in few minutes, squaw not afraid to die now. Hurry on the trail and say to my white sister when you take her back to the lodge of her father, that the spirit of Winona will be ever at her side. She loved me."

Before Archie or Mike could guess at her purpose, the girl relaxed her hold on the canoe, and, with a single radiant upward look, the dusky head and lovely face disappeared beneath the waters of the lake, and she had vanished from before them like a dream.

Mike uttered a cry of grief and Archie nearly upset the canoe as he involuntarily half rose from his knees, intending to dive after the heroic girl, who had thus removed the only obstacle to their immediate pursuit of Androsia; but with a powerful stroke of the paddle Mike sent the canoe flying towards the head of the island, which they would be obliged to round before making for the opposite shore.

"She's gone," he said, in a low voice, "but as sure as my name's Mike Murphy, I'll be death of the man that done it. Captain dear, see if them rifles is ready."

Archie obeyed eagerly, and ascertaining that they were ready for instant use he seized his paddle, and the canoe leaped on her way hardly leaving a track on the shining waters. He was obliged to keep silent for a moment to collect his scattered thoughts, and then he looked at Mike on whose usually laughing countenance a stern and gloomy air had settled down.

"Can you imagine what has occurred," he inquired. "Certainly it is plain that Miss Howard has been carried off, but who has done the deed?"

"Hawk-eye," responded Mike, "who else was to do it."

"But Jimsy and Farmer?" said Archie, "where are they?"

"At the bottom of the lake," said Mike quietly, "them two shots finished them complete, an' no mistake. Och, why didn't Winona, the poor craythur, last long enough to tell us all about it!"

"They can't be far ahead of us," said Archie, straining his eyes towards the opposite shore as they rounded the head of the islet; but there was nothing visible but a stretch of rippling silver with the solemn shade of the forest on the bank stretching blackly over it. The fugitives must already have reached this protecting shadow, for as far as Captain Frazer's keen gaze could reach there was neither canoe or Indians in sight.

He conveyed this disheartening intelligence to Mike, who listened in silence, and then turned the head of the canoe back towards the shore they had left.

"It's no use pursuing them," he said, "you nor I knows little of them woods, Captain; but before three hours is over there'll be a party on their trail as'll make them hear reason. To think of the purty colleen as is in their dirty paws, the rascally spalpeens! and the good-hearted girleen they've put under the lake. The heavens be her bed this night."

"The blood-thirsty crew," said Archie, whose breast boiled with rage at the idea of leaving Androsia in their clutches even for an hour, but who saw his present inability to compass her deliverance, from his insufficient knowledge of wood-craft.

"They have a heavy account to pay. Three murders to answer for: Winona, Jimsy, poor lad, and Farmer!"

"That same last is what Father Delaney in his prachments used to call a 'trial wid a blessin' in it," replied Mike with intense philosophy, "if that wor all the Injuns did this night it's not Mike Murphy 'nd be afthur callin' them hard names, the craythurs. But, och wirra! to think of Miss Drosia an' Winona, an' the ould masther we've got to face wid the news."

Archie could hardly repress a shudder as they swept over the spot where Winona had disappeared, and Mike turned away his head, as he paddled on with, if possible, redoubled speed. The current set rather strongly down the lake at this spot, and it had already swept the empty canoes a considerable distance from the place where Winona had so nobly sacrificed her chance of life in the vain hope of serving her beloved foster-sister. As they paddled towards the landing it was decided that Mike should remain with the old Colonel, while Captain Frazer returned to Sandy Point and procured the assistance of his guides of the morning, and as many experienced hands as they could muster to join in the pursuit and rescue of Androsia, and merely pausing to let Mike spring to shore, Archie turned the canoe towards the abode of Bill Montgomery, which lay at a distance of some fourteen miles from the lodge of the old recluse.

CHAPTER IV.

BILL MONTGOMERY, THE TRAPPER.

As Archie sped along through the lonely moonlight, the rapidly following events which had marked this first day of his abode beneath the roof of Colonel Howard, flitted through his brain over and over again until as if under the influence of some weird dream. The solemn stillness of the cloudless night, the extraordinary effect of the fathomless purple sky, with its golden hosts reflected in the now motionless bosom of the lake, conveying a sensation as though he swung in some measureless space, where stars revolved beneath, above and around him, added to the unreality that seemed to invest all things. The dazzling yet pensive face of Androsia as he had seen her for a few brief moments, flashed on him from the white mists that curled on the banks, where swamps or morasses stretched back from the lake, and amongst the reflected stars over which his canoe rushed, the burning eyes of the noble Indian girl flashed up at him, or the perfect face of Farmer went drifting by in the unfathomable purple abyss beneath the prow, with dead, wide-open eyes, and golden beard swayed by some unseen influence, and a mocking smile carved on his ivory lips. The forest rose up like a huge black wall on every hand, threaded by myriads of fireflies emitting a pale, phosphorescent light; and so intense was the silence, that Archie hailed with delight the distant sound of the rapids at the Narrows Portage, as the waters of the lake rushed tumultuously down a slight and rocky incline, ere they settled into the channel of the river which ran through some ten miles of wild and magnificent scenery before emptying itself into one of our mighty inland seas. The sound restored his mental balance at once, and he braced himself for the arduous task he had before him. He had to carry his canoe unassisted over a portage some mile and a half in length, and through a dense wilderness of which he was almost ignorant; but it was not the physical exertion or the personal risk he ran of becoming inextricably involved in the dark woods through which he would have to make his way, that sent the blood rushing to his heart in almost suffocating waves, it was the knowledge that if any misadventure befell him, Androsia would be beyond any hope of succor long before a party could start on the trail of her captors.

His hair clung to his brow in damp masses, and every muscle ached again, as he leaped ashore at some distance above the rapids, and drew his canoe up the mossy bank, slippery with dew, and dark as Erebus from overhanging trees; but without a moment's pause, he lifted the light vessel of bark on his shoulders, and carrying his paddle and rifle in his hand, he pushed boldly into the impenetrable darkness of the faintly defined track he had to follow. For two hours he labored on through a darkness that might almost be felt, dashing himself against the fallen timber, climbing over huge decayed logs, bursting by sheer physical force through thickets of underbrush, struggling through marshy holes, but keeping the roar of the river close to his right hand. This sound was his only guide, for he had almost immediately wandered from the merely nominal path over which he had come in the morning. He was nearly exhausted with his tramp, laden as he was, with canoe and rifle, when through the damp night air there came the spicy perfume of a pine wood, and with a feeling of inexpressible relief, he knew that the wearisome

Portage was passed. He remembered the grove of kingly pines at the foot of the rapids, and pushing his way to the margin of the river, in a few minutes he was seated in the canoe, which fortunately had sustained no injury in its rough transit, and simply using his paddle as a rudder, was being borne rapidly towards his destination on the resistless current of the broad river. In place of walls of sombre foliage, great crags loomed through the shadows, for, during his passage of the Portage, the moon had disappeared, and it was not yet dawn. Vast uncouth shapes of granite, bare of shrub or verdure, opening ghastly gleaming gateways into the shades beyond, or rising from the foaming waters like the walls of mammoth cathedrals, or meeting across the channel like shadowy bridges, spanning the hideous torrent of an Acheron, sped away to the right and left as the resistless current bore him easily forward. He was glad of the rest, and was content, as he knew that he was proceeding even faster than if dependent on his own exertions, and he glanced anxiously at the sky in an effort to calculate how long he had been upon his journey. The motionless darkness which precedes dawn hung upon the heavens, but even as he looked a sudden rose tint stole up the sky, and slowly, slowly rippled over the dark dome. In another five minutes a bar of fire ran along the jagged peaks overhanging the west bank of the river. The ruby tint slowly paled to a faint tender gold, and as the sun rose, the night rolled away like a purple scroll on which her story had been written in countless hosts of stars. An eagle rose screaming from his eyrie close at hand, and turned his flight towards the sun, mounting until he faded into the radiance of the morning. Never was daylight less welcome, for Captain Frazer felt that despite his exertions nearly seven hours had passed since Androsia had disappeared, and two more must elapse ere he would reach the shanty of Bill Montgomery. He knew that the cleverest trappers and guides of the region would assemble promptly to avenge an outrage as daring as it was extraordinary at this period of Canadian history, when the red man and the white join in a not altogether hollow fellowship, and when war-paint and scalping-knives are romances of the past, at least so far as regards the greater portion of our vast territory. He knew this, but who could tell whether or no success would crown their efforts to recover her. It seemed as though his three weeks absence from Toronto had extended into a score of years, and the faces of the friends he had left there appeared like the phantoms of a dream. Even Cecil Bertrand's starry eyes were dim and far off, but close to him, radiant, vivid, absorbing, was the face of Androsia Howard, whom he had seen but for five little moments, in the gloaming of the previous evening, and whom in all probability his eyes would never rest on again. He felt almost angry at the persistency with which the girl's face haunted him, and endeavored in a score of ways to banish the vision, but in vain, for fix his mind on what he would, above all rose the lustrous eyes, and snowy brow, with its halo of rich hair. A fresher, keener air warned him that he was nearing the mouth of the river, and approaching the vast sheet of water on the shore of which stood the shanty of Bill Montgomery, and in another half hour he had rounded the right bank, and was out on the lake, over which a faint ripple was running, just sufficiently strong to cover the sapphire waters with a dainty lace-work of snowy foam. He had half a mile of coasting to do before reaching the residence of the young trapper, but the tiny shanty was plainly visible standing under a grove of dark pines, on a promontory ahead of a peculiarly bold and magnificent character. A vast cliff, four hundred feet in height, rose like a wall of alabaster from the lake, and towards the land declined in a majestic sweep until it met the emerald bank, and its jagged summit was crowned by a few gigantic and gnarled pines, which shewed against the liquid blue of the cloudless sky like swarthy giants plumed and crested with jet. A tiny beach like a fairy ring of gold surrounded the cliff. In the distance, like a beautiful and shadowy mirage, loomed one of the great Manitoulin group of islands, and on the horizon the dingy sails of a lake schooner caught the slanting sunbeams.

Far or near the only visible links with man, were the brown shanty in its shady eyrie amongst the pines, and the schooner fading dream-like into the blue distance.

Archie's keen eyes detected a wreath of smoke rising from the shanty, and a couple of canoes turned bottom up on the strip of beach in the frowning shadow of the cliff, and he judged correctly that Bill was at home. He had felt rather uneasy on this point, as he had feared that the young trapper might have remained over-night at the home of the parents of the girl he was to marry, some ten miles farther down the coast, and whom, as we have seen, he intended to visit the previous evening.

In a few moments he had sprung on the crisp yellow strand, and drawing his canoe out of the water, commenced the ascent of the cliff by a rude, ladder-like path hewn in its precipitous side partly by dame nature and partially by the muscular hands of the trapper. The ascent would have been formidable to a light head or unaccustomed limbs, but Archie arrived at the top with his dark face in a glow, and with that sense of exultation which a man experiences when he has scaled an eminence either mental or natural.

He dashed into the spicy shadow of the pine-grove, and found the shanty door swinging open, and a savory odor of cooking puffing out from its dim recesses. A semi-circle of lank deer-hounds, hairy terriers and grotesque otter-hounds was ranged closely round the rude threshold, so intent on the culinary operations going on within that they hardly observed his approach, and he stepped into the shanty before Bill Montgomery, who was leaning over the hearth, perceived that he had a visitor. Archie's quick tread on the earthen floor, brought the young trapper round from his task of grilling the rich slices of a lake salmon, over the embers, and he eyed Archie in silent astonishment, as he reared his lofty form, until his curly head nearly disappeared amid the rude rafters of the shanty. Captain Frazer was in his shirt-sleeves, and his passage of the Portage, had not only torn his clothes into huge rents, but his face and hands were literally covered with scratches, several of which had bled profusely. He had long since lost his hat, and altogether his appearance was startling in the extreme to the trapper who, some few hours previously, had seen him in the unexceptional get-up of a modern tourist, point-device, indeed, for our Archie was not above being somewhat particular in his toilet.

"Wal, I'm bet!" was Bill's first ejaculation as Archie flung himself on a primitive seat, formed of a log sawn across and elevated on end, "what's up, Capt'n?"

In a few words Archie explained his presence at the shanty, interrupted by ejaculations of indignation from the trapper, whose brown eyes gathered ominous fire as he listened. When Archie concluded he brought one mighty hand down on the other like a sledge hammer, as he exclaimed—

"By ginger! it's the darndest owdacious trick I ever heerd on. The tarnal galoots! but they'll suffer, you bet!"

Bill was a man of prompt action, and after snatching a hasty meal, the two young men, entered the trapper's canoe, and turned her head in the direction of the Sandy-Point Tavern some ten miles farther down the coast.

"It's not a mite of use follerin them redskins without two or three men along," remarked the trapper as the birch bark flew like a thing of life over the gently swelling lake, "an' I left Jim Harty and Lumber Pete, down to the tavern last night, they're nigh about the best men in the woods you'd happen on in quite a while."

"It's a pity we've lost so many hours," said Captain Frazer, who, greatly invigorated by the hospitality of the young trapper, was using his paddle with nervous energy as he thought of Androsia and her wretched and despairing father.

"Wal, you see they've taken to the woods," replied the trapper thoughtfully, "an' they can't make much tracks until we're up with them. I guess Lumber Pete'll be able to give us a short cut way to catch up with them. It's the darndest good piece of luck that he hadn't taken up his stakes for Manitoba. We'd hev' been off there next week. There's a providence in the ways things happens."

"Do schooners often come up this way?" inquired Captain Frazer whose eye had been caught by the white sails of the vessel he had seen some three quarters of an hour previously, as she glided now suddenly between them and the shadowy Manitoulin, evidently making in shore.

The trapper glanced at the distant vessel a little curiously.

"Why no, the're off and on at the Copper Mines a good sight farther down, but they don't come nigh here often. A fishing smack I bet, a little out of her grounds."

Of course Bill agreed with Mike's idea that Hawk-eye was the abductor of Androsia, and Winona's melancholy fate, not to mention the murder of Farmer and the Indian lad, "filled him," as he expressed it, "chock full of burnin' rage." He was a splendid specimen of a Canadian backwoods-man, an honest, simple fellow with a heart as tender as his muscles were tough, and about as learned in the ways of the outside world as the huge hound which lay at his feet in the canoe, and was his confidential friend, the very prince of canine deer-slayers, and wiser, in the eyes of his master, than any sage who swept the stars, or read the history of the creation in pre-adamite formations and old red sand-stone, as though they were primers especially gotten up for his delectation. Wherever Bill Montgomery loomed upon the vision, the deep chest, long fine ears and wistful eyes of old Put were surely to be seen, and he lay now in the bottom of the canoe, with his huge head upon his paws dozing and blinking lazily in the hot sunshine that poured broadly over the lake, as the sun rose higher in the sky. Bill was shrewd too, but the life of solitary adventure he led had not tended to sharpen his faculties, as communion with his kind would have done, and it rarely happened that events occurred to put his natural "social keenness," to coin an expression, into play; when they did he was generally equal to the emergency.

Archie learned from him that Hawk-eye had not been seen round the "Tavern" for some days, indeed since his rencontre with Captain Frazer, and the conclusion they arrived at was that he had been engaged in elaborating the plot which had resulted in the abduction of Androsia. The fact of the passion with which the girl had inspired the wild and daring half-breed being well known to the scattered dwellers in that lonely region.

