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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 14.

For the Hearthstone. DREAMLAND.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

Oh, call me not back to my earthly abode. From roaming through dreamland with those that I Stom roaming through dreamland with those that I love;
Oh, break not the spell, by which shadowy, thread I was joined with the loved ones, the absent, and doad.

I dreamt of my boyhood, so joyous and free, Bre the eares of the world had grown heavy on me Forgot was my sorrow, unhoeded my pain, In the bright sunny dream of my boyhood again.

reamt of my mother, so gentle and kind;
sister, whose light laugh throw care to the wind
father's fond smile, and my brother's loud chee;
r where are the leved ones? Sud cohe sigh"Whore?"

rom the home of my childhood I have faded away. stranger and exile I wander to dny: olet me roum on in the shudowy sphere, nd call me not back to the world and it's care.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER VIII.

A year, a long and weary year, had passed since the night of Sir Robert's death; Agne-and Margaret Cuninghame sat in their half li-chamber, clasping each other's hands as if they would thus assure themselves they were year would thus assure thenselves they were yet together; they had so often been threatened with separation, that it had become their greatest dread; they talked of Arthur Lind-say, and the poor girls, to whom sorrow was now familiar as a household word, wondered if he was dead; they had neither seen or hear sught of him since the first evening. Si aught of him since the first evening, Si Richard Cuninghame came to blight thei young lives; they never for an instant doubte-either his love or truth, their faith in him knew either his love or truth, their faith in him knew neither change or wavering; they knew not that the gate keeper, while there still was a gate keeper, had strict orders to prevent his entoring the Castle grounds, and now that the gate was fast locked, and chain barred and the key kept by Sir Richard himself, there was nothance for any one to enter, and if he could have forced his way in by force or guile, how was he to find his love, high up in one of the upper chambers of the north tower?

The beautiful suite of rooms appropriated to their use by their father, had been taken from them long before, and a room with scanty furniture, and bare floor and walls, given them as a sleeping place in the north tower, a room which in their father's lifetime they would not have asked their maid to occupy.

Their maid had long since been dismissed, and together with her went all whom Sir Richard considered superfluous servants,

Richard considered superfluous servants, among whom was Adam.

There was now a Lady in Haddon Castle;

a woman who had married Sir Richard for his old, and the title he could give her, one who in her early home, had never seen other servant than a maid of all work, and considered herher fine rooms shut up half the time, and no visitors except her mother or sisters, the best waited on, and greatest lady in all the land.

She was a large coarse looking woman, strong and healthy; it was for these last qualities, Sir Richard sought and wooed her. "Happy is the wooing, that's not long of doing," says the proverb; Sir Richard's wooing and marriage, was begun and ended in two days.

She hated the twin girls; in the first place, she could not bear the idea of being even a step-grandmamma; in the next place their high bred beauty was a constant source of annoy ance, "ugly, washed out, discontented like things," she called them, but she could not concoal from herself, that the brick dust check she saw in her mirror, would stand a bad chance of admiration if seen beside the roseleaf of theirs; they were idlers too in her eyes, they could neither "make nor mend," as she expressed it "what was fit for a christian to wear," and when they made themselves " scare another of her elegant expressions, she felt at her case, which she never did in their pre

"I hate those girls with their great calf like eyes," she would say to her mother, "I cannot call my soul my own, when they are in the room, the one looking so meek and mild, and the other like the Queen of Sheba."

"They are very quiet and inoffensive, Charlotte," said her mother, who sincerely pitied the poor girls, whom she saw from day their young lives in a state of unhappiness, little removed from dumnce vile, "and I felt quite sorry for poor Miss Margaret, when you would not let her touch the baby: -she

looked so hurt." "I daresay she did," replied the young mother, who was really in horror, lest either of the twins should come near enough to her young son to touch him; "but I am very sur, they would both be glad enough to hear he young son to touch him; "but I am very sure, they would both be glad enough to hear he was dend to-night, I judge others by myself, and I am sure I would not like any one who came to take the bread out of my mouth, as



he has done to them; I wish Sir Richard would | the wind seemed to shrick, as it came in gusty | each of the girls, they shricked with horror as get rid of them, but there is no use speaking | eddies round the old Castle, wailing in their | looking round they saw amid the darkness, a get rid of them, but there is no use speaking to him about that, I believe he has made up his mind they will live and die here.'

She was right there; Sir Richard had deter mined that the two girls should never leave Haddon Castle except on a bier, and were it not the fear of his fellow men that held him in check, they would have slept beside their father, instead of daily being an offense to his eyes; at times he was tempted to immure them in the cage, in which he himself had suffered so long, but were he to do so, this would tie him to Haddon, he must remain at home to be their feeder, and he had been so long confined to a narrow space, that liberty was doubly dear to him; besides, chance had revealed to him the way to open the cage, but he could not possibly find the spring by which to shut it, neither could he shut the door or the sliding panel entering into the Armory, the doo of which last alone could be shown hich last, alone could be shut and locked

Another motive, on the second visit he mad o the eastern tower, he found the lantern the girls had dropped there the night of their he knew from Adam's account of his master's illness, and death bed, that the great destroyer had set his seal on each limb of Robert Cuninghame, ere he himself had made his escape; therefore the lantern must have been left by another, who now possessed the secret of the tower, and at any time that man might walk in accompanied by the minions o the law, and demanding to see the girls walk straight to their hiding place in the eastern tower; he must not risk such a possibility.

He would gladly do them unto death by ome slow, sure merns, which would leave no trace behind, except the look of suffering and sorrow, which he hoped both their young faces would express in the fullest sense, when he would show their dead bodies to Lady Hamilton, and in presence of her dead, tell her how her son was lost and found, and how his children were tortured according to law; and all the

cars, and reminding them of the night of their

father's death. They spoke of their father, the love they bore him, his affection and kindness, which now by contrast seemed angelic, the happiness they had known until death came to bring in

his train such weariness and woe for them.

A wild gust of wind tore round the tower, shaking the old window casement in its frame as if it would force its way inside, the girls clung to each other in the darkness, speaking of the night they visited the cage chamber, and wish ing (fruitless wish) they had not been sent, and then their father, with them beside him,

might have lived and been with them still.

Just as that wild wind shook and rattled the asement, the door of their room was silently opened, and a figure with stealthy foot, ontered

The girls still spoke of the eastern tower and its iron cage, wondering how Sir Richard could have opened the iron gate, and with the shut panel, how he could have made his escape.

Agnes put her arm round her sisters waist, and leading her to the window, they stood thus for some minutes looking out into the wild night, the moon was struggling through dark misty clouds, its fitful light sufficing only to show the tempest which was struggling in the air, and at times for an instant to light up the window, and shew to each sister the terrified, marble white face of the other.

"Would to God," said Agnes clasping her sister close round the waist as she spoke, " we could devise some means of escape from this we had died at the moment we lost the lan-tern in the tower, we should then have been happy with papa in the heavens, and escaped the almost daily torment we have suffered

gray head with fierce eyes of hate, staring down upon their upturned faces.

The wind swept round and round the old Castle, at times groaning like a sick spirit, with wild whirl and rush, tearing along; the stately trees, the growth of centuries, bending like saplings before the fury of the hurricane the night accorded well, with the troubled spirit of the Castle's Lord, as descending the broad staircase, he hastily crossed the hall and opening the lower drawing room, strode up and lown its length with unequal steps, communing with himself on the discovery he had

"These two girls then" he inwardly cogitated " were the trusty conditions, with whom Robert Cuninghame deposited the secret of his Father's prison."

They it was who left the lantern which so often stared him in the face sleeping and wak-ing, silently telling that another knew the story of eighteen years, which miser as he was, he would have given thousands of pounds to bury fathoms deep in the bottom of the sea.

Richard Cuninghame had been a drunkard and gambler for many long years, he was also covetous and miserly, but all his other passions bent low before his pride, and this was wounded to the death, when he thought of the lifetime he had passed on the bare floor in his own Castle; a captive to the man whom he had stolen in his childhood, and treated worse than a slave, or a dog in his boyhood and youth; and now the children of this man were aware of his disgrace, and might at any time blazon it round the country. He ground his teeth and desolate home; something seems to whisper to stamped with rage at the very thought, his me day and night, that terrible man, neck and face livid purple; they must be means to keep us here till we die; Oh! that, quieted, but how with safety to himself? aye, that was the question; poison, a dagger, a pistol all efficient, but the danger to himself so great that neither could be thought of for a moment. He still walked the length and breadth of the room, at times grinding his teeth The evening was darkening into night, and A heavy hand was laid on the shoulder of and elenching his hands in his mad rage, at | ney top, and with these he sought the outer

times sitting with folded arms looking at the storm, feeling himself helpless as " a leaf tossed by the wind"; the night was wearing into the gray morning, the storm dying away and away, out over the sea, its bursts of fury sub-dued, and growling at intervals like a lion re-turning to his lair; Sir Richard sat looking at the streak of light as it struggled with the heavy, min-laden clouds to rise above the

horizon.

The evil one, who whispereth to the souls of those who work his will; passed by, and stayed his flight for one moment, to whisper in the car of his despairing servant; Sir Richard drew a long breath, a grim smile played around his thin lips, and relaxed his hard check.

"Just the thing, stapid not to think of it before." His satisfaction forming itself into words, and giving voice to his thoughts; he started to his feet, he longed to be at work, but the gravy dawn told him he had yet many hours

the gray dawn told him he had yet many hours to wait, and throwing himself on one of the sofa's, he tried to obtain rest for his wearled body, while his guilty soul strayed abroad, working beforehand the foul deed which was to em-

ploy his waking hours.

The sun rose fair and beautiful, his rays given back from every drop of dew, as they hung in millions on each blade of grass and

mossy sprny.

Sir Richard stood on the stone steps in front of his Castle door surveying the wreck the storm of the past-night had made, more than one of the stately beeches which for centuries had adorned the park, were snapt in twain, their long branches trailing on the ground, their brown leaves glistening in the bright sunshine, the state of the shewing in fine contrast to the wet green grass they lay on. One great clm in front of the they my on. One great cin in from the tempest torn up by the roots, and now lay prostrate, its roots pointing to the sky.

"Curse the wind!" exclaimed the wrathful.

man as he looked on the havock the storm had left to mark the line of its march.

Just at the same moment, upon the pine clad-hills three miles from Haddon, Adam, the dis-carded servant who had dwelt in the Castle for lifty years, stood at the door of the shepherds but which now sheltered his aged limbs, and looked on a scene of equal devastation, the huge branches and treetops of the firs strewn thickly around, while several of the hardy denizens of the forest had been torn from the rocky bed,

on which they had made their home.

As the old man looked around, a feeling of awe and wonder arose in his soul at the scene of desolation he beheld; and lifting up his highland bonnet from his head, in reverence, he exclaimed.

"So sendeth He the whirlwind ; praise to the

Lord who bath kept me while I slept."

Sir Richard's first act, was to despatch his only man servant with a message to the doctor in the neighbouring town, a distance of twenty miles, desiring him to let the horse rest for hours before his return.

He next sought his wife, and desired her

frame some excuse for sending out the cook on an errand which would occupy her for the day; and immediately on her departure, to bring the chamber maid into her own apartments, there to keep her employed until he signified she might pursue her usual occupations; this was the more easily accomplished, as the baby bay had been sick and fretful during the past night, and the tired mother wanted rest.

Sir Richard waited with impatience, until all fear of his actions being watched and noted was gone: in the whole pleasure ground no human

being but himself was abroad.

He now sought the conch house, which had been in the hands of the plasterer for repair a few days previous, and possessing himself of a bucket full of plaster, and a trowel, he took his way to the top of the north tower, where disenguging a part of the lead roofing, he carefully spread it on the top of the chimney, and then proceeded to plaster it round, so that

no foul air could escape, no pure air enter.
This accomplished, he sought the door of the room where the twinsslept, and which he had

carefully locked the previous evening.

He listened, all was still, save the heavy breathing of the girls, which told they still slept; a grim smile passed over his sinister face, as with fiendish glee he thought of the long weary hours, of choking, fainting and pain, endured over and over again, his innocent victims must suffer ere death came to set them free. He had provided himself with ma-terials, and he now proceeded to carefully close up each passage to the air which the top, botn, or sides of the door might afford, and having completed the work to his entire satisfaction, another grim smile of approval, spread from his guilty soul to his fiendish face; verily he was obeying the behest given him, and do-

ing his master's work well.

This last work had occupied more time, and given him more trouble than he anticipated; the sun was high in the heavens ere he had finished his hellish employment; the girls were stirring for some time back, they tried to open the door, they spoke to each other, but he had stopped every crevice, it was impossible to dis-tinguish a word they said; a loud crash told him they had broken the window, they were suffering for want of air, and he laughed, a snooring fiendish laugh at the impotency of all

their efforts to escape the doom so surely their's. He now resumed the trowel and plaster bucket he had formerly employed on the chim-



THE HEARTHSTONE.

corridor of the tower, prepared to cement the iron shutters outside the window of the room, and thus by excluding the air, immure them in a living tomb; as he passed along the corridor he shut one side of the shutters, which were divided, and met in the middle; the iron clanged as it shut, startling the girls into a consciousness of the terrible fact, that they were to be about the side of the shutters. were to be shut out from light and air, and thus

They screamed with horror, as they saw the gray uncovered head of the fierce man staring upon them for a moment, ere he shut the iron doors which were to divide them from the liv-

ing, breathing world for ever!

He did not hurry over his work, he knew there was no one to tell the tale, and he lingered, that he might revel in the sighs and sounds of despair, which he ever and anon stayed his hand to hear; but which never came, his victims knew they must die, and the strong heart of their father was given them; they would die,

corridor, well pleased to see his work done. He cared not for the death of the two girls, they were none of his, they might die now, or live a seen him engaged in that sentimental hundred years if it were so ordered; to him it with Grace watching him, enraptured, mattered not, but the work done then, had made Richard Cuninghame sevenfold more the He thought of his own world with a dreary child of hell then he was before.

The foots ps of Sir Richard as he departed from the cord for sounded in the cars of the de-solate girls fainter and fainter, telling them but too plainly that these were the last sounds from mortal foot which should ever greet their

hearing.

They were struck dumb in their great despair, and folding their arms about each other, they sat in the darkness, striving to comfort themselves with the hope of meeting the father they had so loved in the Heaven they knew

they would soon win.

Poor children they little knew the pangs which precede death by foul air, but by degrees which precent death by four air, but by degrees the lesson began to unfold itself;—the swollen veins;—the fainting breath;—the life pulse stopping, and then reassuming its power;—the heart with its great throbs as if each must be the last:—the distended nostril,—the staring eyes:—the wide open mouth, gasping for breath which would not come :—the last phase,—each fair head laid on the bare floor, while long after the stiff parched tongue refused to do its office, a cry inaudible on earth, but ringing clear and strong in heaven went up simultaneously from both young hearts to the footstool of their God

"Our father in heaven, now let us die!" The waving from side to side of the heavy, weary heads was over;—the throbbing hearts still;—consciousness as to place and time, pain or sorrow, had passed away.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

Oh, what shall we do with the queerest of hoys? He looks with disdain on the weatness of toys: Whilst comrades are playing he never will budge; But he sits in a corner as grave as a judge.

He sighs for a cano, and he wants a high hat He pines for a cost, and a watch, and all that; He prattled of shaving when school days began, This dear little, odd little, dry little man.

He promises mother a house and some land, And twenty-five servants or more to command; He keeps his own trunk on his own little shelf. And he writes funny letters, and all to himself.

His age—would you think it?—is only just four; You'd say, by his ways, he was forty or more; He begs to sit up when the rest go to bod— Say, what's to be done with this wise little head?

He has a wee sister who's just come to tewn; He came and he looked at her in her white gown: Then hade her "good morning:" he made it a point To show that his nose wasn't put out of joint.

He talks of a gun, and a pistol that shoots; His feelings are strong on the subject of boots; They call him "old-inshioned," and 20 let him stay, As long as he's good in the old-fashioned way.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act. of 1808.]

THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon. AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' STC.

CHAPTER IX.

" A FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER."

Ir was late in the afternoon when Huber Walgrave came back to the farm, and there was a holy calm in the atmosphere of the old house which told him somehow that Mrs Redmayne had departed. Your household Martha is the most estimable of women, but is apt to make a good deal of superfluous clatter in her trouble about many things There was an air of perfect peacefulness in the house to-day, which was new and welcome to the lodger. His dinner was served without the usual bustle—not quite so well cooked, perhaps, as when Mrs. James's own hand basted the joint, or made the gravies and seasonings; but he was not a man to whom a well-cooke dinner is the supreme good of life. He liked the repose and tranquility which Mrs. James had left behind her; liked to think that when he strolled into the garden presently he would find Grace free to give him her society.

He found her sitting at her work—those inexorable pillow-cases-quite alone under the cedar. James Redmayne was by no means a man of dissipated habits; but liberty is very sweet to those who taste it rarely; and he had snatched the opportunity of walking over to Kingsbury, to discuss the ruling topics of the day with the small politicians of the place in the comfortable parlour of the Moon and Sever Stars. Harvest was near, and every man had stars. Intrest was near, and every man had a good deal to say about his crops. The burrs were beginning to show on the bine. What with politics and agriculture, Mr. Redmayne was in for a long evening. As to Jack and Charley, they never stayed anywhere except for meals. Their normal state was locomodized.

So Crace sat quite alone under the cedar; and all that evening the lovers roamed in the garden and loitered in the orchard, and there was no one to interfere with their happiness.

O, haleyon time! O, summer-tide of joy, shadowed by no thought of to-morrow! Grace abandoned herself to her happiness as simply for anything except self-sacrifice—a strang-mixture of sentiment and worldly wisdom—a good deal of melaneholy philosophising after the modern school—and the perpetual refrain, the modern school—and the perpetual refrain, the comforted her as best be might, dried her love you, Grace, but it is not to be."

One sweet summer day followed another, and their liberty was undistarted. Uncle James made the best use of his for don, contrived to have business at Tunbridge one day and at Kingsbury the next, and had what the Yankees call "a good time," Grace went out ishing with her lover—went wandering along the winding bank of a delicious streamlet that of their father was given them; they would die, and give no sign.

The evil work was done, and the spirit that twisted here and there through that not ton well-watered country, and saw him do battle with the conception and execution, passed by cre the stars came out, with their pale light to help men in the dreary night.

The evil nor rested on the belustrade of the corribor well thought to see his work done of an old beech, like any rustic Corydon. He could not help wondering what Augusta Vallory would have thought it she could have seen him engaged in that sentimental labour,

sigh.

6 And yet by the end of a month I should be tired to death, I daresay," he said to himself,
"How much better to break with my darling while our love retains all its freshness-to have each a sweet poetic memory to carry down to our graves! How much better not to have worn our emotions threadbare! I shall marry Augusta, and Grace will marry one of her consins: and in the secret drawer of our desks we shall each keep a withered flower, or a lock of hair-" only a woman's hair '-in remembrance

This was very comfortable philosophy, and for the man of the world who meant to make a a name and a fortune and live the life which seemed to him altogether best worth living, highly satisfactory—not quite so consolatory, perhaps, for the girl who had given him all her neart, and was to be left behind to vegetate with

The days slipped away. The week was very near its end. Aunt Hannah wrote to in, can the family that Priscilla Sprouter was going on idmirably, and the baby in perfect health; and that, with the blessing of Providence, she, Mrs. lames, would be home early on Monday morn-

ing—in time for the wash.

This was a signal for Hubert Walgrave's departure. He did not care to encounter the serutinishing gaze of the matron in his altered rela-lations with Grace. The rustic idyl had lasted long enough. It was best that it should come to a sudden close. And yet—this man of the world counted the hours that were left to him before that black Monday, and looked forward with a foolish delight to the quiet of the long Sabbath—the church bells ringing hymn tunes across the golden corn-fields—the drowsy blissfulness of the old-fashioned garden where flaunting hollyhocks proclaimed that autuma was at hand.

Grace woke with a strange tremulous feeling of mingled joy and sorrow on that Sunday morning. Another long day—with him! It was the last; but while it still lay before her it seemed such a sum of happiness. At twilight it would be different; but with the morning sun still shining she could not think of the evening. The garden was still bright and dewy when Hubert Walgrave came in quest of her, and she brighter and fresher than the morning itself. They walked together until break-fast time-went to church together afterwards -were together, more or less, all day long. There was no one to interrupt their perpetual tête-d-tête, even upon this day of rest; Mr. Redmayne improving the shining hours by refresh-ing slumber, sleeping off the effects of his unwonted dissipations at Kingsbury, that he might meet his wife with a screne front on the morrow; the two young men loading about any where and everywhere—sitting on gates for the greater part of the day—conversing with stray plough-men, or descending to the intellectual level of a passing crow boy.

Haleyon Sabbath !happy summer time among the flaunting hollyhocks and fading roses! It was meet this should be the end. In all Grace Redmayne's young life this one bright week make up the sum of perfect happiness. In the fashionable world there are experienced beauties who count their happy seasons—summers that are one perpetual jestival who look back regretfully to the golden years in their calendar; but Grace's season was bounded by the span of seven days. She had her brief day of delight and brightness, like a flower or a butterfly, and

that was all. Towards evening Hubert Walgrave saw her face change. She grew very pale; her hands trembled as they touched the flowers; and when, in the course of their purposeless saunt-ering to and fro, one little hand rested on his he found that it was icy cold.,

arm, he found that it was 1cy com.,
"My darling, is there anything the matter?"

he asked tenderly.

"Nothing; except that you are going away to-morrow. You do not expect me to be very

happy to-night, do you?"
"But, my sweetest, you have known from
the first that it must be so. We agreed to make your aunt's return the signal for our leave-taking. This parting has been before us from the

"Yes, it has been before us: but I did not know it would be so bitter," she said, and then burst into tears.

was hard for him to bear, but a man who means to get on in the world must endure a good deal of hardship in the way of outraged feeling. He would have given a great deal in that mo ment to be able to clasp her to his heart, and cessful man, with nothing to sacrifice, it would have been easy to forget any differences of so-cial position, slight at the best, and to cast in his fate with the woman he loved. But he was very far from being an unsuccessful man, and his standpoint was a critical one. He owed much to one strong hand that had helped him to mount several rungs of the hulder, and could help him higher. To marry this girl would be to forfeit the best friend he had; in plain words,

on the breath of attorneys, has an important not quite iron; and he had a guilty feeling mantelpiece in the principal room one picture, card to play in his marriage, and may make or mar himself thereby. Hubert Walgrave did not mean to imperil his chances. He had beabandomed herself to her happiness as simply abandomed herself to her happiness as simply as a child at the beginning of a holiday. He was with her—he had granted her prayer, and stayed. Never had she dreamed that life could hold so much joy. And yet it was only the old story; passionate protestations of unchaning affection—a love which was vast enough for anything except self-sarrifice—a strave a hair's breatht from that intention. This holdess passion for a farmer's daughter was luckless passion for a farmer's daughter was

her tears, beguited her into smiling at him, a very faint wan smile.

6 Shall I ever she you again after to morrow morning, I wonder? she said piteously. And then she quoted Romeo and Juliet, which they had read together in the garden:

"Oh heaven. I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see the now I'm parting from thee As one dead in the bottom of a tomb."

