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HOME, AND A SISTER.

BY P. SCARLETT POTTER.

The same bright uplands, and the same dark

The same grey turrets breaking the still blue he same long windings of the stream he sees With all he know

In boyhood; the same playmate at his side. Who eyes him greedily, as one above All that a rich world boasts of, in her pride And sister's love.

She pours her simple babble in his car No grace of subtle fantasies she brings, But homely gossip of the country near, Familiar things.

On his tired heart, sick from hot life among The crush of men, and revel in the halls
Of Venice, coathingly from her mild tongue
Each accent falls.

He takes delight of beauty that can bring No touch of after-sorrow to the heart; Of kiases that no burning leave, no sting, No after-smart.

He will go forth, not less a man with mo.

Will be for having known of this caun to a

Nor stand in bettle with the Turk again

Less firm tian this.

Not less but more. As one through the houses Journeying, comes where deep-shaded wa.em

And resting for a little, takes his way Refresh'd thereby,

So he, for this cool resting-place of home,

Of whose pure fountain he has paused to tast.

With stronger footsteps shall pace forth to roc at 1

Through life's wide waste.

FEUDAL TIMES:

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNA

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the PAVORIT ...) from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

SUMMARY OF THE MARLIER CHAPTERS.

edste of the story is 1581, during the reign

The date of the story is 1581, during the reign of Henry III, of France.

A cloud of mystery hangs over the birth of the Cheviter Stori, who, stabbed and deserted in his intency, has been discovered by a band of free-lances passing through Auvergne, and carried into Italy, where he has been reared by an accomplished and charitable gentleman, whose railed his offen. On the death of his bonefactor, he barreturned to Auvergne in the hope of being able to trace his parentage, having reason to believe that he is the offspring of a noble house.

Almost on the day of his arrival in Auvergne, and arrival in Auvergne, and salvaturer of noble lineage, singularly marked character, and bearing the counding name of Capitain Bolande Maurevort. Happily succeeding in vanquishing the captain, in a duel, the advergates of a moment before become fast friends, and enter into an engagement or companionally in arms which is to tast for twelve months, during which time each binds himself to set in behalf of the other's interest at the sole detaction of bonor, and absolutely without selfah regard to consequences.

The village in which this compact is made is within the inresidation of bonor, and absolutely without selfah regard to consequences.

The village in which this compact is made is within the range of histavless power. Esponsing the cause of a noble lady infamously oppressed.

The many provincial delaurovert, his escoring and carrival of the power lawy to the Morallad of the heart of the Duo D'Espernon, another of the favorable united with a lady of the Court, to take advantage of his good fortune by the facility of the Duo D'Espernon, another of the favorable united with a lady of the Court, to take advantage of his good fortune by the facility of the Duo D'Espernon, another of the favorable united with a lady of the Court, in regard to whom his position becomes still further environed with a lady of the Court, in regard to whom his position becomes till further environed with a lady of the Court, in regard to whom his positi



WMARTE."

enmity of that dreaded nobleman, it captured by him, and, in contempt of justice, condemned to an ignominious death. Thanks to his courage to an ignominious death. Thanks to his courage and to the loyal aid given him by his companion in arms, Captain do Maurevert, he escapes the doom intended for him, however, and makes his way to the Court of Henry III. at Paris, with the view of seeking redress from the king, not only for his personal injuries, but on account of the wide-spread lawlessness and tyranny of the provincial nobility.

He has, meanwhile, failen in love with Diane d'Erlanges, the daughter of the Dame d'Erlanges, in whose cause he had incurred the hostility of the Marquis do is Tremblats, and this young lady has also escaped the pursuit of the marquis, and found her way in safety to Paris, but has not us yet rejoined her lover, who is, in fact, ignorant of her being in the same city with himself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MYSTERIOUS RENDEZ-VOUS.

This time the captain was not content to wait for him on the threshold of the hostelry, but came forward to meet him.

"My dear friend," he cried, embracing him warmly, "I bring you excellent news. By the memory of that discreet and pleasant rascal, Diogenes!—the proverb, "to the innocent good comes by handfuls," is toming to the proof in your case."

'Have you received news of Diane?" cried

"Mademoiselle d'Erlangos!—what the davil i —thero's a lime for everything i If you find her again, you can love her again, but you have something else to think of now. During your absence, a valet, disguised as a citizen, has been her sinquiring about you. I instantly sawithrough the stratagem, and set to work to get on his blind side. I treated him, and I will do him the justice to say that the rascal behaved himtel in without gating the least tipay. However, I gathered from one or two words he let slip, that his mistress is one of the most expited and most virtuous ladies in the kingdom. She must be extremely rich, besides, for the discretion of a valet has to be paid for at an exorbitant price, and this rescal of hers would have stoically allowed his brains to be knocked out without blabbing a word of his secret. Here is a note left by the said rascal for you. Will you plesse to inform me as to its contents?—tor, knowing a pair of platols in his pockets, threw his solittle of love affairs as you do, you will now clock over his shoulders, and then went out, "Mademoiselle d'Erlanges!—what the davil I

require more experience and tact than you have at command to save you from committing some

egregious blund: r."
"Captain," replied Raoul, severely, "if you attach the least value to my friendship, never again, I beg, allow yourself to speak with irreverence on the subject of Mademoiselle d'Erlan-

verence on the subject of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges! As to this letter, you are welcome to read its entire contents."

"Just as you wish," said De Maurevert. "I am fir from disputing the merit of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges. I remember, indeed, having once, for a moment, felt an affection for her myself."

After making this concession to the cheva-lier's love, the captain hastened to unseal the letter brought by the disguised valet. The miscive ran as follows:

"Monsieur le Chevalier, at nine c'clock to-night, a man will present himself at the door of your hostelry, and accest you with the words 'Guise and Italy,' If—which I do not doubt— you have courage, you will allow this man to blindfold and conduct you. I admired your pride this morning; I shall this evening be happy to do justice to your courage,"

this morning; I shall this evening be happy to do justice to your courage."

"Well, chevaller," demanded De Maurevert, after reading this letter, "what do you think of it? It is either the declaration or a snare. It comes either from the beautiful blonds or from DEpernon. What do you Information of the Diane," replied Raonl, somewhat embarrassed. "Nothing ventured nothing won, that is certain," replied De Maurevert; "and then, as you so judiciously observe, it concerns the happiness of Dlane. Besides—I shall be there."

De Maurevert's eyes at that moment rested on the gold chain of the reliquary given to the chevaller by Mademoiselle d'Assy.

"Ah, ha!" he muttered, in a gay tone, "my dear companion, so rigid this morning, has very quickly changed his way of looking at things. Tudieu!—a pretty chain—worth from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty crowns i Ah, ha, !—Master Raonl, where Joseph left his closk, you carry off a chain of gold! Parbleu!—I think the comparison is not in favor of Joseph!"

The strangost and most tragic adventures The strangest and most tragic adventures were so frequent in the eixteenth century as not even in the least to arouse public enriceity. The innumerable Italian intriguers, who, seeking to employ to their advantage the power of Catherina de Medicis, their countrywoman, had fallen like a shower of locusts on France, had metamorphosed old Paris into a new Venice. The nights were filled with terrible 1 ysteries. The contents of the letter received by Sforzi, therefore, astonished neither the young man nor De Maurevert.

De Manravert.

De Maurevert.