"Here we be," said Bill, as after a couple of hours steady pulling, he ran his canoe on a sandy tongue of land, jutting a little distance into the lake. A tangled shrubbery of low lying cedar bushes grew rankly over it, but on the mainland the familiar vision of an orderly, square log farm-house, standing in a trim orchard, that reposing in turn in a setting of golden wheat-fields, and all thrown picturesquely out by a back ground of dense green woods, proclaimed that some solitary settler had battled with, and wrested from the mighty forest, a precious freehold.

The trapper stepped ashore, followed by Archie, while Put yawned and stretched himself on the level sand, and throwing their paddles over their shoulders, the two young men pushed through a narrow path amid the cedars, and made for the Tavern, as this cheerful, cultivated oasis in the wilderness was termed. The door stood open, shaded by a huge vine of hops, its tassels and leaves dancing in the wind, and the drowsy bir-r-r of a spinning wheel came from the interior. A rosy matron in a black, quilted petticoat and loose cotton jacket stood in the doorway feeding a troop of chickens like balls of yellow animated floss, and she looked up as she heard the steps of the two men. She recognized the trapper and Captain Frazer, and her fresh, comely face assumed an expression of some concern as she observed the troubled looks on their countenances. She stepped down to meet them, surrendering the pan of cold mush an undisputed prey to the chickens.

"What's the matter?" she said anxiously. "Bill, has anything happened along of the old man?"

"I hain't seen the old man since last night," replied the trapper, "I guess he's all right, but there's been a sight of bad work up to Lake Chetowaik. Hawk-eye, well's we can make out, has carried off Miss Drosia and killed that there Farmer, poor Winona and Jimsy, and the Capt'n and me hev' come for your old man and Lumber Pete to track the snake."

"Harty's been out trolling since dawn," replied Mrs. Harty, "I thought you'd a met him, but Lumber Pete's inside talkin' to Sally. Come right in."

With a face pale with horror the good woman led Frazer and Bill into the great square room, where pretty Sally stood at her spinning wheel, as rosy, fair and arch, as the "Puritan Maiden Priscilla," and lounging on a wooden settle against the wall was the form of Lumber Pete, admiring her through clouds of tobacco smoke.

In the mean time the schooner was tacking towards the shore, from the shelter of the Island.

CHAPTER V.

LUMBER PETE.

Sally paused in her demure walk to and fro before the spinning-wheel; and Lumber Pete sat upright on the settle, as Mrs. Harty ushered in the new-comers. Sally's roses deepened as the form of the trapper darkened the narrow doorway, but faded again as she observed the dark and stern expression of his usually laughing countenance, and the unexpected presence of Captain Frazer.

Her bright hazel eyes asked a thousand questions her tongue would not summon courage to form before the stranger, added to which the consciousness that she had been rather encouraging the playful gallantries of Lumber Pete in the absence of her betrothed, kept her silent.

She was a lithe, rosy creature, brown and dimpled, active as a fawn, and her pretty round face lighted by a pair of the archest, shyest, frankest eyes that were ever placed in a woman's head. She could handle a rifle or spear a trout with considerable dexterity, and had never seen a white woman with the exception of her mother, and occasionally Androsia, in her life of eighteen years.

Lumber Pete was a Lower Canadian *voyageur*, turned trapper. He was about fifty years of age, of a dapper and dandified aspect, and much esteemed for his social qualities as well as his great skill in woodcraft. He was small, spare and active, with a droll, old, wrinkled face completely bare of moustache or whiskers, which made him look like an elderly boy. In his hours of social relaxation he was inseparable from a huge violin, of a brown and antique appearance, and which he invariably spoke of as "Madame." It lay beside him on the settle, with the bow lying across it, and he had evidently been regaling Sally with tender melodies while she spun.

Bill Montgomery was too pre-occupied to feel even a pang of jealousy, though at other times the position of affairs would have made him what he called "wrathy," and, with a kindly nod to Sally he turned to Lumber Pete, and, in a few terse sentences explained the errand which had brought himself and Archy to the "Tavern," while Sally and Mrs. Hardy listened with faces of dismay and horror.

Lumber Pete listened in silence, absently patting "Madame" fondly, while his small, grey eyes snapped and sparkled in the cool shadow of the "keeping-room" like points of fire. He set his little thin lips into an iron line, and as Bill concluded he rose to his feet and tightened the leathern belt round his slim figure, feeling to ascertain if his sharp hunting knife was in its sheath.

He settled his coon-skin cap tightly on his head, and lifted the violin tenderly from the bench.

"Mam'selle," he said, turning to Sally, who was crying beside the spinning-wheel, "behold Madame, from whom circumstances obliges me to part for a period; to thy care I commit her."

"Bother your old fiddle!" retorted Sally, ungratefully, emerging from behind her blue check apron, in a burst of indignant tears, "you mindin' your fiddle, and Winona shot and Miss Drosia carried off. Oh, you——"

Speech failed to convey her indignation, but she shot looks of fire at him, and retired, sobbing behind her apron.

"Ingrate!" murmured Lumber Pete, in tender reproach; "Madame, who has so often warbled a thousand things to thee, to be thus despised!"

As he spoke he was tying the thongs of his moccasins.

"Don't you mind her," said Mrs. Hardy, comfortingly, "I'll see to it for you. Here's your rifle and powder pouch."

"*Merci*. Now behold! I am ready. Madame, adieu. Adieu to thee, Sarah, *ma petite*."

"Get out!" said Sally, enraged at Bill witnessing the result of her coquetry with her elderly adorer, and tossing her pretty head she rushed out of the front door, followed by Bill, who wanted a word with his pretty sweetheart before he departed on his perilous expedition.

Archie chafed under the unavoidable delay that had taken place, and with a hasty adieu to Mrs. Harty, he retraced his steps towards the canoe, followed by Lumber Pete singing in a debonair manner:

"En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule,"

the refrain of a *chanson* familiar to every *voyageur* on the St. Lawrence.

Bill lingered for a moment whispering to Sally in the inadequate shade of a neighboring corn-patch, and thus it happened that the three men wound their way through the cedar bushes in Indian file, Archie very much in advance of the two trappers, Each moment added to his impatience to be gone, to be actively employed in the effort to recover the lost girl.

Bill overtook Lumber Pete, and the two men hurried their steps to reach Captain Frazer, who had disappeared amid the bushes ahead.

"I left word with Mrs. Hardy to send the old man along after us," said Bill; "and I guess us three will be able to fix that varmint Hawk-eye. Thar's old Put rustlin' among them bushes. Queer he'd leave the canoe anyways!"

At this moment a sharp cry came from the bushes ahead, amongst which Archie had disappeared, and at the same moment a fierce, yelping bark and deep growl from old Put.

The trappers ran forward, Bill breaking down the tough bushes as he plunged through them, and paused with a cry of horror as they nearly fell over the prostrate body of Captain Frazer, who lay on the sand, his right arm pinned to his side with a long, slender arrow, and the blood, in a stream slender and slow, trickling over the glittering sand like a crimson thread.

Bill Montgomery's bronzed face turned livid in the bright sunlight, and hardly waiting to see if Archie still breathed, he shouted to the hound which stood near by, growling in a low, savage key, with bared fangs and glittering eyes.

"Hi, at him, old boy, at him!"

"*Ciel!* Is the young man dead?" exclaimed Lumber Pete, stooping over Archie's white and rigid face, as the hound flung himself with a headlong rush into the bushes on the right, cheered on by Bill's loud cry.

"'Pears to me it's so," said the young trapper, ruefully, gazing down at the motionless form; "it seems to me as if the devil was hoofin' it mighty spry through this here location these times! 'Er! if that ain't Put settin' his fangs in some feller's carcass!"

A savage growl of triumph came through the bushes to them, and died suddenly into dead silence.

"He's got the devil, whosomever he be's!" cried Bill, triumphantly. "Now, Pete, you look after the Captain, and let me at him."

To judge from the expression of the young trapper's face, it would be but a short shrift the slayer of Archie Frazer had to expect at his hands; and while Lumber Pete sought for some sign of life in the prostrate form, Bill Montgomery, guided by the last growl of the hound, pushed through the bushes with Lumber Pete's rifle in his hand at full cock. His eyes were almost savage in their deadliness of purpose, and his strong, white teeth showed between his parted lips, clenched so rigidly as to alter the outline of his jaw.

He beat back the bushes in his impetuous course until he had nearly crossed the narrow tongue of land, and the sparkling waters laughed through the lace-like, aromatic boughs of the cedars. In another moment he stood on the little margin of beach, and a single glance sent the fiery blood leaping like a flame over his face.

Almost in the lapping water lay the huge, white body of Put, with a shining knife plunged deep into his faithful breast, and the water beyond dyed a deep crimson by the blood pouring from the wound; but over the wide lake or along the wooded shore, there was not a single sign or token of Archie Frazer's slayer. Bill gazed vacantly at the body of his dog, and then he stooped and plucked the knife from the gaping wound. As his eye rested on the rudely-carved handle, a look of bewildered recognition swept across his face, succeeded by an expression of deadly hate.

"Hawk-eye!" he said slowly to himself; "but how's he about here, the red blood-sucker? Well, Miss Drosia can't be far off, that's one thing. Put, my old chap, the redskin that killed you's did a dark day's work for himself."

In the meantime the schooner had nearly disappeared round a slight curve in the coast, in the direction whence poor Archie Frazer had come in the early morning.

(To be continued.)

For the Favorite.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THREE PICTURES.

BY E. A. SUTTON.

I.

'Tis New Year's Eve in the icy street
And few there are, who yet dare the wind,
They bow their heads, to the driving sleet,
And hasten on, till their homes they find.
Soon, one by one, do they disappear—
Now the dark street, grows more cold and drear.
God help the poor in their wretched plight,
Who know not the bliss of a home to-night
While, howling
And whistling
The storm sweeps on, in pitiless might.

II.

'Tis New Year's Eve, by the fireside bright,
There are happy faces around the hearth,
And oft a game, or a tale is tried.
To pass the time, till the New Year's birth.
Gay are the young, as they laugh and sing,
And talk of the future, and what 'twill bring—
The older brows wear a sadder shade
They think on the past, and its changes made.
Thus gaily
Yet sadly
The dying hours of the Old Year fade.

III.

'Tis New Year's Eve in a garret old,
Where a thin, pale form, in sickness lay,
Small shelter there, from the piercing cold,
From want and woe, does she fade away.
But it soon must come, that last long breath,
Yet, she would wait, for the Old Year's death;
But one second more—calm rests her head.
The hour has struck, and her spirit's fled,
While gaily
Yet sadly,
The bells proclaim, that the Old Year's dead.

QUEBEC, NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1872.

For the Favorite.

CHRISTMAS IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY MRS. ALEX. ROSS.

OF MONTREAL.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

I had been for several days, myself and my baby, in the old Chateau at my father's seigniory. My brain was racked and wrung, I could neither think nor pray; it seemed as if my task in life was done, that there was nothing left for me but to lie down and die; everyone around was kind and gentle towards me as they had ever been, but I felt there was little sympathy between us on the subject ever uppermost in my mind. They never said so, never even hinted at such a thing, yet I felt that in the heart of each there dwelt a suspicion that all that overwhelming evidence, every word of which bore against my husband, could not possibly be all a lie; there was not one single testimony in his favor except his own simple assertion, "I am innocent."

His unblemished character in all the time past, and his word were treated as things of naught.

His mother was better, able to be about again, and she and old Mr. De Salaberry came to see me. Mrs. De Salaberry and I spent the most of the day in my own room, she, like myself, perfectly convinced that the whole was a conspiracy. I had told her all my past relations with Sir Frederic Liddle; of his look of hate as he sat with eyes fixed upon me in the concert room; of the cruel words with which he came to tell me that my husband was in the fangs of the law; the cold gleam of his white blue eye as it said stronger than any words could express, "You have made your choice, you have thrown away a title, wealth and power, you are the wife of a felon, my hate has hunted you down and I shall not halt until I see your head, as I promised you I would, laid with misery in death."

We had not many words to say to each other, but we knelt down together and prayed that God would show us what to do, that by the one or the other, he would make Adolph's innocence to be as clear as the noonday.

Ere the evening closed in, and my mother-in-law had left us for her own home, light had dawned in my mind; I saw clearly and as it were by a single flash, the work that I had to do. I blamed myself for my culpable negligence in sitting with folded hands when I should have been up and doing, at my post waiting and watching there. My head did not press a pillow that night. I wrote a long letter to my father and mother telling them it was vain to seek me, I had gone to prove my husband's innocence and I had left my child in their charge, sure that if I never came back she would be cared for as I had been; but I added hopefully, "I will come back. I have full faith that God has put it in my heart how the spoiler will be destroyed, the innocent made free."

This over I went up to an attic store-room where nuts, apples, and such like were always kept, and providing myself with a quantity of butternuts, I took a tin jug which always hung in the bathroom, and bringing all to my own apartment, locked the door lest even at that hour (the dead of night,) some one should be stirring and find out my secret. I put wood in my stove, and on the top of it, in the tin jug, I boiled the soft outer black shell of the butternuts, until I saw they were fit for my purpose, and then pouring the decoction into the wash basin, I dyed my pale brown hair a shining black, my fair skin face, neck and hands as brown as an Indian's. This over I dressed myself in the plainest black dress I possessed. Fortunately for the furtherance of my plan, I was in mourning at the time for an aunt of Dr. De Salaberry's. After my toilet was finished I looked at myself with eager, peering eyes in the mirror. I was pleased, the transformation was perfect. I now made a bundle of some of my plainest linens, placed my money in a pocket book which I carefully put in an inner pocket of my underskirt. I looked at my watch, it was nearly four o'clock in the morning. I had several miles to walk before I would meet the diligence which carrying the mail would pass through the village on my father's seigniory. I now hurriedly threw on my water-proof cloak, a hat plainly trimmed with crape, and without a thought of child, father or mother, my whole soul bent with all its strength on the work I believed God had given me to do, I left the house where I was born and bred.

I heaved no sigh for the past, it was all gone by. I thrust it from me forever, determined that now I would live in the present, for the future. I had strong faith that I was on the Lord's errand, nothing else could have given me such strength and courage in that long walk alone with the wind and trees in the silent night.

I passed many cottages in which dwelt those who themselves and their fathers, for generations before them had been dwellers on the seigniory, each of whom I knew by name; they were all hushed in quiet repose; not a light to be seen; my footsteps although swift fell lightly on the soft ground on which was spread a thin covering of snow; not a dog barked as I passed by. I heard no living thing, not a sound of life from the time I left my father's dwelling until I entered the outskirts of the village from which overjoyed I saw at a little distance the diligence just about to start.

I entered the little bar-room, paying my fare to the landlord, a man I knew well. There could have been no greater proof that my disguise was perfect, than his offering to give me a little spirits which the driver and a friend were indulging in, on the plea that it was a cold morning.

I was seated in the diligence, I had begun my work and my heart beat with a quieter pulse than I had known since the evening my husband left me to go with those two men.

By eight o'clock we were at Villeneuve's Hotel, opposite the Bonsecours market, and entering I left my parcel, there, saying I would call for it in the course of the day, that I was going to search for a boarding house. The man asked me what I had come into the town to do? If I wanted work he would be glad to give it to me in his own house, there was plenty of sewing to do as well as many other things. I thanked him but said I had plenty of work of my own, I could not spare an hour to anyone; and then I took my way to Notre Dame street, directing my steps to the vicinity of the Court House.