" My dearest, we shall meet again. I shall come to see you one day, when you are married perhaps,"

" O no, no, no!" she cried, shaking her head. "O no, no, not surerica, smaring ner occa"O yes, yes, yes, Gracey! This has been
only a sweet posite dream, this love of yours
and mine. We are each to go our way in the
world, and live our lives. You remember what your beloved Longfellow says:

"Life is real, life is carnest."

And my sweet Grace will be an honoured wife and the happy mother of children. That is what a woman's life was meant for, after all, Grace, to watch beside a cradle. I shall come to see you, and find you the fair central figure of a happy home. Your father will have re-turned by that time."

The pale face whitened in the moonlight.

6 My father!? the girl repeated with something like a shudder. "You have almost made me forget my father."

The morning came; rosy-fingered Aurora in her opal car, and Mrs. James Redmayne in a chaise-cart. She arrived at Brierwood about breakfast-time—a metropolitan breakfast-time, that is to say—having risen at a preternaturally early hour in order to do forty miles and be at home in time for the washing. All the poetry of the cool shadowy old homestead seemed to vanish at the sight of her. There are people at whose coming all mystic creatures disperse; people who carry with them everywhere a de-lightful atmosphere of commonplace, whose conversation is as interesting as a rule-of-three sum, whose countenances are as expressive of tender emotion as the back of a ledger. Mrs. lames was one of these,

She gave her niece a mechanical kiss, with her eyes exploring the corners of the room all the while to see if the solemn rite of cleaning had been duly performed in her absence; and finding nothing here to complain of, turned her scrutinising gaze upon the girl's face, and pro-nounced immediately that she was looking

" You've been lolling about indoors all day, I daresay," she remarked, "instead of taking a healthy walk every morning." "No indeed, aunt Hannah," protested Grace,

blushing; "I've been out a good deal - for ong walks."

O, you have, have you?" said her aunt; a and pray are those pillow-cases mended " I've-almost-finished them."

"Almost! You've never done more than almost finish any work I ever gave you to do. But that comes of sending girls to stuckup boarding-schools. I've no common patience with such trumpery."

"Is the baby a very nice one, aunt Hannah?"
Grace inquired meckly, in the hope of giving a

pleasant turn to the conversation.

"He's got the red-gum," Mrs. James answered sharply; I don't believe I ever saw a child so speckled."

"But he'll come right, I suppose aunt?" "O, he'll come right soon enough, I daresay; but as for your monthly nurses, of all the lazy lumber I ever had to do with, they're about the worst. If children could only be brought up to the month by machinery, so as to get rid of them, it would be a blessing to families. How's Mr. Walgry?"

told you in his letter that he was going away,

didn't he?"
"Well, yes, he said something about it; but it was as much as I could do to make top or tail of it. Your uncle's a poor scribe. When

is he going ?" To-day," faltered Grace, dragging one of the ill-fated pillow-cases out of her work-basket, and studying a darn.

" To-day! That's uncommonly sudden. However, he's a good paymaster, and free to go when he likes. If one must take a lodger, one couldn't have one that would give less trouble. And we've made a fair profit out of him. I shall put from ten to fifteen pound in the savingsbank for your father out of what he's paid

Mrs. James took off her bonnet, washed her face at a sink in the back-kitchen with the strongest yellow-sonp, and a most profound in-difference to the effect of such ablutions on her complexion, put on a clean cap, and then went to pay her respects to the departing lodger. His northanteau and carpet-bag had been brought down into the old-fashioned low-ceilinged lobby, which served as a hall; the Kingsbury fly was at the door. Grace stood at the parlourwindow, pale as a ghost, watching. Would be seek her out to say good-bye? or would be leave her without a word? The eyes of the world were on him now-would he play his cruel part coldly, and without heed of her an-

She heard his voice in the lobby, talking commonplace to her aunt, and listened as if every word had been inspiration.

So sorry to leave you, Mrs. Redmayne," he said, in his slow languid way. "I did not be-lieve I could have enjoyed country life so much I have to thank you a thousand times for all your attention; nothing but an actual neces-

sity to perform other engagements would in-duce me to leave you. I hope to be allowed to come again someday.,'

"We shall be pleased to see you anywhen, Mr.Walgry," replied Mrs. James, in her blandest tones. "I'm sure there never was a gentleman gray less trouble." gave less trouble."

Mr. Walgrave smiled faintly. One poor lit-

evil.

The fly was at the door, his portmanteau and

"I think fought to say good-bye to your niece,

Mrs. R dunyme," he observed at last.
"You're very polite, I'm sure, sir; and I daresay Grace might take it unkind it you went away without wishing her good-morning. She's been brought up at boarding-school, and is full of fancies. Bless my soul, where is the girl?

The parlour-door opened quickly at that shrill cry, and Grace appeared on the threshold, pale to the lips, scarcely able to stand. Happi-ly for her, Mrs. James's attention was distracted at that moment by her son and heir, who had

For a long time Grace Redmayne's image, as she looked at that moment, haunted Hubert Walgrave. The pale plaintive look, the des-pairing eyes, with a kind of wildness in them. one look, that mute unconscious appeal.

He went to her as she stood by the door, and took her hand.

"I could not go away without wishing you good-bye, Grace," he said. "I have been telling your aunt how happy I have been here, and that I mean to come again—some day."

He waited, half expecting her to speak, but

she said nothing. The pale lips quivered slightly, and that was all. " Good-bye," he repeated; and then in a lower voice, "Good-bye, and Godbless you, my

darling !" He turned quickly away, shook hands with Mrs. Redmayne, and then with the elder of the lads, on whom he bestowed a couple of sovereigns for fishing-tackle; the house-servant had been already fee'd, and was smiling the smile

of gratitude from the background. In another minute the driver smacked his win, the wheels grated on the gravel, and Hubert Walgrave was " It makes us a full hour late for beginning the wash," said aunt Haunah; "but everything's in soak, and we've got a good drying day, that's

one blessing." Grace drugged herself up to her room, some-how, groping blindly up the familiar staircase, with a mist of bitter unshed tears before her eyes. O weary limbs! O heavy heart! Was there never again to be any joy for her upon this carth?

CHAPTER X.

M. WALGRAVE IS SATISFIED WITH HIMSELF.

The ten A.M. express whisked Mr. Walgrave up to town in something less than an hour. The fair Kentish laudscape shot past the car-The fair Kentish landscape shot past the carriage window, little by little losing its charm of oural seclusion, growing suburban, dotted thickly and more thickly with villas, here newly whitened stucce of the rustic Italian style, there fresh red-brick of severely gothic design; for oaks came laurels, for mighty becches of half a dozen centuries' growth monkey trees planted the day before yesterday; every house had its glittering conservatory trim have, and had its glittering conservatory, trim lawn, and geometrical flower-beds, all ablaze with Tom Thumb geraniums and calceolarin; everywhere the same aspect of commonplace British prosperity. Then the bright well-ordered suburb melted into the crowded southern fringe of the great town. The air became flavoured with soap-boiling, tallow, new boots-on the right hand a far-off odour of cordage and far from Deptford; on the left, the dismal swamps of Bermondsey. Then a clang and a clatter, a shricking and pulling, and jerking and snorting; a stoppage or two-apparently purpose-less-and lo, Mr. Walgrave was at the Londonbridge Station; and it seemed to him as if Grace Redmayne, and the life that he had been living for the last few weeks; could scarcely belong to such a world as this. It was a dreary

awakening from a delicious dream. He called a cab—a four-wheeler—since he had the responsibility of his luggage, and no one but himself to take charge of it, and drove through the grimy miry streets. Even at this deadest period of the year the City was noisy with traffic, and full of life and motion; but O, what a dismal kind of life after the yellowing corn-fields, studded with gaudy field flowers, and the rapturous music of the lark, invisible in

the empyrean! " O, to be a country squire with twenty thousand a year," he thought, "and to live my own life I to marry Grace Redmayne, and dawdle away my harmless days riding round my estate; to superintend the felling of a tree or the levelling of a hedge; to lie stretched on the grass at sunset with my head on my wife's lap, my eigar-case and a bottle of claret on the most is table head on my that the renown that rustic table beside me; to have the renown that goes with a good old name and a handsome income and to have nothing to wrestle for, no prize to pluck from the slow-growing tree that bears the sour fruit of worldly success—sour to the man who fails to reach it, ashes to the lips of him who wins it too late! And yet we strive
—and yet we persevere—and yet we sacrifice

all for the hope of that. The cab took him to one of the gates of the Temple, and deposited him finally ink King'sbench-walk. Here he had his chambers, a handsome suite upon the first floor, where he chose to live in defiance of fushion. He fully knew the value of externals, and that well-made chairs and tables are in a manner the ontward expression of a man's mental worth. There was no brick-d-brac : nor were the doors shadowed by those ruby yelvet portières, which seem to provail more in light literature than in the houses of everyday life. The rooms were large and lofty, and had all the charm of fine old mantelpieces, deep window seats, and well-preserved panelling. The furniture was solid and in good order—a little old-fushioned, and therefore in harmony with the rooms. were books on every side, but no luxury of binding-such books as a gentleman and a lawyer should possess—in soher decent garb, and arranged with an extreme nicety in fine old mahogany book-cases of that Georgian period whereof the furniture seems always to bear on its front a palpable protest against any pre-tentions to beauty. There were two or three comfortable easy-chairs, upholstered in russet morocco, a writing-table with innumerable would be simply ruin. A judge may marry his cook; but a rising young barrister, dependent his coming. He was a man of the world, but bronze moderator lamps; and over the high a Russian prince, and all the rest the dreariest

that his presence in that house had wrought | the only picture in Hubert Walgrave's cham.

It was a portrait of a woman, with a face of almost perfect loveliness—arch, piquant, bealmost perfect loveli cifal in its character, was obviously old-fa-shioned; between thirty and forty years old at the least. As a work of art the picture was a gem, a portrait which Reynolds or Romney—
"the man in Cavendish-square"—might have been proad of,

A quiet-looking middle-aged man-servantreceived Mr. Walgrave, and busied himself with the carrying in of the Juggage. He was half butler, half valet; slept in a closet off the small kitchen which lurked at the back of those handsome rooms; and with the aid of a laundress, who might often be heard scrubbing just contrived to smash a pane in the half-glass and sweeping in the early morning, but was door with one end of the traveller's fishing-rarely beheld by human eye except his own, rod.

The was conducted Mr. Walgrave's household. He was altogether a model servant, the result of a good many experiments in the domestic line, was efficient in the duties of a valet, and could pairing eyes, with a kind of wildness in them. broil a chop and hold a potato to perfection, and there image in many shapes was destined to conduced in no small measure to Hubert Walhaunt him all his life, but he never forget that grave's comfort. His name was Cuppage—one look that muta measure in the property of the Christian name Abraham-not by reason of any Jewish element in his race, but on account of the biblical tendencies of his mother, to whom he still proudly alluded on familiar occasions. as an unequalled clear-starcher and a staunch Bible Christian.

"Any letters, Cuppage?" Mr. Walgrave in-quired, flinging himself into his favourite arm-chair, and looking round the room listlessly.

It was a very pleasant room, looking westward, and commanding a fine view of that one feature which London has most reason to boast of the river. It was a comfortable room, stamned with the individuality of the man to whom it belonged, and Mr. Walgrave was fond of it. His books, his papers, his pipes, all the things which made life agreeable to him, were here. In this room he had worked for the last seven years, ever since he had began to earn money by his profession; and the book-shelves had been filling gradually all that time, every volume added by his own hands, picked up by himself, and in accordance with his own especial tastes.

He began to be reconciled to the change from that shady old house in Kent, with the per-fume of a thousand flowers blowing in at every window. London was dull, and empty, and dingy, but he had the things he cared for—books

and perfect case.

"I think I was made to be an old bachelor," he thought. "I should hardly care to leave these rooms to inhabit a palace, unless—unless it was with Grace liedmayne. Strange that a farmer's daughter, educated at a provincial boarding-school, should exercise more influence over me than any woman I ever met — should seem to me eleverer and brighter than the brightest I ever encountered in society. I don't think I am so weak a fool as to be won by beauty alone, though I would be the last to underrate that charm. I don't think I should have been so fond of that girl, if she were not something more than beautiful."

61 should have been so fond." Mr. Walgrave put his passion in a past tense, tried to consider it altogether a thing of the past; and then began to walk slowly up and down his then began to walk slowly up and down his room, now and then pausing by one of the three windows to look absently out at the sunlit river, with its fleet of black panting steamers and slow coal barges, with here and there a dingy sail thapping in the faint summer wind, thinking of Grace Redmayne.

What was she doing just at this moment? he wondered. Wandering listlessly in the garden, quite alone and very sorrowful.

quite alone and very sorrowful.

"I shall never forget that white despairing

face of hers," he said to himself. "The thought of it gives me an actual pain at my heart. If if I were a weak man, I should take my carpetbag and go back by the afternoon train; I can fancy how the sweet face would light up at sight of me. But I should be something worse than a fool if I did that. The wrench is over. Thank Heaven, I acted ho-nourably; told her the truth from the first. And now I have only to make it my business to forget her."

There were letters for him. Cuppage had arranged them symmetrically in a neat group upon the writing-table at the right hand of the moroceo-covered slope on which Mr. Walgrave was wont to write. He ceased from his prone-nade presently, and directed his attention to these, as some sort of distraction from medita-tions which he felt were perilous. They were not likely to be particularly interesting—his letters had been forwarded to him daily at Brierwood-but they would serve to occupy his mind for an hour or so.

There was one, bearing the Kensington postmark, in a hand which surprised him A large thick envelope, sealed with a monogram in gold and colour, and directed in a bold firm hand, square and uniform in style, which might be masculine or feminine.

It was very familiar to Hubert Walgrave. He

gave a little start of surprise—not altogether pleased surprise—on seeing this letter, and tore open the envelope hurriedly, to the utter destruction of the emblazoned monogram, in which the initials A. H. V. went in and out of each other in the highest style of florid gothic. The letter was not a long one.

"Acropolis-square August 10th. " My dear Hubert,-You will no doubt be surprised to receive my letter from the above address. Papa grew suddenly tired of Ems, and elected to spend the rest of the autumn in England. So here we are for a day or two, deliberating whether we shall go to some quiet watering-place, or pay off some of our arrears with friends. Papa lent the Ryde villa to Mrs. Filmer before we went away, and of course we can't turn her out. The Stapletons want us at Hayley, and the Beresfords have asked us for ever so many years to Abblecopp Abboy, a fine old place in the depths of Wales. But I deresay the question will resolve itself into our go-

ing to Eastbourne or Bognor.

"I hope you are getting quite strong and well. If there were any chance of your being in town for a few hours—I suppose you do come sometimes on husiness—between this and next Thursday, we should be very glad to see you; but I do not wish to interfere with your doctor's injunctions about rest and quiet. Ems was dull à faire frémir. Halfa dozen eccentric



THE HEARTHSTONE.

of the invalid species—so even Kensingtongardens in August are agreeable by way of a change.—Always sincerely yours,

"AUGUSTA HARCROSS VALLORY."

Mr. Walgrave twisted the letter round in his fingers thoughtfully, with rather a grim smile

"Cool," he said to himself. "A gentlemanlike epistle. None of the Eloisa or Sappho to Phaon business, at any rate. I wonder what kind of a letter Grace Redmayne would write me if we were plighted lovers, and had not seen each other for seven or eight weeks. What a gushing stream of tenderness would well from that fond young heart! "Augusta Harcross Vallory," looking at the dashing semi-masculine autograph with a half-scornful admiration, "What a fine straight up-and-down hand she writes—with a broad-nibbed pen, and a liberal supply of ink! One could fancy her signing death-warrants just as firmly. I wonder she doesn't sign herself" Harcross and Vallory." It would seem more natural. Not a bad name for a barony, by the way-like Stamford and Warrington. Her husband may be raised to the peerage some day by such a title." And at the suggestion made in bitter jest a dim faint vision of an ermine cap with six pearls arose before Hubert Walgrave's mental gaze.

"Men have sat in the Upper House who be-

gan with smaller advantages than mine," he thought. "A fortune like Augusta Vallory's will buy, anything in commercial England. One by one the old names are dropping out of the list; and of ten new ones, eight are chosen for the extent of a landed estate, or the balance at a bank. And when money is conjoined with professional renown, the thing is so easy. But it would be rather singular if I were to sit in the Upper House and Sir Francis Clevedon in

He looked at his watch. Three o'clock, The day was so old already, and he had done no-thing—not even answered the three or four letters that required to be answered. He took a quire of paper, dashed off a few rapid replies, left Miss Vallory's note unanswered, and lighted a meditative eigar. Cuppage came in while he vas smoking it to inquire if his master would dine at home.

You can put my things ready for me in an hour. I shall disc out this evening, and I

may want to dress early."

The cigar suited him. That little commonplace note of Augusta Vallory's had diverted his mind in some measure—had sent his thoughts in a new direction. He was no longer depressed. On the contrary, he was pleased with himself and the world—rather proud of his own conduct during the late crisis in his life—inclined to applaud and approve himself as a generous, honourable-minded man of the world. He did not consider that honour and generosity and worldliness were in any way incompatible.

"Nothing could have been more straightfor-

ward than my conduct to that dear girl," he said to himself. "From first to last I was thoroughly candid. Come what may, I can have nothing to reproach myself with on that score."

(To be continued.)

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH. How it did rain that November night! None

of your underded showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild delage, a rush of arrowy drops, and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle against the casements, and drew his sang easy-chair a little closer to the free-magnetic properties of little closer to the free-magnetic properties of

little closer to the fire-a great open mass of glimmering anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreon curtains, and the gray cat asleep on the hearth, and the canary-bird rolled into a

drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire, "I'm glad I had that leaky spot in the barn roof fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while, when a fellow's under cover, and there's nothing particular to be done, Mary " " Yes." Mrs. Partlet answered. She was flit-

ting about, between kitchen and sitting-room, with a great blue checked apron tied round her walst. 'o I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now I wonder," sotto roce, "if that really was a knock at the door, or just a little extra rush of wind and rain."

She went to the door nevertheless; and a minute or two afterward she went to her hus-"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddilove," she said,

half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his paper. "Tell him he's made a mistake. The tavern

is on the second corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar !" said Mrs. Partlet.

"And couldn't you have told him 'No,' without the preliminary eventually of coming in here to ask me? Is it likely that I shall lend a dollar, or even a cent, to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I had a great deal better throw it in among youler red coals! No—of course, No I'

Mrs. Partlet besitated. "He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, sinh. He says there's nobody in the world to let him have a cent.'

All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the Squire. "If he had come to just that pitch half a dozen years ago. perhaps he wouldn't have been the miscrable vagubond he is now."

We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Partlet gently. "He was the smartest boy in

"That's probable enough," said the Squire.
"Rut it don't alter the fact that he's a poor drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Polly; and if his time is of any con-sequence, just let him know that he hadn't better waste it coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in his chair after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was irtlet went back to the kitchen, where

Luke Ruddilovo was spreading his poor thin fingers over the blaze of the fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of

"Ho won't let you have it, Luke," said she.
"I thought he wouldn't."
"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog!"

said Luke Ruddilove, turning moodily away.

"And, after all, I don't suppose it makes
much difference whether I shuffle out of the
world to-day or to-morrow!"

" Oh, Luke !-not to your wife ?" "Sho'd be better off without me," said Luke

down-heartedly.
" But she ought not to be."

"Ought and Is are two different things, Mrs. Partlet. Good night. I an't going to the tavern,

"And isn't it natural enough he should think so Luke?"

"Yes-yes, Mary, I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke Ruddilove, in the same de-jected tone he had used throughout the inter-

"Stop!" Mrs Partlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door-latch, in a low voice.

"Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Partlet gave it to
me for a new piece of oll-cloth in front of the dining-room stove, but I'll try and make the old one do a little while longer. And, Luke, for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife and the little ones at home-do, do try

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly first at the tresh, new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it

the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and

arkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the klichen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at the public-house, and I shall do without my new oil-cloth; that will be the end of it all."

And there was a conscious firsh on her

And there was a conscious flush on her cheek, as if she had done something wrong, when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting-" Well," said Squire Partlet, "Las that ne'er-

do-weel gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To Stokes's tayern, I suppose?"

"I hope not, Josiah,"

"Pm afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders, "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be

And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the dollar bill within her own heart. It was six months afterward that the Squire

same into the room where his wife was preserving great red apples into felly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders never will cease. The Ruddiloyes have gone away."

"Gone where?"
"I don't know—out West somewhere, with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't fouched a drop in six months."

a drop in six months,"

" I am glad of that," sald Mrs. Partlet.

" It won't last long," sald the Squire dispar-"Why not?"

"Oh—I don't know. I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms."

Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought thankfully that after all Luke had not spent the dollar bill in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along

indays and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddioves came back to Sequesset. Luke had made his

came back to Sequesset. Lake had made his fortune, as the story went, in that far away El Dorado vaguely phrased "out West" by the simple Sequesseters, "They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he's bought that are lot down opposite the Court-house, and is goin to build such a house as never was."

"He must have prospored grantly "said courter."

" He must have prospered greatly," said gentle

Mrs. Partiet.

"And his wife, she wears a slik gownd that'll stand alone with its own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can remember when Luke Ruddilovo was nothin' but a peor, drinkin' creeiur."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. All the more credit to him now," said Mrs

Partlet emphatically.

"It's to be all o'stun," said Mrs. Buckingham, "with marbial mantels and inlaid floors.

ham, " with marbial mantels and inlaid floors And he's put a lot o' papers and things under the corner one." "The corner what?" said Mrs. Partlet laugh-ng. "Floor or mental?"

ing. "Floor or mental?"
"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Buckingham.
"Like they do in public buildings, you know."
"That is natural enough."
"Well, it's kind o' queer, but Luke Ruddilove never wa'n't like nobody else. Folks thinks it's dretful strange he should a put a one dollar

bill in with the other things."

Mrs. Partlet felt her cheek finsh scarlet; in-Mrs. Partiet feit her check flush scarlet; involuntarily she glaneed up to where the Squire was screnely checking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against some client. But the Squire never looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit-chat, and so the hot color died away in her check. After all, the money had been her own to give, and the old oil-cloth to the state of the latter of o in front of the dining-room stove had answered

She met Luke Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return to Sequesset— lake himself, yet not himself—the demon of intemperance crushed out of his nature, and its nobler elements triumphing at looked her brightly in the face, as he held out

" Mary." " I am glad to see you back here again, Luke,"

she said tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "De you remember that stormy night, Mary, when you gave me the dollar bill, and begged me no to go the tavern?"

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when every one spoke coldly; you trusted in me when all other faces were averted. - I vowed a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I kept it. I did not spend the money—I treasured it up—and Heaven has added mightly to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner-stone of my new house, for the house has risen from it, and it alone. I won't clier to my you have, for I am alone. I won't effer to pay you back, for I am afcald," he added, smiling, "the luck would all go from me with it; but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary: I will give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor

wretch, sayou gave to me."

And Squire Purtlet never knew what his wife did with the dollar bill hogave her to buy a new lece of oll-cloth.