At eight o'clock precisely the captain, having finished his supper, moved from the table the stoolon which he was seated, and addressing himself to Racol, said:

"My dear friend, the more I reflect on your rendez-vous, the less uneasy I become. D'E. person is too cunning to try to trap you on the very day you handled him so roughly. What is infinitely more likely, is that you have captivated the heart of the unknown with the golden looks. Now, trust to my experience in such af-

Raoul did not address any question to him, or

attempt to stay him.

As soon as he was outside of the Stag's Hes De Maurevert strode away with giant steps, but at no great distance from the hostelry stopped, and, after looking carefully about him, pro-ceeded to conceal himself in a deep doorway. Nine o'clock was striking as Raoul, in his turn, quitted the Stag's Head. His heart beat

turn, quitted the stags head. His near beat violently, and a lively color suffused his face. Hardly had he set foot upon the threshold before a man, disguised in a mask, and wrapped in a large cloak—although the heat was stiffing— advanced to meet him, and bowing respectfully, whispered:

"Guise and Italy."

I am ready, monsieur," answered Raoul,
'ill you lead the way?"
Monsieur," replied the guide, still in a low

tone. ne, " allow me, first, to bandage your eyes."
"Give me the bandage; I will tie it on my-

The guide hesitated.

"Will you give me your word of honor, as sentleman, that you will bind your eyes fairly?"
he asked.

"I give you my word of honor."

Th man in the mask handed the chevalier s with a delicious perfume.

As he had promised, Raoul conscientiously bound the rich tissue about his head.

"Be good enough to give me your hand, and follow me," said the guide.

Although there was nothing, we repeat, extraordinary in such an adventure happening at that period, the chevalier's imagination and that period, the chevalier's imagination and curiosity were not the less powerfully excited. He bewildered himself with conjectures and doubts. The fineness and beauty of the tissue with which his eyes were bound, the perfume exhaled from it, the precautions taken by his guide, confirmed him more and more in the conviction that Mademoiselle d'Assy had not been mistaken in assuring him that he had to do with one of the highest and most powerful ladies in the kingdom.

Hardly had Sforzi and his guide gone a hundred paces before De Maurevert quitted his place of concealment, and followed in their steps, with a precaution and address that proved

how well used he was to such proceedings.

"By Venus!" he said to himself, "Sforzi is a brave companion! He marches with a pace equally firm to love and battle! If he had had the shade of an idea of my intention to follow him, and watch over his safety, he would have forbidden e point blank! I am a great rascal, I know; b: it is not merely the fear of losing the five hundred crowns he owes me, in the

the five hundred crowns he owes me, in the event of anything happening to him, that makes me anxious for his safety."

While the captain was indulging in these reflections, Raoul and his guide reached a spot which had even then for many years been known as the Tournelies and since then called the Horse-Market (Marché-aux-chevaux). This place, little frequented in the daytime, was a desert at hight. It was only by taking infinite precautions that De Maurevert was able to follow unperceived, until the man in the mask reached a small house, before which he halted.

The door of this house was almost instantly opened, and the chevalier, accompanied by his guide, disappeared into the interior.

"The affair is evidently not one of throat-cutting," the captain remarked to himself. "Cupid,

ting," the captain remarked to himself. "Cupid, and not the savage god Mars, reigns over this quiet retreat. What if I were to leave the ground? No; husbands sometimes follow the example of that villanous Comte de Monsoreau, in his Château of Coulanciere, to assail with superior forces gallant gentlemen whom their wives have preferred to them. A night is soon passed. The weather is magnificent—the temperature warm. I might almost imagine myself encamped on an Italian plain!"

De Maurevert spread his cloak on the grass, drew his pistols from his pocket, and unslung his sword, which he placed within reach of his hand. These preparations made, he loosened his boots a little, and then stretched himself upon the earth with the air of a man perfectly satisfied ting," the captain remarked to himself. "Cupid,

earth with the air of a man perfectly satisfied with himself.

While the captain, with that practical philosophy which was one of the marked traits of his character, was thus keeping his nocturnal watch. a man who had followed him from the Stag's Head, using similar precautions to avoid detection to those which had been employed by De Maurevert in tracking Raoul and his guide, had carefully concealed himself behind a bush at no t distance.

carefully concealed himself behind a bush at no great distance.

This, man having suddenly lost sight of the captain, and believing himself to be alone, quitted his place of concealment, and advanced quietly in the direction of the small house. Unfortunately for the spy, De Maurevert, to use one of his own expressions, knew how to sleep with his eyes open. Thus, this man had scarcely advanced a dozen paces before the captain's ear had detected his movement, and half raising himself, he had noiselessly cocked his pistols.

"Parblew!" De Maurevert said to himself, while trying to pierce the darkness before him, "it is well I determined to blooms on the field of battle! Messicurs de Monsereau are prowling in the neighborhood! I feel quite in the mood to cut up half a dozen of them! So one is coming—and by himself! By my faith, I almost pity his fate! Thousand thunders! Why don't the clouds that hide the moon hide themselves! I like day-light to see my prowess and admire my skill!"

De Maurevert had scarcely finished expressing

Maurevert had scarcely finished expressing this wish, before the moon, by a not very extra-ordinary chance, shone out brightly through a

rift in the clouds. Pistol in hand, he sprang instantly upon the spy, whom he observed some eight or ten paces from him, and seized him by throat

"Not a word!" he cried, in a low but getic tone of voice—" not a word, or you are a

With such impetuosity was the captain's at-

With such impetuoeity was the captain's attack made that the man, even if he had desired to do so, was utterly unable to defend himself.

"Devil's horns!" continued the captain, in the same low tone, "like all jealous husbands, you must be perniciously ugly! Will you oblige me with a sight of your face?"

Without relaxing his grasp upon the throat of his half-strangled victim, De Maurevert twisted him round until the moonlight fell full upon his features. No sooner had he cast his eves on the

features. No sooner had he cast his eyes on the visage of his prisoner, than he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Is it possible!—you, my brave Lehardy!"

he cried.

The old servant of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges made no reply at first—the pressure of the cap-tain's fingers upon his throat having for the mo-ment deprived him of the power of speech. At length, however, the use of his tongue returned to him, and he exclaimed, while the tears poured from his eyes:

"Oh, my poor, dear, good mistress! your presentiments were but too well founded. Mon-sieur Sforzi is faithless!—a traitor to his vows!" After giving utterance to these exclamations,

and paying no more heed to the presence of the captain than if he had never seen him before Lehardy rushed from the spot like a madman

CHAPTER XXX.

"MARIE,"

As soon as the door of the little house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux had closed behind them, the chevalier's mysterious guide removed his mask, and informed Raoul that he might now take off the bandage from his eyes.

By the feeble light of a lamp suspended against a wall, Sforzi then saw that he was in a narrow passage, at the end of which was a staircase.

"If you will have the goodness to wait here a moment," said the guide, "I will let my mistress know of your arrival." He went up the stairs, and in a few moments returned and made way for the chevalier. As soon as the door of the little house on the

stairs, and in a few moments returned and made way for the chevalier.

Raoul, whose curiosity was excited to the utmost stretch, sprang up the stairs and reached a large ante-chamber, the four walls of which were hung with green and gold leather, leaving neither doors nor windows visible.

"Monsieur," said the guide, "my honored mistress, before receiving you, requires your promise that you will allow yourself to be conducted from this place as you were brought to it—with bandaged eyes, and under my care; that after your return to your hostelry, you will not make any attempt to ascertain to what house you have been conducted; and, finally, that you will not repeat to any one in the world anything that passes at the interview she is about to grant you."