There are several large handsome houses there, one of which I knew from my husband, had been hired and handsomely furnished by Sir Frederic Liddle. My object was to get a room in some plain boarding house as nearly opposite to the one in which he lived as possible. I was successful at once. A house which had evidently seen better days and was almost opposite to Sir Frederic's, bore a large white placard pasted on one side of the door with "Private Boarding House" in large letters printed thereon.

I rung the bell which was answered by an elderly woman in rusty black, but like her house, clean and tidy. I asked her whether she was the mistress? To which she replied in the affirmative, to my great delight speaking good French and so showing me she was one of my "own people." This was most desirable; if I was to be an inmate of her house, I, of all things, wished to be free from the notice or comment of English people. I told her what I wanted, board in an upper room, as high up as possible, in the attic if she could give it to me and to the front.

She had such an one to let, and in a few minutes I was installed as the occupant of a little barely furnished garret room from the window of which I could see into several of the rooms in Sir Frederic's residence, immediately opposite and below my eyes.

A man servant was spreading a cloth on the breakfast table in one of the rooms. I could see every movement he made, distinguish the toast as he brought it in and placed it on the table, the silver coffee pot, perforated egg cups, covered meat dish, small china service, all so distinctly seen as the morning sun threw its rays into the apartment that only a little imagination would be necessary to make me fancy I could put out my hand and touch them.

While I yet sat looking at the scene before me, Sir Frederic came in, lifted his napkin, placed it on his knee, and then pouring out a glass of water from an Indian earth bottle which stood on the table, he held the tumbler up between his eye and the window through which I looked; his scrutiny had discovered something objectionable, the glass was handed to the servant with a look of reproof and probably words in keeping; and lifting the earth bottle the man left the room.

This was exactly what I desired; my work was well begun, and I knelt down by the side of the little flock bed and praised God for His goodness towards me, praying Him, oh! so earnestly, that he would through me recall my husband's bondage even as streams of water in the South, that as we had sown in tears, the reaping time might come with joy abundant.

I had arranged with my landlady by giving her a few more dollars than she asked for my board and lodging, to allow me have my meals alone. This was easily managed, she had a little room off the basement kitchen which she called her own parlor, and in this I was to eat and sit when it pleased me, using the back staircase in going up and down to my own room, and by this means avoiding all contact with the other boarders.

Soon after my arrival, Madame Chaput came to call me downstairs for my breakfast, giving me a cup of nice tea and some carefully made toast. I had much need of this; I was beginning to feel weak and faint from want of food and sleep; the good lady thought it necessary to sit by me as I breakfasted, giving me an account of her own circumstances and family first, and then, when that topic was exhausted, informing me that her opposite neighbor in the direction of whose house she pointed as she spoke, was Sir Frederic Liddle, Colonel of the regiment now in barracks; that he gave large parties and that there was to be one in his house that night in honor of Christmas Eve," "that is the way" added Mrs. Chaput, "the English testify their joy for the birth of Christ, while we Catholics go to church and worship Him there."

I now recollected that it was indeed the twenty-fourth of December, the eve on which the dear Lord Christ came to earth that we "might have life, and have it more abundantly."

It was strange, now that I had begun the work of dogging Sir Frederic's footsteps, hunting him to his lair, watching his every motion, following his going out and coming in, until at last I could point to him with confidence as the forger who went about with a face of brass at noonday, he who in some mysterious way had caused those forged notes to be given to my husband, I believed most implicitly that his fine horse and servants, his carriage and horses, were all kept and paid for by his ill-gotten gains.

It was not so. Sir Frederic was the wealthy son of wealthy parents, the rich nephew of a titled uncle, whose title and almost fabulous riches descended to him, thus his change of name from Devereux to Liddle.

Late in the evening and until far on in the night, I sat in my dark room watching the figures of well-dressed men and women who filled the lighted gay drawing-rooms opposite, saw Sir Frederic playing the host with all the grace and urbanity he knew so well how to assume, and fascinated by the sight, I remained there, watching all his motions, believing that even these would help me to make the discovery I sought, until warned by the widow's clock in the hall below, I knew that the time drew near when Catholics go to their sanctuary, there to worship God and celebrate the festival by which they commemorate the birth of Christ. I went to the little church of the Recollets, then in Notre Dame street, with the widow Chaput and her elder children, and when we returned hours after, the lights were still burning in Frederic Liddle's house, while his guests with music, song and dance, testified their joy that "Christ was born in Bethlehem."

I had made a strong resolution, almost vowed a vow unto the Lord, that I would mourn no more, but go on my way in the joy of full faith; yet do what I would those sounds of merriment grated harshly on my ear, and brought before my mind's eye the cold prison cell in which the good and true sat wearing his life away; while he, the fiend, the destroyer, made merry with his friends.

I realized that night, or I should rather say that early morning in the darkness of my own little attic room, that Satan is indeed the Prince of this world, the Prince of the power of the air, making darkness, light and good evil.

I followed Frederic Liddle's steps from early morning until night, in winter and spring time, in summer and in autumn, when the leaves fall; into whatever store he went I went also, watching the money he paid away, and listening with strained ears to every word I could hear of himself or his household, still keeping my dress of black, but changing my appearance as much as possible by substituting a bonnet for a hat, a jacket for a cloak, so as to disarm suspicion. He had none in all that time. I do not think his eye fell for a moment upon me, nor did he waste one thought on the elderly looking woman or the young girl in black, (whichever it suited me for the time to personate), that from morn to noonday, from noonday until night, followed in his path.

In vain, in vain; no sign of forged money, no hint of such ever came. All those long months Frederic Liddle never left Montreal.

During the winter and spring he seemed to be sickly; and I heard he was so through Madame Chaput's acquaintance with his housemaid, a French girl, who generally spent an hour or two of her evenings in Madame Chaput's kitchen.

He talked of going to Cacouna in summer, and when I heard of this I made preparations to go also. There I thought, on board the steamboat, in that country hotel, he will try to pass his forged money.

I could easily understand why he was careful for so many long months. The story of Dr. De Salaberry's forgery and incarceration was yet fresh in everybody's mouth; and my having fled from my father and mother found its way into the public prints: and people shook their heads and pitied the poor woman who, they believed, had gone distraught because of her husband's crime.

Madame Chaput brought me one or two of these papers that I might read the paragraph, and she shook her head and told me in low tones that she did not believe one word of Dr. De Salaberry's having committed that forgery; that she had known him from a boy, had lived in the country close by his father's place, that on his coming to town he had seen and recognized her on the street, had come to her house and vaccinated all her children, attended them in more than one infantile illness with which one and all of them were attacked, and would never allow her to give him one penny for his trouble, even supplying them with medicine gratis from his own laboratory. "Is it likely," repeated the woman more than once, "that a man so indifferent to money would become a forger?"

I could have fallen down and worshipped her as she spoke.

Suddenly the trip to Cacouna was given up. Sir Frederic went to Lachine instead, living in the hotel there for a few weeks. I followed him dressed as an elderly lady, sat at the dinner table, watched him out and in; not a word of forged money; not a complaint of any kind.

The leaves were falling thick and sear around. I was sitting at dinner in Madame Chaput's little parlor. I don't know why, but the time reminded me strongly of the last day I ever went out shopping with my husband. I began to think of the date, and my heart beat hard and fast when I found it was the anniversary of that fatal day. At that very moment my good landlady entered.

"Why," said she, looking at me with almost an alarmed expression, "although you are naturally of a dark complexion, your face seems almost white. What is the matter, are you ill?"

"No," replied I, "I am not ill. Thank God, I am well and strong; but my mind went back to a troubled time of my life which I should not think of. I have promised myself never to think of it, and yet it will come back and back."

"You want a change for a few days," said she.

My eyes were closed, my hand pressing down the lids; and I was thinking of one to whom it was life to be in the open air, in the free woods, upon the hills under God's sunshine, and without any fault of his own was now shut up in a silent cell, where mayhaps the sunbeams never entered; and without thinking of what I said I replied: "Yes, I want change; I must go away for a day or two."

"Well, now," said she, "you might go this very day, and in good company too. Philomène has just been in to get some milk for Sir Frederic Liddle's lunch. They had used all their morning's milk, and he asked for a cup of tea; and what do you think she was telling me but that he's going off this afternoon to St. Eustache in the diligence. Did you ever hear of such a thing,—a fine gentleman like him, with his own handsome carriage, travelling in an old rumbling diligence like that? But it's a bright day, and those Englishmen have queer notions of seeing all the ways of the country people when they come to Canada. It would be a nice drive for you to go too, and you could stay at St. Martin's. I know a family there of the name of Joinnette; the man is a farmer, and he and his wife are two of the best people I ever knew. You might go there and live for a few days; they would be very glad to see you if you tell them you live with me. Bourassa, the innkeeper, will show you Mônsieur Joinnette's house."

"I think I will go," replied I; "perhaps I will remain at St. Martin's, or go on, just as I feel inclined. If I remain at St. Martin's, I will go and see your friends."

I ascertained from my landlady that the diligence started from Minot's, in St. Lawrence Main street; and an hour before the time appointed for its departure I was there and had engaged my seat. I was a little staggered, however, when I found that the diligence did not go farther than Ste. Thérèse. It was the only one which left Montreal at three o'clock, it would not arrive in Ste. Thérèse until eight in the evening; therefore, Frederic Liddle must of necessity pass the night there and go to St. Eustache in the morning. I could do the same. In due time the diligence arrived at the door, and while the driver was arranging his parcels Frederic Liddle and another of the officers, Major Home, came and took their seats, occupying the one in front, next the driver.

Major Home was a man I highly respected, and one who I felt surprised to see in company with Frederic Liddle, whom I knew he disliked; and yet, somehow, although I knew I dare not speak to him, I felt pleased by his being there.

I took my seat at the back, by the side of two nuns who were going out to the little branch convent of the community of Notre Dame at Ste. Thérèse. I knew both nuns well. I had been several years at the convent at Monkland before I went to France, and both these nuns were at Monkland during two years of my residence there.

We spoke to each other several times on the way, and more than once Sister St. Laura said, looking sharply in my face:

"It is strange, I feel as if I should know you, your voice is so familiar; but your face I cannot recollect."

Little did she think that, looking on the black hair and dark face beside her she saw Euralie D'Auvergne.

The night became very dark long before we reached Ste. Rose. Our vehicle was quite over-

loaded, the driver being obliged to sit on the top; and I was very thankful when Boismenu, the innkeeper at Ste. Thérèse, and owner of the diligence, met us with another vehicle at the other side of the bridge, that he might relieve the poor jaded horses from a part of their load.

The two nuns, the officers and myself were all who were left in the diligence, with which the tired horses jogged heavily along long after Boismenu, with his lighter load and untired, fresh horses, had disappeared in the distance.

The diligence turned up at the convent gate to leave the two nuns, whom it deposited safely on the steps leading up to the convent door. The Superioress and several others came out to meet them, greeting St. Laura and St. Mattalie. The whole scene was to me beautiful and homelike: the light streaming from the open door of the convent; the nuns with their black dresses and pure white pointed caps; several children, evidently boarders in the convent, all welcomed the nuns from Montreal with such evident pleasure and heartiness, it made me for a moment long, oh, so earnestly, to leave that rumbling, cold diligence, jump down among them, tell them who I was (my name would in a moment ensure me a kind welcome) and enter and rest in that quiet convent home from the strange, weary, wandering life I had led for so long.

It was but for a passing moment.

During my drive I had more than once asked myself the question, "Am I not as one searching in the waters of the wide and deep St. Lawrence for a lost shell; one treading through the tangled brushwood and wild briars of the deep primeval forest, where the axe has never been laid, searching for a ring lost centuries ago?" Yet now, even as I looked on the nuns as they entered their convent, my faith in my mission and its fulfilment in full fruition became bright as day; it never was so strong since the first night I began my wanderings.

As we made the turn at the convent gate, a heap of loose stones, the *débris* of some mason work, came in contact with the front wheel of the diligence. It would have been nothing in the daylight, but the driver was unaware of it, there had been no such thing in the morning when he left Ste. Thérèse. He urged his horses on, and the wheel becoming more set among the heavy stones, the diligence, now comparatively light, fell to one side, throwing its occupants out on the road.

I myself jumped up unhurt from the loose bed of leaves on which I had fallen.

The driver was also unhurt; in fact, I am not sure whether he fell from his seat; Major Home was helped up by him, complaining of bruises on one leg and arm; but Frederic Liddle stirred not, and only answered by a deep groan when the others endeavored to raise him.

The nuns had evidently heard the noise occasioned by the fall of the diligence among the stones. In a few seconds they were on the spot with lights, unfolding to our view a horrid sight, Frederic Liddle lying with his head deep down among those stones, one of which seemed to lie across his breast and shoulder, blood streaming from a great gash in his head.

In a second or two a mattress was brought from the convent, on which he was laid, and so carried to Boismenu's hotel.

The doctor of the village was in attendance in a few minutes, dressed his wounds, which were mostly confined to his head, and after seeing him laid on the bed, agreed to Major Home's request that he would remain during the night, saying the man was evidently in great danger and he should like them to send to Montreal for the physician who was accustomed to attend him.

Now was my opportunity. I felt convinced that to be present at this moment I had passed through all those weary wanderings, those sleepless nights and troubled days.

With all haste possible I secured myself a room in the upper part of the house, and then with speed going to Mr. Morris' store, the only one the village affords, I bought there a dozen lemons and several yards of stiff white muslin.

My own room gained, I cut the lemons up, their juice squeezed into a small jug of hot water, my face and hair carefully washed; and by the labor of fifteen minutes I became once more Estelle DeSalaberry.

I shall never forget the gleam of joy as I looked in the little mirror and saw my face white and my hair pale brown again. I now braided my hair smoothly off my face, fastening it at the back so as to keep it tight upon my head, and taking the muslin I cut one square of it, which I formed into a close imitation of the handkerchief worn by the nuns of the community.

The rest of the muslin I deftly pinned up in the form of a nun's cap, arraying myself in both. With the aid of a large crape veil, to imitate that worn by the nuns, and my own dress, to which, from the coldness of the weather, I had for some weeks back worn a circular cape reaching to my elbows.

When I had completed my toilet I felt assured that it would take one of the community themselves to detect I was no nun.

Mademoiselle Boismenu, whom I met at the foot of the staircase, immediately took me for one, saying:

"You have come, *ma tante*, to see the poor Englishman. The doctor says he can not live."

"I have," replied I, "but I want to see the other Englishman here before I go into the sick man's room."

Major Home in a few moments joined me in the ladies' parlor.

Speaking English, "Major Home," said I, as he advanced, "do you know me?"

He looked in my face for a second or two, and then exclaimed, as if both shocked and surprised:

"Madame De Salaberry! have you become a nun?"

"I wear their dress for the present," was my reply, "but I have as holy a mission as theirs; in my eyes it is a holier one,—that of freeing my husband's name from the odium of a crime he never committed—of setting him free among his fellow-men again, and I want you to help me."

"God knows my desire to do that if I have the ability," was the reply. "I never believed in Dr. De Salaberry's being guilty of the crime for which he has suffered, and I have ever, as occasion presented itself, declared my conviction of his innocence."