ALARMING GROWTH OF CITIES.—Political economists appear to be alarmed at the tendency of population to concentrate in large cities. They are afraid that this tendency, which seems to be constantly growing, will eventually depopulate the rural districts to such an extent as to deprive us of the needed supply of grain, grass, sheep and cattle. It seems that, by actual count, one-third of the entirespondation of England and Wales is now concentrated in eighteen cities, and that one-seventh of the population of the United States is already concentrated in one hundred and fifty-seven cities. It is also a matter of fact and figures that the increase in city population for the last twenty years in this country has been out of all proportion to the increase of the rural population. Whatever may be the result of this disproportionate growth of cities, it certainly cannot be denied that it is one of the tendencies of the age. ALARMING GROWTH OF CITIES.—Political economists

sone of the tendencies of the ago.

Speaking of the cosmopolitan character of the population of New York, the Post of that city says:—

"There is a Norwegian community, and a Swedish community, and a Polish community in this city, to say nothing of a Russian church and a Swiss military and churitable organization. And besides all this, we have a Welsh place of worship, where a clorgyman from Orytholwryld can preach in his native consonant to the exiles from the banks of the flowing Ap Llogilwayswith or from the breezy heights of Wrythwgglundodd."

though I'll wager something the Squire thought | DINING WITH A JAPANESE STATESMAN.

Dusky forms are seen kneeling upon the mats of all the surrounding apartments, but they do not gaze upon us curlously, nor do they, indeed, appear vividly conscious of our presence. They are, we discover, simply men in waiting. Five of them rise, thread their way noiselessly among their fellows, and speedily return, bearing each a small tray, containing our first course. The little dishes are all precisely alike, and are arranged identically. We mutually how and simper, split our chopsticks apart, and set to work—our Japanese friends with ease and vigor, we somewhat he starting, and not without missighted as to our ability to turn the uncoenstant. givings as to our ability to turn the unaccustomof utensils to proper account. In fact, it rapidly becomes apparent that the sense of our hands
of little employment is 20 excessively dainty
that unless we hivoke instruction we shall be
able to make no way at all. Frankness being
absolutely necessary, we make a great virtue
of it, and declare, with perhaps needless vehemence, that it really is useless, and that, after givings as to our ability to turn the unaccustomof it, and declare, with perhaps needess venes inchee, that it really is useless, and that, after all, we cannot do it, and that we must throw ourselves upon the consideration of our lost, because we shall certainly starve unless we are tookly, the blackess althoute illustration of total consideration of our lost, because we shall certainly starve unless we are our beaming entertainer, just as if he were announcing a hitherto unsuspected fact, and as if we had not marked and enjoyed it all at the time, observes that he found himself in the same awkward position when he dired with us. An here Master Yegawa, the interpreter, develops himself in the quality of humorist. As one of us is really struggling quite hopelessly | Smith, and he felt or seemed to feel a little more with his stender sticks, which seem to have an know me think it was me." "Well." I mused independent activity of their own, darting thems | along, "you should not lead a life to subject you by their holder, and frustrating almost overy effort to project them monthward, Yegawa profilers counsel, a Unitate me," he says, and begins picking and pocking bits of food of all sizes, with an accuracy of movement almost mechanical. As if any body could imitate him, mechanical. As if any body conditinitate mm, oil-hand! The result of the first endeavour to do so Is a consul strewn with Japanese edibles, 6 No, no," says Yegawa, with steel-trap smartness, "I said, thinate me," but you never saw me do that; you are wrong. Excuse me, but you are wholly wrong, and always will be wrong unless you do as I do." Which, of course, exunless you do as I do." Which, of course, excites a proper amount of innocent mirth, for we are in the mood to be merry, and easily excited are in the mood to be inerry, and easily excited to buighter. But presently, although we cannot twirl our sticks with any thing like the amazing rapidity of our inters, we contrive to serve ourselves after a certain complex method. of our own, and are embled to ascertain the quality of what is set before us. First, we ex-plore the contents of a hequired bowl, which contains a delicate soup, spheed with sen-weed and aromatic herbs. It is weak, but otherwise commendable. Other dishes are constructed, with curious fancy and singular ingenuity, to represent miniature gardens, with mounds and ponds, or forfresses with turrets and moats— the effects of hindscape and architecture being produced by skillful arrangement of thin slices of fish or vegetables, and variously colored rice. Each plate is a little picture. I observed that although preserved fruits, boiled chesnuts, bam-boo shoots, and other partly ornamental and partly appetizing condiments are scattered about

These all were memorable sensations: but now, confronting and confronted by raw fish, as an article of dlet. Hearn the full depth, breadth and vastness of the meaning of the word courage, and gain a new interpretation of a phrase which I have often lightly used, but never until now completely grasped and understood--frue physical and moral heroism. Shall it be done! Can it be done? It must be done! "Tis done! Can it be doine? It must be doine? This doine? And it is utterly revolting and untenable? Hardly so. Do I like it, then? Truly, not too well. But I willingly admit it might be worse, especially as it is defily miligated by pungent soy. I do not know its mane, but it is like salmon in aspect, and in taste like nothing in my portionly wellow reconstruction. particular prior experience. It is soft and gela-tinous, and, after all, the flavor of the thick sauce with which it is enriched is perhaps pre-valent above every thing else. The struggle once well over, we feel that we have encountered boldly and conquered bravely. No future possibilities have any terror for us. Nor is there any further occasion for such uncomforts able emotion. This preliminary course having been parily, and only parily, disposed of—Japanese hospitality supplying at least three times as much of every article as is intended to be eaten iters shoot from their spheres, y clearing the table, produce anoth a: ment of finely wrought lacouer anoth is a ment of theely wrought lacquer-ware and potcelain dishes, containing this time a thick broth, not unlike a Massachusetts chowder, compounded of fish, prawns, small slices of chickens, and sundry vegetables, with subordinate plates of spices, confectionery, and innumerable piquant stimulants to appetite which I could hardly distinguish at the time, and which I certainly cannot now remember in detail. Successive courses, each introduced apparently by five fresh attendants-the extra ordinary number of which led us almost to think that Hirosawa must have borrowed his Lord of Chosiu's retinue for the occasion—made us acquainted with still other varieties of some and with endless changes of composite pot-pour ris which it is very fortunately unnecessary to enumerate, because it is impossible. It may be recorded, however, that no less than thirteen

the substance of this course was ice and raw fish Raw fish! I distinctly recall a series of thrilling emotions during the first battle scene at which

it was ever my fortune to assist, and I know it is on record in the annuls of Franconia that I, personnally, once crossed the tree that spans the Flune. I once went up in a balloon, though not very far, and I have on two or three occa-

sions found myself accidentally face to face, in

theatres and in thoroughfares, with the Prince

times the spaces before us were cleared away and refilled, each change being distinguished by some new form of sparkling fluid-beer, Champagne, soda-water, I can't say what not. The partiality of the Japanese for all liquors of bub-bling and efferyescent character is remarkable. The foam of ale to them is eestasy, and the froth of Champagne is rapture. It is not the quality of the draught, but the fizz, that the their fancy. I have actually and positively known a party of Japanese yaconins to take with them upon a long country exearsion a quantity of Sealliz, which they mixed with sugar and water, and drank as a luxurious be-verage. Thirteen times, as I have observed, we were called upon to practically honor our entertainer's bounty; and then, just when a dark despair and dread began to hover over us, we were relieved by a courtly apology for the meagreness of the repast, accompanied by a regretful apprehension that we had not enjoyed sufficient cheer. And here began another act of that the imprompts comedy, examples of which I have given above, the theme this time

tive tobacco and the tiny pipes of the country. It was all over, and, metaphorically, we breathed more freely, although, in simple fact, it was

difficult for us to treathe at all.

EXPERIENCE OF A LOCAL REPORTER.

One of the reporters of the Utlea Herald has written an interesting sketch of his newspaper

In turning over the pages of memory, he says I find those relating to my early experience s reporter marked by numerous exclamation points, printed in colours and in lob type. When I amounced my determination to live by my wits, my father, with delicate appreciation, pro-phesical that I would starve in two weeks. owing to the strength of my constitution, I did not; but I wish I had—and my friends wish so too. When I secured a place as reporter for the Doily Bugle Blust of Bentlyville, the paternal

deprayity that could be painted with a pen During the day a stranger called to ask why I had put his name in the paper, and observed that he had a good mind to punch my head as he had to cat his dinner. Said he: "I'm John Smith." "Oh, no, you ain't, "I replied, "Yes, I aun." said he. I told him about another John Smith, and he felt or seemed to feel a little more along, "you should not lead a life to subject you to suspicion." He turned to make some other temarks, but he missed me and only broke two or three pieces out of the back of my chair. I

went away then, I related this incident to the manager. He told me not to take any half-way ground. If hours of boyhood:
you hit a man in print, hit him so hard that he When Fisk was about ten years of age, he
won't want any more. That sounded well-and kept a small market stall at Rennington, Vi.
so, when the Bentlyville singers gave a concert, One day the emment steamboat man, Daniel
which was in every respect a miscrable failure. Drew, came to the market with his basket on

writing for a newspaper,
I attempted to pacify these musicians by telling them that I had dealt with them exactly as

they wanted me to near win the other singer; hut my efforts proved ineffectual.

Then the chief of police sent for me. A dastardly assault had been committed in the street in open daylight. The man was dead to all feelings of shame, and had, so far, escaped punishment for similar offences; but the chief thought that by ridiculing the offender I should make that by ridiculing the offender I should make him feel his shame, and that by punishment I could secure his punishment from the proper authorlies. I thought so, too, I gave the flere a display head, and I lavished the most scalding of sarcasm and the most smith-provoking ridiculoses. the most scalding of sureasm and the most mirth provoking ridicule on him, and the effect was highly satisfactory—until the article appeared in print. The next morning the man sat in my chair;

he had been balled. In his hand he bore a per-suasive bludgeon. He wanted to know why I out a display head on him, and acted as though put a display head on him, and acted as though he intended to put a display head on me. His intentions were carried out soon after—and so was I. He made several objections to my method of getting out police court reports. The most striking of these objections was the blud-geon. I calmly replied to his arguments with a paste-pot and a pair of shears, following my my temporary advantage with a paper-weight and materidged dictionary. Before he recovered the thread of bis discourse, an elderly man stepped into the office, and asked who was conducting the local department. I told him that was a question in my own mind just then, but I had no time to pursue the conversation. attempt to report what followed in full—indeed, I believe I took no notes. After the doctor had set my arm, and his friends had taken my opponent away, I returned to the office. The old man said that if I was at therty he would like a reply to his question. He desired to know who managed the local. As he and I were alone in the office, and he looked feeble, I told him I did. "Well," said he, pointing to the hem I had been discussing with him of the club, "don't you think that way of making crime a thing to be laughed at has a bad influence on the young?"

told him that idea had not been among the things that struck me.

He added: "It seems so to me. Make crime i matter of sport, and we first endure, then pity, then embrace I replied, humbly : "You will never have a

better chance to embrace than you had just be fore he struck me the last time."

He suggested that I was unfitted for the duties of my position, and went away. Then came a business man, who abused me because I had not mentioned that the incident narrated in the same unfortunate item had occurred within would naturally be the nearest one. He had a eventy-five cent advertisement in the namer. which he at once ordered discontinued, because he would not patronise a paper whose reporters knew so little about their business. The boro of the Item was tried and convicted; but the Judge on the bench rebuked reporters who so far forgot their duty as to attempt to create ublic sentiment against a prisoner.

did not know more than I did about running the ocal of a newspaper.

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

An economic English minister, on the look out for abuses, arrived on his mission at a pub-blic department a few seconds after the nominal hour for the commencement of business, entered the first room in a long passage, and there well-dressed youth, who, with his back to the fire, was calmly perusing a morning paper.

"Alone ?" inquired the minister.

"Ya-as," replied the sole tenant of the office.
"Not much to do, I suppose? Plenty of time to read the papers, I see."

"Ya-as, plenty. I can always do my work here in twenty minutes."

"Oh, you can, can you? Has Mr.---come?" naming the head of the department.

being the respective merits of American and Japanese dinners, which was only interrupted by the entrance of five new tray-bearers—Pil swear they were entirely new, and had not dent. before appeared—with pots of charmingly fresh and fragrant tea, and little cases containing ma-

after the first greetings, informed that it was after the first greetings, informed that it was clear there was ample room for a reduction of the elected staff. The departmental head protested that he really had not men enough toget through the work.

Oh," quoth the economist, «I know better than that. Why, not ten unimates ago one of them told me he had plenty of time to read the papers, and could get through his work here in twenty minutes."

wonly minutes."

The under-secretary protested that no clerk in the unior-secretary professed that no clerk in the place could say so truly.

"Then come and see him," said the minis-

As they went along the passage they met the

As they went along the passage they met the youth in question,

o Did you not tell me, Sir," demanded the right honourable gentleman, e that you had plenty of time to read the papers?"

o I did was the reply,

and that you could do all your work in twenty minutes?"

o Yes."

"There," said the minister, triumphantly, the is clear your staff must be reduced,

"Clerk here!" replied the youth, firmi higher tone; "I should not, indeed, I come once a week in the mornings to wind and regulate the clocks. I'm not clerk." And he stalked off in dudgeon, leaving the economical cabinet manis-ter to enjoy the joke as he might.

A LITTLE STORY.

It is now in order to recount anecdotes of the early life of the late James Fisk, dr.; and the Table-Talker, ever ready to contribute to the | Holes Turker, ever reary to common the transfer of the country, preceeds to relate the He following reminiscince of the Prince's summy of hours of hoybood:
| When Fisk was about ten years of age, he

some days. The tenor called at my house regularly every day for a week. I was always out, the basso promenoded Main Street with a big stick. The soprame's brother made anxions inquiries after me. All the singers quit singing in public, and church people left without choirs, pointed no out to their children as an infidel and a heretic who had interfered with public worship, and who did not know anything about writing for a newspaper.

**Pop pulled them of the vines tims morning, "cilve me a dozen, somny," replied Mr. Drew, of live me a dozen, somny, replied Mr. Drew, of live me a dozen, somny, replied Mr. Drew, of live me a dozen, somny, replied Mr. Drew, of live me a dozen, somny, replied Mr. Drew, live me a dozen, somny, writing for a newspaper,
Intempted to pacify these mustelans by telling them that I had dealt with them exactly as
they wanted me to deal with the other singer;
but my efforts proved ineffectual.
Then the chief of police sent for me. A dastardly assault had been committed in the street
in open daylight. The man was dead to all feet,
ings of shame, and had, so far, escaped punishgained a customer and you have lost one." Well, when Eliphalet went home, his stepanother came to the door and said:.....effere you are, you little sneak, and you have't sold that punkin yet!" And she took him in her step-motherly arms and famed him with an ox-goad until he said that he would prefer taking his meals off the mantelplace for the next few concentrations of the mantelplace for the next few concentrations of the said that he would prefer taking his meals off the mantelplace for the next few concentrations of the said that he would be said that the said that he would be said that the said that he would be said that the said tha secutive days to sitting down with the rest of the family. And next day baniet brew came into the market (ca reamé and a tearin)," as old inhabitants say,) and said ; ... Where is the boy that sold those eggs, ch?" and Jim Fisk pointed to Eliphalet and soid; "There he is sir," and Daulel Drew reinforced that boy's stepmother's ox-gond with his cane so effectually that --but never mind. So bandel bought all his garden-sass of Jim Fisk. In after life Eliphalet Buckram set up a grocery store, and gave trust to all the poor people, and never sanded his suto all the poor people, and never sanded his sugar, and wouldn't qualify his rum with water; so he burst up and the sheriff sold him out, and he went to the poor-house. But Daniel Frew kept his eye on Jim Fisk, and by-and-bye he gave him a partnership in the Erlo firm, and Jim beat him out of \$4,000,000. This is not a story for good little boys. We fear it is too near the tenth

BOUND TO HAVE HIS FARE.

Rev. Mr. F-, of Boston, who had accepted an invitation to preach out of town on a certain Sunday last winter, was delayed until the last moment, and did not arrive in the town late in the morning of the day he was going to preach. He hastened to the clerk of the hotel and requestioned him to procure a carriage for him which was compiled with, and he was soon dri-ven to the church, and got Lacre with scarcely a moment to spare. He slepped from the con-veyance and hurried up the aisle, when to his great surprise, he heard a suppressed differing and a bazz of astonishment for which he could not account, until chancing to hear a footstep behind him, he turned and beheld the cause. The coachman, muffled to the chin, with a fur cap on his head, a whip under his arm, and a pair of cavalry boots on his feet, had followed him into the church. The Rev. Mr. F .-- was about to address him, when John exclutined:
"Ye ain't paid me. I want my fare." The
worthy minister, greatly mortified, tried to explain to him that he had requested the hotel clerk to settle with him. "Oh, yes," returned the hackman, "I dessay. That won't wash— It's too thin. Cashon delivery is my terms. I don't know you. I druy a fellow with a white necktle down to the cars last week, and he gave me the slip, and I ain't seen him since, and that time I made up my mind there wasn't no vir-tue in white neckites; so cash up." It was gray-ing very embarrassing, when the Hon. Richard Warren, a prominent member of the congregation, who was well acquainted with Mr. F.—, hastened forward and settled the bill, where-upon John retreated, chuckling, and muttering o himself, "Too much for white necktle that

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Manufacturing Chemist: Mr. James I. Fillows, Manufacturing Chemist:

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I am, Sir, yours truly.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Z. S. EARLE, Jr., M.D.

St. John, N.B., January, 1868.

dent.

"The Which is his room, may I ask?" pursued the minister.

"Last on the right along the passage," answered the youth.

Thither the minister repaired, and when the head of the department arrived, the latter was,





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Household Items, Gems of Thought.

WIT AND HUMOR.
HEARTHSTONE SPRINK, MARKET REPORT

SOCIAL EDUCATION.

It has been said-and only too truly-that a woman's education only begins when she leaves school, and cannot be really considered to have made much progress until she is married. This is very true and it points to several defects in our educational system and specially the want of social education. The education of the present day is entirely too superficial, girls are taught to play the piano, sing, dance, speak French &c., all good enough in their way and calculated to make them able to adorn their future homes; but, those things which are calculated to make a gir! useful in her future home are almost entirely neglected. How few of our modern young ladies know anything of domestic duties? How few can cook or wash, or iron, make their own dresses or do any of the thousand and one things which are actually required in ordinary every day life? But you will say at once that you do not want your wife to be a domestic drudge and do the cooking. mending &c. Very well, we don't claim that your wife should of necessity do servant's work in your house, but unless she knows how it ought to be done, and is able to do it well herself she is not fit to have charge of a house and will never have a well ordered, well regulated

This ignorance of domestic duties is one of the greatest causes of the complaints about " bad servants;" girls go out to service, the mistress knows as little as the girl and between the two the house gets gloriously mismanaged and the servant gets blamed for not knowing her duties while it is equally the fault of the mistress who does not understand her duties. Servants do not like mistresses to be constantly prying and poking after them, and driving them np to their work; they naturally like to feel a little independent, and wish to be allowed to | ner the poem opens: do their own work in their own way, provided

it is well done; but, a good servant—and we maintain there are plenty of good servants yet -will always do better with a mistress who thoroughly understands all the details of domestic duties, and is able, if necessary, to help and direct the servant, than with one who knows nothing of the duties, and only worries and annoys by her interference. Another point in social education which sadly needs cultivation is the manner of treating servants; it has been frequently and truly said that " if there were better mistresses there would be better servants." Girls of Trumbull's Family Record.

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For \$10.00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.

For \$10.00: 40 copies Hearthstone 1871 and 1872, and 1872 and 1 like a mill horse to the monotonous routine of her daily duties is simply to ruin her, and the Records.

For \$30,00: 25 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and changes are that she either turns out lazy, careless and good for nothing, or else " goes to the bad." Mistresses should study the tempers and dispositions of their girls and endenyour to win their confidence and esteem; there is no need for undue familiarity or too close intimacy, but both should strive to " pull well together," as having interests in common. Depend upon it, a girl will always work more carefully and contentedly, and do her work better for a mistress she likes than for one whom she regards simply as "the missus."

The social education of the present day seems to be sadly neglected at home, and it is well worth considering whether it would not be a good idea to introduce a system of domestic education into our public and private schools, especially boarding schools. The fingers which have been accustomed to no more laborious tasks than running over piano keys, IN AFTER-YEARS. By Mrs. Alexander Ross, or playing with a crochet needle may feel somewhat awkward at first at making a pudding or learning to darn a stocking; and the brains which have not hitherto demeaned of "The Flowers of Glenavon." Chaps.

XXVIII., XXIX.

The Water Blabes; A Fairy Tale for a Land
Baby. By Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A.

Chap. VI.

Chap. VI. made, but our word for it, there would be more happy homes, and less trouble about domestic help if our girls were taught more thoroughly and practically how to fill their positions as mistresses of households when they shall be called on to do so.

For the Hearthstone.

BUMPTOWN PAPERS BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER III .- OUR PRESS.

I told you in my first paper that the news-papers here sometimes indulged in criticisms; I think, therefore, the best thing I can do this week is to send you the enclosed book notice ellpped from the Gazer; and which I think you will find interesting.

NURSERY RHYMES. By Mother Goose. Published by Damsun & Co. Bumptown.

It is always with feelings of the greatest pleasure that we hall any volume emanating from the press of our enterprising fellow-townsmen Messrs. Damsun & Co.; but, when that volume is one of poetry, as in the present instance, our delight is vastly increased, for then we feel con-ident of employing a rare intellectual feast. Poetry is the oldest of all styles of composition; delight is vastly increased, adding the sample of the samp

weakened by the plain, very plain, prose of the present matter of fact generation. It is seldom too, very seldom, that we meet with a poet of such purity of style, clearness of thought and beauty of expression as Mother Goose, over whose exquisite fancies we could sit and dream for hours. It is customary to laud Shakespeare to the skies as if he was the only post that ever lived, and we are willing to ac-cord him a very high place in the annals of ilterature; but while we by no means wish to diminish his glory and greatness, we cannot blind ourselves to the merit of others; and we believe we are only giving "honor to whom honor is due" when we state as our opinion that, however high a niche Shakespeare might occupy in the temple of Fame, Mother Goose is at least entitled to a place by his side; and while he might hold in his hand "Hambel," or "Romeo and Juliet," she might with equal pride wave aloft her "Nursery Rhymes" as on-

pride wave aloft her "Aursery thymes" as on-titled to full and equal honor.

In the volume before us there are upwards of one hundred poems all complete, and all per-fect gems in their way. From such a galaxy of magnificent and poetic completeness it is al-most impossible to single out any one poem and style it the best; we have, therefore, adopted the novel expedient of closing the book, closing our eyes, plunging our paper knife between two pages, opening them and placing our left thumb at random on the right page, and select ing the poem we find under our thumb. We do not call this the best, but to our fancy it is quite as good as any of the others and is perfect em we find under our thumb. and unique. This is the poem which we found

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
"Humpty Dumpty got a groat fail;
"All the King's horses, and all the King's men,
"Could not set up Humpty Dumpty again.