"I accept these conditions," answered Raoul,
The sound of a key turning in a lock was
heard, the wall opened, and Sforzi was overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment at
the strange and unexpected spectacle that met

his eyes.

He saw before him a boudoir completely draped and furnished with black velvet, mysteriously lighted by the soft rays of a silver-gilt lamp veiled with rose-colored gause. A heavy Turkey carpet—a luxury almost unknown at that time in France—covered the floor.

In one of the large arm-chairs which Henry III. had recently brought into fashion, and dressed in black, sat the blonde who had spoken so boldly from her carriage to Monsieur d'Epernon.

"Monsieur," she said to Raoul, with a charm. "Monsieur," she said to kaoui, with a charming smile, "I will not compilment you on the courage you have displayed, in accepting my invitation; I expected as much from you." And, with a graceful motion of her head, pointed out to him a folding seat, such as was then used at Court, and which was placed at a short distance from her naw chair. from her own chair.

"To clear your mind of all misapprehension as to the character of this interview," she conti-nued, "I will at once inform you, that if you seriously desire to win my esteem and confidence, you must forget the woman, and see in me nothing but a companion. I have a soul high enough placed, and a heart bold enough to deserve this title."

deserve this title."

"Madame," replied Raoul in a voice that alightly trembled while he spoke, "I know too well the smallness of my own merit ever to have thought of regarding this rendez-vous in the manner your words suggest. Nor will I hide from you, madame—and I hope my avowal will assure you as to my intentions—that your incomparable and sovereign beauty is to me as if it had no existence; I shall be insensible to it. The adored image of her to whom I have engaged my faith and affianced my soul, is ever present to my eyes. If you had not called my attention to your beauty, madame, I should not have perceived it."

At this reply, which Raoul thought was perfectly since-

attention to your beauty, madame, I should not have perceived it."

At this reply, which Raoul thought was perfectly sincere, a scarcely perceptible frown passed over the ivory brow of the beautiful unknown. It was in the gentlest tones, however, and with increased amiability of manner, that she again addressed her visitor.

"Monaieur Sforzi," she said, "I thank you for this avowal; your frankness puts me quite at my ease. Without further delay, then, let us come to the subject of our interview. You have

to-day mortally offended Monsieur de la Lavalette. The Duc d'Epernon is implacable in his enmittes—he never forgives an injury. The power of this favorite is so great, his credit is so firmly established, that the man against whom he declares himself the enemy must perforce succumb. Chevalier, unless by the improbable interposition of a miracle, you must henceforth consider yourself as lost! An heroic resolution alone can save you. Do you feel that you have —I will not say the courage, for that but faintly expresses my thought—but I will say the will, to enter upon an enterprise, greater and more expresses my thought—but I will say the will, to enter upon an enterprise, greater and more heroic, perhaps, than any of which history has any example to give?"

"Madame," answered Raoul, after a moment's reflection, "is it an alliance you deign to pro-

pose to me?"

"An alliance?—no, monsieur," replied the inknown, haughtily. "What I offer you is sup-

"Permit me, madame, I beg, to ask you one as you have painted him—as an enemy the most to be dreaded—have you yet power sufficient to snatch one of his victims from his grasp?"

cent to snatch one of his victims from his grasp?"

"Monsieur Sforzi," returned the unknown, "the mystery with which I have surrounded our present interview will have told you that I do not wish to be known to you. If you had been one familiar to the Court, I should have left you to struggle as you best might against the attacks of Monsieur d'Epernon. It is precisely to your ignorance of men and things that you owe—I will not withdraw the word—my protection. If you greatly wish to link a name with my face, call me Marie. You are still absolutely without guarantee from me as to the confidence, or better yet, the devotion, I ask of you. It is for your sagacity, chevalier, to decide, yes or no, whether you will accept my offers. For myself, I think that a look suffices me to appreciate a person. This morning, during to appreciate a person. This morning, during your quarrel with D'Epernon, I judged you at a your quarret with D'Epernon, I judged you at a glance. I should be sorry, Monsteur Sforzi, that any ridiculous feeling of complaisance should induce you to accept lightly an engagement which I wish to be serious—irrevocable. Take your time—reflect well before answering me!"

"Madame," replied Raoul, after a short pause,

"I recognize in you a superiority of mind so great and so rare as almost to alarm me. I must, before answering you, beg you to assure me on one point: it is, that your designs are not of a nature to render me guilty of the crime

of lèse-majesté?"
Sforzi was very far from anticipating the effect produced on the unknown by this question.
By a spontaneous movement, as if she had been bitten by the teeth of a reptile, she sprang

oeen bitten by the teeth of a reptile, she sprang from her seat; then, with superb countenance, inspired eye, and voice tremulous with passion, she exclaimed, in a tone of withering contempt:

"Truly, Monsieur Sforzi, I could never have believed that provincial prejudices could so have destroyed in a brave spirit all reasonableness, sense, and feeling of greatness! At the bare sense, and feeling of greatness! At the bare thought, not of attacking the royal authority, but only of combating its abuses, of revolting against its disgraces, you stand trembling, pale and overcome! Chevaller Sforzi, men who humble themselves, who bow before prejudice, are born to be mastered. Does not the prospect of a degrading servitude terrify your pride? Royalty—heaven preserve me from speaking ill of it, Monsieur Sforzi; but the king is not royalty—he is only a man!

ty—he is only a man!
"You fear to commit the crime of lèse-majesté, to attack the rights of the Crown! No rumor of the shameful scandals of the Court has reached your province, then? The rustic squires and bumpkins of the small towns, I can squires and bumpkins of the small towns, I can see by your astonishment, know nothing of what is going on in Paris! Well, then, I will tell you, Monsieur Sforzi—and if, after you have heard me, you still persist in your pusillanimity, I will leave you free to go and seek a master, and we shall part never to meet again.

"His Malesty Henry III. Monsieur Sforzi,

"His Majesty Henry III., Monsieur Sforzi, lives but for Messieurs de Joyeuse and d'Eperlives but for Messieurs de Joyeuse and d'Epernon; besides these two mignons, nothing exists
for him. The people are but a flock of hinds
who produce abundant harvests. The nobility,
a party of factious persons who cannot be held
in too much detestation. Glory, a word signifying fatigue and danger. Would you know how
worthily Henry of Valois employs his leisures?
He busies himself in discussing the quality of
this or that perfume, on the more or less taste
displayed in this or that new costume. He
pleats his wife's starched collars, dresses his
mignons, combs his spaniels, eats sweetmeats
and sucks oranges. Henry of Valois is a great
king, chevalier! I can quite understand the
admiration with which he inspires you. Such is
this king, the honor of France—what am I saying?—of Christianity!"

The beautiful unknown ceased speaking. The
flashing fires presently faded from her eyes,
the superb smile of disdain passed from her lip,
her voice became low and soft, as, after a while,
she continued:

"Forget, I beg of yon. Chavalier Sforzi, how I non; besides these two mignous nothing exists

she continued:

"Forget, I beg of you, Chevalier Sforzi, how I have for a moment suffered myself to be carried away. I love justice and glory so passionately that in thinking of the woes and shames endured by this unhappy kingdom of France, I could not repress the cry of indignation and despair that arose from my heart! Let us bring this useless interview to an end; you are not the man I have dreamed of uniting with my glory."

the man I have dreamed of uniting with my glory."