"You can help me if you will," was my reply. "Frederic Liddle, the man who lies dying there," and I pointed in the direction where his chamber lay, "was a suitor for my hand in my early girlhood, when on a visit to friends of my father in England. I refused him in a manner and with words I should never have used, and he told me then that my refusal would wrap me round in misery and death. I am convinced he is the one who has made my husband a forger in the eyes of the world. I want you, together with the doctor, to give me access to his sick chamber. It is for this reason I have assumed this dress. I wish the doctor to tell him the truth, to tell him he is on the verge of eternity, and then I want in your presence, myself to urge him to undo the evil deed he has done, to unseal his lips and declare by what means those false notes came into my husband's possession."

"I will do all you wish, and most willingly," was Major Home's reply, "and the sooner it is done the better. The doctor seems to fear he will not see the morning. Follow me into his room."

I did so. The man was lying on his bed, a ghastly figure to look upon, a bandage, saturated with blood, covering one-half of the upper part of his face and head, while his right arm was laid outside the bedclothes, bound on a board, showing that it had been broken. Verily the footsteps of the Avenger had overtaken him.

He was breathing heavily. His uncovered eye, the only one he could use, followed me as I came into the room. It seemed to me, by the nervous twitching of his mouth, that I was half-recognized.

"This lady has come to help in nursing you," said Major Home, at the same time giving me a seat near the head of the bed, on which I sat down, carefully turning my face away from the patient.

Major Home spoke a few words to the doctor in French, asking him whether there were any English inhabitants in the village, and, at the same time, saying that if he (the doctor) really believed that his patient might die before morning, he ought to be told so, in order that he might make a deposition as to the arrangement of his worldly affairs before himself and whatever other Englishman could be found.

The doctor replied that he might live for days, it was possible for weeks, but then, if those applications which he had made were not effectual, it was quite probable he might die before morning, adding: "I wish his own doctor were here; they have sent to Montreal for him, but the man may be dead ere he arrives. The injuries he has received, although they are bad enough, might not be fatal to a man in good health, but he tells me he has been ailing at intervals for the last few years, and during the past winter and spring he was in the habitual use of a powerful medicine, which has decreased his strength and impoverished his blood. If the man has any worldly affairs to settle, the sooner it is done the better. There is an Englishman in this house at present who came here yesterday to place his boys at College. He is from Toronto, and intends to remain for a few days that he may see how the boys get along."

"I will see him myself," said Major Home, leaving the room; "meantime, if it is necessary, you may give such restoratives to your patient as to enable him to go through the duties he has to perform."

Major Home left the bed-chamber, and in a few minutes I heard him talking English to some one in the adjoining room. From the time they occupied in speaking to each other, I felt satisfied that Major Home was relating the sad story of my reckless conduct in Great Britain and the penalty which I believed my husband was now paying for the same.

By and by they entered the sick-chamber. The stranger eyed me narrowly, not my dress, which is what most people look at in a nun, but my face. I felt sure now he had been told my story.

The doctor went beside his patient, and sitting down by his bedside, felt his pulse.

"Have you courage to hear what I am going to tell you?" said he, to my surprise speaking very good English.

"Yes, I have courage," replied Sir Frederic in a clearer and stronger voice than I had expected he would be able to use, "I have courage because I know it already. I feel my life welling out of me. From the first moment I fell among those stones I knew I was a dead man. You come to tell me I have not many days to live, perhaps not many hours."

"It is just so," replied the doctor in a solemn, earnest voice, gazing in his patient's face with a pitiful look that, thank God, imparted a little of its softness to my own breast.

Major Home then spoke: "If you have any worldly affairs to settle, Liddle," said he, "I will willingly hear what you have to say about them, and see that your desires are made known to those who can carry them into effect. This gentleman is a Briton,—Mr. Gordon, from Toronto. He is willing to put his name as witness to whatever the doctor will write down as your last will."

"I have nothing to will. I have a brother younger than myself, who is heir-at-law to my title. He is the only one I cared ever much about, save another. He is also heir-at-law to my money and land. I wish it to be so. My servant can have my clothes. Let my sword and other small traps be packed up and sent to my brother. The key of my desk is attached to my watch-chain. Let the desk be sent also."

There was a pause of at least a minute. I felt every nerve of my body trembling with agitation, so terribly alive that it was with pain I constrained myself to keep my seat. At last Major Home said, looking in the sick man's face earnestly as he spoke:

"Is there no message you have to send, nothing you wish to say to any one in this land, where we have lived now nearly two years? You are a happier man than most of us, Liddle, if you have done nothing in that time you would now wish undone,—would now make amends for if you could?"

The sick man's face got visibly paler, and the twitching round the mouth I had observed on my entrance, when he first saw my face, became almost painful to look at.

"Yes there is," said he, "if there was time; but there is no time for that. There is one——"

He stopped. Major Home looked in my face, his eyes speaking as plainly as if he had used words. I went to the foot of the bed where the two gentlemen stood, throwing off my nun's cap and handkerchief as I did so. My hair was dressed as it used to be in my girl-days when he first saw me at Eldon Hall, and standing between those two Englishmen, I clasped my hands together, holding them towards him. He knew me on the instant. His lips parted. If they had uttered a sound it would have been "Estelle."

"Colonel Devereux," said I, my voice choked with emotion as I spoke, "forgive the words uttered in my heedless girlhood, and for the love of the good God whom you will so soon see face to face, say now what you know to be truth, and release my innocent husband from his bondage."

"I will," said he on the instant, "so help me God!" and lifting up the only hand which he was able to move, added: "Listen to me, both you Englishmen. That girl was once my love, the only woman I ever loved on this earth. She scorned me in the bitterest, most cutting words. I hated her for them, and vowed to be revenged. I heard when at Eldon Hall of her marriage to Dr. De Salaberry, and it was that which brought me to this country, to die by the visitation of God. Before I came I used all my interest to get De Salaberry appointed as physician-in-chief to the forces, and having previously possessed myself of a fifty-dollar bill of the Bank of Montreal, I had forgeries of this made by a skilful engraver, making the man who made them, who was a mere tool, imagine he was employed by Government. Three times I accompanied De Salaberry when he went to draw his pay, each time provided with counterfeit bills which I meant to substitute for those he had received should occasion offer. My two first attempts were foiled, De Salaberry having engagements both days, and left the paymaster's office directly for his own home. On the third the devil was abroad, and helped me to do his work; but for it I should never have been in Canada, never lain down to die in this miserable French inn. I had made an arrangement with De Salaberry the evening before to go at a certain hour with me to Lachine. He was a good judge of horses, and I pretended a wish that he would decide which of two pairs I should buy. The ruse was successful. De Salaberry drove while my servant sat behind with his back turned towards us. Once or twice I contrived to make the horses restive. It was easily done, and in his anxiety to restrain them I, without much difficulty, possessed myself of his pocket-book. Extracting the genuine notes and putting in the counterfeit, closing the pocket-book and throwing it on the floor of the carriage (where, of course, I took care De Salaberry should find it, and he alone lift it from its resting-place), were simple matters and easily executed. The rest you know.

"Although I stole De Salaberry's money in order to be revenged on his wife, I was not thief enough to use it. It will be found in my desk, rolled up in a piece of writing paper, inside which is written, 'S's money.' The bills can easily be recognized as those given to De Salaberry by their numbers being compared with those delivered to the paymaster by the Bank of Montreal on the last day he received his salary. When De Salaberry was condemned there were twenty fifty-dollar bills of the Bank of Montreal found in his desk. No one thought of questioning the fact that they were those he had received from the paymaster, although, had they been examined, it would have been found their numbers did not tally with those in the paymaster's book."

He was very wearied and stopped without speaking for many seconds. It seemed so long to me I thought he would never speak again. His face was pale as death, his features pinched and unearthly. He again held up his hand:

"I have spoken the truth as I shall answer to God at the judgment-day."

As these words were uttered he gave a great gasp; his eyes were fixed upon my face; I clasped my hands together and exclaimed with all the earnestness of my soul:

"May the Lord have mercy on you in that day!"

His eyes were still staring in my face, but the expression of his countenance changed. In the twinkling of an eye his jaw fell, a great convulsive throb heaved his breast,—Frederic Liddle's soul had passed out amid the darkness into the eternal world.

* * * * * * *

There were many preliminaries to be gone through, many forms by which my husband's innocence was to be made clear to all men, before he could be released from his prison cell. I wished to go to Kingston that I might communicate with him, tell him what had been done, but my father held me by force of his will; he would not permit me to do so.

At last it was all settled. Adolph was to leave the penitentiary on the twenty-sixth of December. His pardon, signed by the Governor-General, would by that day arrive in Kingston. His pardon, indeed! What a farce for an innocent man who had been so sinned against, so calumniated, to need a pardon ere he could be released from herding among felons and men of all crime.

My father promised that on the twenty-fifth, Christmas Day, he would bring me to Kingston. At the very hour of his release I would be at the gate to welcome him. He would not permit me to enter that horrible place. Even Madame De Salaberry joined her entreaties to my father's commands.

My father had been to Kingston, both he and Mr. De Salaberry, more than once, that they might see Adolph. They had gone for the last time, to be the bearers of the happy news of Sir Frederic Liddle's dying confession, and they brought me a note from Adolph, enjoining upon me submission in this to my father's will.

The De Salaberrys and our own family were all in Montreal, living in papa's old town house. It was the evening of the twenty-fourth, a cold, rainy night. Papa and Mr. De Salaberry had left the drawing-room about an hour previous to the time I am writing about. We heard the railway whistle, and mamma said, addressing Madame De Salaberry:

"How clearly we hear that whistle in damp weather."

They looked significantly at one another, and I fancied they thought as I did of the twenty-sixth, when that very train coming in now would bring Adolph home.

Once or twice we tried to speak of indifferent subjects, but it would not do. My sisters-in-law tried to turn the conversation to the festival of the night, and the fashion of wishing each other a merry Christmas, but we all felt that the voice of him so far away had ever been loudest and strongest in the Christmas prayers, had always rung out most joyously in the wishes of good-will sacred to the time. I longed earnestly that my father and Mr. De Salaberry would return. I felt that it was owing to my folly that all this evil had fallen, and I wished, if possible, that those young girls and boys would not any longer suffer through me.

I knew that, were my father and father-in-law here, their influence would at least dispel the gloom that seemed to be closing closer and closer around us.

My father opened the hall door. I knew it was he, because he never rung the bell; he always carried a pass key.

They stood a few minutes in the hall, divesting themselves of their coats and fur caps. The room door was open. One of them came in. It was Adolph, my dear husband, Madame De Salaberry's son!

In an instant we were both in his arms, hearing the joyous voice ringing out as of old: "A merry Christmas—a merry Christmas!"

THE END.

One of the citizens of the American republic, says the *Court Journal*, got into difficulties at the Café de la Paix lately. With the graceful, free-and-easy custom of the Americans, he carefully diffused his person upon a couple of chairs, reclining his heels upon a table on the Boulevards, and ordered his cooling drink in a peremptory tone, which elicited a brisk remonstrance from the *garçon*. The American citizen felt himself bound to avenge the national honor, outraged by a mean waiter, and drew forth a revolver from his pocket and levelled it at the *garçon's* head. The weapon was wrested from his grasp by some people at the next table, and the Yankee was consigned to custody, whence he was released after a short incarceration. A lady of the same nationality, discovering a half-caste girl seated near her at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel du Louvre, simply ordered the waiter to "turn out that nigger." The fawn-colored young lady, who was "black yet comely," colored even through her swarthy skin. She rose to move, but the *garçon* informed the fair American lady that her request could not be complied with; whereat she summoned her brood around her, and sailed majestically out of the room, declaring that she would not reside in an hotel where she was exposed to the contamination of a "colored person" at the same time as herself.

WHIP BEHIND.

I leant from out my two-pair back,
The afternoon was mild—
A cab passed by, and on its track
A dirty little child.

Cabby drives calmly through the slush,
With ill-unconscious mind,
The dirty child came with a rush,
And clambered up behind.

His mates had looked with careless eye
On all his efforts vain,
But now he's landed high and dry,
They burn with envious pain.

And as he sits between the wheels,
As happy as a lord,
'Hi! whip behind!' with hoots and squeals,
They yell with one accord.

The driver turns and plies the lash,
The child falls in the dirt,
And in a puddle rolls ker-splash!—
I think he must be hurt.

He turns away—that ragged boy,
He's anything but gay,
His little friends they jump for joy,
And go on with their play.

I shook my head despondingly—
'Ah, such is life, I guess!'
A man meets little sympathy
While struggling for success.

And when the back of Fortune's Car
He's clutched—you'll always find
How ready all his best friends are
To bellow, 'Whip behind!'

For the Favorite.

TALES OF MY BOARDERS.

BY A. I. S.

OF HUNTINGDON, Q.

II.

After the departure of Mr. Ervine and wife, whether owing to the notoriety given us by their story, among a certain set or not, I cannot say, but I had more applications for board than I could possibly receive—more than I could have attended to, had I even taken a larger house. I would have been willing to try this, had it not been for John, whose health was becoming perceptibly weaker day by day and required almost constant attendance.

Had it not been for my happy thought,—it almost deserved to be called inspiration—I do not know how we would have lived through that second winter in Montreal. John ill and fuel and provisions high, at least we considered them so then, although the prices would be thought excessively low at the present day

However, thanks to the number of my boarders and to their punctuality in meeting their bills, we were very comfortable in all but our anxiety about John.

About the middle of January, I received a note, written in a very neat ladylike hand, in which a certain Miss Blandon requested to learn my terms for board, and what accommodation I could give her, for about four or five months, after which it was, she said, her intention to leave Canada. References would be given, if required.

Such was the substance of the note, I forget the exact words; but remember that I was especially flattered by the omission of that clause which had always so terribly, perhaps unreasonably, annoyed me in other notes relating to board: References required. It was very silly of me, I see that now, but I did so hate those words. Many an offer did I refuse through wounded pride. Miss Blandon, however, could not have managed me more cleverly had she known my weakness. I answered the note immediately offering the very best accommodation it was in my power to give, and naming the most reasonable terms, whilst I rejected with scorn the offer of references. I received in reply another nice little note, naming the day of her coming and suggesting, in the most delicate way, two or three little improvements to be made in the arrangement of her room.

This was taking a slight advantage of me, but I would not mind. John did mind, and said that he knew the kind of woman she would turn out to be. She would turn the house topsy turvy, and leave at the end of three or four months, without paying for her board. I scouted the idea.

"Whoever knew a swindler, male or female, write such a letter as that? They could never find time to practise the art, and as for the handwriting, it is simply perfect," I said.

John laughed; but said nothing further. That laugh alone would have decided me to take her. I do think there is nothing, can be nothing so provoking as that laugh of John's. I can bear opposition if it be reasonable, and carried out by argument; but a sneer or such a laugh, as that John gave, hardens me more than anything else.

"I hope you will get those letters framed if you find I am right," said John. "They will serve as a warning to all obstinate boarding-housekeepers."

When he said this I knew he was just a little annoyed, for he could never become reconciled to the idea of his wife keeping a boarding-house, and gave me a cut about it whenever he was a little cross. I did not reply! I was determined to be pleased with her and I would be pleased with her, so I made the alterations with a good grace. On the day mentioned in her last note Miss Blandon arrived. A tall, ladylike woman with the sweetest and most insinuating voice I have ever heard.

"There," I triumphantly said to John, "does she look like a swindler? You will never be so obstinate as to hold to your rash opinion of her now."

"Looks count for nothing," answered John, oracularly.

"Oh! do they not! Handsome is that handsome does, I suppose you mean."

"You take care that she does not do you handsomely," said he.