We ask any calm and dispassionate reader whether anything more beautifully touching, more exquisitely simple, more perfectly unique in its artistic completeness can be found in the whole range of English literature — and we wouldn't mind throwing in French and German to boot. See in what a grand and simple man-

" Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,"

Could anything be more explicit, and at the sametime sotersely and so graphically expressed. We are introduced to the here, and told what he was doing and where he was all in six words; what other author can get as much information into the same space? The fact is simply and plainly stated, "Humply-Dumpty sat on a wall"; no useless tergiversation is indulged in; we are not told how he got on the wall, whether it was by a hadder, or from a tree, or from a it was by a ladder, or from a tree, or from a neighboring house top; the minor detail was unimportant to the author and so the fact was stated plainly and no useless ornamentation introduced. We are not even told precisely who Humpty-Dumpty was altho the succeed-ing lines, to some extent indicate that he was a man of considerable importance in the Country and probably occupied a post of confidence in the household of the king. We are apparently introduced to Humpty-Dumpty in a moment of harmless recreation; he is scated on the wall probably kicking up his heels and enjoying himself in the fulness and joy of his innocent heart. His kick was, perchance, too vigorous and we are immediately introduced to the next

" Humpty-Dumpty got a great fall."

All his joy, all his galety, all his pride and self glorification were destroyed by that one fatal and Ill-advised kick. In one moment he passed from greatness and joy, to nothingness and sorrow; for, with swift and certain strides the poem carries us on to the final climax.

" All the King's horses, and all the King's men, " Could not set up Humpty-Dumpty again."

The mind almost fails to grasp at first the whole immensity of the terrible calamity which overtook poor Humpty-Dumpiy; how high the wall was, what he fell on, whether he injured himself, or whether he killed himself outright Itimself, or whether he killed himself outright are all matters of conjecture. It is certain that it was a matter of some importance that it was a matter of some importance that itimpty-Dumpty should be replaced on the wall, and it is also evident that an effort in that direction was actually made, for we are told that it was impossible to accomplish the foat altho' attempted by "all the king's horses and all the king's men." In this phrase there is the same disregard of detail which socharmingly characterizes the opening line; a less graphic ly characterizes the opening line; a less graphic writer would have descended to telling us now many horses and how many men there were, but our poet is content to embrace it all in the one comprehensive word "all"; and the fact of the borses and men belonging to a king leaves no doubt in the mind that the number was con-

We cannot conclude our criticism without remarking on the beauty of the moral so feelingly and touchingly conveyed by this charming poem; it is, the uncertainty of human events. We see Humpty-Dumpty at one moment scated proudly and grandly on the wall, it may be addressing some of the king's subjects on some grave and important subject nearly concerning grave and important subject nearly concerning the national prosperity; in the next moment we find him lying helpless and inexpuble of re-ceiving help, at the base of the wall on which he had lately so proudly been scated; his catastrophy is complete, his fall is irremediable and he remains to be handed down to posterity as a terrible and wonderful example of the uncertainty of human events.

For the Mearthstone.

PHILOSOPHY OF QUARRELS.

Can it be true that we discontented bickering mortals are the children of one common parent, own brothers and sisters according to nature own brothers and sisters according to intures rule. If the inhabitants of those far off spheres of which the wise ones tell us could look down and watch our petty dissensions, would it be with pity or amusement? Or, to come nearer home, how do outsiders, regard the squabbles of their neighbours? Generally with derision knowing well it takes two to make a querrel and with a significant read implying quarrel and with a significant not implying nore than speech, exclaim "faults on

Then imagine the uncomfortable sensations of the combatants. The real offender never feels as polgnantly as the oppressed, for the last named is certain that some few of the public regards him with the same measure of opprowe wenk mortals deliberately seek a dispute, there may be a few exceptions, but oftener it occurs inndvertantly, offene being frequently taken when least anticipated. Our temperaments are so dissimilar that indeed we should school the spirit to be "slow to ancer." but in

generally adopted, lawyers would have to be content with something less than a brown-stone

Then again a quarrel may arise, from some deep dire injury committed towards another, of such a nature that years may not retrieve the injury committed, or may ap death alone can cancel the injury. Sad, sad case for both parties, still even this grievance can in a measure be mitigated; take the Bible dectrine for your guide, let the transgressor seek the violim and in the true spirit of contrition not "puny snivel-ling," but manly honest sorrow acknowledge his fault and beg forgiveness with the assurance that all that is within the power of mortal man will he do to retrieve the past. When a ma the test, he has obtained a victory over self and merits the right hand of good fellowship. Thus sollioquizes the agrieved,—he is a more noble fellow than I would believe. There must be a lucking good to urge him to come to me and humble his soul. I will shake hands with that man and give him my forgiveness and rest assured such magnanimity will meet its reward.

It may be a child sinning against a parent or parent against a child. No matter—the golden rule is applicable to all cases or conditions of life. As society is now organized—it may reouire quite an effort, but once made-and the peace which is so certain to follow right conduct, fully repays for self abasement of the

From Dinah and Jake in the kitchen, to Esmeralda and Reginald in the parlor, human nature is the same, a word or even a look, will often provoke a war of fearful speech—as causes after agony one would not be willing to "Lovers quarrels" are thought endure. "Lovers quarrels" are thought very light of, all the world over, yet to the parties immediately concerned, it were as though the river of Death had come between, and the one

they do, and some days it seems to be their chief delight." Mind I am not writing of model youth. You may endoavour to inculcate the dangers of such a propensity in as simple a form as a child's intellect will take in, still the Adam in their nature will case in, still the Adam in their nature will occasionally croep out. Education must tend to nullify this disposition in mankind—what noble minded person would wilfully wound the sensitive feelings of another—unless under great provocation. Then may be the provocator erred from ignorant or untured intellect. So still raise the standard of education, and gather under its banner Christiantic, and Jules all the Law Courte with tianity, and I defy all the Law Courts with their judical magnates to rulle the plumes of one callsting in that corps,

LIZZIE BRANSON.

LITERARY ITEMS.

OLD AND New for April, Roberts Brothers, Boston, Publishers, contains, among other matter of value and interest, some corious statements (in Mr. Hale's introduction) about the Japanese, and the letter of credence of the Japanese ambassador to this country from his Imperial Japanese Majesty, Montsonlito, is correctly printed in the Washington Correspondence, while the address to the House of Representatives is given in the Introduction. Mr. John Burroughs, a singularly agreeable writer, discourses about early spring in "A March Chronicle." Dr. Bellows examines esrefully and sensibly "The Break between Modern Thought and Ancient Faith and Worshin," There is a very taking statement of the wonderful wealth of the famous. "Silver Islet Mine" on Lake Superior; and quite an claborate history is given of a queer German controversy over two pictures attributed to Holbein. The three serials afford their usual annusual quantity of story materials. The Record of Progress contains some useful statistics of a practical tenement-house reform in Boston; and there is a good assortment of poetry interspersed.

Attention should be paid to the attractive offer of the Publishers, who now begin furnishing to every new subscriber one of two striking and favorite chromo-lithographs, viz.; Raffaelle's famous picture of "The Madoma in the Chair." or Madoma delta Sectio, whose levely representation of the Holy Virgin and Infant Jesus within a circle will be romenbered by very many of our readers; or, if preferred, a group of two emblematic female ligares, representing "Faith and Hope." Both are richly and warmly colored, and will form chaste and permanently agreeable ornaments to the family dwelling.

Harper's Magazine for April offers novel and unusual attractions. It contains sixteen articles.

a group of two emblemante remaic agures, representing "Faith and Hope." Both are richly and warmly colored, and will form chaste and permanently agreeable ornaments to the family dwelling.

HARPE'S MAGAZINE for April offers novel and unusual altractions. It contains sixteen articles, covering the greatest variety of subjects, and ten of these are illustrated, the Number altogether containing over seventy-five engravings. Momente D. Conway contributes a second paper on Munich introducing the reader to the rich art-treasures of that eity, and producely illustrated. The leading engraving is an excellent portrait of Kauthach the artist. Under the title of "The Mountains," Porte Crayon commences a series of sketches of Southern life, not less entertainig from the introducing constituent to less entertainig from the introducing than from the characteristic illustrations, which are engraved from the author's own drawings. A second paper by Allan D. Brown, on "Naval Architecture, Past and Prusent," embollished with seventeen illustrations, completes the history of shipbudding from the beginning of the present century. Itafus flome, in "The Story of Tanumany" (illustrated), contributes a very timely and interesting paper, tracing the origin and development of the Tanumany Society, and its connection with the publical history of the state and the mation. It will be concluded in the May Number. The most remarkable paper in this Number is contributed by Edward Howland. Under the title of "The Social Palace at Gaies," he gives a very minute and interesting account of Mr. Godin's Famillistyre—the most practical and successful attempt which has yet been made to effect a union between the interests of labor and those of capital. This paper shows that M. Godin has solved the most important problem of the ago, It is combellished with eight illustrations. A. R. Macdonough contributes a very entertaining article on "William Wilderforce," based on recently published memoirs. The article is accompanied by a striking portrait. In "Mu

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—The friends of Porfirio Dinz are endeavouring to charter a vessel in San Francisco to sail immediately to the Mexican coast with some person whose name they decline to give, but it is praitively known that this is a Dinz movement.

Professor Samuel K. B. Morse is lying dangerously ill at his residence, New York. His friends and physicians fear the worst. His disease is raid to be paralysis of the brain.

—The Commission on the Commerce of the United States will report favorably on the bill to remove quarantine entirely from Staten Island.

—About twelve o'slock on Sanday night four men went into the premises of Catherine Malvy, 447 First avonue, Brocklyn, and beat her badly, three of them also outraging her person. Mrs. Maloy was taken to Bellovue Heapt and the tree badly, three of them also outraging her person. Mrs. Maloy was taken to Bellovue Heapt and beat her badly, three of them also outraging her person. Mrs. Maloy was taken to Bellovue Heapt and beat her badly, three of them also outraging her person. Mrs. Maloy was taken to Bellovue Heapt and beat her badly, three of them also outraging her person. Mrs. Maloy was taken to Bellovue Heapt and beat her badly, three of them also outraging her person. Mrs. Maloy was taken to Bellovue Heapt and beat her badly. Hore of them also outraging her person. Mrs. Maloy was taken to Bellovue Heapt and beat her badly. Hore of them also outraging her person. Mrs. Maloy was taken to Bellovue Heapt and beat her badly. Hore of New Ord, and caused a loss of \$15,000; insured.—The Beat and Catherine Mrs. Maloy and the heapt and the hea

who's love is the strongest is always first to seek an explanation.

In common every-day life he who loves and honors his Creator the most is always most amenable to human laws. But quarrels do not rage alone amongst the mature portion of humanity, look at children—go to one accustomed to their management and the reply to your question will be: "Quarrel? why certainly

movement.—Proposals for granting aid to the extent of \$40,000 to relieve the present distress of the Saguenay district, were intely under consideration of the Quebec Provincial Cabinet.—On account of the high price of coal in Hallitax, the Gas Company has placed 200 tens of coal at the disposal of the citizens at cost and charges.—The bakers in Teronto will strike for the nine hour movement on Monday next.—The annual dinner of the York Pioneers takes place at Torento on the 17th April.—The Teronto Lacrosse Club are organizing for the season. On the Queen's Birthday they play with the Ontarios, and on Dominion Day with the St. Regist Indians.—One of the heaviest snow-storms of the season foll at Montroal on Sunday. It snowed all day and part of the night, and probably not less than twelve inches foll.—The Toronto printers are still on the strike; but will evidently got the worst of it. The unster printers have formed a Union and agreed not to employ any Union men or men who have struck. New mon are being brought from all parts of the Dominion, and large quantities of girls are keing employed in learning the business.—The unemployed printers intend bringing out a weekly paper in the interests of labor on the co-operative system, to be entitled the Ontario Workman, with a capital of \$10,000 in shares of \$5 cach. It will be issued next week.

issued next week.

ENGLAND.—The Republicans of Norwich have invited Mr. Odger to contest the election in that borough for the vacant sent in Parliament.—Mr. McFaranes extensive warehouses and adjoining buildings in Glasgow were destroyed by fire on 27th ult.; loss £190,000.—Mr. Ashbury has been elected Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club.—Mr. Russell Guerny, the English member of the American and British Joint Claims Committee has resigned his position as Recorder of the city of London, and Thomas Chambers, M. P. procent common serjeant of the city has been appointed Recorder.—An explosion occurred in a coal mine at Atherton, near Bolton, on 28th ult, by which 28 men were killed outright, 11 wore rescued, but they are fearfully burned and nearly all will probably die. There is great excitement in the vicinity of the mine.—The Chamcellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, has submitted the annual budget. It shows that the estimated tour expenditures of the last liscal year were £72,730,000, while the actual expenditures were £71,720,000.

Spain.—There are apprehensions that the Internationals will attempt to interfere with the elections in Catalona.—The Republican Society La Varguardi Advance Guard, having for its object the induceing of the policy of the Kingdom, has been formed in Madrid and is already energetically engaged in making preparations to carry out its purpose.—The Republicans in one quarter of Madrid openly express their dissent from the views entertained by the chiefs of their party.—At a meeting of the Internationals in Madrid on 25th ult. there was much excitement, and the proceedings were disorderly, and a light occurred. Pistols were used, and one man was shot.

one man was shot.

Mexico.—The Government forces are triumphing over the revolutionists, tien, Rocha has driven them out of the cities of Aguscaluntes, Lajose and Zacatacas, and relieved the troops at San Luis Potosi.

Juarez received the congratulations of the press at the capital, with the exception of the Forro Carril. All the newspapers express the belief that the rovolution is a failure, although they differ with regard to the policy of the Government.—The forced loan at Monterey is being mercilessly executed. Several forcigm mercantile houses have been closed and merchants imprisoned.

J. Ulrich, U. S. Consul, has also been imprisoned.

AUSTRALIA.—Latest advices by steamer from Australia state that II.D.M. steamer Rosaria visited Nazapana to investigate the circumstances of the murder of Bishop Patterson. The natives fired upon the steamer's boats, whereupon the ship shelled the village, and the sailors killed a number of the natives and burned their canoes.—The war steamer Bazilik has picked up a water-logged schooner, name defaced, and found on board fourteen dying Kanaks and several dead in the hold. The vessel is supposed to be the Peri, which disappeared from the Fiji costs two months ago with a party of Warburton murderers.

crs.

France.—Marshal Bazaine has received permission to publish a namphiet justifying his conduct at Metz.—The Council General has voted an apprpriation of 18,000,000 francs for the schools of Paris.

General L'Admirault, Governor of Paris, Has prohibited the publication of the Constitutioned,—It is reported that France has given final notice of the abrogation of the commercial treaty with Bolgium.—A special from Paris says if the negotiations for the withdrawal of German troops from French territory prove successful, the National Assembly will be dissolved.

ITALY.—Father Garazzi, the well-known priest and politician, contemplates visiting America, and expects to sail for New York some time during the month of April.—Ring Victor Bamaanuel is in Florence.—It is stated that Prince Frederick Charles, while on his recent visit to this country, examined the Italian army system, and before departing advised the reorganization of the army on the Prussian plan.

PRUSSIA.—The Prince Imperial of Germany will visit Queen Victoria at Baden, where she is stopping, after Easter.—The Emperor William had a long term of quiet, and has completely recovered from his recent illness.—Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia is now in Sicily.—Bobel Liebneck, who was on trial at Leipsig for high treason, has been convicted and sentenced to two years imprisonment.

BELGUM.—A boiler explosion with deplorable loss of life occurred in Brussels on 20th ult. Eight persons are reported killed by this disaster, and many more are injured.

Russia.-The Empress of Russia has gone to the

A Moder Obstructive A disconsolate editor thus bemone his departed spouse:
Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair as only hands sull off my boots and part my back hair as only a true wife can. Nor will over those willing foet replenish the coal hod or water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestatous storms of winter and his berself away to build the fire without disturbing the slumbors of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her beday, but I found that I could embalm her memory cheaper. I procured of Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years in anticipation of her donth. But she rallied last spring and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forcet the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. "Take it, Skinner, and may you never know what it is to have your soul racked with bitter disappointment as mine has been!" and he burst inte a flowd of tears. His spirit was indeed utterly broken.

torly broken.
I had the following epistle engraved upon her tom:

That the following epistle engraved upon her temistone:
To the Memory of Tabitha, Wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., Gentlemanly Editor of the Trombone: Terms, Staryear in advance. A kind Mother and exemplary Wife. Office ever Coleman's Grocery, up two flights of stairs—knock hard. We shall Miss Thee. Mother, We shall Miss Thee. Mother, We shall Miss Thee. Mother, We shall Miss Thee. Job Printing Solicited.
Thus did my lacorated spirit cry out in agony, even as Hachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his may in job printing, and the sexton ewed me alittle account I should not have gotten any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.)

nundrum.)

THE CHICAGO RELIEF FUND.—It appears that about \$1,000,000 of the money subscribed for the relief of sufferers by the great Chicago fire remains in the hands of the Relief Committee of that eity. The question occurs very pertinently: What is to be done with it? On this point the Chicago Tribune offers a suggestion which is well worthy of consideration, viz. that a fron hospital for the sick of Chicago be erected and endowed "as a monument to the noble charity that stirred the hearts of people in some of the remotest quarters of the globe at the news of our (their) disaster. The same journal urges the erection of some memorial in Chicago upon which to inseribe the names of the donors to the relief fund, and the amounts given. pundrum.) the amounts given.

the amounts given.

NEEDLES.—The art of making needles has been brought to such a degree of perfection that in some needle factories the whole process is done by a single machine, without the manual above of any person. A coil of steel wire is put in; the machine cuts it off at the required lengths; it cuts the steel pieces consecutively, punches the eye holes, countersiaks the eyes, grinds the points, and performs every other operation until the needles drop out completely formed. Another machine picks them up, and arranges them heads and points together; and a third piece of mechanism puts the needles into paper. One of these machine coupies no more space than an ordinary table, and each of them turns out from 30,000 to 40,000 needles a day.

For the Hearthstone.

THE SILENT VOICE. BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

THE waves with thousand voices come babbling the shore.
And each one tells a different tale, with a varied roar;
The wind is singing changeful songs—now rearing in a inigut, hisparing like a lover fond, who sues his lady right:

The little birds are chirping all-each sings a dif-For some will tell of the coming fall, some sing of the

renty June; The trees are rustling in the brooze—some sigh with wearried moun. Some laugh, some dance for joy, while some with sor-row moun.

All things of nature and of art speak with a varied As they come to us in our sober moods, or come when is one voice, whose constant tone over re-

It comes when silent and alone; it speaks—but has Silence reigns,
When darkness wraps the vasty deep and night is on
the plains.
When the flowers and birds are all asleep, each folded in its nest.

When the wind is tired of blowing and bath lain him down to rest.

When the silent moon without a sound peers at us from on high. from on high,
And a million stars are scattered around, each like a
watchful eye—
Then comes the voice: I know its tones, and yet I are graven on my heart, as a tablet there were found; "Tis a voice of love—of my only love—who weary years When the dreary Winter had begun was laid beneath the snow:
And as earth closed o'er the beauteous form I was

no more to see, The world became a desert space—a barren waste to

My heart was broken, all joy was fied, the future dark and drear—
I only wished that pitying death would end my mission here:
That He, whose unrelenting hand had plucked my tender flower. Would now in morey take my life, and speed my parting hour. But soon there came a calmer time; I learned to think it best
That one so holy and so pure should with the angels At first I did not note the change that now my heart How thoughts and feelings now were there that never came before,

How purer thoughts and holier thoughts came softly

How purer thoughts and holier thoughts came softly in the night.

And gently nestling in my heart, filled it with calm delight.

I could not tell, when night came on and silence relaxed around.

How then these purer, better thoughts were in my hosom found:

But now I know—'tis her sweet voice, the love I still ndore.

Who comes and whispers tender things as she ofttimes did of yore.

But now her tones are purified—no touch of dross is there: there: She tells me now of purer joys in another, brighter

She bids me bear the weary load of life without a sigh,
That when the earth hath passed away, I may join my bride on high;
She bids me bravely do the work allotted me below—To bind another's sorrows up, to heal another's wee. To bear my cross with patience on till God's good jugdment see
Fit to remove this earthly case, and set my spirit free. All other sounds sing changefully—the sea, the birds, the wind;

But this voice over sings the same, and ever pure and kind.

Oh! gentle spirit, to whose care my better thoughts are due! Ever thy faithful help extend in journeying this life I am weak from worldly cares, which bear me to the

earth.

But thou art pure, and bright, and fair, in thy glorious, heavonly birth!

So let thy silent, gentle voice, which comes without a

sound.

Ever be present in my heart, and its teaching there be found: Lend me thy aid to guide my steps in the hely path and true. So that at last I may come home to rest with God—

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAVON."

CHAPTER

AFTER READING THE NOTE.

When Rosamond looked round again for her brother, he was not to be seen; but so many gentlemen were pressing forward to secure her hand for the dances on her card, that she felt no surprise at the circumstance. It was not until Lord Glanore brought her back to Mrs. Carroll at the close of a set of quadrilles, that she saw Kathleen sitting still, and learned that Frank, to whom she had engaged herself, had not appeared to claim her promise.

'It is very odd!" his sister exclaimed. " He was close behind us as we entered the room, for he picked up a note or paper which I had drop-

Kathleen started, and looked strangely tronbled when she spoke, but made no answering remark; and yet an act of inattention and rud ness on the part of the chivalrous Frank Daltor was so rare, that it might well have raised a wish to know what had occurred to give rise to

Refusing to dance again, Resamond sat for some time endeavouring to discover his figure in the throng promenading the space in the centre of the saloon. He was not amongst them, and she kept her eyes fixed on the door by which she hoped to see him enter, till surprise at his non-appearance gave place to uneasiness.

"I must go and make inquiries concerning my brother," she whispered to Mrs. Carroll. "I cannot imagine what is detaining him so Go, then, my love; but not alone. Let Lord

Ginnore accompany you. Why, where is he?"
The Viscount was at no great distance. Partially concealed from observation by a stand of flowering plants, he was bending down to lister to Kathleen, who, in low, entreating tones, was addressing him. Never had she looked loveller than now, as, with her upraised face slightly flushed, and lips quivering with eagerness, she plended some request; but there was reluctance, if not absolute contempt, in his manner, as he

listened to her was Kathleen-the shy, reserved Kathleen—urging so persistently to one whom she declared she scarcely knew? And why did Lord Glanore look confused, and make an almost imperceptible sign to her to be silent, as soon as he gaw that the eyes of Mrs. Carroll and

one but Kathleen herself, he stepped briskly forward, and demanded whether the truant had

Mrs. Carroll, who could feel that Rosamond was trembling with emotion, answered for her. She spoke with a little acidity, for she was really angry with Kathleen, whom she accused in her heart of filrting with the lover of her friend; neither was she over well pleased with

his lordship for lingering boside her.

"Mr. Dalton has not joined us, and his sister is growing anxious about him. Will your lordship accompany her to the outer hall, that she may inquire which way he went when he left Nothing loth, the Viscount drew Rosamond's

arm through his, and led her away; Kathleen, at the same moment, gliding to the back of the widow's chair, and questioning her with ill-con cealed impatience "What kind of paper was it that Mr. Dalton

"How can I tell?" Mrs. Carroll retorted. "If it was something of Rosamond's, there could be no harm in it, for she is too candid to have any

"How did he look? What did he say? Kathleen queried, passing over the significant hints the latter part of her kinswoman's speech contained.