Without being completely conscious of all that was passing within him, Raoul felt deeply humiliated. All his instincts of youth and ambition were at once inflamed.

"Madame," he cried, "I will leave to the care of the future the opinion you have formed of me; but, believe me, I, too, love glory with fervor! I, too, have dreamed of glory! The unjust power of the great has weighed but too heavily upon my existence; I have insults to avenge, outrages to punish! Madame, I repeat, declare to me, by your hopes of Paradise, that if I put my will and my entire being at your command, you will never call upon me to draw my sword against the king. I am then yours, body and soul!"

If Sforzi had remarked the smile of triumph and perfidy which passed more rapidly than light over the visage of Marie he would instantly have recalled his rash promise.

ny nave recalled his rash promise.

"Monsieur Sforzi," she replied, after a brief silence, "I gather, from what you have just said, that your pride must have been cruelly stung, your heart must have suffered terribly."

"You have guessed rightly, madame," replied to the property of the

Raoul. "Brave and loyal gentleman as I am, I have been bound to a pillory, struck in the face by the hand of a hangman, and led out for execution on a gibbet! And that, madame, because I had defended a noble lady infamously persecuted—because I had given a blow to a coward whose sword had shamefully rested in oward whose sword had shamefully rest coward whose sword had shamefully rested in its sheath. You can now understand my hatred of feudality, and why I am the devoted champion of royalty! So long as there remains a drop of blood in my veins, so long as my brain can put together two ideas, I will employ my strength and intelligence in fighting against feudality!"

Marte made no reply to this declaration of the chevalier's, but, after a slight pause, said in gentle tone:

"It is growing late. Monsieur Sforzi, In of occupying ourselves with Monsieur d'Eper-non, we have wandered to other subjects. The next time we see each other we will endeavor to arrange some play of action excitent our comto arrange some plan of action against our mon enemy. You must not remain longer here.
The same servant who guided you hither will
reconduct you. Now that I know your trustworthiness, I shall not use the same precautions
that I have a don't this worthiness, I shall not use the same precautions that I have thought it necessary to adopt this evening. I only require your promise that you will not make any attempt to discover who I am, and that you will not return to this place without having been sent for."

"I swear to you, medama! And this invita-

"I swear to you, madame!—And this invita-tion—shall I have long to wait for it?"

"As soon as it appears

tion—shall I have long to wait for it?"

"As soon as it appears needful for our projects, I will send for you. We will then regulate the conditions of our alliance. The words 'Guise and Italy,' pronounced in a low voice, and accompanied by three knocks, given at equilintervals, will cause the door to be opened to you. Good night, chevalier."

Raoul bowed silently, and took his departure.

(To be continued.)

A MISGUIDED BOOK-AGENT

A book agent entered the open door of a sing Pittsfield cottage one day last week, and, noding to the trim, bright-looking little weman who sat sewing by the window, commenced volubly to descant on the merits of a great work which he was for the first time giving manking an opportunity to purchase. It was a universal between the same of the volubly to descant on the merits of a greework which he was for the first time giving mankind an opportunity to purchase. It was a universal biography, cook-book, dictionary family physician, short-hand instructor, and contained, besides, a detailed history of every important event that has transpired in the world, from the apple incident and Adam's fall world, from the apple incident and Adam's fall work contained five thousand chapters, art with running titles. The agent, after talking on general excellencies of the volume about five minutes, commenced on the headings of those minutes, commenced on the headings of those minutes, and as the woman did not say a word to interrupt him, he felt that he was making a conquest, and rattled away so that she shouldn't have a chance to say no. It took him nearly have a chance to say no. It took him nearly have a chance to say no. It took him nearly half an hour, and as he breathlessly went on the sweat started from his forehead, and he made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when the finished he had hardly strength enough left to put on a bewitching smile, and hand her to ready pen wherewith to subscribe her name of the order-book. She took the pen, but instead of putting her autograph on his list, she lifted of putting her autograph on his list, she lifted in plain letters, "I'm deaf and dumb." He said in plain letters, "I'm deaf and dumb." He said looked as he turned to the door would fill a looked as he turned to the door would fill a looked. library.

A widow who was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, every time a storm came on would run into her neighbour's house (he was an old bachelor) and clasp her little hands, and fly around, till the man was helf distracted an old bachelor) and clasp her little hands, of fly around, till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed. The consequence wis that before three thunder storms rattled over that before three thunder storms rattled over this head he had taken her into his legally bound to him for his whole life.

Ladies' feet appear to grow in Western constricts to a gigantic size, corresponding to their developments of nature—as trees, mountains, and garden products. We infer this from two and garden products. We infer this from two column it mentions, as a warning, that the column it mentions, as a warning, that the sidewalks of the city are full of holes "the sidewalks of the city are full of holes "the sidewalks of the city are full of holes "these holes. We are sure they cannot have specially small boys at the West, so we are forced to the above conclusion.

JULY 5, 1872.

IT CANNOT BE.

RY PANNIR WILDWOOD.

It cannot be, that, like a star, Upon my pathway ye hav; shone For one brief moment with thy light, To leave me thus quivering and lone. It cannos im!

It sannot be, just as the spring's Exact footsteps now again are hearl,
That at the bound of thine no more
My immost being will be stirred.
It cannot be !

It cannot be that the same tengue That bears the marks of truth in speech, Should, with sweet sayings, unto me,
A lesson of despair thus teach—
It cannot be!

It cannot be that heavenly dreams Should leave their glow upon my mind, From slumberings sadly to awake, Only some try ruin find— It cannot be!

It cannot be the massy arch Of thought, writ on thy stern, broad bro s but the sheltering roof from which There will escape an unkept vow— It cannot be!

WHICH WILL SHE MARRY ?

BY MARO O. ROLFE

John Myers loved Florry Castle, the prettical and the most bewitching girl in Boroville, a place noted far and wide for the beauty and intelligence of its ladies.

Florre's father was the wealthlest merchant

Florre's father was the weathnest merchant in town and John was his clerk.

Now, do not imagine that I am going to repeat the oft-toid story of the penniless youth who loved a princess; for if you do, you will be disappointed. John was Florry's equal in everything save in one respect. While she was the foved a princess; for if you do, you will be disappointed. John was Florry's equal in everything save in one respect. While she was the most careless, romping, fun-loving young lady in the world—she had attained to the mature age of seventeen—John was the most diffident fellow conceivable, blushing like a girl at everything, always appearing, he funcied, as bashful people are apt to, at the greatest disadvantage whenever he attempted to put his best foot forward, and doubly awkward he thought, whenever he essayed to utter more than the commonant of common place expressions to Florry. Surely he was not handsome, in the general acceptation of the term. Tall, angular, almost awkward at times, there was very little of gracefulness about him, it is true, and his greatest.

acceptation of the torm. Tall, angular, almost awk ward at times, there was very little of grace-ulness about him, it is true, and his greatest centitiveness led him to think these little disadvantages infinitely more conspicuous than they really were. But Florry, overlooking all this and seeing only his blue eyes and ways brown hair, clustering about a broad, high brow, white as marble—pleasant enough things to look upon, surely—noting his constrained, diffident manner when in her presence, and his many of little attentions to herself and her wishes, and discerning his great love for her through all, at last began to pity him heartily for his want of confidence in himself; and we all know to what tender passion pity is akin. Once he heard her express a wish to read a book, the last new novel. It was not for sale in Boroville, and he wrote to the publishers, directing them to mail it to Florry's address.