"John, you are prejudiced," said I, "you men are naturally so lazy that you have an antipathy to everything and everybody that gives over so little trouble. Now all this dislike, do you know what it is all owing to?"

"To pure instinct—to a heaven-born spirit of propheccy," said John.

"It is all owing to her having given me a little trouble," said I, without noticing his reply. "She very naturally wants to have things arranged to suit her, and although I'll own I was a little annoyed when I received her note suggesting the alterations, we must admit that her wish was very reasonable."

"Perhaps so," answered John, doubtfully.

That evening when Miss Blandon came down to dinner she created quite a sensation.

My boarders were all single gentlemen—in fact I always preferred them as they are apt to give far less trouble than others,—with the exception of Mr Darvell and his wife who had been boarding with us for a couple of months, and there had been but little attention paid to etiquette in the matter of full dress. Even, after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Darvell, who were an elderly couple and both of them much more particular about what they had for dinner, than about their own or their fellow-boarders' dress.

John always spoke of our boarders as a grievance I had inflicted on him; never acknowledging that we would have fared but badly had it not been for them. As for us we always dined alone, John would not hear of dining with the boarders. He always said that since he had given his consent to my taking boarders, he would not retract; but as for giving up all the privacy and comfort of a home, he would not. No stranger but an invited guest should sit at our dinner table. From that decision he would not be moved, and although it gave us an immensity of trouble, I submitted, satisfying myself by an occasional glance into the boarders' dining-room to see that nothing was wanting or going amiss.

On the evening of Miss Blandon's arrival I happened to be in the parlor, when she came down, dressed for dinner, She was dressed in full dinner dress. A dress of some soft silky tissue of greyish green color, with emeralds on throat and wrists. She was perfectly lovely. Her soft, silky black hair was brought low over the ears and plainly knotted at the back of the head, as was then the general style.

She had large grey eyes, but unfortunately her face never seemed capable of but one expression, if expression it can be called, that of calm immoveable self-possession. She was pale too, which added to the general stoniness of her look. But yet she was very lovely, as she sailed into the room. I had often heard of people "sailing" into a room, and not understanding the expression, had often been amused by it, but I understood it fully when I witnessed Miss Blandon's entrance.

Mrs. Darvell was standing beside me, near the grate, as Miss Blandon came up to me, extending a pretty little white hand. I introduced them to each other, Mrs. Darvell mechanically shook hands, but seemed lost in amazement. I feared she would annoy my new boarder by the fixedness of her gaze, but Miss Blandon seemed accustomed to this sort of homage, for she merely smiled a patronizing sort of smile on the old lady, and made some remark on the comfort and cheerfulness of grate fires in general and of this one in particular.

There were two or three of the young gentlemen in the room; but none seemed to have the courage to approach the beauty. Indeed they all appeared to have suddenly become sensible of the unappropriateness of their dress and evinced an unusual love of silence.

Old Mrs. Darvell had often complained to me of the forwardness of the young men of that day. "Impudent young puppies" was her usual way of designating them. She entertained a deep disgust for them all, but especially for my young puppies. There had been a sort of warfare between them and her; a guerilla sort of warfare. A smouldering animosity with an occasional outburst and attack, from one side or the other. Mr. Darvell had never taken the slightest notice of this intestine strife; being always too much occupied with whatever matter he happened to have in hand, whether dinner or his rubber of whist, to have any attention to bestow on outside objects. Nor did she ever appeal to him for help or protection. This evening, however, when she had sufficiently recovered from her astonishment at Miss Blandon's loveliness, and the splendor of her general appearance, to turn around, with her usual snort of defiance, to see what effect they had produced on the "young puppies," she was charmed. At last, they seemed brought to a sense of their own inferiority, and reduced to a proper shame-facedness! Turning to Miss Blandon she laid a skinny hand on her arm, and pointing with the other to the gentlemen as they stood grouped near the piano, she said in a very audible whisper:

"Keep them there. You can do it. Keep them there."

I could not tell whether Miss Blandon caught her meaning, as she merely cast a sweet smile on her, and as dinner was then announced with Mr. Darvell's entrance, he was presented, and offering her his arm, they led the way to the dining-room. Mrs. Darvell followed them without waiting for a similar piece of politeness on the part of any of the "puppies" who followed her in, muttering anything but flattering epithets.

For about a week after her arrival, Miss Blandon never left the house except to accompany Mrs. Darvell to church on the Sunday. "A sweet, pious creature," Mrs. Darvell whispered to me on their return from divine service.

The old lady seemed perfectly charmed with her; fascinated from the very first. Their regard was mutual, for Miss Blandon assured me again and again, that Mrs. Darvell, was "the dearest old creature! Eccentric, but so kind." Whilst Mrs. Darvell on her part never lost an opportunity of sounding the praises of her "Dear Maria" as she soon learned to call her.

Miss Blandon had requested her in my presence to drop the formal "Miss Blandon," and to call her "Maria."

Indeed, as far as Mrs. Darvell was concerned, she seemed disposed to be rather gushing, although she was cool enough with the rest of us.

"She is like a mother to me," she said once, as they both sat with me in my own sitting-room, she holding Mrs. Darvell's withered hand in both of hers as she spoke, and looking affectionately at the highly flattered old woman. "Just like a dear mother."

"La!" said Mrs. Darvell, "who wouldn't be good to you, you sweet, amiable creature."

I was amused and just a little confused by this outburst of affection, and John, who was about to enter the room, drew back in deep disgust.

When we were alone, I purposely asked him whether he did not think Miss Blandon an acquisition to our circle, well knowing what sort of an answer I would get.

"Remember what I told you, when we first heard from her. She will never pay her bill, mark my words."

"Well, she has jewelry enough at all events," I answered. "She has any quantity. Diamond rings and brooches, complete sets of pearls and emeralds, crosses, rings, necklets, chains and charms for her watch."

"Paste," said John.

"No, I think not. I am no judge, but I think not. At all events her dresses are not sham, and I am sure she has any quantity, such rich ones, and, oh John! her laces!!"

But John was immoveable in his first opinion. He had said that she would cheat me, and cheat me she should.

Not long after that interchange of affectionate regard which I have just mentioned, Mrs. Darvell came into my room. She had acquired a habit of dropping in, sometimes bringing her sewing, but more frequently for the purpose of retailing some piece of news, generally scandal.

This afternoon, it was just before our dinner hour, she came in, with an air of having something very important on her mind, something that I saw she was dying to tell me. I knew her well enough to let her tell her own story, whatever it was, her own way, and take her own time, for nothing so annoyed the old creature as having her stories anticipated.

"My dear," said she, looking around to see that no one could overhear, and scarcely speaking above a whisper, "My dear, come here to the fire, I want to show you something."

I followed her without much curiosity, but continued sewing as I stood near her, whilst she bent over the grate fumbling at something she drew from her pocket, and which was wrapped up in a colored silk handkerchief. It was a morocco case and I bent forward to see what it contained. She opened the case and looked up at me. It held a most lovely emerald bracelet.

I was never a judge of precious stones; but I could not be mistaken. I never saw anything to equal their brilliancy as Mrs. Darvell flashed them backwards and forwards in the firelight.

"What do you think of that?" she asked, looking triumphantly at me. "Aren't they real beauties?"

"Splendid!" said I.

"Yes, indeed; just mind their lustre and their size."

"When did you get them?" I asked. "Has Mr. Darvell been making you a present?"

"Darvell! No indeed," she answered. "They are Maria's, Miss Blandon's."

"I never saw her wear that bracelet," said I; "she must own a greater quantity of jewelry than even I thought."

"My dear, she has loads! All of them beauties."

"What are you doing with it?" asked I. "Did you bring it just to show it to me. You are very kind."

"Well, yes, of course. I brought it just to show you; but she has lent it to me."

"Lent it to you?" I thought the old lady was going crazy. That she had become infected with Miss Blandon's love of fine dress.

"Yes," said she, hesitatingly—"the fact is, Mrs. Lang, my dear, I thought I would show it to you, just to see what you think of it. Now what should you say it is worth? Fifty pounds?"

"Oh, I don't know. Yes, I suppose so. Oh! yes, certainly as much as that."

Mrs. Darvell seemed greatly relieved by this assurance.

"Well," said she, "you see the truth of it is this: Maria has been disappointed in receiving money that was coming to her—"

"Oh!" interrupted I, "and she asked you to lend her some."

"No, she didn't," answered Mrs. Darvell, testily. She hated, as I said before, to be anticipated. "She did nothing of the kind. She just told me, one day, that she was going into the city and that she did not know what to do, she wanted to buy something, and had not yet received her money. Then she asked me if I could tell where to dispose of a pearl ring and brooch, as they ought to fetch enough for her present need.

"Oh! then, this is not the first," said I, foolishly interrupting again, and growing very suspicious of Miss Blandon.

"I wish you would let me tell you," snapped Mrs. Darvell. "Well, I thought it a pity for her to sell them, as she seemed so distressed at parting with them, so I offered her the money. Thirty dollars, she wanted. She tried to make me take the things, but I would not hear of it, of course."

Mrs. Darvell paused, and again I broke in.

"Does Mr. Darvell know," I asked.

"No, not about the thirty dollars. That was from my own private purse. But, dear heart!" cried she suddenly, growing alarmed. "You don't think there is anything wrong?"

"Well, Mrs. Darvell," said I, "I know nothing more about Miss Blandon than you do. She may be very honest and those stones may be real. I think they are; but I cannot presume to be judge. One thing, however, I do not like. I do not like people who are always expecting money, they never seem to get it. It gives them a look of adventurers."

"Well, well, well," murmured Mrs. Darvell, despondently, "well, to be sure."

"Now, Mrs. Darvell, you must not judge rashly; but did you lend her any more?"

Then came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Darvell had just time to hide the jewels, ere Miss Blandon herself appeared at the doorway, dressed for walking.

"I have just received a note which obliges me to go out, Mrs. Lang," said she, looking suspiciously at Mrs. Darvell, "I shall not be back for dinner."

I never interfered with my boarders so long as they behaved properly, and although I was surprised at her going out at that hour, I merely bowed my head as she withdrew.

"Dear sakes! where is she going to," said Mrs. Darvell, who seemed to have suddenly grown suspicious of her. "Some business I suppose. Perhaps to get the money she has been expecting."

"Did you loan her any on those emeralds?"

"Yes, I did. I lent her fifty pounds. That is Darvell lent it to her on my asking, and when she pressed the bracelet on me as security, it was he made me take it. He even wanted to take it to a jeweler and get it valued; but I would not hear of that."

"It would have been more prudent if less generous and friendly," said I. "When was it you lent her the fifty?"

"This very day. Not three hours ago. Did you see how she looked at me?"

I answered that I had thought she seemed to suspect something, but that was probably mere fancy. We had just been suspecting her.

Just as I was about to retire for the night, Miss Blandon, who had come in about an hour before, knocked at my door, and asked me to go to her room for a few minutes. I went with her and to my surprise saw that she had two or three trunks corded.

"I have received news that obliges me to go away for a fortnight, Mrs. Lang," she said. "I must leave directly after breakfast, and as my month's board will expire during my absence, I would like to settle for it before leaving, and as I shall not be more than two weeks away, I would like you to keep my room for me and to take charge of the remaining luggage."

I accepted my money, and promised to see to her things.

"You will see your friends before you leave?" said I.

"Oh! yes," she answered. She would see them at breakfast.

The next morning I hurried down to the kitchen, and told the cook to be punctual with breakfast, as Miss Blandon would leave early.

"Sure, and she is gone," said cook.

Gone! I was never more surprised. Yes, cook and Mary both said, she had left about an hour before. I went up stairs and told John.

"I told you so. I said she would cheat you all." He really seemed pleased.

"Well, she did not cheat me at any rate. I am secure," I answered.

When Mr. and Mrs. Darvell came down, I told them of Miss Blandon's sudden departure.

She was greatly distressed, and he hurried off to a jeweler's immediately. He was a long time gone, and in the meantime Mrs. Darvell stood in Miss Blandon's room, seeming to derive comfort from the sight of the two remaining trunks.

Mr. Darvell at last returned.

"Well?" said she.

"Paste!" was all his answer.

Not many hours afterwards a detective came and took away the two trunks. Miss Blandon, so he informed us, was an extremely clever smuggler and adventuress.

The trunks were examined; but found to contain nothing of any value.

We never heard of her after; but you may be sure I never refused references again.

(To be continued.)

NEVER AGAIN.

BY NELLA.

Never again, with lingering caress,
To smooth the sunlit glory of thy hair;
Never again with fervent love to gaze
Into those lustrous eyes undimmed with care.

Never again to feel that snow-white hand
Flutter, all soft and dove-like, into mine;
Never again to kiss those rose-red lips—
Lips, alas! now to kiss 'twould be a crime.

Never again to hear thy sad, sweet voice
Murmur, with tend'rest pathos, my name;
Never again to note with lover's greed
The tender blushes that so sweetly came.

Never again to watch the sunbeams gild,
With golden kisses, rippling amber hair;
Never again on balmy Summer eves
To loiter 'neath those star-gemmed skies so fair.

Never again, sweet Love, to call thee mine,
Nor bid those soft white arms about me twine;
Never again to feel that flutt'ring heart
Beat lovingly in unison with mine.

THE PLANTATION GHOST.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. M. F. M'CAWLEY.

My early days were spent in the "old Dominion," the State noted as the birth-place of Presidents. Here the happiest hours of my life were passed. Its varied scenery, balmy air and winding rivers all have a charm for me no other State can yield. I will have to give you a brief description of our home. In those days my father was considered wealthy. He owned a fine plantation and quite a number of slaves. Our house was situated on a pleasant slope fronting the south; before it was a long row of catalpa trees and on the west side a line of locusts. The building itself was quaint and irregular, built after the style of an English country residence, with innumerable nooks and crannies where "ghosts" might ruminate were they so disposed. North of the house some distance lay the negro quarters; their white cabins gleaming in the moonlight that bathed them with the same tender glow given their more aristocratic neighbor.

My mother was a frail, delicate woman, and subject to severe attacks of "heart disease;" and at the time of which I am about to speak she had been ailing several days.

All had retired but father and I. We two were watching by her bed unceasingly.

About midnight father became uneasy and summoning Jack, a colored boy, dispatched him in haste for our family physician.

Jack was a great favorite with mother. She was a kind mistress, and kept many of his misdemeanors from father, who was not disposed to be so lenient. On being told the critical condition in which his mistress lay, fear for her safety thoroughly awakened the faithful fellow, and he started on his three miles ride with alacrity. In fancy yet I can hear the ringing of the horse's hoofs on the graveled road that swept past the house, and father's remark—

"No grass will grow under Selim's feet tonight."

On arriving at his destination, Dr. Lee was absent, but expected every moment; leaving the message father had given him the boy hastened homeward.

Hearing the clatter of Selim's returning feet, I hastened to the gateway to know if the doctor had been found. Judge of my surprise on seeing the horse dash past like something possessed, Jack fairly turning a somersault from the saddle to my feet. There cowering, trembling like an aspen leaf he at length ejaculated:

"'Fore God I dun see a ghost, Miss; 'fore God I did. Selim got skeer't and run like de debbil was arter him, sartin suah."

Here, casting a sideways, shivering glance through the long row of catalpas, he espied the doctor's grey nag coming towards us. Vaulting over the gate-post, he rushed past me, gasping between his chattering teeth:

"Gor-a-mity, thar it comes, suah."