"I do not know. What is your motive for putting these questions to me? My dear Katty,

if he really perceived her emotion—which is doubtful—he did not avail himself of it to extort from her that sweet confession she would not, in this softened mood, have been able to

Frank joined them just as his sister, with some remorse, recollected he' errand, and she had to make amends for her forgetfulness by the gladness of her welcome. "My dear Frank! where have you been stay-

ing? I was getting positively uneasy about you."

She saw now that he was unusually pale,

while his features were contracted as if with pain. "You are ill—you have been suffering?" she

began; but an expressive look silenced her.
"You are right; I have been suffering; but
it is over, or nearly so. You should not be
here; you must let me take you back to Mrs.

Without appearing to perceive Lord Glanore, he had placed himself between that gentleman and Rosamond, whose hand he now clasped in his own, and led her into the ball-

Presently, Kathleen found him by her side, coldly addressing her.
"Mrs. Carroll wishes me to tell you that she is tired, and proposes to go home. Are you

Fluttering and paling in a consciousness of

Oh, it was hard to be obliged to believe that she had given the rich treasure of her love to one who had been paltering with it all the while? Was there no sincerity in him? Why had he sought her so persistently? She had striven to avoid him, but all in vain. He had wooed her with every tender word man's lips can utter; he had vowed such constancy that, listening, she had believed; and this was the end of it!

Then her unselfish nature evinced itself, for, in the midst of her own grief, she remembered Frank's equally bitter disappointment, and raised herself to comfort him.

"My dearest brother, do not be too hasty!
Kathleen is young—very young. It may be
that she herself comprehends how much she has been compromising herself in granting secret interviews to Lord Glanore. Remember what a home she has had, and that she is motheriess!"

"I will—I do remember," was the passionate "I will—I do remember," was the passionato reply; "and that the love I have borne her gives a right to protect her. Lord Glanore shall be compelled to do her justice! She shall not have her fair fame tarnished through his agen-

cy."
" You'll not do anything rashly?" his auxious sister exolaimed.

"Not unless it be forced upon me?"

Frank, in his sternest accents, of I will see Mrs Carroll in the morning. She stands in the po-" I will see Mrs. sition of guardian to Kathleen; with her assisher last night, that she did wrong in asking favours in this way. She told me that she had been requesting Lord Glanore's aid for some poor family near her aunt's. You need not feel uneasy about this affair, Mr. Dalton. 1'll send for Kathleen, and she shall explain it to you horself."

Mrs. Carroll certainly imagined that she was telling Frank the precise truth, and ringing the bell with alacity, she chatted on other topics, till the servant sent to convoy her message, re-

Miss Sidney was lying down; she had a headache, and would feel obliged if Mr. Initon would call on the morrow, when she hoped to be able

"I'll not let a pain in her head be a sufficient excuse for keeping you in suspense another twenty-four hours, Mr. Dalton," said the widow, with more determination than she generally exercised. "Pil go to Kathleen myself, and in-sist upon her seeing you at once."

"Although unwilling to distress her, I shall be eternally grateful if you will prevail upon her to see me," the young man exclaimed, "Remind her that Rosamond's happiness is involved as well as mine in the mystery with which she surrounds her actions,"

"You may depend upon me for saying all that is right and necessary." And Mrs. Carroll

hastened away. Frank thought she would never come back. o long were the minutes that intervened before her returning footstep was heard on the stairs. He listened intently. She can: alone, and the hopes he had began to entertain, fled. Nor was her countenance a reassuring one. Rathleen had declared herself the apable of the effort of coming down; and when it was urged upon her, had become so hysterical, that Mrs. Carroll, though unwillingly, had been obliged to yield the point. She had, however, insisted that the weeping girl should flx an hour for the interview she had promised to grant her disappointed

lover on the morrow,

Frank said something about seeking Lord Glanore, and wresting an explanation from him: but this Mrs. Carroll assured him would be im

· Lord Glanore told me last night that he intended starting for England at an early hour this morning, and my servantssaw his carriage, loaded with luggage, pass the windows hours

"I am sorry to hear it." Frank muttered. "And I reloice that he is out of your reach, You must not forget, Mr. Dalton, that any quarrel between you and his lordship will compro-mise Kathleen's reputation. Even if she were guilty of a silly flictation with a gay, thoughtess man, you are too right-minded to wish to

inflict a serious injury upon her??
This was true, and Frank consented to waif
as patiently as he could for the promised conference, which must ofther clear away all his doubts, or so confirm them that he would be compelled to bid Kathleen farewell for ever. He went home, to relieve Rosamond's uneastness a little by his report of what Mrs. Carroll had said; and too restless to settle down to reading or painting, he mounted his horse, and rode away from the gay, bustling city, to which he dld not return till the eyening closed in.

He had left the tired animal at the stables, and was sauntering slowly towards his own dwelling, when he met Major Colbye; coming upon him so suddenly that, in spile of his un-willingness to enter into conversation, he was unable to avoid a civil greeting. The lazy exquisite was looking exceedingly

"How do, Dallon? Are you, like myself, trying hard to get rid of the hours between this and bed-time? It's a fatiguing task! I don't know whether I wouldn't sooner groom my horse, or brush my own bair," "How is it that you, who boast of being able

to extract amusement from every one's peculiarities, are at such a loss for pastimo ?" Frank inquired.

The Major did not choose to say that he had just called at Mrs. Carroll's, and after, being told that the ladies were not at home, had been fantalized with a vision of Norah's bright face at an upper window openly watching his departure.

"Because I feel too idle just now to go in search of any one to quiz," he answered, with a yawn. "Dublin grows flat, state, and unpro-flable. I'm half inclined to go with Glanoro to London; that is, if he does got start too early in the morning. It's such a martyrdom swallowing one's breakfast in a hurry, and putting one's boots on before it has digested. Yes, I think PH go; it will save me my travelling expenses if I travel with him, and the change will revive me."

"Your resolution comes too late," Frank d bim. "The Viscount quitted Ireland tils told bim. morning."

"Then he left his wralth behind him!" was the Major's cool response. an hour ago.'

"Are you sure of this?" queried lds hearer, loubtfully Am I sure of my own existence? Yes,"

" Did you address him?" was the next ones.

"No; for he was not alone. A lady, closely velled, was on his arm; and as they both of them seemed disposed to shirk me, I made myelf agreeable by crossing the street, and getting of their way."

There was something so odd in this statement, coming upon Mrs. Carroll's assurance that Lord Glauore had left Dublin in the morning, that Frank, whom every little cheumstance new rendered suspicious, mused awhile and then asked, "Where did you encounter

At the top of Barrel, or Verrall Street. Do you know it? And what makes you so inquisitly about our friend's movements? By Jove, it wasn't that pretty little cousin, or ward, of Mrs. Carroll's, who hung on his arm so confidingly, was it?"

Frank evaded replying, but his veins swelled to bursting as he thought that it might be as the Major had suggested. All the miserable thoughts he had been trying to subdue came back to torture him; and unable to endure any companionship at such a moment, he contrived an excuse for hurrying away. He could not present himself before Rosamond

till be could meet her with a smile, so be walked street, and down another, till he found simself in the vicinity of the hotel where Glanore had resided. Here he could ascertain which of the tales he had heard was correct: and striding up the steps, he interrogated the

civil porter.
"Lord Glanore? His lordship had left for England only that morning. Would be like to have the address in London, to which all letters were to be forwarded? No; he was nuite sure that the Viscount went in the morning, for one of their men had assist in putting the luggage on board the steamer.

Then Major Colbye was mistaken, and he had been wronging Kathleen by supposing that at the very time she decided herself to him, she was holding a clandestine meeting with a successful

Blaming himself for attaching any importlight as he had expected she would.

"The silly child did not know, till I talked to Major, Frank went home, sufficiently relieved



I cannot understand you! Is there something a marked change in his manner, she silently tance, I will concert measures for Kathicen's amiss between you and your lover? If so, let rose and permitted herself to be escorted to the safety." me try and remove it; but be sincere with me if I am to help you."

You cannot!" was the desponding reply. "I must endure my lot!"

Mrs. Carroll gazed at her curiously, and made answer, "So must we all, but we are not for-hidden to do our best to make ourselves and those about us happy. My dear, I don't like to see you whispering with Lord Gianore, What can you have to say to him, or he to

you?"
The question was repeated before Kathleen replied, and then she spoke with evident con-

" Lord Glanore has in his power to confer favour upon me-that is, upon a-a person I

"Dear child! your ignorance of the world astonishes me! If you had any request to make to his lordship, it should have been put through me. And pray who is this person for whe you are petitioning? Some cottager near the

"I cannot tell you now," was the hurried reply. "To-morrow, or the next day, you shall know all; and then forgive me, and comfort Frank Dalton if you can !'

Mrs. Carroll only caught the latter part of her speech indistinctly, and the return of No-rah to her side prevented any further conversation.

In the meanwhile, Rosamond and Lord Glanore were strolling slowly towards the care where it was just possible they might find Frank The former was writhing under a sense of injury as she remembered how he had lingered besid Kathleen, while the Viscount was silent an

" I don't know why I should detain your lordship," Rosamond sald, at last. " I fancy I am preventing the fulfilment of some engagement

with Miss Sidney."

"She is a very charming girl," he answered, rather irrelevantly. "May I ask, without impertinence, why her marriage with your brother is deferred?

"Kathleen can best tell you that; I am not Ah! she has scruples—foolish scruples!" he

muttered. "I hope Mr. Dalton will have succeeded in overcoming them by the time I return to Dublin. Yes, dear Rosamond," he added, in reply to her startled glance, "I must leave you a while; business recalls me to England. and I shall go to-morrow, in order to return as quickly as I can.

"This is rather a sudden resolution, is it not?" faltered his auditor.

He hesitated, "Yes-no, My lawyers have been wanting me for some time, but I have postponed my departure till a circumstance has occurred which renders it absolutely neces sary. You'll think of me kindly, won't you, Rosumond? And, if by some unlucky stroke of fate, I am not permitted to return to you, bear in mind that, faulty though I am, I have loved you dearly?"

These words which Rosamond regarded as one of the foreboding speeches we are some-times tempted to make on the eve of a long journey, or some perilous undertaking, were designed to bear a different meaning to her troubled heart by and by. But even now they grieved and aglated her. At the prospect of a separation, she could not conecal how much she loved, and would regret him; but Lord the jealous Rosamond were upon them?

Murmuring a few words, inaudible to every Glanore was unusually distrait that night: and

hall, where Norah was gaily filrting with the gentlemen who were vieing with each other in their attentions, and Mrs. Carroll was alter-

nately scolding and laughing at her saucy niece. Without uttering another syllable to the now trembling and agitated Kathleen, Frank wrapped her cloak about her, and was turning away to perform the same office for his sister, when the oung girl grasped his arm, pitcously saying, One moment—only one! Let me hearyou say that you forgive me !"

"I must first know how much I have to forgive," he hearsely replied. "If I could be certain that you are guiltless of all but the folly of listening to a treacherous and designing man---"

But here she impetuously stopped him.

"Blame me if you choose, but I will not hear a word against him !" He recoiled. "Do you dare, then, to defend

him, and to me?" She glauced round apprehensively. " Hush! me to these people. If Lord Glatore has told you all, you must know that our parting is in-evitable. Ah, Frank, I never deceived you,

but always told you that our union was impo "But I never knew why you said so till now. How long has this scoundrel stood between us?"

I will not answer questions put to me such language !" she answered, haughtily, " Release me. Mr. Dalton! If you wish for any further explanations, this is not the time nor place for demanding them."

Dizzy with rage and shame, he drew back and let her pass on. She flew to the side of Mrs. Carroll, but glanced over her shoulder, and after a moment's besitation, held out her hand with a gesture that seemed to entreat pardon But Frank, who had a sister's wrongs to resent as well as his own, gave her one withoring look, and dragging Rosamond with him, hurrled

CHAPTER XXIX.

GONE!

Ailie Brean, who was sitting up for her young mistress, saw that something unpleasant had occurred as soon as she entered the house. For Frank was without his hat, and Rosamond chilled with the night air, and the conclusions she had drawn from her brother's dark looks and strange exclamations, was scarcely able to

Ailie hastened to lead her to a chair.
" Mayourneen, 'tis fit to swoon ye ar will I give you to put the life into ye again

Rosamond tried to answer composedly, " Nothing, dear Aille. I will go to bed as soon—as soon as—" But here, unable to control her emotions, with a wall of terror, she flung herself on to her brother's breast. "Oh, Frank, what is it that possesses you? What has happened? Tell me, for I can bear this suspense no longer

Has Glanore. I have been madly careless of you, to let this ty villain ever enter your presence !" And Kathleen ?" she faltered.

He drew from his vest the note he had found, and gave it to her. She read it, and slid down at his feet, resting her head against his knees "But Lord Glanore-von will avoid him ?"

"Avoid him! Am I a coward, that I should to so? Would any punishment that this arm do so? could inflict be too great for one who has noted

membered that if the Viscount pursued his original intention, he would be on his way to England long before Frank could possibly seek him.

And now Mrs. Brean interfered. "Miss Rose, acushla, you'll come away wid me to bed, or we'll be having you ill. Thrust in Providence me darlint, that makes the sun pierce darker

clouds than this one !" " Darker! Oh, Ailie, impossible!" "Faix, but 'tis very possible; for after all, e've but heard one side of the story, and 'tis hard for me to believe that Miss Kathleen, that

went her blue eyes out of her head when Mas. ther Frank lay ill, could give her smiles to an-Frank silently pointed to the note, and takshook her head, and refused the profered evi-

"I've no 'pinion of letthers. 'Tisn't many I've written myself, and never was able to say just what I meant, an' no more. I'd rather have a simple yes or no from Miss Kathleen's purty lips than all the palavering papers you cooring me. Wait for the daylight. Miss Redear, and persuade Masther Frank to do like. May be, when he's face to face with the poor child, she'll be able to set all straight

again."
"I should be very glad if I could think with you," Resemend replied, with a doubtful sigh But she was comforted, nevertheless; and went to rest, dwelling on the cheerful predictions the old woman had uttered. She even strove to instill a little hopefulness into Frank before he left her to seek an interview with Mrs. Carroll; but her efforts were not crowned with success. He found that lady alone, and not in the best of humour.

or numour.
"I'm beginning to think I've done a foolish
thing," she said, "in undertaking the charge of
two wifful girls, who seem to fancy that they
neither owe me gratitude nor consideration,
Norah goes out whenever she pleases, and gives audience to strange men, who look so like Jews and money-lenders that I am ashamed to have them seen coming to my house; while Kath-leen mopes about, or shuts herself up, or takes solitary walks, in spite of my disapprobation And now, to add to my perplexities, here is a letter from Ursula Delany, accusing me of hav-ing encouraged one of her nices in the grossest disobedience, and the other in ruining her. true that Norah has dressed well since she ha been here; but I have desired her bills to be included in mine, so what her aunt means I can not tell. And, worse than all, Ursula is on her way here, to reclaim Norah before she can commit worse follies. 'Deed, Mr. Dalton, 'tis provoking, when one's been doing one's best for these motherless girls, to be thwarted as I

The good-natured widow was so genuinely distressed, that Frank scarcely knew how to add to her vexations; but it was absolutely neces-sary, and laying before her the note he had found, he simply related the circumstances un-

der which it came into his possession.

Mrs. Carroll, whom his gravity had alarmed, did not view the communication in as serious a



in mind to liston with outward composure while Resumend talked hopefully of what the morrow

was to bring forth.

"I am not sorry Miss Delany is coming to Dublin," she said. "Our too timid Kathleen will be obliged to decide between her aunt and will be obliged to decide between her aint and her lover, and there is very little doubt as to which way the scale will turn. Then, dear Frank, while you and your bride indulge in a trip to Paris, Altie and I will go bome and make ready for your return. If all goes well, we shall be a happy quartette round the fire this winter.

winter."

"If?" Her voice failtered a little as she uttered the ominous word; but she steadled it again, and contrived to preserve her cheerful demeanour till they parted for the night.

Frank went to his room, but not to rest.
Lighting a clear, he flung open the wintow, and smoked at it till far into the night. He felt to excited the analysis for slow. His connect.

and smoked at it till far into the night. He felt too excited, too anxious for sleep. His connec-tion with Kathleen had been a romantic one from the commencement, but the love she had inspired was none the less deep and enduring. To be obliged to suspect her of decelt was for-ture; and his mental sufferings, as he pictured her listening to and heliceting in the treacherous Viscount drove him almost to madness. Viscount, drove him almost to madness.

At last, dressed as he was, he flung himself on his bed, and slept the heavy, unrefreshing skeep of exhaustion, till the light touch of Rosa-mond's flugers on his forchead aroused him.

o Is it not late "he exclatmed, glancing at the sun, which was high in the heavens, "Yes; but I would not have aroused you, if It had not been absolutely necessary. Carroll has sent to entreat you to go to her im-

He sprang up, and his eyes began to question his sister's pale and troubled face.

** Kathleen—does it concern her? Is she ill.

"Indeed, dear Frank, I don't know anything. I could not ask the servant his inistress's reason-

for wishing to see you, although quite as eager to know them as you are." That was too true to be gainsald; so Frank

(To be continued.)

LONGING FOR SUMMER.

I've listened all night to the wind, I've listened all day to the rain, And now from the shadowy sky Darkness is falling again.

O. love, I am weary and ill. Sit near me, thy presence can calm These bearings of heart and brain; Let me lay down my head on thy arm.

Time heavily passes away. It is harder to live than to die: To hope against hope thro' the day. And he weary when night draweth nigh.

Pray, dear, for the summer to come, The winter seems long ere it goes. And my spirit is yearning to breathe, The periume of woodbane and rose.

O, love, for a walk on the hills. A rest 'neath the pine trees at noon, And O, for the somes of the birds, And breezes that murmur in June.

I long for the radiant sun To shine in his splendour again. When fleecy clouds sail o'er the sky, Like ships on the breast of the main.

There is joy for my soul in the sound of murnuring leaves as they blend. And the notes of the lark near Heaven, As earthward to us they descend.

Then pray for the summer to come, Bearing sweet flowers in her train, With beautiful sunshine and calin That I may grow better again.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FARRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER VI.

Now you may fancy that Tom was quite good, when he had everything that he could want or wish; but you would be very much mistaken. Being quite comfortable is a very good thing, but it does not make people good. Indeed, it sometimes makes them naughty, as it has made the people in America, and as it made the people in the Bible, who waxed fat and kicked, like horses overfed and underwork And I am very sorry so say that this happened to little Tom. For he grew so fond of the sea-bull's-eyes and sea-lollipops, that his foolish little head could think of nothing else: and he was always longing for more, and won-dering when the strange lady would come again and give him some, and what she would give him, and how much, and whether she would give him more than the others. And he thought of nothing but follipois by day, and dreamt of nothing elso by night—and what happened

That he began to watch the lady to see where she kept the sweet things I and began hiding, and sneaking, and following her about, and pretending to be looking the other way, or going after something else, till he found out that she kept them in a beautiful mother-of-pearl cab-

inet, away in a deep crack of the rocks.

And he longed to go to the cabinet, and yet he was afraid; and then he longed again, and was less afraid; and at last, by continual thinking about it, he longed so violently that he was not afraid at all. And one night, when all the other children were asleep, and he could not sleep for thinking of lollipops, he crept away among the rocks, and got to the cabinet, and be hold! It was open.

But when he saw all the nice things inside instead of being delighted, he was quite fright-ened, and wished he had never come there. And then he would only touch them, and he did; and then he would only taste one, and he did; and then he would only eat one, and he did; and then he would only cat two, and then three, and so on; and then he was terrified less she should come and catch him, and began gob-bling them down so first that he did not taste them, or have any pleasure in them; and then and then only one more again; and so on till he

had eaten them all up.
And all the while, close behind him, stood
Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid. And she looked very
sadly at Tom, but did not speak to him nor punish him, not even when Tom came next day with the rest for sweet things. He was horribly afmid of coming, but he was still more afmid of staying away, lest any one should suspect him. He was dreadfully afraid, too, lest there should be no sweets—as was to be expected, he having enten them all—and lest then the fairy should tofulre who had taken them. But, pobold I sho

pulled out just as many as ever, which aston-ished Tom, and frightened him still more. And, when the fairy looked him full in the face, he shook from head to foot; however, sho gave him his share like the rest, and he thought within himself that she could not have found

within himself that she could not have found him out.

But, when he put the sweets into his mouth, he habed the taste of them; and they made him so slek, that he had to get away as fast as he could; and terribly slek he was, and very cross and unhappy, all the week after.

Then, when next week came, he had his share again; and again the fairy looked him full in the form; but more said; them she had aver looked.

face; but more sadly than she had ever looked.

And he could not bear the sweets, but took them again in spite of himself. And, when Mrs. tousyouwouldbedoneby came, he wanted to be cuddled like the rest; but she said very seriously:

"I should like to cuddle you, but I cannot,

"I should like to cuddle you, but I cannot, you are so horny and prickly."

And Tom looked at himself, and he was all over prickles, just like a scalegg.

Which was quite natural; for you must know and believe that people's souls make their bodies, just as a snail makes its shell (I am not joking, my little man; I am in serious, solemn carnest). And, therefore, when Tom's soul grew all prickly with naughty tempers, his body could not help growing prickly too, so that nobody would enddle him, or play with him, or even like to look at him.

What could Tom do now, but go away and hide in a corner, and cry? For nobody would play with him, and he knew full well why.

And he was so miscrable all that week that,

And he was so miserable all that week that, when the ugly furry came, and looked at him once more full in the face, more seriously and sadly than ever, he could stand it no longer, and thrust the sweetments away, saying, "No, I don't want any; I can't bear them now," and then burst out, erying, poor little man, and told Mrs. Iedonebyasyoudid every word as It hap-

He was horribly frightened when he had done That was too true to be gainsald; so Frank
That was too true to be gainsald; so Frank
and a hasty toilette, and swallowing a cup of
coffee, to satisfy Allie Brean, he hurried to Mrs.
Carroll's residence.

(To be continued) kissing better than none.

"I will forgive you, little man," she said. "I always forgive every one the moment they tell "Then you will take away all these nesty prickles?" me the truth of their own accord."

That is a very different matter. You put them there yourself, and only you can take them

"But how can I do that ?" asked Tom, crying

"Well, I think it is time for you to go to school; so I shall fetch you a schoolmistress, who will teach you how to get rid of your prick-les." And so she went away.

Tom was frightened at the notion of a school-mistress; for he thought she would certainly come with a birch-rot or a cane; but he com-forted himself, at last, that she might be some-thing like the old woman in Vendale—which she was not in the least; for, when the fairy brought her, she was the most beautiful little girl that ever was seen, with long curls floating behind her like a golden cloud, and long robes floating all round her like a silver one.

"There he is," said the fairy; "and you must teach him to be good, whether you like or not."
"I know," said the little girl; but she did not seem quite to like, for she put her finger in her mouth, and looked at Tom under her brows; and Tom put her finger in her mouth, and look-ed at her under his brows, for he was horribly

asbamed of himself. The little girl seemed hardly to know how to begin; and perhaps she would never have begun at all, If poor Tom had not burst out crying, and begged her to teach him how to be good, and how to core his prickles; and at that she grew so temler-hearted, that she began teaching him as prettily as ever child was taught in the world.