When he came to dinner one day, she sat usar a window, turning over the leaves, with the bright sunlight falling in a mellow glew upon her que, nly little head, She looked lovellet than ever first than and he tried hear to know heat.

her que.nly little head. She looked loveller than ever just then; and he tried hard to keep back the flush that mantled his face as he saw her for the first time in the enjoyment of his ano-

for the first time in the enjoyment of the first time in the enjoyment gift.

"Oh, John," she cried, with a pleasant look in her face that did his heart good, "you know how I have longed to read "Charlie's Bride," and now some good fairy has made me twice glad by sending it to me. I'm sure it must have been hirs. Chester. She's always so thoughtful, and she said she'd not forget me when she returned home."

nome."

"I'm very glad you're got the book, Florry,"
he said simply, but in a strange, constrained sort
of way that made her look up.

"Why, John," she said, "does anything trouble you!"

"No, Florry," with half-averied face, "Why
do you sak?"

"Because......."

Because.

"Because what, Florry?"

"Because what, Florry?"

"Nothing." Then changing the subject, and with a quick, shy glance up into his face: "The book is splendid, John. I could bless the one who gave it!" Then obdurately: "Mrs Chester is very kind."

Chester still. John turned away Mrs. Chester still. John turned away.

And so matisms went on for a full menth, and then Casper Ducey came to Boroville, asionishing all with his handsome face and attire, his lavish expenditure of money, his fast horses, his fast driving and his fast ilfe allogether. He was a thorough man of the world, dashing, brilliant, fascinating; and, as far as external appearances to a great way in such a place as Boroville.

Mrs. Digby approved of Casper Ducey, Mrs.

bim none could comprehend but himself and another—One that reads all our hearts. How she pitted him as she thanked him for his kind wishes.

He tolled patiently on at the old, monotonous drudgery in the counting-room, striving to crush his wild, unavailing love, to drown it amid the cascoloss cares of business.

The widow Digby, tired of her futile dishing for the "great catch," as she mentally styled in the case of the case of

Digby was an oracle in Boroville. She was a handsome woman of five and twenty, a lively young widow, whose second mourning became here' rmingly, and who, some people saidbut sor e people are not to be relied on to any great tent, you know—would not be particularly averse to trying the marital yoke again, so lightly had she borne it, with a suitable partner, of course. In company with her late husband, the widow had spent several seasons at the various places of summer resort, besides passing a winter at the capital; and she was considered in halible authority on all miliers relating to seciety at large. She was pretty, intelligent, dressed in excellent taste, and was believed to have a sing little fortune all her own. So you see, she was a very nice little bit of femininity, as the world would say. Quite a little company of the little would say. Quite a little company of the fille of the vil. 120 assembled in the widow's parlor one evening, and Mr. Ducey was the subject of their conversation.

"Yos, Mr. Ducoy is a very desirable gentleman," said the widow. "We must welcome him to our circle. He is handsome, witty and accomplished, and—and of course he is r.ch; but that don't matter so much, you know. We met him at Newport three years ago — poor, dear Harry and I." And she gave her handkerchief a very uncertain twirl, that left the shadow of a doubt in the minds of some of her listeners whether it was intended as an evidence of her incontrollable sorrow, at the remembrance of her "poor, dear Harry," or to attract the attention of Tom Lacy, who was firting outrageously with Mabel Townley, at the further side of the room. And so Casper Ducey had a passport to the society of Boroville, and was received with Open arms. open arms.

open arms.

"How do you like him, Florry?" John Myers asked one afternoon, as Mr. Ducey whirled past the windew in a basket phaeton, nodding gracefully to Florry, and then turning to make some witty remark to Mrs. Digby, who occupled the seat at his side. The widow laughed, showing every one of her white front teeth to the fullest extent of propriety. She was exultant and her face showed it; and John and Florry and Mr. Ducey saw it; and John and Florry and Mr. Ducey saw it; and John and Florry while, and so did Mr. Ducey—in a quiet, gentlemanly sort of way.

"Oh, I like him exceedingly well," said Florry, in reply to John's question. "He spent last evening here, and he's going to take me out in the morning for a ride to the lake with that splendid turnout of his. How delightful!"

"Which." almost savagely — "Ducey or his horses?"

"Both, to be sure," then saucily, " What a

"Both, to be sure," then saucily, "What a stupid you are, John. I meant the ride."
Florry rode with Casper Ducey the next morning and many mornings thereafter, and John Myers and the widow grew jealous. Ducey became Florry's constant attendant, accompanying her to concerts and parties, and taking her for boat rides on the lake and long drives over the pleasant country roads. They walked together, sung together, danced together. In short it came to be a notable fact that Florry Castie and Mr. Ducey were very deeply in love with and Mr. Ducey were very deeply in love with each other, or were firting beyond all propriety. He brought her flowers and music, and rend poetry to her in his rich, clear volce—by and by he made love to her in the same volce. To say that Tiorry was not charmed with her brilliant that Florry was not charmed with her brilliant cavalier would be in direct opposition to the facts of the case. All thoughts of poor John Myers were, for the time being, vanished from her mind. She had no time now for odd little chats with him, as of old—perhaps the inclination was wanting also. John became desporate, and resolved one ovening to tell her all. He could no longer stand silently by and see matters go on as they had been going for a few wooks past. Wooks past

He found her alone in the parlor.

He found her alone in the parlor.

"Florry?" half fearfully.

"Why, John!" with a little start of surprise.

"You have been so shy of me of late. So you have not forgotten me quite?"

"Forgotten you, Florry!" There was a world of repreach in his carnest voice, "I shall never forget you. "I..."

of repreach in his carnest voice. "I shall never forget you. "I—"
"I hope not, John," she interrupted. Maybe she apprehended what he might have said. "I have something to tell you, John. To-day I promised to marry Casper Ducey."
She was cruel, and she knew it. It is bestso, she thought, he must know it some time.

"And you love him, Florry?" after a long

pauso.
"Yes," without looking up.
"Better — better than you could ever love

His face was pallid, and his voice trembled as he said:

"Then God bless you, Florry, and make you happy. I wish you all joy and peace, now and horeafter!"

Nover till this moment had she comprehend Actor till this moment had she compronen-ed the full depth of John Myers' love. How no-bly self-sacrificing he was—this man who could thus give his heart's idel up to another, because he thought she would be happier with him. What a world of anguish those few words cost him none could comprehend but himself and another—One that reads all our hearts. How she pitted him as she thanked him for his kind

her line for Tom Lacy; and as the latter gentionan's heart had long since become enalayed by her pietty brown eyes, he was a compara-tively casy victim. Then the widow exulted over little Mabel Townley, who did not care a straw for Lacy, and was satisfied in the proud consciousness that she had a lover at any rate.

consciousness that she had a lover at any rate. After a while, the Borovillians arranged to have a grand piente in trimp's grove, a mile out of town. Of course all—that is, all who belonged to the "circle," were expected to attend. "The Quimbys, the Brodailes, the Thomases, and Mr. Ducey and Florry and Tom Lacy, besides Br. Grandon and his count Miss Ellis, and ever so many more, are going," said the widow, "and we shall have such a splendid time."

"Of course you will go, John," said Florry.

"Oh, Florry, I cannot."