There was consternation at the negro quarters next morning you may depend on it. There was more than one conjectured "Missis" was "goin ter die," that "that ar ghos was jes a warnin."

Father would have investigated the matter, but mamma remaining so ill rendered it impossible. The next night after Jack's adventure, screaming was heard in the direction of the cabins between twelve and one o'clock. Upon inquiry it was ascertained to have come from Aunt Chloe, a stout negress usually employed in the fields. She averred she had "seen that ar ghos; it was bigger nor a giant, an its two arms spread outen like ter a sign post."

It was a clear cool night; the full moon was just rising, giving the half leafless trees a desolate and weird appearance. Aunt Chloe's alarm had aroused all the servants on the plantation. As I looked out from the bay window in the second story of the house, I saw them gathered, talking and gesticulating in an excited manner. Some of them were holding lighted torches of pine in their hands which they said would "scare de debble away." A white cape had been found among the bushes which aunt Chloe insisted was the ghost's mantle, and they had torn it into fragments, distributed among them, and held up before them, believing with superstitious credulity that it possessed a charm over the ghost which would protect them from harm. Father went out and sent them all back to the cabins, and nothing more was heard of the ghost that night.

As a natural consequence, the next day every available moment the blacks were huddled together in groups, discussing "the ghost."

Well, I may as well confess the truth. I too shared the general infection. Sounds that before I would have passed by as trifles made me now unaccountably nervous. Once in particular, I remember, I was passing through the picture gallery. It had always been a specialty of mine, loving to loiter here viewing my be-ruffled and powdered ancestors and recounting to myself their illustrious deeds and high lineage, for be it known the doomed Lady Jane Grey numbered among our ancestry. With hands clasped behind me I walked slowly on, scanning the silent faces before me, each one replete with interest, when suddenly a thrill, an indescribable fear, swept over my whole being, and I rushed precipitately down the long stairway, feeling confident the "ghost" was right behind me. I did not visit the gallery again for some time.

A week had now elapsed, and in that length of time nearly every member of the family had seen the unearthly apparition. But strange to tell, to no two had it appeared alike; one thing only pertaining to it they all agreed upon, that it was white. On Friday morning, as we were breakfasting, the door opened and there stood "uncle Joe," his ebony face shining as the' newly varnished, crunching the crown of his old straw hat, his knees shaking and knocking together in a strange, loose manner, while the whites of his eyes appeared to have claimed almost sole territory.

"Well, what is wanting, Joe?"

"Seen the ghos, Mars'r."

"Ghost fiddlesticks!" Father spoke irreverently, a shade of impatience in his voice.

"Did, Mars'r, 'deed I did."

"Well, allowing that you did, Joe, what did it look like?"

"Golly, Mars'r, it look a sight. It was bigger nor you and had a white thing kibbered all ober it, nor it didn't walk nudder, jes kinder flouted ober de groun'."

Here father lost his patience entirely.

"It is every word false, you black scoundrel. Now get back to your work, and if I hear another word of this ghost business from you I will sell you to the first trader that comes along."

After Joe's departure, father turned laughing to me.

"Milly, you are a brave little soul; let's you and I personate 'Hamlet' to-night in watching this restless ghost, preferring night walking to sleep. By the Saints! if it makes its appearance I will find out what it is, or there will be a ghost disrobed."

I thought about the picture gallery, but acquiesced with as good a grace as I could command to the proposition.

All day long I was restless and uneasy, wishing, yet dreading for the night to come. But the longest day must have an ending, so it proved in this case.

About eleven o'clock, leaving mamma sleeping and in the care of the housekeeper, father and I left the house silently, by a side entranse, wending our way beneath the locusts on down to the end of the stone wall. There secreting ourselves in a clump of alders, we awaited its coming.

Slowly an hour passed away, and I was beginning to grow tired and nervous. The rustling of a leaf or crackling of a limb would cause me to start, and my very blood run cold. Suddenly, a mocking-bird in the nearest locust began to pour forth a flood of melody. (The mocking-bird sings at intervals all through the night.) Such wonderful trills, such perfect intonations, I never heard before. Just as its song was at its height, and I so wrapt in listening, papa's voice recalled my senses.

"By Jove, Milly, there it comes. Don't get frightened now, Puss, for I'm going to make its acquaintance. Keep perfectly still."

Sure enough, there was a white object coming slowly towards us. Not a word was spoken as nearer and nearer came the moving mass, whatever it might be, so closely I could have touched it with my hand as it glided by."

"Milly," papa whispered, "it is the young mulatto girl I bought a short time ago. She is evidently walking in her sleep. You can go to the house, child, and I will follow and see where she goes."

But my interest was awakened, and I insisted on going too. Slowly we followed a short distance behind the strange creature, speaking not a word for fear of rousing her from the weird spell that enchanted her. On up through the locust row, then taking the main road and keeping for near a half a mile; then turning off to the left in a footpath leading to "Sleepy Glen," never turning her head to the right nor the left, till she came to the margin of the "Dismal Pool." Pausing there she sat down by the sullen black waters, crossing her arms, and rocking her body to and fro, moaning sad, heart-rending moans, which the night winds, taking up, echoed and re-echoed in piteous sighs through the dreary pines.

"Poor Hepsy," said father, "it was here she parted with her husband. To-morrow Jones has got to do one of two things; either sell him to me or buy Hepsy. I can't bear to know she is grieving this way."

Silently she glided by us, walking wearily with her head drooped upon her bosom, taking the same road she had come almost track for track.

Father made immediate arrangements for buying her husband; and they both lived on the plantation till the war broke out, which gave them their freedom. After that I lost sight of them entirely; but I often think of poor faithful Hepsy, the night-walking ghost of the plantation.

For the Favorite.

THE LAND BY MOONLIGHT.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

What time Diana thro' her azure field
Moves in her fullest state, and in her mood
Of Royal playfulness lays diamond bow
Against her virgin shoulder, and flings down
The quick succession of her silver shafts, and strikes
A crisped brightness on each quiv'ring blade
That bears a dew-drop. Fills each perfum'd chalice
With diamonds thrice distilled, and crests the pines
With lucid brightness on their lordly crowns;
Makes targets of the frowning mountain tops,
Which thrust their granite baldness to the skies,
Until they mock the aspect of a smile, and cast
Th' reflex of her glances to the vales
That lie between, all mass'd with tangling woods,
Lying like ebon lakes between high shores,
And inly moan and toss their surly boughs
Beneath the passing of a silent wind.

What time her starry maids come wing'd with flame
From those vast halls of space that stretch beyond,
And yet beyond the motion of our minds;
And curious part the fleecy clouds and peer
With golden eyes upon the inland seas
And silver bands that weave their brightness thro'
Great tracts of forest darkness, while the floods
Erstwhile all summer calmness shimmer o'er,
Trembling with sudden joy, and so confuse
Each sep'rate brightness to a spreading plain
Of vibrant silver; and the stars no more,
Each her peculiar brilliancy can trace,
But all is mingl'd glory; as great deeds
May find no sep'rate chronicle, and yet
Make of some Age a torch to other Times!

What time there paces from their ferny bowers
The deer, all wakeful, pausing by the brink
Of lonely streams, deep bosom'd in the land;
And while the antler'd sent'nel darts his eyes
Of fear and fire about the wooded banks,
And sniffs the dewy air, the herd bend down
And lap secure the wave that scarcely stirs,
Th' Indian rice that lifts its em'rald spear
Above the lucid crystal, or scarce moves
Th' summer avalanche of pearly bloom,
Fair water-lilies anchor'd in the shade.
They slake their thirst, half-starting as they see,
Between the leaves, great eyes that meet their own,
And tremble, knowing not their pictur'd selves!

What time the cities, villages and towns,
Th' rustic homesteads nestling in th' wilds;
Or by the busy haunts of busy men,
Like golden fringes to a lordly robe,
Or gems far scatter'd by a gen'rous hand,
Lie silent and at rest. Then is the time
To set the face towards some high mountain top,
Rising from out the forests, and to look
Thro' the great stillness out across the land
That is our own, and feel its vastness, as
By dazzling day we cannot, and to walk
In soul along the starry ways which lead
To that High Throne that sways the Universe;
And in the censer of the silent heart
In prayerful incense of still Praise to yield
Thanks to the Godhead who hath dower'd the land
With Peace and Plenty, vast as her domain!

PETERBORO', O.

JACK AND GILL.

BY ROBERT BRYDON,

OF HESPELER.

"Jack and Gill went up a hill,
To fetch a pail of water:—
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling a'ter!—"

We believe this well-known and popular stanza was once made the subject of a learned and elaborate critique, demonstrating its artistic completeness as a literary production. This critique we have not seen; but it occurs to us that we have never heard any one, either young or old, green or gray, who, in quoting the lines, seemed conscious of the pith and marrow that are in them,—or aware of the sage lessons they contain. Of the literary merit of the production, we at present say nothing. Freely according to the anonymous author all the credit it is fitted as a literary production to yield him,—we humbly submit that it is not in this that its greatest merit lies. To our apprehension, the "recondite sense," enshrined in it, leads to the conviction that it must have been the production of some sly Sage, who meant a good deal more than he said. Let us consider:—1st. The object sought to be accomplished by the two heroes of the piece—"To fetch a pail of water." No large supply—no unreasonable quantity of the necessary fluid is sought. Their attempt is not characterized by any undue aspiration after an object in itself unattainable, so that in pursuing their object they might have been ridiculed as following "a wild goose chase." Theirs is a perfectly laudable endeavor,—even a necessary duty; and their unity of purpose, and ready co-operation in its performance manifest a commendable spirit—a spirit essential to the harmony and happiness of our social existence. Had Jack's object been illegitimate, or the means employed for its attainment improper,—he ought never to have set out on the expedition,—and Gill would have been justified, yea, honored in refusing his assistance. Or, had Gill been less willing and hearty, in his co-operation, it might have argued a state of social connection not at all commendable. It might have argued a disposition, on his part, to study his own ease, and to roll the burden of a necessary duty on the shoulders of his companion. But the reverse is the case, and our two heroes thus afford a worthy example of the voluntary combination of effort, in the performance of a common duty. Their example strikingly reproves the too prevalent selfishness of human conduct, and puts to shame the meanness of the man, who would share without scruple the advantages of toil, but who refuses to share the toil which procures them. We notice:

2nd. The direction in which they went to fetch the water—They "went up a hill." Springs or reservoirs of water, though sometimes, are not generally met with on the tops of hills. Their existence in such situations is the exception, not the rule. The short narrative does not inform us that they were in the habit of going up the hill for a supply, nor does it even hint that they were certain a supply was to be found there. We may be allowed, then, to suppose that this was their first exploratory tour in that direction. And here their lack of judgment manifests itself. Guided by the teachings of common observation and experience, they ought to have sought their object in a contrary direction,—not up the hill, but down. In the latter direction, if no crystal spring should catch their eye, there was at least the prospect of striking in its course, some "babbling brook," and drawing thence enough for present need. But no! Mistaken men! They feel their need, and rouse themselves to action to supply the want, but turn their efforts in a wrong direction.—How many men, in this respect, are Jacks and Gills! How many toiling, hard-worn men we might discover, whose lot is rendered hard through misdirected effort! This blindness of our two heroes, to the common teachings of observation and experience, reveals to us the fact, that they were uneducated men; for it is the part of education to guard against the commission of mistakes like this. It is the part of education to rouse the faculty of observation, to expand the powers of reflection, and to lessen the difficulties in acquiring the common comforts and conveniences of life. In lacking education, Jack and Gill might be comparatively blameless. Parental neglect might be the cause of their deficient knowledge, or it might be owing to circumstances over which they themselves had no control. But no matter to what cause the neglect of education be assigned,—if it be neglected, the necessary consequences must follow. The subjects of this neglect are doomed to suffer its consequences in the form of unskilful planning—unnecessary expenditure of labor—or improper management of affairs; and these involve an incalculable discount on temporal comfort and prosperity. But in an especial manner, is the result of misdirected effort seen in the pursuit of happiness. All seek the attainment of happiness in one way or another,—but how few have judgment to seek it, where alone it is to be found. How few attain, by seeking in the right direction, that happiness which is true and lasting! In the pursuit of real happines we are mostly Jacks and Gills! Notice:

3rd. The consequences of attempting to carry out an undertaking in a way inconsistent with the operation of natural law—"Jack fell down and broke his crown."—It matters not whether this inconsistency originates in ignorance or presumption,—the consequences are the same. It is in vain we strive against the laws and principles which God has established in the natural world. We must weigh the possibilities and probabilities of things, according to the common operations of these laws, and direct our energies in accordance with them,—not in opposition to them. The objects of our pursuit must be such as are, in the nature of things, attainable, and the pursuit itself must be conducted in a rational way. Disregarding this—the attempt to find water on the top of a hill, may be made, but it will certainly prove a failure, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But more than this! There is danger and damage to be apprehended by such, as ignorantly or otherwise, put forth their energies in opposition to the laws of the material world. The transgression of natural laws is followed as certainly by punishment as is that of moral laws; and the disastrous consequences of this ignoring of natural laws on the part of Jack and Gill, might have been avoided, had they, instead of seeking water among crags and precipices on the top of the hill—betaken themselves to the pleasant valley below. From the fate of our heroes, let us read a lesson of warning against engaging in chimerical undertakings,—such as the discovery of perpetual motion—and against prosecuting any undertaking in a way inconsistent with the natural laws by which the Creator rules the world. We notice:

4th and lastly. The risk and danger attending a co-partnery with ignorance or inexperience—"Gill came tumbling after." Association with ignorant or inexperienced assistants, especially in works in which the forces of nature, or the mechanical powers are called into operation, must always be attended with risk and danger. To guard against accidents or casualties, knowledge is necessary,—and education as a means of acquiring knowledge is therefore indispensable, even in the most common walks of life. How often in the world has Gill received a "tumble" from his association with the ignorance of Jack!

This GREAT POEM thus read, yields important lessons; and reading it thus, we exemplify the theory of that other poet who found "sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The Paris journals announce the death of M. Plon, the celebrated publisher. In the literary world few names were more widely known than that of the publisher of the "Vie de César." M. Plon was sixty-seven years of age, and succumbed to an illness of only a few days' duration.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

KNOWLEDGE may increase sin if the heart be not educated as well as the head.

To deal frankly, honestly, and firmly with all men turns out best in the long run.

AN old Spanish writer says: "To return evil for good is divilish; to return good for good is human, but to return good for evil is godlike."

IF a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world; and his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

IN any adversity that happens to us in the world we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest, and that it is as reasonable to hope for a year without winter as for a life without trouble.

RICHES are not among the number of things that are good. It is not poverty that causes sorrow, but covetous desires. Deliver yourself from appetite and you will be free. He who is discontented with things present and allotted is unskilled in life.

SPEAK kindly in the morning; it lightens the care of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night; for it may be that, before the dawn, some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

BE loyal to the nature you bear; consecrate your lives to every good and noble work, faithfully labor for the elevation and perfection of our common humanity, and the angel will sweetly smile upon you, and you will be happy, both in this life and that which is beyond the grave. If you will be happy, you must do all within your power to bless others. By making others happy, you fill your own life with sunshine and happiness.

THE bane of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands of dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the virtues, and, where they thus dwell together they make a heavenly home.