And what did the little girl teach Tom? She taught him, first, what you have been taught ever since you said your first prayers at your mother's knees; but she taught him much more simply. For the lessons in that world, my child, have no such hard words in them as the lessons in this, and therefore the water-bables like them better than you like your lessons, and long to learn them more and more! and grown men cannot puzzle nor quarrel over their meaning, as they do here on land; for those lessons all rise clear and pure out of the everlasting ground of all life and truth.

So she taught Tom every day in the week; only on Sundays she always went away home, and the kind fairy took her place. And, before she had taught Tom many Sundays, his prickles had vanished quite away, and his skin

les had vanished quite away, and his skin was smooth and clean again.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "why, I know you now. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came into my bedroom."

"Dear me!" cried Tom. "And I know you, too, now. You are the yery little white lady where I can be bet".

whom I saw in bed." And he jumped at her, and longed to hug and kiss her; but did not, remembering that she was a lady born; so he whom I saw in bed." only jumped round and round her, till he was

And then they began telling each other all their story—how he had got into the water, and she had fallen over the rock; and how he had swam down to the sen, and how she had flown out of the window, and how this, that, and the other, till it was all talked out, and then they both began over again, and I can't say which o

he two talked fastest.

And then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked them so well, that they went on well till full seven years were past and

You may fancy that Tom was quite content and happy all those seven years; but the truth is, he was not. He had always one thing on his mind, and that was—where little when she went home on Sundays.

To a very beautiful place, she said. But what was the beautiful place like, and

Ah! that is just what she could not say, And it is strange, but true, that no one can say; and that those who have been oftenest in it, or even nearest to it, can say least about it, and make people understand least what it is like. are a good many folks about the Other-end-of-Nowhere (where Tom went afterwards), who pretend to know it from north to south as well as if they had been ponny postmen there; but, as they are safe at the Other-end-of-Nowhere, nine hundred and ninety-nine million miles

away, what they say cannot concern us But the dear, sweet, loving, wise, good, self-sacrificing people, who really go there, can never tell you anything about it, save that it is the most beautiful place in all the world; and, if you ask them more, they grow modest, and hold their peace, for fear of being laughed at;

and quite right they are. So all that good little Ellie could say was, that it was worth all the rest of the world put together. And of course that only made Tom the

more anxious to go likewise.

"Miss Eille," he said at last, "I will know why I cannot go with you when you go home on Sundays, or I shall have no peace, or give you none either."

"You must ask the fairles that."

So when the fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, came next, Tom asked her.

"Little boys who are only fit to play with sea-beasts cannot go there," she said. "These who go there must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like."

"Why, did Ellio do that?"

"Ask her,"

And Ellie blushed, and said, "Yes, Tom; I did not like coming here at first; I was so much happier at home, where it is always Sunday.

And I was afraid of you, Tom, at first, because—

"Beenuse I was all over prickles? But I am not prickly now, am I, Miss Ellie?"

"No." said Ellie. "I like you very much now; and I like coming here, too."

"And perhaps," said the fairy, "you will learn to like going where you don't like, and helping some one that you don't like, as Ellie

But Tom out his dower to his mouth and hung his head down; for he did not see that at

So when Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby came. Tom asked her; for he thought in his little head. She is not so strict as her sister, and per-

haps she may let me off more easily.

Alt, Tom, Tom, stily fellow! and yet I don't know way I should blame you, while so many grown people have got the very same notion in

But, when they try it, they get just the same answer as Tom did. For, when he asked the second fairy, she told him just what the first did, and in the very same words.

Tom was very unhappy at that. And, when Ellie went home on Sunday, he fretted and cried all day, and did not care to listen to the fairy's nil day, and did not enre to listen to the fairy's stories about good children, though they were prettier than ever. Indeed, the more he overheard of them, the less he liked to listen, because they were all about children who did what they did not like, and took trouble for other people, and worked to feed their little brothers and sisters, instead of earing only for their play. And, when she began to tell a story about a holy child in old times, who was martyred by the heathen because it would not worship klots. Tom could bear no more, and ran away and bid among the rocks. umong the rocks.

And, when Ellie came back, he was shy with And, when Ellie came back, he was shy with her, because he fancied she looked down on him, and thought him a coward. And then he grew quite cross with her, because she was superior to him, and did what he could not do And poor Ellie was quite surprised and sad; and at last Tom burst out crying; but he would not tell her what was really in his mind.

And all the while he was enten up with enricosity to know where Ellie went to; so that he becam not, to care for his heavents, or for the

began not to care for his playmates, or for the sen-palace, or anything else. But perhaps that made matters all the easier for him; for he grew so discontented with everything round him, that he did not care to stay, and did not eare where he went.

"Well," he said at last, "I am so miserable

"Well," he said at last, "I am so miscrable here, I'll go, if only you will go with me?"

"Ah!" said Eille, "I wish I might; but the worst of it is, that the fairy says, that you must go alone, If you go at all. Now don't poke that poor erab about, Tom (for he was feeling very naughty and mischievous), or the fairy will have to punish you." bave to punish you."

have to punish you."

Tom was very nearly saying, "I don't care if she does;" but he stopped himself in time.

"I know what she wants me to do," he said, whining most dolefully. "She wants me to go after that horrid old Grimes. I don't like him, that's certain. And if I find him, he will turn me into a chimney-sweep again, I know. That's what I have been afraid of all along."

"No, he won't—I know as much as that. Nobody can turn water-hables into sweeps' or hurt them at all, as long as they are good."

"Ah," said maighty Tom, "I see what you want; you are persuading me all along to go, because you are tired of me, and want to get rid of me."

Little Ellic opened her eyes very wide at that, and they were all brimming over with tears, "Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said, very mournfully—and then she cried, "Oh, Tom! where are very?"

And Tom cried, "Oh, Ellie, where are you?" For neither of them could see each other—not the least. Little Ellie vanished quite away, and Tom heard her voice calling him, and growing smaller and smaller, and fainter and fainter till all was slient.

Who was frightened then but Tom. He swam up and down among the rocks, into all the halls and chambers, faster than ever he swam before, but could not find her. He shouled after her, but she did not answer; he asked all the other children, but they had not seen her; and at has he went up to the top of the water and began crying and screaming for Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid—which perhaps was the best thing to do—for she came in a moment for she came in a moment.

have been naughty to Ellie, and I have killed

her—I know I have killed her."
"Not quite that," said the fairy; "but I have sent her away home, and she will not come back again for I do not know how long."

And at that Tom cried so bitterly, that the salt sea was swelled with his tears, and the tide was 3,954,620,819 of an inch higher than it had been the day before; but perhaps that was owing to the waxing of the moon. It may have been so; but it is considered right in the new philosophy, you know, to give spiritual causes for physical phenomena—especially in pariour tables; and, of course, physical causes for spiri-tani ones, like thinking, and praying, and know-Ing right from wrong. And so they odds it till tecomes even, as folks say down in Berkshire." "How cruel of you to send Ellie away!" sob-bed Tom. "However, I will find her again, if I

go to the world's end to look for her."

The fairy did not slap Tom, and tell him to hold his tongue; but she took him on her lap very kindly, just as her sister would have done; and put him in mind how it was not her fault. because she was wound up inside, like watche because and was wound up inside, like watenes, and could not help doing things, whether she liked or not. And then she told him how he had been in the nursery long enough, and must go out now and see the world, if he intended ever to be a man; and how he must go all alone by himself, as every one else that was born has to go, and see with his own eyes, and smell with his own nose, and make his own bed and lie on it, and burn his own fingers if he put them into the fire. And then she told him how many fine things there were to be seen in the world, and what an odd, curious, plea-sant, orderly, respectable, well-managed, and, on the whole, successful (as, indeed, might have been expected) sort of a piace it was, if people would be only tolerably brave and honest and good in it; and then she told him not to be afraid of anything he met, for nothing would harm him if he remembered all his lessons, and did what he knew was right. And at last she comforted poor little Tom so much that he was quite eager to go, and wanted to set out that minute. "Only," he said, "if I might see Eille one more before I went!"

"Why do you want that?"

"Because—because I should be so much hap-pler if I thought she had forgiven me." And in the twinkling of an eye there stood

Eille, smiling, and looking so happy that Tom longed to kiss her; but was still afraid it would not be respectful, because she was a lady born.

"I am going, Eille !" said Tom. "I am going, if it is to the world's end. But I don't like going at all, and that's the truth."

"Pooh I pooh ! pooh!" said the fairy. "You will like it very well indeed, you little regue, and you know that at the bottom of your heart. But if you don't, I will make you like it. Come here and see what happens to people who do only what is pleasant."

And she took out of one of her cupboards (she

And she took out of one of her cupboards (she and successful of the corporate (she had all sorts of mysterious emploards in the eracks of the rocks) the most wonderful waterproof book, full of such photographs as never were seen. For she had found out photography and this is a fact) more than 13,598,600 years before anybody was born; and, what is more, before anybody was born; and, what is more, her photographs did not merely represent light and slude, as ours do, but colour also, and also colours, as you may see if you look at a black cock's tail, or a butterfly's wing, or indeed, most things that are or can be, so to speak. And, therefore, her photographs were very curious and famous, and the children looked with great defight for the opening of the best. light for the opening of the book.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE BARLEY-STRAW.

AN ALLEGORY FROM THE DANISH.

A young married couple were walking down a country lane. It was a peaceful, sunny mora-ing in autumn, and the last of their honeymoon. "Why are you so silent and thoughtful?" asked the young, beautiful wife. "Do you already long for the city and its turmoil? Are you weary of my love? You regret, I fear, that you have renounced your busy life youder and consented to live only for me and our happi-

He kissed her forehead, which she tenderly raised up to him. She received no other ans

er.

"What can you miss here?" she continued. "Can all the others together love you more than I my single self? Do I not suffice? We are rich enough, so that you need not work; but if

you absolutely must do something—well, then, write romances and read them to me alone."

The young man again replied with a kiss. He then stepped across the ditch into a stubblefield and picked up a straw, left by the gicaners. It was an unusually fine and large straw, yet attached to its root and entwined by the with-ered stalks of a parasitical plant, upon which a single little flower might be discerned.

"Was that a very rare flower you found?" asked the little lady. "No; it was a common bindweed." "A bindweed?"

"Yes, that is its vulgar name. The botanists call it Convolculus arvensis. The peasantry name it fox-vines; in some localities it is called tangle weed." He paused and gazed thoughtfully on the straw.
"Pray, what interesting thing is it, then, that

you have discovered ?"
"It is a romance."

" A romance?"

"Yes—or a parable, if you like."
"Is it in the flower?"
"Yes; the flower and—the straw."
"Please tell me the story about it."
"Hut it is a sail one."

"But it is a sad one"
"No matter for that; I should like to hear it very much.

She seated herself on the edge of the grassy bluck; her husband did the same close at her side, and told the story of the straw.

At the outer edge of the barley-field, near the

ditch of the highway, grow a young vigorous barley-shoot. It was tailer, stronger, and darker than the others; it could look over the whole

The first thing it noticed was a little violet. It stood beyond, over the otheredge of the ditch, and peered through the grass with its innocent azure eyes. The sun shone, and the balmy wind breathed over towards the field from the road, where the violet grew. The young straw rocked itself in spring-nir and spring-dreams. To reach one another was out of the question; they did not even think about it. The violet was a pret-ty little flower, but it clung to earth and soon disappeared among the growing grass. The barley, on the contrary, shot up higher and higher each day; but the dark green shoot still above all the rest- It rejoleed already in a long, full car before any of the others had commenced

to show their beards.

All the surrounding flowers looked up to the gallant ear of barley. The scarlet poppy blushed yet a deeper red, whenever it swung over it. The corn-flower make its aroma still more piquant than usual, and the flaunting yellow field-cabbage expanded its one bold flower. By-and-by the barley-straw blossomed in its manner. It swayed about, now here, now there, in the balmy atmosphere; sometimes bending over the cornflower, at times over the poppy, and then over the tare and wild field enbinge; but when it had peered down in their challees it swung back again, straightened up, and thought, "You are but a lot of weeds, after all." But in the grass at the ditch flourished a bind-

weed, with its small leafy vines; it bore delicate snowy and rose-coloured flowers, and emitted a delicate fragrance. To that the barley-straw bent longingly down.

"You gallant straw," it smiled; "bend yet ower, that I may embrace you with my leaves The straw essayed to do it, with its best will.

"I cannot," it sighed; "but come to me, lean on me and cling to me, and I will raise you above all the proud popples and concelted corn-

I have never had any ambition to rise in the world, but you have been my constant dream ever since I was building, and for your sake I will leave the greensward and all the little flowers, in whose company I grew. twine ourselves together and flower alone fo

Thus said the bindweed, and stretched its tendrils into the field. It clung tenderly to the straw, and covered it with its green leaves and modest flowers up to its topmost blade. It was a beautiful sight. The two seemed to

suit each other to perfection. The straw felt oow really proud, and shot up higher and higher.
"Do you wish to leave me," sighed the weed.
"Are you dizzy already?" smiled the straw.

"Siny with me—cling to me. Why do you rise higher?" "Because I must. It is my nature."

"But it is not mine." "Follow me, If you love me."
"You won't stay? I know now that you do

not love me any more.

And the weed loosened its tender arms and

shoot over upwards. The bindweed began to wither. Its flowers grew more and more pale. "I have but lived and flowered for you. For your sake have I sacrificed my spring and my summer. Butyou

do not notice my flowers—you leave my little buds to wither in the air; you think upon any-thing else but me and the beautiful summer my timo!"

"I think upon the harvest-my time has also its

Presently the rain came. Great drops fell upon the delicate leaves. "My time is soon over," wept the weed, and closed its little flow-ers, to hide the cold tears.

ers to hide the cold tears.

Tears are heavy. The straw came near sinking under its burden, but it felt the importance of keeping itself upright; it straightened up, gallantly facing the storm. It grow stiffer in the body—harder in the joints.

It was one of the dark days. The heavens were gray and the earth dark; it had been raining for a long time. The weed had grown downward into the earth, as if it would hide itself from the storm.

from the storm.
"Bend down once more as you did in days of

"Bend down once more as you did in days or yore, when my love was all in all to you," begged the weeping flower.

"I cannot, I dare not," ground the straw.

"And I, who have bent a thousand times for your sake—I, who now bend myself to the very dust before your feet," wailed the weed, groveling on the earth.

ling on the earth.

Then fell a couple of large rain-drops upon the

Then fell a couple of large rain-drops upon the blades; the weight was too much, the brave straw yielded, the weed pulled it down, and both straw and weed sank down on the wet earth, never more to rise again.

The harvest came. All the golden corn were bound to sheaves, and brought to the barn with song and joy. But that which once so gallantly had reared its hend above all the others, remained prestrate on the stabble-field. The mained prostrate on the stubble-field. The grain was mouldy and the straw withered. Of the beautiful vine, whose loving embrace had been so fatal, only the dry, blackened stalks re-mained.

Thus ended the romance of the barley-straw. The young wife had tours in her bountful The young whe had tears in her beautiful eyes, but they were the bulmy tears which strengthen, not the scalding ones which crush the soul to the earth. She wound her arms around her husband's neck, and whispered a single word in his ear. It was, "Thanks."

Then she plucked the lost, hadf-withered blossom from the bindweed.

som from the bindweed. som from the bindweed,

"It is a flower of memory that I will take
with me, when I to-morrow return with you to
the city again," she said softly, as she hid it in
her bosom. "Love is good, but labour and love
are better. Pleasure is perfect only when it
harmonies with our permanent interests, as it
is also true that no delight can be enduring
which interferes with duty." which interferes with duty."

THE SAD END OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY ONE ACQUAINTED WITH ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES,

It was in ancient Italy, a deadly hatred grew Between old Calch Capalet and Moses Montagne. Now Calch had an only son, a dapple litte beau. The pet of all the pretty girls — by name young tomeo;

And Moses owned a female girl, just home from honrdin' school.

Miss Juliet was her Christian name (for short they called her Jule).

To bring the lady out he gave a ball at his planta-And thither went young Romoo, without an invita-One Tybalt, kinsman of the host, began to seowl and

pout.
And watched an opportunity to put the follow out.
When Moses saw the fun, he said, "My coasin, don't
be cross: Behave yourself or loave the room; are you or I the

boss?"
When Juliot saw young Romeo, his beauty did enchant her.
Am Romeo he fell in love with Juliet instanter.
Lest their dark should spoil the fan, but little time they tarried.
But straightway went to Friar Lawrence's cell, and privately were married.
Oh, eruel fate I next day the groom met Tybalt on the square.

the squire.
And Tybalt, being very drunk, at Romeo did swear.
Then Romeo his weapon drew (a knife of seven blades).
And stuck it into Tibby's ribs, which laid him in

And stack it into 1100) a 1105, which the shades.

Then Romeo he ran up and down, through alley, street and square.
The Charlies ran, o'er took their man, and brought him force the Mayor.

And then the worthy magistrate most savagely did Says he, young man, you lose your head, or elso ya-

mose this fown:
He chose the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine.
"Alas," said he, "our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine!" moonshine!"
And now, to make the matter worse, old Moses did embarrass,
And said that she must give her hand to noble Count de Paris.
"He is a comply youth.', said he, "to-day he comes

And, zounds, if you don't marry him, I'll soundly wallop you."

She straightway went to the friar's cell to see what must be done.

The friar he said to go to bed and take some landa-

"Twill make, you sleep and soom as dead — thus you'll escape this blow.

A humbugged man your dad will be—a blessed one

Romeo."

She drank, she slept, she seemed as dead—they buried her next day—

That she perged out her lord get word, far off in Mantia.

Said he, "Of life I've enough—I'll hire Bluffkins' mulo,
Lay in a pint of bald-faced rum, and lie to-night with Jule." He rode unto the sepulture, 'mong dead folks, but s and crospers.

And swillowed down the poison dose, when Julie!

op'ed her neepers.

Are you ulive, or is it your ghost? Speak quick, hefere I go!"

"Alive," she said, " and kicking, too. Art thou my Romeo?" "It is your Romeo !" he said, "my faded little blos-

Ah I Juliet is it possible that you are playing possum ?"
"I am. my dear; now lot's go home—l'a's ire will be abuted:

Oh I what's the matter, Romeo, are you inchrinted?"
"Ah I no, my love; I only took a little dose of physic!
It makes me feel quite bad, I own — a little somewhat sensick,"
Now, seoner than a playful lamb could shake his tall or jump,
Poor Romeo was as stiff and pale as any whitewashed

pump.
Then Juliet that same weapon drew, and in her hosom stuck it.
Let out a most terrific yoll, fell down and kicked the bucket.

A YOUNG GIRL'S THOUGHTS.

Parepa Rosa was singing Casta Diva in one of the western ofties. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eyes, she commenced her Ænlian notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a gush of plaintive, supplicating harmony, that vibrated through every chord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dross and halo of golden hair, and there was a sweet, pensive look on her dewneast face. The music consoil, and the audience, with wild onthusinem, was domanding an eners when my beautiful companion raised her large, serone eyes to mine; and said: "Isn't it argo, serone eyes to mine; and said: " Isn't it

sau!" Yor." replied I quickly, sharing her feeling; "although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord."

chord."

"O, nonsense!" she exclaimed, "I dont't mean that! You know very well that! don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men buildenede! I wonder if it isn't dissipation, or the climate, or what? Do you know that I have been ploking out bald-hoads down in the parquette, and would you believe it, I actually counted twenty-nine."



For the Hearthstone. HOW SOON WE FORGET.

BY DR. NORMON SMITH.

As the whistling winds of Autumn sweep over the hill-sides and across the plains, here and there a tenf trembles upon the swaying limbs and then is borne away by the gale to perish and mingle with, the dust of the earth. But it is not missed from among its fellows, and thus one by one they all depart and soon we forget that each little leaf has fulfilled its we torget that each intro lear has fulfilled its appointed destiny in the great kingdom of vegetable life. The sweet little flower rears its modest head above the green sod, unfolds its beautiful petals and scatters rare fragrance upon the passing breeze. With delight we inhale the sweet perfume and amire its modest beauty. Anon some rada hand smark its step acquire. Anon some rade hand snaps its stem assunder and bears it away to wither, and die. With a few unavailing regrets it passes from our memory as we turn to admire for a time some freshly opening binds. The giant oak of the sortestly opening binds, and defies the piercing gales of winter to overthrow it. But bye and bye the woodman's axe resounds through the forest avenues; the old oak trembles, bows its head and comes crashing down to earth. In vain we look for its towering form above its neighbours. Anon some rude hand snaps its stem asunder look for its towering form above its neighboursnote its abscence and then forget that it ever

to sorrow turn away to condole with the living. hat soon the crystal fountain is drawn dry; the last drop flows out; the gates of forgetfulness are shut down, and time awakes no echoes from

As it is with others so it, will be with us. A more days and we shall be known on earth more. The funeral knell will echo away over the hill-tops as one after another we are gathered in to our final resting place; and as the sole an notes die away, the living will turn once more to the busy seems of life, and we gathered in to our final resting place; and as the solemn notes die away, the living will turn once more to the busy scenes of life, and we sheep on forgotten. Friends perhaps will rear a stone and plant a few flowers over our grave; but time will soon level down the little hillock, the flowers will be choked out by weeds, and the green grass will creep over the fallen head stone. Our very names will be forgotten, save as they exist upon decaying parciament that must soon too minede with the dust. The little is the walting of his needy sons in his model wonstens and the must soon too mingle with the dust. The little lock of hair treasured up so carefully; the keep-sakes and all the tokens of our remembrance will vanish and no vestige of our existence here will remain to interest any living being.

Life! 'tis but a day,—how quick its close, When all so surely then in death repose, Morning breaks,—passing we heed it not, The evening comes and we sleep on forgot.

THE VULGAR RICH.

Any person who has a sustomed himself to peruse Burke's "Landed Gentry" must have remarked upon the curious fact, that although innumerable cotton lords and successful tradesmen have, of late years, contrived to get themselves immortalised in that excellent work, yet that no trace of a plebeian origin is to be found in connection with any of them. Having abandoned the factory and the yard measure, and set up to be gentlemen, they have contrived, in some way or other, to tack themselves to the emi-nently respectable people who really can boast of ancestors. Stubbs, the great bone-boller, who airst stepped into the simshine of fame when he negame Sheriff of London; who bought an estate, and so attached himself to the landed interest, allows no one to discover, from ine work which records his greatness, that he once entered the metropolis a poor by; with a half-crown in his pocket. Old acque intances are surprised to find, not merely that the Stubbs family posses armorial bearings to that Stubbs himself is, after all, descended from a good old stock. . . . Even anaristeerat of the most rigid school will admit that the taint of trade may be removed in two or trace generations, and a glorious career may be yell at store for his grandchildren. Meanwhile our ex-bone-boiler will do his best to marry off his daughters. He crept into tolerable society occame Sheriff of London; who hought an ex-Twenty Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and a glorious career may be yet an store for his grandchildren. Meanwaile our exchanged with the sheet to marry of his daugaters. He crept into tolerable society when he served the office of sheriff, and he continues to hold his own by dint of the perseverage which enabled him to gain a fortune at his unsavoury trade. The girls, to be sure, are not beauties; they are snubnosed and vulgar; but jupped has command of eash, and in these times of severe competition, a fortune, with an incumbrance in the shape of a wife, is not to be picked up every day. Stabbs regards the rebuffs and cold looks, which he experiences, as more trifles. The family, during its years of obscurity, acquired a thickness of cuttlet which has been of immense service to its present representative on many occasions. In the country, Stabbs way, against adverse circumstances, to popularity; but in town, at his house in Park-hane, he is as great as can be expected.