"Why ?"

" iscause—because"—hesitatingly, "I have usiness of importance to attend to at the

"Oh, but you must go, John," persuasively.
"It will be the last ploute of the season, and—and you know I am going away soon. Casper insists on my naming an early day for our marriage, and you must go just this once, for my sake; and you need recreation—you are working too hard."

and too hard."

And so he promised to drive over to the grove about the middle of the afternoon—"in time to partake of the refreshments and come home with the rest," he said. Why Florry insisted on his going, she scarcely know. Maybe she thought he was working himself to death, for he had been looking unusually pale and thin, of late.

he had been looking unusually late.

At last the all important day came, as most days do, and an eventful day it was, to three at least. Just after dinner the pienic party took uptheir line of march to the grove, looking not unlike a battation of hotel waters, laden as they were with plates and platters, cakes and biscuits, and all the other things that go to make the delicious array that we see spread out on icuie table, to please the eye and tempt the

Florry waited a long time for Mr. Ducey. He

riorry waited a long time for Air. Duccy. He came at last very late, offering no excuse for his want of punctuality, and acting, she thought, very strangely altog ther.

He seemed in unusually good spirits that day, however, and all unpleasant thoughts were banished from her mind long before they came in sight of the grove, with its gay banners flutter-ing merrily from the wide-spreading boughs, and the jolly party guthered in happy groups here and there, or wandering in couples through the shady labyrinths that extended on every side,

showing transient views, through the swaying folinge, of the green hills beyond.

By and by John Myers came, looking flushed and heated, but whatever was passing in his mind, he maintained an outward caim.

"I'm so giad you've come!" said Florry.
"Wo're enjoying ourselves finely."
Just then word came that the refreshments

were ready.

"There's Mab Townley over there, John, and

There's high low life with the responsible table," and the little witch fluttered off, leaving him no alternative but to obey.

The company were just taking their places at the refreshment stands, and Florry stood quite still, looking anxiously around for her escort, who had excused himself a half hour before, and who had excused intusers a man hour celere, and had not yet returned. Five minutes more slip-ped by, and still he did not come. She felt grieved and mortified. He had never been so neglectful of her before. What could be the matter?

"Where is Mr. Ducey?" some one asked.

His protracted absence was now for the first time generally noticed.

"Yes, where is he?" from a chorus of voices.

"What have you done with your cavaller, Florry?" Mabel Townley broke in. "You must learn to take better care of him in the future."

He is old enough to take care of himself," said Florry lightly, yet with a red flush on either

cheek.

"Very true," whispered Mrs. Digby confidentially to Tom Lacy. "He's five and thirty, if
he's a day. To think of such a chit of a giri as
Flotry Castle marrying a man old enough to be
her father—the very idea?"

her father—the very idea?"

Mr. Lacy, as in duty bound, agreed with everything the enchantress said.

"We must find him," said somebody. "He may have met with an accident."

And a dozen of the party hastened off in various directions through the grove in search of Casper Ducey. One of the girls found him out at last, as a little scream attested, and they were ail around him in a moment.

He was lying apportrate on the ground just

He was lying prostrate on the ground, just within the shelter of a little thicket not far away, with his eyes closed and his face looking swollen and purple.

"What is the matter?"

"Is he dead?"

"He's in a fit !"

Three or four of the girls amount is a hearth the gentleman looked at him hard then at each other, but said nothing. Dr. Granton glanced at the red, bloated face, then ruefully at Florry. "Speak!" she cried, with pale lips. " Is he dead?"

dead?"

"Florry, the Dr. replied kindly, "it is best to ase plain language. Mr. Ducey is drunk!"

She was silent a moment, standing motionless as marble, staring into vacancy, like one in a dream. Then the pallor in her face gave place to a hot, angry finsh, and her black eyes finshed as she said:

"And white to the said:

"And this is true ?" There was no denial, liw sin even in this world.

and she went on: "Then he is dead to me. I never wish to look upon his face again. I want him to know how utterly I scorn him after what has happened. Give me a pencil and a bit of paper, John. I will write a few lines for him to paper, John. I will write a few lines for him to read when he comes out of his stuper, then I wish you would take me home."

She had faished in a moment.

"You shall all hear it," she said, bravely,
"It is not a love letter!"
And she stood up in the midst of the expited
throng, whose eyes were all fixed eagerly on
her resolute little face, and read what she had written :

" My Ducky-I scorn and detost you! I haver want to see you again!

FLORENCE CASTLE."

It was very brief, very concise; but it answored Florry's purpose—it was to the point. She bent over and drew something from the breast-pocket of his coat. It was a small flask. Then she colled the paper up and thrust it through a dainty little ring, which she had slipped from her finger. Next she drew the stoppen and after emptying the contents upon the grass, replaced it with the roll of paper. Then she put the flask back where she had found it. "He will discover it there soonest," he said simply. "Come, John, we will go now."

The grove was deserted in a few minutes, and Casper Duccy, in his drunken slumber, was its sole occupant.

They nover sow him again. His reign was over. One of the piaces that knew him once knew him no more, and that place was Boreville.

What John and Florry said that afternoon, as what John and Flory said that Mr. Castle gave his sanction to their betrothal that Mr. Castle gave his sanction to their betrothal that very night. And so John won Florry after all.

CHINESE CALIGRAPHY.

In numerous instances the customs of the In numerous instances the customs of the Chinese are diametrically opposed to our own, and this remark sphiles especially to their writing and reading. We right our letters in horizontal lines from left to right, and print our books in the same manner; the Chinese, on the contrary, write in perpendicular lines from right to left, so that what is the last page of a book or letter with as is the first with them. They never use punctuation marks, while we have great extention to the court of our letters. pay great attention to that part of our letters. We write our names more or less legibly at the end of our notes and letters; the Chinese sign with a cipher, which every man adopts for himself, being a few characters combined in a complicated manner into o.e. Another mode of attestation is by affixing the stamp of a seal, not in wax, but in red ink. The Chinese attach much consideration to the graphic beauty of their written character, and make use of inscriptheir written character, and make use of inscrip-tions for ornamental purposes, as may be seen on the specimens of porcelain brought to this country. The advantage of simplicity—and a very great advantage it is—constitutes the merit of our alphabetic writing, but that of variety and picturesque effect may fairly be claimed by the Chipesa. The importance of caligrants us of our alphabetic writing, but that of variety and picturesque effect may fairly be claimed by the Chinese. The importance of onligraphy as an secomplishment is naturally esteemed more highly among them than it is in Europe; and large ornamental inscriptions or labels are frequently exchanged among Yiends, or used, as pictures are among us, for purposes of taste and decoration. The Chinese spend much time and labor over the acquisition of a next and elegant handwriting. They have six different styles of writing their characters, but only two of these are studied by most Chinese. Great cere is taken in teaching school-boys to write neatly; the Chinese student is very particular about his pen and ink, and he is even fanciful on the subject of the ink-slab on which the latter is carefully rubbed with a little water. These pens (or, as they are sometimes called, "pencils") rather rosemble our camel-hair brushes; the handle of the pen is of bamboo, and each pen has a little case or sheath of bamboo or metal to protect the hair from injury, for the tip of the pen is so fine that can has a be taken to keep it in good order for writing with. The ink is made from lampblack, etc.. mixed with give and similar substances, and is always scented with musk. The cakes are often adorned with curious devices and short sentances, stamped in gilt and colored characters. The ink-slab is made of different kinds of stone, carefully ground smooth, and has a small cavity or depression at one end to hold water; but some students have a species of small cup placed bestide them with a little water in it. This cup is depression at one end to hold water; but some students have a species of small cup placed beside them with a little water in it. This cup is sometimes handsomely curved out of a piece of jade-zione, and fitted on to a wooden stand; it is furnished with a small ladle not unlike a salt-spoon. Nearly all paper in China is made from the woody fibre of bamboo, and a specify of a pellowish olion, it has no strength and it worly easily torn, and the effect of water apart is much the same as apon hlotting paper. Yet with these, to us, impromising materials, the Chinese writer contrives to produce characters which for regularity and symmetry cannot be surpassed.