A GOOD wife is to a man wisdom strength, and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind, and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs his moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, jealously, and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

PLATING WITH ZINC.—According to Boettger, copper and brass may be given a firmly adherent coating of zinc: Finely divided zinc is placed in a non-metallic vessel and covered with a concentrated solution of sal ammoniac. This is heated to boiling, and the articles of copper or brass, previously cleaned, are then introduced. A few minutes suffice to produce a firm and brilliant coating. The powdered zinc is prepared by first melting the zinc and then pouring the molten metal into a mortar and triturating it until it solidifies.

IN modern maritime warfare it is frequently very desirable to conceal from the enemy an approaching steam-vessel, the difficulty of doing which is often enhanced by the smoke from the funnel, which generally can be seen over a great distance. A device for discharging the smoke under water, by means of a blowing machine, has been tried in the Austrian navy with most satisfactory results. Of course this dispenses with the smoke-stack entirely. It is said also to secure a more uniform consumption of fuel, and greatly to lessen the liability to fire.

THE victualling department of the French navy has been experimenting on what it calls "artificially made butter," by which is meant a preparation extracted from meat, and intended as a substitute for ordinary butter. Sliced beef suet, fresh sheep's stomach, shredded, and carbonate of potash. Are placed in water at a temperature of 113 degrees Fah. A quantity of fatty matter separates and floats on the surface. This is first subjected to hydraulic pressure, and then mixed with a little milk and water and churned. The new butter is the result. It is pronounced excellent.

PRINTING WITH CORALLINE OR WOOL.—Coralline has not hitherto been employed for printing on wool, this red coloring matter becoming yellow under the influence of acids. The author remedies this inconvenience by the intervention of magnesia. The color which he thus obtains is a very bright and very stable Turkey red. His recipe is as follows:—Coralline, 80 grammes; glycerine, 1-16th of a litre; water, 1-4th of a litre (the solution of these two is made by heating); calcined magnesia, 140 grammes; water 1-4th of a litre (the magnesia and the water must be mixed together); gum water (600 grammes per litre), 3-4ths of a litre. Printing, steaming and washing to be conducted in the ordinary way.

EFFECT OF GAS ON TREES.—Some experiments were recently made at Berlin to ascertain the effect which gas has on trees, the roots of which are exposed to its influence. Three trees were chosen for this purpose—two limes and a maple. The gas was conveyed in subterranean tubes to within two or three feet of each tree, and was dispersed into the soil by holes furnished by brass gratings, to obviate the obstruction of the pipes. At the end of two months the roots were uncovered, and all the small fibres were found to be dead. The bark of the strongest roots was rotten, and even the body part changed. After two months and ten days the gas was cut off to see if the trees would recover. The maple showed no signs of life, but one of the limes again became covered with leaves, but bore evidently of ill-health. The poison manifested itself more rapidly in that part of the earth which remained compact. These experiments, followed up during a year, leave no doubt as to the danger to which trees are subjected when exposed to the infiltration of gas near their roots.

TRANSFERRING PENCIL DRAWINGS.—Any kind of reasonably fine paper, either thick or thin, serves to receive the copy. Simply lay it upon the drawing board, then upon the face of the drawing paper lay the transfer paper, and upon the top of the lot lay the drawing, pencil marks upward, fasten the whole three sheets together and to the board by three drawing pins, one at each corner, then proceed to run over the pencil marks with a fine but dull pointed instrument. Use for the purpose a stocking darning-needle with a handle, and the point ground off; and run over the marks in the same way as with a transparent slate. If the drawing is not too thick, and the carbon paper is good, a good copy may be obtained with care and practice. Copies are also taken by first perforating the picture with small holes along the marked lines with a needle, then, afterwards, laying it on the face of another sheet of paper, and rubbing it over with powdered black lead; the black-lead goes through the holes and leaves a dotted outline beneath. A pencil is afterwards run over the marks and a fair copy is produced which can be easily multiplied.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

POULTRY.—Select out the hens and cocks you intend to keep, and fatten the rest. If you wish eggs in winter, provide warm quarters, and feed more or less animal food. Keep the hen-house clean, and see that the hens do not want for water.

COWS.—Where hay is scarce and straw and stalk abundant, it will pay well to chaff the latter for cows and mix mill feed and corn-meal with it. Keep the cows in a moderately warm well-ventilated stable, clean it out every day, and turn out the cows twice a day to water, and let them stay out an hour or two when the weather is favorable. But avoid letting them get chilled in storms.

IT was stated by a member, at a Farmers' Club in Pennsylvania, that his cows increased in flesh and in flow of milk when fed three-fourths of a bushel of apples per day. Another finds one-half a bushel equal to two daily feeds of two quarts of meal and two quarts of bran mixed; and it was said in answer to another who turned his cows in his orchard and found them falling off in milk, that this was not the fault of the apples but the overdose, and that the same result would follow the too free consumption of any kind of food.

ANIMALS.—Next to himself and his family, a farmer's thought and attention should be turned to his animals. If we look upon them as machines for the conversion of straw, stalks, roots, hay and grain into beef, mutton, wool, milk, pork, eggs, etc., we should never forget that they differ very materially from ordinary machines, that we can start and stop when we please, and stow them away when not in use. The animal machine is always running, winter and summer, night and day, and a farmer's first care should be to see that it is always running to some good purpose.

A WRITER in *The Journal of the Farm* says: I have a youngster five years old who begged for a garden patch this year. I gave him a spot 10 feet square. On it he planted a few hills—beans, potatoes, popcorn, and peas. After planting, every morning he went out to see his garden till ripe. It has been a source of more enjoyment and real instruction than anything else that could have been furnished him. I think nothing is so interesting to a boy as to give him something he can call his own, and watch its growth and development. Next year I will increase his field, and he can plant from the seed he raised this year.

SHEEP.—The best way to feed hay to sheep is to cut it into chaff by horse-power. It is little trouble to feed, and there is little or no waste. And we are not sure that it is not better to cut up straw and stalks also, and feed them with a little meal as we do cattle. The first point in the management of sheep is to provide dry quarters; 2d, To avoid overcrowding; 3d, To litter lightly and regularly every day; and 4th, To guard against any fermentation of the manure under the sheep. Give fresh water every day, and salt regularly. Feed liberally before sundown. Let there be straw or other food in the racks for the sheep to eat during the night.

TO KILL MOSS ON FRUIT TREES.—There is nothing better than carbolic soap and lye. We have used it on apple, pear, peach and cherry trees with manifest advantage. It will kill every particle of moss or parasitic growth of any kind that it touches. Apply it at any time. Lye alone will answer, but we prefer to add carbolic soap to it. The lye need not be so strong. The purest soft wood ashes will answer for making the leach. We use the lye simply as we would water to dissolve the carbolic soap—say half a pound of soap to a three-gallon pail of boiling lye. It may be applied to the trunks of old trees while boiling hot. Use a swab or a large paint-brush. Go over the trunk and all the large branches. It will kill the eggs and larvæ of insects as well as the moss, and will greatly improve the appearance of the trees. Try it.

CHANGING NESTS.—It is often desirable that a hen should sit on some other nest than the one she has chosen. To effect this a change at night is also the safest. In addition, it may be necessary sometimes to confine her to the new nest awhile, and still further, to restrict her range when she comes off for food and drink that this new nest is the only one she can have access to when her wants are supplied. Of course, her food and drink should be placed in full sight. In nearly all cases it is best to have sitting hens by themselves. There may be occasional quarrels and changes of nests, but never half as many difficulties as are sure to follow where the whole flock of non-sitters and cocks have free access to the sitting nests. Give them separate quarters, where they can have access to food, drink and dust baths, and they will do very well indeed.

TRAINING HORSES HOW TO WALK FAST.—A fast walk in a horse is the most valuable gait that training can acquire. It is valuable in a plow horse, in a team horse and particularly so in a driving horse. Some horses will trot along very well until you come to ascending ground, when you wish to relieve him a little by letting him walk up grade; he then falls into a slow, lazy walk that is very trying to the driver's patience: but a well-trained walker will step off briskly at the rate of four miles an hour, and the driver feels that he has been detained but very little by letting his horse walk up the hill as he starts off at his usual trotting speed, being relieved by the change of walking up the hill. Colts should be trained to walk fast before there is an attempt made to improve them in any other gait. This may be accomplished by commencing very young, and leading at a walk by your side, urging additional speed little by little, without letting it break into a trot; but this must not be continued long at a time so as to worry or tire. One or two short lessons a day will soon show a wonderful improvement; but after-lessons will be required to prevent a relapse.

FAMILY MATTERS.

CLEANING OIL PAINT.—Whiting is better than soap. Use warm water and a piece of soft flannel. Afterwards wash clean and rub dry with chamois.

TO RENDER CORKS OR STOPPERS AIR-TIGHT.—This can be accomplished by covering with a cement of decomposed red lead or finely powdered litharge mixed with undiluted glycerine.

TO DRY PUMPKINS.—Peel and cut as for cooking, then slice them very thin, spread on tins or other driers, and expose to a moderate heat in the stove oven. Thus dried, the pumpkin will retain its natural flavor. To prepare it for cooking, soak it in water a few hours.

SODA CAKES.—Take one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream of tartar, dissolved in hot water; one tablespoonful of lard and one of butter, rubbed into the flour, a little salt, mix soft with sour or buttermilk, and cut with tin in round cakes, bake in a quick oven. These are very nice for tea.

APPLE FLOAT.—One pint stewed and well-mashed apples, whites of three eggs, and four large spoonfuls of sugar beaten until stiff: then add the apple, and beat all together till stiff enough to stand alone. Fill a deep dish with rich cream or boiled soft custard, and pile the float on top. This is excellent with other fruits, in place of the apple.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Beat four yolks of eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar: one teaspoonful of flour, then stir it into one quart of milk and bring it to a boil, stirring it all the time; have the whites beat nicely and slip it on the top of the milk, dipping a little of it on to cook the egg; then grate nutmeg over the top; let it cool, and it is ready for the table.

LEMON PIE.—2 lemons, 4 eggs, 9 tablespoonfuls of white sugar; grate the peel and chop the lemon fine, and stir it into the yolks and sugar, put it into your puff paste and bake it. While it is baking, beat the whites of the eggs till they are stiff, and then add three tablespoons of sugar. When the pie is done, spread the beaten whites smoothly over the top and warm it lightly in the oven.

TO CLEANSE WOODEN FLOORS.—The dirtiest of floors may be rendered beautifully clean by the following process: First scrub with sand, then rub with a lye of caustic soda, using a stiff brush, and rinse off with warm water. Just before the floor is dry, moisten with dilute hydrochloric acid, and then with a thin paste of bleaching powder (hypochloride of lime); let this remain over night and wash in the morning.

ELASTIC AND CLEAN VARNISH FOR THE LEATHER OF LADIES' SHOES.—Three pounds of rain-water are placed in a pot over fire, and when well boiling there are added four ounces white pulverized wax, one ounce clear, transparent glue in small pieces; two ounces pulverized gum Senegal; two ounces white soap, scraped fine; two ounces brown, pulverized sugar; the ingredients are placed in, one by one, and every time, stirred up. It is well to take the pot from the fire every time a substance is added, to prevent boiling over; when all is added, the pot is removed from the fire; when sufficiently cooled, three ounces alcohol are added, and, finally, three ounces fine Frankfort black, well incorporated by continued stirring. This varnish is put on the leather with a brush, and is very valuable for boots and shoes, as it can be afterward polished, with a large brush, like an ordinary shoe-blacking, showing a high polish, and does not soil the clothing.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

BOLT upright—A balloon ascension.

FLAT falsehood—Lying on your back.

THE next great turf event—The race between a nightmare and a clothes-horse.

A PROSPEROUS merchant has for his motto:
"Early to bed, and early to rise;
Never get tight and advertise."

IT is reported that Prof. Agassiz having stated that Niagara would run dry in about nineteen centuries, the hackmen at the Falls immediately raised their fares.

THE gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who ejected people with his gaze, has obtained employment in a boiler manufactory, with extra pay, on account of his peculiar faculty.

POETRY OF "NATURE."—A correspondent sends us a small original poem, which, he says, he "composed all himself." We give one couplet:

A squirel is a prete bird, it's got a kurlie tale;
He stole awl mi daddie's korn, and et it on a rale."

THE following announcement appeared recently in an English paper. "St. James' Church.—On Sunday next the afternoon service will commence at half past three, and continue until further notice." Long service, that.

A PHYSICIAN, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor; "the death of the decedent is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

"IT is a settled principle, your honour," said an eminent Q. C., "that causes always produces effects."—"They always do for the lawyers," blandly responded the Judge, "but I have sometimes known a single cause to deprive a client of all his effects!"

"Pray, sir, of what profession are you?" asked Mr Edwin James of a witness who had come prepared to prove a fact, and who was dressed not very respectable. "Sir I am a shoemaker and a wine merchant." "A what, sir?" said the learned counsel. "A wine merchant and shoemaker." "Then," said Mr James, "I may describe you as a sherry cobbler."

THE *Knoxville Press* reports that during the recent prevalence in that town of the horse disease, "a skittish young man attached to a hand-cart, loaded with stove-ware became frightened at the sight of a steam-roller, and dashed recklessly into a neighboring bar-room. After looking through the bottom of a tumbler, he quieted and pursued his way without further mishap."

A COMMERCIAL traveler in a Western city handed a merchant upon whom he had called a portrait of his betrothed, instead of his business card, saying that he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished and bla hinz traveler with a hope that he would soon be admitted into partnership.

"I say, old boy," cried a local tradesman to an excavator in Shiels, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. The querist was not to be put off in this fashion. "What are you going to do with the hole?" he asked. "Going to eat it up into small holes," rejoined the old boy, "and retail them to the farmers for gate-posts."

A FORT Wayne lover thought he saw his sweetness talking over the gate to a rival the other night. Lover gathered a boulder and hurled it with true aim at rival's head. Rival's head proved to be a nicely turned globe on the gate post. Boulder caromed on the head of sweetness. Father gave lover a dose of shot. Fido bit him. The splinters were picked out of sweetness's head, but she declares she will never marry a man who is jealous of a gate-post.

AN American paper says that the healthiest town ever known was out at Illinois one summer, when the doctors went out east to attend a medical convention, neglecting to return for several months. The doctors found that, when they did get back, their patients had all recovered, the nurses had opened dancing schools, the cemetery was cut up into building allotments, the undertaker had gone to make fiddles, and the village hearse had been gaudily painted and sold for a circus wagon.

HINTS TO MASQUERADERS.—A tall, slim fellow is in trouble. He wants to know what character to assume at a masquerade. A journal advises him to braid his legs and go as a whip-lash; roll himself round and round a few dozen times and go as a roll of tape, wrap himself in the American flag and go as a barber's pole, bris le his hair up and go as a white-wash brush; swallow a few marbles and go as a rattlebox; put an insulator in his mouth and go as a telegraph pole; or walk in on his hands as a pair of scissors.

AN exchange says: "A young Georgia lady, whose parents shut her up to keep her away from an obnoxious lover, jumped from a second-story window into the arms of her betrothed, who carried her off and married her in the teeth of her enraged papa." We have no desire to find fault with the girl. Perhaps she was right in marrying the man. But we may be permitted, while tendering our sympathy, to throw out, in a general sort of a way, as it were, that her enraged papa must, in the first place, have uncommonly large teeth; second that if he had been as much enraged as they say he was, it was wonderful that he didn't chew up the bridal party; third, that it was unfair to have the wedding in the father's mouth, where he could not enjoy it; fourth, that if her father's teeth were false, and she stole them, and was married in them at a distance from home, the infuriated parent will probably light on her with a charge of larceny, and have her imprisoned for a year or two. The whole thing is mysterious anyhow, whichever way you look at it.