The sacred circle of good scored or many at his house in Park-hane, he is as great as can be expected. slowly works his way, against adverse circumstances, to popularity; but in town, at his house in Park-lane, he is as great as can be expected. The sacred circle of good society may shun idnity but he can be king among his former City friends, who regard the successful tradesman as a very great man indeed. At levers Stubbs appears gorgeous in the uniform of a deputy-licet tenant; and, although the initiated know ry great man inacca. At arrest status of segorgeous in the uniform of a deputy-licular ; and, although the initiated know precise value of his searlet and lare, pears gorgeous in the uniform of a deputy-licutement; and, although the initiated know the precise value of his searlet and luce, the vulgar people who worship Stubbs regard him as a sort of field marshal, or staff officer at least, whose presence at Court is indistrolled and an ammunal well known for its services at least, whose presence at Court is indistrolled the amount of the pensable. But our successful bone-boiler grouns under the severe affliction of an extremely vulgar wife. Men may become equal to their position; but women seldom wear off their early limbts, or overcome the triffing defects of a neglected education. Poor Lndy Stubbs has great disadvantages to contend against. She marders the Queen's English, and, like her husband, has hazy notions of the use of the letter II. The good lady retains her primitive ideas of colour, and dresses in all the hues of the rainbow. The daughters, who acquired some lattle poilsh a school, are wretched when mamma opens her mouth, and Stubbs bimself is of opinious that her figure and deportment are not equal to the right position. He sees all the poor woman's glaring defects, but is oulls unconscious of this own and defects, but is oulls unconscious of this own and defects, but is oulls unconscious of the contrary a dwelling in which is the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which it with the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which it will be contrary a dwelling in which the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which which the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which is the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which is the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which is the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which is the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which is the decenter of the contrary a dwelling in which is the decenter of the contrary a dw position. He sees all the poor woman's glaring defects, but is quite as aristocratic as a retired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and ex-sheriff may hope to be the fired bone-boiler and his wife are quite at home at the glorious eitle entertainments at the Manston House, but in better society he is still affilied with that mawarise honde which will cling to a plebelan, in spite of the solles of fortune. He can be arrogant enough to his most offeriors, but in the presence of the titled and well-born he is a servite slave. He has an Euglishman's veneration for a lord, and is never the mineral mines more rapidly and economically the mineral mines more rapidly and economically fire mineral mines more rapidly and economically the most religious thick the decines of the sheet decines of the species of the field sof fortune. A young man who allows himself to use a culgar or produce the species of the new to see the species of the mister that there is a find some siver. But the field sof others; and the contaring the presence of such passions renders them reckless and obligations which motion to the reckless and obligations which motion to the species of the feelings of there is such a make the inhabitants selfsh. Figure less that the contarion of the di position. He sees all the poor woman's glaring defects, but is quite unconscious of his own, and

wines are always good. But the showy house betrays the host's want of taste, and the over-loaded table indicates the snobbish tendencies of his mind. He has a decided preference for profuse ornamentation, and the eye is positively fatigued with the claborate fluery which exhibits his wealth. You cannot be five minutes in his his wealth. You cannot be five minutes in his house without discovering that he is an ignorant pretender, who mistakes extravagant profusion and the blaze of colour for refinement and gen-tility. The people Stubbs is anxious to impress with a due idea of his wealth and importance, sneer coverily at his vulgarity, and go away with ample materials for racy anecdotes of the with ample materials for may anectors of the upstart. But there are needy people, of good position in society, who are willing enough to humour his weakness for the sake of the dinners he gives. A bankrupt peer or two pay court to him, and one of them may possibly carry off the elder Miss Stubbs, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, which the fond father is willing to give for the sake of an empty title, and the humour of hosting a lovel for a son-in-

the hone-boller's daughter, and her father's dearest wish is at last grathled. The poor sub-nosed thing is led like a lamb to the staughter, and, as Lady Starveling is destined to become and thus it is with human life. One by one our fellow beings come upon the stage of action, bask for a time in the sunshine of hope, endear themselves to us by affection and kindred these and then pass away, as passes the fleeting shadows of summer. It may be but the little shadows of summer, It may be but the little distributions the morning lower, the plant of the man of the substitution of the callour part of the man of the substitution of themselves to us by affection and kindred their and then pass away, as passes the flecting shadows of summer. It may be but the little baby, heautiful as the morning flower, the plating child, the hopeful youth, the man of strength, or the tottering form of four score years, over which closes the green sod of the years, over which closes the green sod of the years, then newly made graves are watered with the tears of grief, we lament their loss and strength with the little in the condition of his City connections, marries the in honour of his City connections, marries the source has commission in a crack eavalry regiment, and is suitabled and roasted by his ariseting the power of the strength, or the tottering form of four score power than average and the power of the cx-bone source and is suitabled and roasted by his ariseting the power of the cx-bone source and is suitabled and roasted by his ariseting the power of the cx-bone source and the carbone source and the cx-bone miscrable enough; but money did wonders, and, if he did not take a degree, he had the honour of being elected one of the University eight who were victors in the boat-race. Old Stubbs is now fairly entitled to take a high place among the landed grandees of his country, and he sits as one of its representatives in Parliamant. He votes consistently with his party, and, although he never ventures to speak, he makes a respectable working member on committees, where his knowledge of business is useful. The charmed circle of good society is now opened to him.

> ancestors, and buys his way up to high military EXCELLENT INTEREST RULES.

rank .- Civilian.

is the making of his needy sons in law, and the family, having now severed the last tie that connected them with the regions beyond the

Temple Bar, are quietly absorbed into the great patrician class, which boasts of its blue blood and its high descent. Capitaln Stubbs assumes the aristocratic prefix which distinguished his

For finding the interest on any principal for any number of days, the answers in each case being in cents, separate the two right hand fi-gures to express it in dollars and cents:—

Four Per Cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate the right hand figure from product, and divide by 9.

Pive Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; and divide by 72.

ınd divide by 72. Six Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; conrate right hand figure, and divide by 6.

Eight Per Cent.—Multiply number of days,

Nine Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days;

separate right hund figure, and divide by 4.
Ten Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 36. Twelve Per Cent.-Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure, and divide

Fifteen Per Cent .- Multiply by number of days, and divide by 24.

Eighteen Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide

freezing or in thawing. That in certain cases plants die in freezing is shown by Professor Gappert, of Breslau, in a very satisfactory way, in an article in a recent number of Bot. Zeitung. The flowers of certain orchids—notably the milk-white blossoms of Calanthe veratifolia—produce indigo, but only on a chemical reaction which takes effect upon the death of the parts. When crushed, or the cells in any way destroyed as to vitality, they turn blue immediately. Now, upon exposure to cold, the flowers turn blue at once upon freezing, showing that life then departed. Phains prondithers, and other species of that genus, are said to show the same thing.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS,

To Make Theacle Carry.—Take two quarks of the best treacle, one pound of brown sugar, the juice of two lonions, or a tenspoonful of strong essence of lemon. Mix, and boil to the proper consistency. Take care that it does not burn. Put it on a bustered plate, and when partially cooled pull it in the usual way. The longer you pull it the whiter it will become.

MACAROONS.—Take half a pound of almonds blanched and powdered, the white of one egg, a spoonful of orange water, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Pound those together till the sugar is dissolved, and then add the heaten white of an-other egg, and a very little flour sprinkled in. Dron on buttered paper, and bake on this in a quick even for fifteen minutes, till of a pale brown colour.

To Prievist the Ham them Tennis, Gray.— Take two onners of Meeca oil: four onners of white wax; one druchts of pulverized capsicum; mix, met the wax, and add the oil and capsicum; mix need-ion, the drachm of the oil of bergamor and ten drops of attar of rosex will add agreeable perfame to it. It may be used as a pounde once or twice a day. This receipt is highly recommended.

To Cotour Gloves.—Brown or tan estours are readily imported to gloves by the following simple process:—Steep saffron in boiling soft water for about twelve hours: then, having slightly sewed up the tops of the gloves to prevent the dye staining the inside, wet them over with a sponge or soft brush dipped into the liquid. The quantity of saffron as well as of water will, of course, depend on how much dye may be wanted, and their relative proportions on the depth of colour required. A common teacup will contain sufficient in quantity for a single pair of gloves.

OAT CARES.—The first requisite is really good out-meal, which should not be too finely ground. Over a moderate fire hang a "girdle." Pour into a howl a capful of cold water; stir in meal sufficient to form a stiff paste. Sprinkle a little dry meal on a hoard, and knead out quickly into a thin eake. Trim the edge circular, and divide into three or four parts. The "girdle" should now be warm: lay to stink before the fire till crisp. Some persons add carbonate of soda; this makes the cake more easily broken, but imparts a greenish colour. Cale Cerex.—What is known as cold cream is a

easily broken, but imparts a greenish colour.

Cold Cream.—What is known as cold cream is a simple and cooling ointment, exceedingly serviceable for rough or chapped hands, or for keeping the skin soft. It is very easily made. Take half an ounce of white wax, and not it into a basin with two onnees of almount oil. Place the basin by the side of the fire till the wax is dissolved in the oil. When quite motted add two onnees of rose water. This must be done very slowly, little by little, and as you pour it in, beat the mixture smartly with a fork to make the water incorporate. When all is incorporated, the cold cream is complete, and you may pour it into jurs for future use.

jars for future use.

To Pativery Gen-Aranic from Turning Mouldy,—It is well known that solutions of gum-arabic soon become mouldy and eventually sour, and finally lose all adhesive properties. To prevent this it has been customary to use crossote, earbolic acid, corrosive sublimate, and other poisonous disagreeable agents, the cost of which, or their ampleasant character, have deterred persons from using them. We now see it stated that sulphate of quinne will serve the same purpose, without itself imparting any bad adour. The addition of a solution of a few crystals of this saft to gum-arabic will prevent the formation of mould quite as effectually as carbonic acid, and by analogy it is saft to sun-pose that the same saft could be used in writing-ink, mucilage, and possibly glue.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Words cannot heal the wounds that words can LEAVE well alone is a good rule, but leave ill alone is better.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.

To oblige ingratitude is as insuperable a difficulty as to fill a sieve with water.

To believe that religion will cease to exist, is to be-lieve that man will cease to be human. To seek the redress of grievances by going to law is like sheep running for shelter to a bramble-bush

To conciliate is so infinitely more agreeable than o offend. It is worth some sacrifice of individual

Man is the victim of discontent. He either looks for happiness in his recollections of the past or seeks it in the brilliant visions which his funcy has created of futurity; whereas the present should be the moment of enjoyment and preparation for the future.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Sulven coin to the extent of \$500,000,000 is believed to be buried in India. La Crosse, Wis, has an ox with a horn ten inches long growing from his breast between the fore legs.

A FOURTHEN-YEAR-OLD Fond du Lac girl has just completed her 205th dime novel and is clamoring for

More.
This people of San Francisco say their one-cent daily paper is just large enough to wrap a bologua sausago in.
A Carmona priest in Boston recently refused a \$40 contribution from a parishioner because he was a figuor dealer.

nquor dealer.

NANCY Walker, a Mormon convert of 1831, has just died at Minersville, Urah, aged 92. She left 11 children, 62 grand-children, 63 great-grand children and 24 great-great-grand-children, or 150 descendants in all. As the Green Bay (Wis.) Post Office a notice is postedjup, which reads as follows: "Price of three cent stamps, three cents each (licked and stuck, five cents each the clock will answer the question." Has the mail ch. - 12".

Perrus Privor,—From the published official re-port of last year's "Perrus pence," which, every one knows, is a perpetual subscription in all coun-tries in aid of the Holy Sec, it appears that Nord-America gave about three millions of frames, or \$600,000.

An unit-swearing association has been formed among the radicoal near at Harush and by the rade of the association, a fine of ten cents is exacte the exercise fund.

What is the use of waiting to ion a society for the encouragement of plantaces in dress? Every wonar who dresses in a simple testibil, economical of cruit way, is a whole secrety in herself, and helps to cream a fishion which it will be a credit for all women to follow.

Report Has slept on. His about as one wind some of his dictionary words.

A young student wants us to tell him why, if wor e.g. the results Wooster, why Rose he ester to refer the results about a society for the continuous and the second and the next is to bees the part of the second of plantaces in dress? Every wonar who dresses in a simple testibil, economical of cruit way, is a whole secrety in herse It and helps to cream of the specific force who loved Ayonsey, soil the way not quite certain whether it was Barnacies of Perikuls.

Reputation of the association has been formed of the stocker, and the secret is capted the association, a fine of ten cents is expected for the results and the secret in a womant's of the results and the secret in the secret in the secret in the secret is to bees the properties of the secret free the secret in the secret in the secret is to be such as the secret free which are the secret free and the secret free results decrease.

A young student wants us to tell him when it is defined as the secret free results decreased to a secret free results decreased to a secret free free results and the secret free results decreased to a secret free results and the secret free results decreased to a secret free results and the secret free results decreased.

A young student wants us to tell him when the one of the results decreased t

rollow.

RED HOT FIGURESTES SAFETNO ON WATER—If you throw a few grains of that wonderful shistance alled potnssium, on the surface of cold water, it will at one of the surface of the second of the surface of cold water, it will at one of takin, it is premium."

It returning thanks for a screenade and apologizing for the failure to do the usual thing afterwards a down. East editor says, "In many localities this might be a thin way of expressing one's approximation of a favor of this kinel; but here, where the weis are nearly all day, and the town is surrounded by a probability by the woodless wide, nothing better can be tendered."

I see that was a surface were for sale, and saving a finite point of the surface of the same of the sa

Lower, Mass., has \$11,000,000 invested in cotton and woodlen milts. It has 19 mills, 150,000 (pindles) and 15,000 hours; employs 9,000 females and 15,000 miles. They make per week, invarils of cotton cools, 2,550,000; wordlen, 15,000; carpeting, 55,000; and shawls, 15,00. The consumption of law often is, per week, 625,000 pounds, and wood, 97,000 pounds.

O'THERT is at least one State in Europe." says a Dutch educational weekly, "where there is more money spent on education than on the arroy. In Switz-Hand the educational budget amounts to over ten millions of francs, whereas the military expenses remain below that sum. In time of need the happy Republic can raise an army of 200,000 men."

The Georgetown, Ky., Times says that a fancy former of Scott County has built a \$2,000 hog-pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with steam, and lighted with gas. There is a fine library, where can be found Gobb's Elementary Works, the works of Bacon, inquiry Regarding the Descendants of Ham. How's Poems, Cabden on the Corn Laws, and the popular little poem, "Root Hog or Die." The troughs are of malogany inlaid with twory, and furnished with Phelan cushions. Whenever a log is led out to execution, chloroform is administered.

chloroform is administered.

STOCK-HAISING in Texas is carried on to an extent hardly to be appreciated but by studying the figures. Our farmers most open their eyes pretty wide when they read of farms containing 55,000 acres and feeding as many cattle. Colonel Richard King probably owns and manages the largest "stock farm" in this or any other country. He has \$1,322 acres of land, stocked with \$5,000 cattle, 10,000 horses, 5,000 sheep, and \$5,00 goats. For the management of these immense herds 200 Mexicans and 1,000 saddle horses are held in constant requisition. Another "manche" has \$6,000 acres and as many cattle, while herds containing 20,000 sheep, are spacen of a "small" herds. And so, from a small beginning in ISIS, the stock business now has become a magnificent industry.

Spainter of the Bernillous.—The whole cost of

business now has become a magnificent industry.

STATISTICS OF THE REPUBLION.—The whole cost of the war to the Northern and Southern States from 1851 to 1855 is estimated as follows: Lives, 1,000,000; property, by destruction, waste, etc., \$5,000,000,000. The gross expenditures of the United States from Jane, 1871, to July, 1866, were \$5,722,257,000. Of this the actual war expenses were about \$5,552,257,000. The expense of States, counties, cities, and towns in the Northern States, not represented by funded debts, have been estimated at \$5,000,000. The increase of States, counties, cities, and towns in 5 States debts on the war account was \$12,000,000. The increase of city, town, and county debts is estimated at \$5,000,000,000. Total war expense of the foundational towerment, \$5,126,257,000. The estimated direct expenditures of the Confederate States on account of the war were \$2,000,000,000. Agarcgate estimated expenses of the war to the country, North and South, \$8,165,257,000.

WISE SNIPE.

Mr. Robert Gray in his Interwork, "The Birds of the West of Scatland," gives the following carrious ancedote about suice indicating the abject fear they feel at the approach of the Meriin, and also giving some idea of their own sagacity: "On the cost of Scatland, where I studied the ha-

feel at the approach of the Mertin, and also giving some idea of their own seaseity:

"On the cast of Scotland, where I stocked the habits of rapid slipls for many years. I remember some years ago seeing this Falcon emburing supervery eleverly at the sea-shore. At a particular part of the coast near Dumbar, where a rivulet enters the sea, the snipes fed in great numbers at low tido, the ground, which was covered with small brown jebbles, being well adapted for the concealment of birds. With the most punctual regularity, a pair of Merlins used to come as I made my appearance at this place, and hover about till I had raised a brace, which were immediately pounced upon. But after a time the snipes became soferore-stricken that a hundred shots would not frighten them; nor could a single bird be raised, though I saw them occasionally skulking under the stones. I found them more than once, indeed, paralysed with fear, and so heedless of anything save the hawks, that I was ablu to pick up one or two and transfer them to my long while my two friends were flying overhead disappointed of their usual supply, and doubtless in wonder at this sporting nevelty. Ultimately, however—for the snipes persisted in frequenting the place, though an unsual one—these birds nequired so much canning that they ran to conceal themselves under the slimy stones below tide mark, thrusting their bodies, crabilish, into the crevices as soon as the Merlins and I come in sight! At such times their hories, crabilish, into the crevices as soon as the meritage and over a length of time. I could not belp being struck with the behaviour of the snipes during the protracted disturbance they were subjected to.

will be true to you. They use no argument. They have a hearty appetite for gifts, no doubt, but it is not for these they love the giver. Take the wents of the world, and lavish it with protonded affection; I will win all the children's hearts away from you by empty handed love.

A NEAT clean, fresh-aired, sweet cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceful and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for other, and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary a dwelling in which the decencies of life are not observed, contributes to make the inhabitants selfish, sensual, and recardless of the foolings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and bratal.

A young man who allows himself to use a male of the second contribute the distance of such passions renders them reckless and bratal.

Parson's Purcative Polas .- Red family physic; Sheridan's Cambry Condition Powders, for horses.

We have no patience with ladies who heighen their natural charms by the aid of paint and dye. Not only do they sait under falso colours, but they destroy that confidence which man is naturally disposed to extend to them without limitation, and they cause him frequently to mistrust complexions innocent of any paint but that hestowed by nature's brush.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

How to consume time - Eat dotes. Parlor magazines - kerosene la ops.

A Tight Fire-The delirium to mens, Cash Advances ~ Attentions to a rich widow.

A standar crop-a frightened yokel's head of bair, The bitter end-The last half-inch of a penny cigar. What even a tectotaller must come to at last. His

Would you call an alderman a ghost if you saw him What part of a rifle is like an assault—The breech of the piece,

of the piece,

A New Orleans mulo ato up a whole chest of tea-before anding out that it was only half buy.

" If all the world were blind," said an Irish elergy-man. " what a melancholy sight it would be !"

What is the difference between a locomotive and a ound?—One tracks on the run, and the other ranson The track.

Gree ley's statue is to be made of bronze, and his old white cost of pig from with a low collar and a high protective taruff.

A Connection Lidy claims to have the bed which Noah Wesster last slept on. It's about as bard as some of his dictionary words.

or eventure.

As illustrate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an actival tarid exhibition, wrote to the secretary, as followers. Wo center me for the best tackars. I amount of taking the premium."

cal."

JUST WAY: Satt WAYTE, A newly married woman of gented appearance, west into a formular chop a tew day since, and inquired for a "family traft basket." She was shown a large cradle, which was just what she wanted.

We find the following in one of our exchanges few bushels of potatives would be welcome at this office, if they could come on subscription. We could buy pleaty here in town, for the money, but then—we havn't the money.

then the havn't the money,"

With is the difference between an auction and seasisteness? One is the sale of effects, the other the cheets of asait. And why do physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more liable to see sickness.

A teacher of a young ladie school in New York recently told us that during a history beson she asked an apparently advanced girl of fifteen what was meant by a Internal Revenue." The scholar answered, "I suppose internal revenue must mean at ax on what we cat."

tax on what we cat."

REAL ESTATE.—The holy estate—which is claimed as peculiarly a woman's rice—matrimony, is described as "an altar or which a man lays his cheque book, and a woman her love-letters," Just so, And a most allars are approached by a "step," probably the step to this sect of alliance is the premier pass qui Contis.

A Control of the sect of alliance is the premier pass qui

Contis.

A China (Marman) Service.—It would seem that in China, marriage ways are not by any means as fragile as the potectain of that country. We are informed by a learned contemporary: "The Emperor of China is soon to be married, and has imported a pair of elephants to assist at the eccenomy." The Brother of the Moon must be moon track with some what of chaste Branch to the attar. And if it takes two elephants to drag him to the attar. And if it takes two elephants to marry the couple, how many herds, in the name of Levil Penzance, will it take to separate them!

separate them I

At a religious meeting a lady per evered in standing on a hench, and thus intercepting the view of others, though site was repeatedly requested to sit down. A reverend old gentleman at last rose and said, gravely, "I think if the hady knew that she had a large hole in each of her stockings, she would not exhibit them in this way." This had the desired effect—she immediately said down on her seat. A young mini ter standing by bloshed to the temples and said, "Oth brother, how rould you say what was not the fact?" "Not the fact?" replied the old gentleman; "of she had not a large hole in each of her stockings, I would like to know how she gets them on."

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

121. PUZZLE.

I am in a house, and am one of the chief parts at the bottom. Take away a letter and read me back-wards, and I am then the chief part at the top; and no house is complete without me.

122. ENIGMA.

When blu-hing youth Would hide the truth, And farn conceal What facts reveal; When worthless gems Dock diadens. My first will then appear.

My first will then appear.

When gallant bark At midnight dark Sadden recoils, Yields up her spoils, And piteous cries Rend earth and skies, And eddying wayes

My little all. So very small, An evergreen Of lowly mien. On foreign ground But rarely found: With rounded points, And flexile joints. Fragrance nor thorn, Yet I ndorn, By ontion's grace, A royal place,

M. H. M.

The beginning of eternity.
The end of time and spa R. G. TROMPSON.

124, ENGLISH HISTORICAL REBUS.

123. CHARADE.

A Crimean battle; a duke in the reign of Charles 11.; a queen of England; a faithful follower of Charles 1.; the queen of Edward 11.; the ancient people of Kent; an Angle-Saxon king; and a town besinged by Richard 1. The initial will give the name of an early British queen; the faods that of a

125. PUZZLE.

A ship's deck: appertaining to a king; a title of nobility: a medicinal plant: a reptile: banishment; a town in kent. The initials and incle will give the names of two men celebrated in leathen mythology for their friendship to one another.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN No. 12.