NEARLY all nations have a proverb to this effect:—"That we ourselves make our greatest sorrows." If we look honestly into our hearts we shall see that it is indeed so. We yield to temptations, and fall into sin. Surely as the thunder follows the lightning, sorrow must fol-

ONE WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY EMILY II. MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Erma Haywood, nee Miss Erma Morrison elad in the brown linen suit of a business wo elad in the brown linen suit of a business woman, sat reading proof in a dingy office one fine
afternoon in June. The street below her one
window was bright with beauty and fashion
setting out in the afternoon tide of shopping, and
rictous with the roll of carriages, the rumble of
horse-cars, the shouts of newsboys, the not unmusical cries of flower and fruit vendors, and all
busy and lifeful sounds which go to make up
wind is termed the "roar" of a big city.
It did the heart of this lonely toller good to
hear these sounds. Her eyes, running alertly
down the sleader sheets of proof, arresting every
letter that dared to stand on its head, brightened, and her brows, that had curied themselves

letter that dared to stand on its head, brightened, and her brows, that had curied themselves into a frown over a whole paragraph of spayined syntax, straightened themselves into their usual level screnity as there rose above the cheerful uproar some wild, fresh shouts of "E-vening Times-ee!" for this was the signal indicating that her day's labor was nearly onded. Only a few more columns of somewhat tame matter for the morrow's miscellany, and the last letter from the special Paris correspondent—who was happily brief—and she could take her brown happily brief-and she could take her brown sipsy down from its methodical peg, her parasol from another methodical

shappily brief—and she could take her brown gipsy down from its methodical peg, her parasol from another methodical peg, and go——
I was about to say "home," but this would be untrue. She could go to her boarding-place. Which is vastly unlike going home.

Mrs. Erma, agod twenty-seven, although obliged to read proof and stay in a boarding-house, was not adismal person to look at. There wa an inner light in her face, which told of life_orces still in reserve; a look of resolute cheerfulness, as if a bubbling spring of hope centered in her soul, kee; existence frosh and green amid the Sahara o. if surroundings.

All her days—which are many when one has passed her twenty-seventh June—had led, as a general thing, through dusty paths; paths, to be sure, whose dust had sometimes been well laid with tears. Her childhood was a brief one, and, brief as it was, had been little given to the sportive and careless idlenoss natural to that period of life. She could scarcely remember when she had been without care. Looking very, very far back, she could recall a time of climbing roses, and singing birds, and sunshine on a yellow floor—sunshine whose glory refused to be gathered by her chubby lands. Then, more distinctly, came a period of blue skies and dewy uplands, when she went harefooted and bonnetless, and tended the cows—glant animnis, that towered above her young head, and could have cruabed her, had they chosen, under their great hoofs; but good giants, that, so far from cruahing her, shrank and retreated before her brave little menaces and valiant shouts like so many giant cowards, wheeling away from the sweet-smelling corn-field by which she stood

brave little menaces and valiant shouts like so many glant cowards, wheeling away from the sweet-smelling corn-field by which she stood guard, and returning to the lesser delights of the close-bitton clover, accelerated, in extreme cases, by a little mongrel dog, who never left the side of his young mistress.

Even that far-away life had not been without its tragedies; for one day a wild and worried mother-helfer, lately added to the herd, tore one of her sharp horns through the breast of the too-officious dog, and he dragged himself to Erms's feet, only to lie down and die. Then for the first time she felt what death is when it touches something beloved; and the first shadow of a life that has much of shadow stole over her blitche heart. her blithe heart,

her blithe heart.

The cow-tending days, with their blue skies and dowy fields, paxed away. Then came a fearful time of frantic but brief childlish moorning over a mother lying very white and still, and refusing to speak to her; of a mother being torne off in a close box, and put away in the black ground to the singing of deleful hymns. How far away it seemed! Then the little brown feet took on the dignity of shees, and the little girl herself was whirled away to a new distant home, and a new life began.

How much she had lived in all the twenty years intervening between the proof-reading

How much she had lived in all the twenty years intervening between the proof-reading woman and the little herds-girl on the mountains! A sunny, kindly home had been hers. From its portal she had gone forth a bride, as light of heart—and as light of head—as the butterfly fresh from the chrysalis, abandoning herself in her sanguine youthful content to this first love of her heart—never knowing—as she came to know in later years—that it was only the grant-courrier of the royal love to come. It had not proved a felicitous marriage, exactly. Erms was a woman, and she liked to be pected and sheltered after the selfish manner of women. This was well enough. But, unfortunately, her handsome, white-handed husband possessed the same wants. He was not an "cak"—Reor Percival Haywood—for any woman vine to cling to; and when a vicious stroke of for-—pror Percival Haywood—for any woman vine to cling to; and when a vicious stroke of fortune scattered his comfortable inheritance to the four winds, he could not take to farming like a hero; or to book-keeping like a brave slave. But he took to something more deviliably worse—drink! And the drink was not long in erecting an inexpensive head-stone over all that was left of her a poor boy," as Erma tenderly and compassionately called him to the last.

Widowed, now, and once more homeless—for her adopted mother's family was so scattered by death and his assistant, marriage, it no longer afforded a nucleus for her to cling to, even had she been willing to cling—she was

heating about the world, arduously taking care of herself.

It was not so bad, she thought. She had known heavier and more blighting care than this care of Erma Haywood. Why, she hardly gave her more trouble than did the cows in those old, old days on the mountains—the velvely-green mountains of Vermont.

Sometimes, to be sure, it seemed as if her dresses were out or became passé needlessly fast, and that her plain but neatly-served dinners, at the hands of Mrs. McAfforty, amounted to extravagant Saturday payments. But in the mail, the care of herself was maintained without much nurmuring. It might have been so much worse, you know! If she had been compelled to be a laundress, and live constantly in a vile atraosphere of suds; or an automatic woman-clerk, having to stand with aching feat behind counters and sweetly smile and smile to heartless shoppers; or a poor old char-woman, scrubbing and scouring under the feet of the proud world; or—

Oh! yes, many things might have been so much worse.

scrubbing and scouring under the feet of the proud world; or—
Oh t yes, many things might have been so much worse than sitting in this high, sunny room, away up in the pure air, that, if the breeze was right, came puffing into her face and fluttering the sheets of proof, and kissing with the kiss of a welcome lover the one little red rose that grow in the window and sweetened the room with its sensuous summer-breath.

Bo it was this grateful appreciation of the good that was hers that kept her eyes clear and bright, and her brow unthreaded by the lines which discontent and fruitless envy like to trace on the brows of too many mortals.