OUR PUZZLER.

4. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A mountain in Switzerland; a sweetheart; to assert; a girl's name, what is used in tea.

2. A town in Arabia Felix, a color, animals, part of a circus; to sit down again.

3. A flower; polite, a town in Italy; to turn out; money taken for houses.

R. C.

5. LETTER PUZZLERS.

I.

To 2 A's, 2 E's, 2 N's, and B,
Add 3 I's, 1 J, 1 M, and 1 D;
One S, 1 R, and a lonely L,
An author's name now this will spell.

2.

Write down 2 R's and a B,
To which add 1 L and a T;
Two E's, 1 W, and 2 O's,
These a statesman's name disclose.

S. M. PERRY.

6. ENIGMA.

I'm large, small black, white,
King, queen, emperor, knight,
Man, woman, husband, wife—
Sometimes, when the latter, the plague of your life.

JEREMIAH CORWIN.

7. VERBAL CHARADE.

In cat, not in dog; in oak, not in bog; in year, not in day; in corn, not in hay; in ale, not in beer; in there, not in here, in pink, not in red, in Tom, not in Ted, in rain, not in shower; my whole, a very nice flower.

FRED YARNOLD.

8. CHARADE.

When I view the primal dropping
Quiv'ring 'n the maiden's eye,
Then I wish she'd never of sorrow,
And with lover's art I try
To soften the maiden's trouble,
Then her *total* I espy.

C. HENDRICKS.

9. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Crooked; a small useful article, a sphere, to add to, a naval officer, a judicial court of inquiry; power of understanding, rebellious soldiers in India, an artist, a cold country and an animal belonging to it, a kind of drapery; a lawyer; a rogue; an autumn month; a young lady; a song; crooked, as a fire. Centrals down and across name a celebrated painter.

W. H. A.

ANSWERS.

1. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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      J
     JAY
    JASTY
   PREMIER
    GRIND
     ANT
      E
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2. CHARADE.—Grace Darling.

3. SQUARE WORDS.

1.	2.
PETREL	STABLE
ENRAGE	TALLER
TRADER	ALGORE
RACERS	BLONDE
EGERIA	LERDIN (Milton)
LERBAL (Waller)	ENERET

4.

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  BATLET
  AFRICA
  TARRET
  LIBRAM
  ICHORS
  SAYNED (Wynted)
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THE REQUEST.

BY MAX.

Sing to me, dear, again,
Make glad my heart and take away its pain;
No bird that thrills in Heaven his glad refrain,
Sings half so sweet a strain.

Striking the chords of love,
How mighty and how strong thy voice can prove;
Then sweet and low as any cooing dove,
Murmuring thro' the grove.

Sing of thy native land,
Thy Italy, serenely calm and grand;
Till in my spirit 'neath its dome I stand,
Clasping thy faithful hand,

Borne on the wings of song
I lose myself as in an Angel throng;
And find the glory I have sought so long,
A recompense for wrong.

Sing to me, dear again,
Thou sweet enchanter of my heart and brain,
Till every pulse shall vibrate with the strain
Of the divine refrain.

A BREACH OF THE LAW.

BY LEWIS HOUGH.

Winny Amlet came cantering along the strip of grass which skirted the high road, on her rough pony; Noble, the big deer-hound, followed as groom, while Chang and Anak, small Scotch terriers, skirmished about the hedge, falling far behind when they found a gamey hole to scratch at, and then making up the lost ground at a terrific pace. Winny was the only child of the rector of Sparsely-cum-Thinpop, a widower. The vicarage was at Thinpop, so Mr. Rusport, the young curate, lived at Sparsely. The villages were some three miles apart, Sparsely being very much the larger, and each had a separate church. It was an excellent arrangement, because the young man got most of the work. He did not get enough to please him though, for Mr. Rusport was zealous, and the rector was charmed to think how nicely he was managing those wearisome schools, and what comfort he administered, by deputy, to the sick poor cabined in those close cottages. Ay, his curate earned his salary right well; but I doubt if the same could be truly said of the lady he had selected for his girl's governess, for she had even less authority over her than he himself had, and he, good easy mortal, could no more insist upon man, woman, child, or animal doing what he, she, or it did not want to do than he could fly. So little Winny, who lost her mother at five years old, had her own way to a scandalous extent, and her way was to run, and jump, and climb, and throw stones, and scamper over the country on her pony, and attend to the comforts of the old men and women of the parish, who adored her. She preferred digging in the garden to history, sawing wood to geography. The rural dean, calling rather early one morning, found her mowing the lawn. Yet people could do anything with her by appealing to her affections. She stuck to her music like a heroine, in order to play and sing to her father; and Miss Mumps, her nominal governess, got her to apply to more unpalatable studies by weeping when she refused them. One way or another, Winny knew a great deal more than you would have thought possible. She was now sixteen, and had no idea that she had grown out of the child into the woman. Any young fellow who met her would have known it though. Mr. Rusport knew it, for instance, and William Ferreter.

Cantering along over the crest of an easy hill, Winny came to Sparsely—past the red-brick Elizabethan mansion of Sir Charles Ferreter, glimpses of which could be caught through the foliage; past the snug little lodge with overgrown stables, where the sporting doctor lived; past the old church and church-yard where her mother lay, up the straggling single street, she stopped at the door of the general shop, jumped down, hitched her reins on to a hook in the wall, went in and rapped the counter with her whip, calling—

"Jane Nye! Jane!"

The prettiest girl in the village hurried in and bobbed.

"Oh, Jane! I want four ounce packets of tobacco, and three of snuff, and five quarter-pounds of tea, and two penn'orth of sweeties. But, why, Jane, whatever can be the matter?"

For Jane Nye's eyes were swollen and red, and her soft brown hair was ruffled, as though her head had just been raised from her arms. She tried to speak, broke down, and then at last sobbed out—

"Robert Jackson!"

"What of him?" asked Winny, who was as curious as Eve.

"Oh, he's took up!"

"Taken up! Who by? What for?"

"By Squire Ferreter's game-keeper, for poaching."

"Poaching! what, in June?"

"Oh, he has not done it, miss, I'm certain. He promised me faithful he'd never done it again, and he has kep' his word nigh on two year."

"He used to poach once, then?"

"I don't know, miss; they said so when I first kep' company with him, and so I made him promise. And there's his poor mother just out of the fever, and not able to get about. Sally Brown is there mornings and nights, and I run over a bit: but I have no one to mind the shop while I'm gone. Even if he had killed the hare, they need not have made such a fuss, with his mother in that state and wanting something relishing."

"A hare!" cried Winny Amlet, turning very red, and flashing curiously with her eyes. "When did it happen?"

"Yesterday evening, miss. They have put him in the lock-up; and he is to be brought before Sir Charles at twelve o'clock to-day. They will send him for certain to Mudborough Gaol to wait for the 'sizes, and that will be the ruin of him. How is his bit of land, and cow, and pig, and mother to be looked to while he is in prison?" And the girl broke down again.

"There, don't give way; I am sure all will come right. I promise you it shall. You say he is to be brought up at twelve o'clock; now it's a quarter to. I shall have time to reach the Hall and speak to Sir Charles before it's all over."

"Sir Charles won't have the judging of it; he got so much blame in the papers and from

"SAW WINNY AMLET STANDING AT HIS ELBOW."

neighbors about the last case of poaching on his own estate he committed a man for, that he has sent for Mr. Stacey to come and justice for him."

"All the better!" cried Winny. "Keep a good heart up, Jane, and look after the widow."

She whistled to the dogs, who were foraging, jumped on her pony, and cantered off to the Hall—a single-minded, ready-witted, self-dependent young lady enough, for all her innocence and tendency to tomboyishness.

The case had just opened, when she slipped quietly into Sir Charles Ferreter's library, and after exchanging silent salutations with the two magistrates, made herself small in an arm-chair in the back-ground. It was a good room for magisterial business; large, lofty, well lined with books smelling of Russian leather. The idea that he had drawn down the wrath of a man who had mastered all those volumes, dummies included, might well strike awe into the rustic soul. Mr. Stacey occupied the post of honor—a deep maroon-colored chair, placed behind a table with a space for the legs in the centre, and drawers on each side. He was a tall, straight man, rather lean, bald on the top of his head, but with the hair at the sides long enough to be brushed forwards into the semblance of small elephant's tusks. His eyebrows were shaggy, his complexion fair, his fingers long. He had come over to Ferreter Hall at the first summons, for the exercise of magisterial functions was his especial hobby. Sir Charles Ferreter sat on his right hand; he was old and very infirm, being a martyr to rheumatic gout. Treddler, Mr. Stacey's clerk, was stationed at one end of the table. Mr. Rusport, who had come as a witness to character, sat behind the justices; Winny took a place at his side. William Ferreter, only child of Sir Charles, stood at a window, reading the newspaper; he was a dark, coarse, mean-looking youth, and was not present willingly, but at his father's command, for the prisoner had appealed to certain evidence with which "Master William" could clear him.

Robert Jackson, charged with slaughter of the hare, was one of a class which has become extremely rare in England; he was a peasant proprietor. How his family became originally possessed of the little patch of soil I cannot say. All I know is that a late Robert Jackson had inherited from a former Robert Jackson a little bit of land, situated in the centre of one of Sir Charles Ferreter's best farms, and that the fact was a crumpled rose-leaf in the Ferreter couch. Many efforts had been made to buy the land, but the Jacksons were very Naboths for the tenacity with which they stuck to their patrimony. So there was feud between the little family and the big one, for the Ferreters were a harsh lot—overbearing, petty, spiteful, pretentious, grasping. There never was a good avarage English country gentleman of their breed since they came into the county, which disliked them.

Robert Jackson, then, had been brought up to look upon his rich neighbors as foes, to be voted against at elections, and despoiled of their game, and he *had* poached till Jane Nye had taught him better. But since his engagement to her he had used his gun for lawful purposes only—the scaring of birds and destruction of predatory rabbits. For Jane was a Sunday-school teacher, and good. Jackson was a fine, sturdy young fellow; handsome, honest-looking. His features betrayed anxiety when he first came in, but they cleared, and he gave a sigh of relief on seeing William Ferreter standing by the window.

John Morris, game-keeper, being sworn, deposed that on the previous evening, at about half-past seven, Mr. William called at his lodge and said he had just heard a shot in Thinpop Woods; so he hurried off in the direction intimated, and, going through the plantation, saw Robert Jackson leaving it by the path which led to his own home, carrying something in a pocket-handkerchief. Went up and asked him what he had got there. Was told to mind his own business. Said it *was* his business, and snatched the bundle. Found that it contained a hare, still warm and bloody, evidently recently shot. Jackson had no gun then, but that was nothing; poachers often hid their guns. Asked how he came by the hare; prisoner said that it was given him by Mr. William. Knowing that to be all moonshine nonsense, he took him into custody, getting a black eye on so doing. Black eye put in evidence, and undoubtedly genuine. Hare, ditto, ditto.

"But, gentlemen," cried the accused, "I only spoke truth. Speak up for me, Mr. William, and tell them how it was."

William Ferreter put down the newspaper, and looked round with an air of astonishment.

"'Pon my word," said he, "I don't know what the fellow is talking about. Of course I gave him no hare. To begin with, I don't shoot them in June; and, in the next place, I am not in the habit of sending game to cads."

Here Mr. Treddler whispered to Mr. Stacey, who coughed and said that the proceedings were irregular. Mr. Ferreter must be properly sworn if he had any evidence to give.

"But I have none to give," said the young man, taking up the paper again,

"Oh, this is too bad to be true!" cried Jackson. "Mr. Stacey, sir, you have the name of being a just gentleman, who will not see a poor man wronged. I have got a mother dependent on me, sir, and if you send me to prison it will ruin me and kill her, and all for nothing. For, let him deny it as he likes, the squire's son did give me the hare, and I was loth to take it."

"But, my good man," said Mr. Stacey, just think what an improbable statement yours is. What possible motive could Mr. William Ferreter have for such conduct as you impute to him?"

"It's spite, sir," cried Jackson eagerly. "Yes; I see it all now, though it is hard to believe that any one can be so wicked. I wonder he don't expect the roof to fall in and crush him; I do. Look here, sir; it's more than a year ago that I was going home one evening down the Mill-head Lane, when I heard a woman screaming; and running up I found it was my sweetheart, Jane Nye, and that he, Mr. William there, had been rude to her. Well, I lost my temper, I don't deny, and gave him a licking. He swore at the time he would be even with me; but he spoke so fair afterwards that I—— God help me, I see you don't believe me. Well, swear him; let him kiss the book and say I lie."

"Very sad, this persistence," said Mr. Stacey, turning to Sir Charles, who shrugged his shoulders. "Prisoner, you do yourself no good by making such imputations, which I advise you to repress on another occasion. Make out his committal, Mr. Treddler."

"Please, Mr. Stacey, will you make me swear," said a quiet, girlish voice behind the magistrate, who looked round in great surprise and saw Winny Amlet standing at his elbow, with eyes sparkling and cheeks carnation, but perfectly unembarrassed in manner.

"*You*, my dear!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, me. I did not wish to speak if I could help it; but as the poor man will be sent to prison if I don't, why, you know, I must."

So Winny had her first oath administered, and swore thus: "I was walking in Thinpop Woods yesterday evening, and I saw a young thrush that seemed frightened by something, and unable to fly, on the branch of a tree which looked easy to climb. I often climb trees when there is no one looking, so I went up this one to try and catch the little bird. I had nearly done so when a gun was let off somewhere near, and that frightened it so that it fluttered away. I know people think it queer and unladylike to climb trees, so I made myself as small as I could till the person who fired should have passed, and peeped through the leaves for him. There were two little paths coming from different directions to be seen from my bough, and presently Robert Jackson came along that one exactly opposite to the part where I heard the shot, so that he could not have fired it, could he? Directly after, another man came in sight along the other path from which the report had come, and he carried a gun in one hand and a dead hare in the other. He stood and stirred some brushwood about with his foot as if looking for a good place to conceal the hare; but presently he caught sight of Jackson, and went on towards him, and they met close to my tree.

"'Look here, Jackson,' said he, 'I have shot this by mistake for a rabbit; do you care to have it?'

"'Thank you, sir; it would make the old woman a nice soup—only I am afraid of getting into trouble.'

"'Nonsense!' said the other; 'I'll say how you came by it if any one sees it; though you had better not show it either, as I had rather not be laughed at for the mistake.'

"'Well, sir,' said Jackson, 'if you press me I will take it; for since it is killed it seems a sin almost to waste so much good meat, don't it?'

"And then he took it, and wrapped it in his handkerchief and went away, and the other went away too; and I came down and walked home; and that is all."

There was a pause of dead silence, and then Mr. Stacey asked—

"Do you know the other man—the one who gave the hare away?"

"Did I not name him?" said Winny. "It was——. He has left the room."

William Ferreter had not only left the room, but the house, and presently afterwards the county, to which he did not return for some years. Of course Robert Jackson was set at liberty directly.

His story aroused a good deal of indignant sympathy, which took the form of presents when he married Jane Nye in the August following.

Winny Amlet has given up climbing trees; but she is somewhat masterful still, and I fancy will be, unless she marries an energetic man like Mr. Rusport. And I do not think that he would mind much if she did, by-the-by.

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