115. ENGMA.—Tuk. 116. CHARADE.-Domboy and Son.

117. GEOGRAPHICAL RESUS. - Strasburg; PortoR; EtnA; KoraN; EgypT. - Spekk and Grant.



For the " Hearthstone." THE FORSAKEN.

BY AMY SCUDDER.

A maiden sat knitting at closing of day, Sat knitting and humming a song; But she thought not of knitting nor plaintive lay, For her thoughts were far and far away With her lover gone so long.

Gone far away over hill and dale, Gone far away over mount and vale, Beyond the stormy and angry sea. Beyond the measureless prairies free,

The song was ended, the knitting was done, The maiden looked long at the setting sun, Then rose from her seat with a sich; And folding her work put it softly by, And slowly and sadly said. Than wait any longer I'd rather be dead, Of his return all hope is fled. And time brings nothing new.

So I'll away e'er the morning sun Rise from the ocean wave. And find my lover beyond the brine. In that sweet sunny and tropical clime, Bo he in palace or grave.

In the purple dawn of the summer morn, In the purple dawn of the summer morn, While the dow slopt in the flowers. The maiden left her childhood's home. And its wealth of vine—clad bowers. On and on, forever on O'er the ocean's briny foam. O'er rocky mount, past crystal found, in search of her lover's home. For many, and many, and many a day, She had had no word from him; Still she had trasted, and still she prayed And in hope sang her vesper hymn.

And now, as she wandered far and wide,
There came never a thought of change,
That might have come, as he wandered years
Thro' this foreign land and strange.
She believed in truth and honor fair;
She believed in a risen Lord:
She believed in all of Nature's laws;
And—in her lover's word.
And believing thus she journeyed, till
At last one evening mild:
She shelter sought at a cottage gate,
Where played a mother and child.

The mother was dark as Egyptian night; With star-like eyes, and wild: But fluxen hair and dreamy eyes. But fluxen hair and dreamy eyes. Were those of the Saxon child. The maiden gave an anxious look. Into the childish face. What familiar expression those eyes did own, And those actions what native grace.

In thre' the door the trio passed,
Thre' the rooms betok'ning care.
When lo! on a wall a picture hung—
"Twas her lover's; the maid saw there;
She gazed on the picture and then on the child,
"Tis papa the little one cried:
Her questioning eyes the mother's sought,
My husband, the mother replied.

Never a start, nor shrick, nor groan, Nover a soli or sigh, But she turned from the threshold and out of the

Noath the chilly and dowy sky.
The river garded and marmured on
As it passed the cottage door.
The bats flew by in the dusky sky,
And the winds signed nevermore.

Nevermore: for hope was dead: Accor, novermore.

Never, novermore.

Never acre, for love was fled—
For ever, evermore.

Out over the misty moorlands,
Alone with her breaking heart,
Forsaken and forzotten:

Her's was a bitter part.

And on three the midnight hours, She walked a weary round She walked a weary round Now in a brambly hollow, And now on open ground, Till her brain was drifting and dreamy; Her feet were weary and sore: Her feet were weary and sore: Fate forced her back to the river, And the pines sobbed nevermore!—

She sat on the brink of the water. One sat on the brink of the water. With her pale cheek in her hand. And watched the restless wavelets Strike on the pebbly strand: The moonbeams fell on the river, And glimmered far and wide Like a shimmerine silver mantle Laid over the obbing tide.

And on, and on to the ocean, The restless river ran. As if it longed for freedom. To be far from the haunts of man, And into shapes fantastic, The crystal waters rive. They seemed to speak of freedom From life and all its woos.

They made strange beds of silver, That seemed as soft as floss, As the they rocked an infant, They'd gently sway and toss, Mith the waters at her feet.

Till she yielded to their weeings,
And her form they gladly greet.

And on they bere her gently, Until the morning star Rode beauteous in the heavens, And her bright triumphal car. And then, the sontious waters As the justice they had done, Laid gently down their burden On the shining sand alone.

On the shimmering strand they laid her, On the shimmering strand they laid her, Scarce an hundred paces more To the rese-clad. fragrant portal, Of the fickle lover's door. And there, in the morn he found her, With her drift of golden hair Laid like a nail around her True noble form in I lair, By the golden thain he krew her, And the locket that she wore, with her portrait on her faithful heart That would beat for him no more.

THE HALL-DOOR KEY.

Some years ago, when I reland was in a more disturbed, though hardly more discontented state than it is at present, and murders, agrarian outrages, and other crimes were more common, a Mr. Scott, who resided in the western part of th county of Tipperary, was entertaining a num. ber of friends at dinner.

Amongst the guests was one named Hunt, who had the reputation of being a man of more than ordinary courage, his claims to the charactor being the fact that he stood six feet two in his stockings, that he always travelled alone, and armed to the teeth, and was loud in speech as to

His being ready for all comers.

His host, Scott, was a small but compact man, who was loved by "rich and poor, gentle and simple," as the Irish peasants say; he had always a joke for his acquaintances, "an' the purtiest sate on a horse ye ever seed, bless him?"

After dinner the conversation turned on the state of the country, and how much worse their own county was than any other. Every one had some story to tell, but Hunt expressed it as his opinion that the scoundrels should all be shot down, and that that was the way he would treat any of them that dared even to show a sign of molesting him.

After dinner the conversation turned on the state of the country, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine turnetty, and lived in a small house of sanctine architecture, in which the front particular, and the tireature, in which the front particular, and the bedroom stairs ascended from the dining-room; and with her lived a sort of a prodigit son-inlaw of the front particular, and the tireature, in which the front particular, and the tireature, in which the front particular, and the tireature, in which the front particular, and the bedroom stairs ascended from the dining-room; and with her lived a sort of a prodigit son-inlaw of the front particular, and the bedroom stairs ascended from the dining-room; After dinner the conversation turned on the

sign of molesting him.

He was, at present, a mysterious, sleepy old "Come, Hunt," said Scott, "tell us if it be person, who took a great deal of snuff and shuf-

true that you carry a small armoury in your

driving seat."

"Not exactly an armoury, Scott," replied "Not exactly an armoury, secon," repriest that. "But I do carry a brace or two of platols in my dog-cart. I think I should be prepared in case of necessity, and, should I be attacked, shall use them without the slightest compunction."

" Why, my dearfollow, you don't expect they will attack you?" exclaimed Scott, in pretended astonishment.

"Well, perhaps not; but it is better to be prepared for these fellows. Look at poor Waller's case; they were not satisfied with one there. The ruillans killed the whole family."

"Yes, indeed, that is true," roplied Scott.
"But, Hunt, though I don't make bets usually,
I'll lay you fifty pounds, and Hassett shall hold
the stakes, that the first man who attempts to either rob you of your money or your pistols, when you are travelling in this armed-to-the-teeth style, succeeds. What say you, is it a

"Really, my dear Scott, it is a strange wager," returned Hunt; "but I'll take it."
The money was deposited in Hassett's hands,

whose eyes twinkled with merry humour.

"What are you up to?" said he to Scott, as the latter placed his stukes in Hassett's hands.

" Bather shin" (never mind), replied Scott, The subject then dropped, and the entertain-ment went on in real Irish style. Shortly after-wards Scott excused himself for a few moments, and had a short consultation with his head

groom.

"Saddle Grapeshot," was his last order before returning to his guests, " and take him down to the fir clump."

"I wondher what the masther is up to !" said

"I wondher what the masther is up to " said the groom to a fellow-servant. "It's more than I know, Shann," replied the other; but he's up to some of his jokes with Misther Hunt,"

"Arrah! I thin is he now?" said the groom.
"Thin it's meeself that hopes he'll take the

consait out av him."

The groom than proceeded to carry out his

master's orders. On rejoinning his friends, Scott found that Hunt, who had a long distance to go to reach bis home, was preparing for a start, and had

ordered his dog-cart.

ordered his dog-cart.

"Another tumbler of punch," said Scott, who was anxious to gain time. "Another tumbler of punch, Hunt, and then you shall go."

"Very well, Scott," replied his friend. "But you must not forget our bet, I wonder if I shall ever have a chance of winning it."

"Nover four I abell! was the middle was

"Nover fear, I shall keep it in mind," was the answer. " Hunt's dog-cart was now reported ready, and after finishing his punch he rose to wish his friend "Good night."

Hunt left the house, and was soon heard out-side looking to his pistols and other weapons of his "armoury." This done, he started in his dog-cart and drove down the rather long and dreary avenue leading from Scott's house. It was very dark, so that he could not see many

yards before him.
Suddenly! he noticed a man on horseback riding towards him.
What or who could it be ?—Probably the police patrol. He was, however, som informed.
"Stop!" exclaimed the horseman, in a rich

"Stop!" exclusioned the norseman, in a rion brogue, riding up to Hunt and levelling a pistol at his head, "Sthop!" or I'll put daylight through yer big carenss."

Hunt pulled up all in a fluster, and began

feeling for a pistol, his nervousness showing how much use it would be when he found it. "Hulle," cried out the highway man, " ave ye don't kape them hands ov yer's off that pistolcase, I'll blow the brains ov ye out this minnit. Come, Misther Hunt, I want any smull silver or gould ye may have, ye may keep the notes. Come, sir, git down an' hould yer horse's head

whilst I takes thine; quick, Misther Hunt, the patherole'll be round soon; down wid yo!" Trembling with fear, hedid as he was desired, and gave up his money and his watch to the robber, while he permitted the latter to search his dog-cart for arms.

But what was the unfortunate Hunt's aston-

ishment when he saw the thief deliberately take out the pistois and coolly fire them off, one by one, in quick succession.

Hunt was completely dumfoundered at this

Hunt was completely dumfoundered at this audacity. The fellow would alarm the neighbourhood, and very likely bring down the constability or military, who were at no great distance. Nor was he mistaken, for Scott's guests, hearing the rapid discharge of fire-arms, after calling in vain for their host, seized every imaginable weapon they could find in the hall, and rushed down the avenue, there to behold the rather extraordinary scene formed by Hunt, the robber, and their horses. the robber, and their horses.

Hunt could not understand the robber's quiet-

ly remaining to be arrested, and naturally sup-posed he must have some assistance at hand. But the mystery was soon solved, as the

highwayman bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, exclaimed: "Hassett, my boy, hand over the cash, I've won my bot. See I I've cleaned out Hunt with this !"

So saying, Scott, for it was he, held up the key of his hall-door. The burst of laughter that followed this discovery was only equalled by the chagrin of the unifortunate victim of practical joking. At first, he was furious, but his courageous character had suffered so severely that his anger only caused more merriment.

"Come, come!" said Scott, "you are my prisoner and must return with me. Everything is fair in waror love, and I had a right to take my own means to win my bet."

The others joined their host in making peace, and Hunt was brought back to the house, but his reputation for hypery was some found.

his reputation for bravery was gone for ever. his reputation for bravery was gone for ever.

"Arrah! Shann, didn't the masther do it nato?" said the indoor servant, joining the groom who was making up Grapeshot after his master had returned from his night's amuse-

"An' yer right, Mick ! " replied Shann. "He did it beautiful. But tell me how Hunt looks.

"As cowed as a whipped hound."
"Thin I'm glad of that same, for he's been heethoring of it long enough. It's always good to put down boasters."

VERY AMUSING.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

My grandaunt Bergen was a very old ladv with a dusky sort of skin, so mysteriously wrinkled that it was hard to believe that she had not been born so. She wore what hairdressers call a frizette, and large caps with much frilling, fluting, and other specimens of needle and laundry work upon them. She had a very small life annuity, and lived in a small house of specime probleting to problem.

fied about in slippers. He had a high opinion of the old hady, and frequently remarked that she was "a smart woman." He had never set up for smart himself, and, as far as we know, had never yet done anything for his own support. Whatever the old lady had to leave, was left to

him. It could not have been much.

There was nothing in the house which could have been stolen but six silver ten-spoons and a dented sliver ten-pot, as old as Aunt Bergen herself, but the old lady was continually haunt— ed by the fear of burglars, and fully convinced in her own mind that the flercest of them were forever watching the door. Peter, the son-in-law, was her only protection, consequently we were not surprised one morning to receive the following missive;

"DEAR FRIENDS,—Peter has gone away for a few days, leaving only Brien, who makes the fires and does odd jobs, and little Patty, in the house with me. Send me one of the boys to take care of me. Send Jack; you are always saying that he is so amusing. I like to be amused. Send him immediately, for I would not sleep alone in the house for a kingdom. I don't regard a servant as any protection. He may be connected with burglars.

" Yours truly, " A. S. BERGEN." -A desperate looking person is waiting putaide; I presume to break in in the night.
"A. S. B."

"Do go, Jack," said my mother.
"Yes, do go, Jack," said my sisters.
"Of course you'll go, Jack," said my father.
"To protect the ladies is one of our privileges."
"I can't say that I think she needs any protection," said I. "A burglar has only to take a peep into the hall-door to feel sure that there is nothing there to steal, and I hardly think that the most romantic of them will try to carry Aunt Bergen off, after one glimpse of her awful

ruffled night-cap."

"We must all grow old," said my mother.
"And my father used to say she was quite a pretty girl," said my father.

"Go, Jack!" cried my sisters, in chorus, "and do be amusing." I have always had the reputation of being amusing. I am called "the life of the family.' In a large household the different members gen-

rally take different roles. There is the juvenile man in love with a young lady.

There is genteel comedy in the person of the

young lady who will firt with everybody, and is always having such a delightful time; and there is often the heavy villain in the person of some black sheep of an uncle, who has persunded his confiding brother-in-law to endorse a note for him.

I am the low comedian of the family, so to

speak. I fill the sait-cellar with sugar, and fill the sugar-basin with sait. I hide my sister's chignon when I know she expects a gentieman caller, and play April-fool tricks as regularly as the first day of the month alluded to come

But I am best, perhaps, at disguises, and have called upon my relatives attired as a cook in scarch of a place, as a female colportour, and as a beggar. As for preparing a pocket-handker-chief after the manner of gun-cotton, and giving It to a servant to iron, in which process it of course vanished, I don't boast of that, because it is not original. Some celebrated scientific person did it before me; and besides, successful as it was, the trick threw Bridget into fits, and brought me in for a bill of twenty-live dollars. The ungrateful creature left, of course, as soon as she was able, declining to remain where the

devil got into the pocket-handkerchlers,"

This long preamble is to explain why I was desired to be amusing during my visit to Grandaunt Bergen, and may be some excuse for the fact that I endeavoured to be so. To be brief, I acceded to the request, and taking my banjo with me, proceeded to Aunt Bergen's house. The old lady opened the door for me herself.

"Come in," she said. "I'm so glad to see you. Brien isn't a bit of comfort to me. Do you see that awful pany under the hymnerst?

you see that awful man under the lamp-post?

you see that awaii man under the many-possi-He's watching the door."
I looked over my shoulder, and saw a very tipsy old creature supporting himself against the post in question, but said nothing, knowing that argument would be useless.

"I haven watchman's rattle and a large bell,"

and Aunt Bergen, "and I keep them up in my own room at night, and beside me on the table all day; and there's an alarm on the front door, and bars on all the shutters, but I don't feel safe. I feel better now you are here. Come in. my child, and have tea. Oh, I suppose you

"Two, and a bowie-knife," I am sorry to say I answered. "I won't show them to you, be-cause they are alarming to ludies, but they are all up my back."

fiddle for ?" "It's a banjo, to amuse you, aunt," said I. "It's a banjo, to amuse you, auth," said ...
"Ah," said Aunt Bergen doubtfully. "Well,
I used to like music. I had a beau once who
sang 'Cruel Barbara Allen' most beautifully.
Your Granduncie Bergen cut him out though.

He, he, he!"

After tea—which was that weak beverage beloved by elderly ladies—I sang to Aunt Bergen, but she did not appreciate the banjo. She called the comic songs low, and I knew no others. I maned, and she did not guess what I was doing. Follered her conundrums, and she went to sleep during that proposed in the state of the during their propounding. Finally, on retiring to bed, she stopped at the door, and emphasizing her remarks with nods of her high-capped head, uttered this candid observation:

Aunt Bergen was eighty years old. Her finer senses of course may have been blunted, but that is what she said. Now a fellow who has made a reputation of any kind doesn't want to lose it. I resolved that I would show her that I could be amusing,

before we parted. At breakfast I did my best, with no result. At breaking I did my bost, with no result, At dinner I was jocoso beyond expression. She did not see it. At ten time I was missing. I was, in fact, in the attic, where I had found a quantity of curled hair, once the contents of an old cushion. Of this I had made a beard and wig. An ancient hat and coat, probably the absent Patric completed my disprise. I tracks sent Peter's, completed my disguise. I tucked up my trowders, and hunched my back with more curled hair. Then making a bag of an old pillow ticking, I stealthily descended into the hall, and presenting myself at the door of the dining-room, where Aunt Bergen sat at her soli-tary tea, oried:

ry tea, orieu : " Old goats for sale? Any old goats?" in my choicest broken German.
On the instant Aunt Bergen turned her head, seized the bell and began to ring it, sprung the rattle, and shrieked at the top of her shrill

volce:
"Burglars! Help! Murder! Thioves! Burglars! Help!"

"It is only an old glothes man, ma'am!" I cried, advancing. "Go away! Murder! Thieves!" screamed Aunt Bergen. And in rushed Dennis the man, Patty the maid, and a cousin of Patty's who had been paying his devoirs in the front area. They selzed upon me. I am not large. The

cousin was. So was Dennis. They held me as in a vice,
"Let me go!" cried I. It's all a joke. I'm
no old clothes man."

"I knew it. He's a burglar!" cried Aunt Bergen.

Bergen.
"I'm your nephew, aunt!" I yelled.
"Me related to that!" shricked my aunt.
"Take him away, Dennis."
"I will that," said Dennis. And the two men, still pinioning my hands behind me, propolled me downward. We were met by a pollecman, who commanded by threttling me and ender who commenced by throttling me, and ended by tearing off my self-manufactured wig.

"Oh, in disguise!" he cried. An't you ashamed of yourself? Tried to murder the old lady, didn't he?"

"Yes," screamed the old lady herself, from the end of the hall.
"Aunt, it's me. Come here, for Heaven's sake," I cried. "It's one of my jokes."
The old lady shut her eyes and screamed

"Did he shoot, or try to stat her?" asked the

"Bid he snoot, of try to stat her?" asked the policeman.

"He shooted her," cried Dennis.

"He kulfed her," cried the cousin.

"He did the both iv 'em," cried Patty
Upon which circumstantial evidence I was hauled away, and clubbed unmercifully whenever I tried to available. ever I tried to explain.

A night in a cold station-house without any bed, a breakfastless dawn, an appearance before the magistrate in that disreputable old coat, I

will pass over as quickly as possible. The stre-nuous efforts of my family at last brought Aunt Bergen to court in a coach, and she admitted that I was not a burgiar.

"The family call him amusing," she added;
but if that's what they mean by it, I pity 'em.
I consider him crazy I'd rather have an ape

about the house. Going around frightening old vomen. With which words she retired, leaving me to a long lecture from the authority in the desk, and a final dismissal, to read the account in the papers next morning, of the very amusing young man, whose name and number were given in full, and who was supposed, after all, to have had an eye to his aunt's portable pro-

A London inventor has just patended a machine by which one writing with a pen in the ordinary way, can produce a duplicate so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and yet perfectly distinct and legible under the microscope. The object of is to prevent forgery, as private marks can be made by it which an imitator could not see,

"It is easy enough," said a witty Irish orator. " trepeal the union of the United Kingdoms of Gren Britain and Ireland. Just transpose two letters, and they become United Kingdoms at once."

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

30th March, 1872. 30th March, 1372.

Market more active. Wheat in the West was ic to be lower this morning. Owing to the holidays in England, there will be no reports from the Liverpool market until Thosday, and latest quotations are therefore repeated.

Receipts reported by G.T.R. 1,300 barrels.

Flour. & brl. of 1961bs.—Superior Extra, nominal \$0.00: Extra. \$6.15 to \$6.25: Fancy. \$5.30 to \$6.00; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary Supers (Canada Wheat), \$5.80 to \$5.85: Strong Bakers' Flour \$6.00 to \$6.10; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) nominal. Super City brands (from Western Wheat) fresh-ground nominal: Canada Supers No 2. \$5.40 to \$5.50, Western Supers. No 2. \$0.00 to \$0.00. Fine, \$4.80 to \$5.60; Upper Canada Super City brands (from Western Wheat) fresh-ground nominal: Canada Supers No 2. \$6.40 to \$5.40; Vestern Supers. No 2. \$0.00 to \$0.00. Fine, \$4.80 to \$5.60; Upper Canada Ing Flour. \$9.100 lbs. \$2.75 to \$2.80; City bags. (delivered) \$2.85 to \$6.00.

Wheat, \$\$\text{What}, \$\text{What}, \$\text{What

lu" and nominal.

Com... " who of 50 lbs.—Steady, at 65c to 70c.

Prask. P. " of 66 lbs.—Quict, at 83c to 84c.

Oats, P bush of 48 lbs.—Quict, at 83c to 84c.

Oats, P bush of 48 lbs.—Dull at 50c.

Barley, P bush of 48 lbs.—Dull at 50c.

Cherse, P lb.—Firm. Factory Fine 13c.

Lard, P lb.—Stoudy, at 93c to 10c.

Ashes per 100 lbs.—Pols. None offering to-day.

Ashes per 100 lbs.—Pols. None offering to-day.

Chirds. Intest sales at \$7.55 to \$7.50. No Seconds or

Chirds in market. Pourls stoady. Firsts, \$8.50;

Seconds nominal.

Darsard lions, per 100 lbs.—Market remains quiet

tt \$5.40 to \$5.75, according to weight.

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Boll	wi Sto. Marie.
Boucher	278 Main
Bonnett	192 St. Antoina.
Bronnan Chapleau	19 "
Chapless	174 Notre Dame
Clarke	272 St. Janies
Olarko	17 St Antoine
ClarkoChisholmn	Warranting Trans
Chisholma	. Dong venture Dopot,
Cookburn	ia Moinuktou.
Cooke	10 Radogondo.
Collins	803 St. Catherine.
Carvallo	626 " "
Carrolla	418 " "
Carsinko	192 Bonavantura.
Dawson & Brothers	. St. James.
Dawes	Place D'Armes So
Dorion	456 Sta Maria
notion	204 6 6
Dawes	Old Nates Dame
Doutro	Zir Motra Ditme.
Damarais	200 Sta. Cathorino.
Elliott	. 620 St. Joseph.
Tilliote	(i2l) ** **
/3014	107 St. Peters Hill
Halland	. DIZ SIG. Marie.
Ililla Tibrory,	tki Dorobostor.
I Haranah waya	. Mi Sto. Catherine.
77-11	EM/ CPRIF.
Kirby	309 Notre Dame.
Mare	15tl St. Antoine
Viulo	an de-
Mo Intosh	OUT CLUB.
Murray	Cuthorino
Oppenhoimer	. 489 St. Jusepii.
I O'XingingPublic Marke	l viz 810. Califorine.
J ΛΙλίοπ]ου	878
Dames	Cor. Main and Craic.
Danotto	
Dialent	.Francois Anvier.
Pauzo	. 84 Bonaventura.
Proux	
1 11	iii. Durchester.
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