Then, too, her mission would come to her by and by. This was a perpetual scul-tonic. Her mission had haunted her long—a vague and nebulous thing, as yet. Modicine, Theology, Art, Literature—all hevered over her like gently-contending angels, but not one had yet claimed her for its own. Often it appeared to her that the lecture-field demanded her labors; and as often there seemed to be something drawing her to the rigorous halls of surgery. At times she would preach; and again, some very for the labors.

her that the lecture-field demanded her labors; and as often there seemed to be something drawing her to the rigorous halls of surgery. At times she would preach; and again, some very fair lines, lurkingly signed "E. H.," would get into newspaper corners, and it would seem that Peesy was setting about weaving a crown for her. Something she would do! and the world should be a little better for her living in it.

Meantime, while the mission was getting ready to announce itself, she read proof and was glad enough of the work. It was a position that had cost effort—this position on the staff of the mighty *Times* forces*. It had been schleved after varied failures and disappointments in outreachings for governessing, sowing, copying, clerking, and all those branches of work to which intelligent and refined women are sometimes forced to turn. The rebuffs she met had been enough to disgust and terrify a leas plucky applicant. Mrs. Snipcat could not engage her as teacher for her bullet-headed cherubs without references; Miss Ostrichtip wanted experienced hands to trim her hats; and one horrid lawyer to whom she came modesily and appealingly for papers to copy, told her she was too pretty for such drudgery, and then attempted to kiss her on the spot. To the credit of our brothers and husbands be it said that this lawyer was very drunk, else he had not acted so meanly toward one who was powerless to knock him dewn.

After all this, and much more, the dingy little room near the roof of the *Times* establishment, opened to her like a beautiful calm havon to the ship that has shivered and tossed long days on the stormy outer sea. So many natures might have grumbled even here, cursed the spitefulness of "fate," and the meanness and narrowness of such existence. But Erms was grateful, and found good things in proof-reading. She held communion with vigorous minds, and kept pace with the newest thoughts. Dainty rhymes, fresh from the poet's brain, were laid, like flowers, on her table, and scintiliant things from the workers i

see as tand on their lectand the different indicates and sometimes irksome labor — when sun and breeze and sea-boach were calling to her from the beautful outside; but with all its faults, she loved it and was faithful to it.

And now on this late midaummer day, as the converse record dear total hell.

And now on this late midsummer day, as the tongue of some deep-toned bell—that would be heard through all the tunuit—slowly boomed out the hour of five, up came the "dummy" with the rushing alacrity that characterised everything pertaining to the great daily, and across the silps of paper were these welcome words, "Last proofs," in the foreman's hurried but incisive hand. Half an hour later, Erma was walking briskly the long beat in the direction of Mrs. McAfferty's.

Erma had one weakness—a weakness for the Nice. And this in a poor, hard-working heroine.

Erma had one weakness—a weakness for the Nice. And this, in a poor, hard-working heroinc, was a weakness indeed. Two streets away she might have had "board" with a saving of half her earnings; but it was not a nice place. Green water stood in the gutter, and there was a lager-beer saloon over the way. Oh! no, it couldn't be thought of.

At Mrs. McAfforty's two noble elms stood in front of the large house, with its neat but sorrowful air of departed glory; the street was sprinkled, the door-plate was of silver, the neighborhood made up of quite well-behaved residences.

kied, the door-plate was of silver, the neighbor-hood made up of quite well-behaved residences, and her little room in the third story—it would have been in the fourth if there had been any fourth—with meals and clean clothes, left her, per week, three whole dollars for dress and inor rather accidental-expenses. At

come? How many fall an ta and dear, nice ruffled skirts and buttoned boots and Alexandre gloves was she to buy with the slowly accumu-lating capital of three dollars a week, with nose

lating capital of three dollars a week, with neso-gays and fresh fruit tempting her every day of her life, and new books appealing to her from every bookseller's window? To-day, cluding all those appeals, and medi-tating how she would amuse herself by darning her gloves until tea-time, Erma walked home-ward. As she drew near the somewhat abrupt steps that led to the hall-door, a little figure in a dotted have done, with stockings and ring from steps that led to the hall-door, a little figure in a dotted lawn dress, with stockings and phasfore a little the worse for an afternoon's wear in Mrs. McAssery's back-yard, came tumbling headlong down the descent, landing with fearful force on its face. Notther party screamed; for the one never screamed and the other was past screaming. Erms rushed forward and caught the child in her arms, regardless of the blood that gushed, from the cut forchead and the bumped nose, all over the bosom of her neat linen dress, sent from the laundry only the day before. Her checks paid as she carried the linen dress, sent from the laundry only the day before. Her checks paied as she carried the limp little figure up the cruel stone steps into the open halt. A small boy of three years, slowly descending the staircase, caught sight of her and the gory little face on her breast, and immediately set up that dreadful howl which frightened small boys with good lungs are so capable of.

"Nannic tilled ! O—h ! Nannic ii—lled!"
he roared; and turning, fied up-stairs on all
fours repeating his cry with renewed vigor at overy breath.

Erms followed him, hoping that Mr. Midsum

overy breath.

Erms followed him, hoping that Mr. Midsummer—the father of these interesting children—would meet her at the next landing and take this shockingly-bumped child out of her sight. The little boy fied on before her, dashed into his father's parlor, ran on into the bed-room, and sentiled under the bed, still rearing.

Erma saw at a glance that the father was not at home.

"Bernie," she said rather sternly, "Nannie is not killed. Orly hurt. Go tall somebody to come. Go call Mrs. McAfferty, there's a darling!" softening toward him, as his little red, affrighted face showed itself once more.

As he departed with subdued blubberings, Erma sat down in a low rocker, with the icepitcher at her side, and began bathing tehild's face—her heart going out to the motionless, carelessly-dressed little mite in a sudden gush of pitying tenderness, so that there were toars standing on her cheeks, and caressing words trembling on her lips — as Mr. Midsummer, not having encountered Bernie, came slowly and abstractedly up-stairs, with the Times and the last Blackwood in one hand and a pot of mignonette in the other, and stopped, with an exclamation of slarm, in the open coor.

Erma looked sround,
"I am glad you have come. She fell down

the last Blackwood in one hand and a pot of mignonette in the other, and stopped, with an exclamation of alarm, in the open door.

Erma looked around,

"I am glad you have come. She fell down those abominable steps. Don't be frightened? Her neck's not broken, nor her head. She is only stunned a little. Please don't! I can do this best," for the papers and mignonette were pitched together on the lounge, and he was going to gather the little girl right up against his snowy marseilles vest, and Erma involuntarily thought of laundress's bills.

"Poor little Nan!" he exclaimed; but he let her remain where she was, and then began turning about helplessly and aimlessly, as most men do in domestic accidents of this kind.

"Bee, she is coming to herself of her own accord," said Erma, as the child shuddered a little under a fresh application of cold water. "If you could bring me a towel or two and the wash-beain, Mr. Midsummer, and then send somebody for Dr. Perry, just round the corner, you know — though maybe she doesn't need him, but it may be best — and a little fresh water in the baain, please, and a clean aproun."

Mr. Midsummer, recovering from his bewilderment, responded to these demands very doftly, and assisted Erma in removing the bloody little dress with fingers as white and nimble as her own. That done, Nannje began to cry, and to resist the odious, cold, sopping handkerchief, calling it a " nasty thing!"

"Haug Dr. Perry!" cried Mr. Midsummer joyfully. "Don't you see she is all right? Hey, Nannie! D—ear little birdie! Papa's own lady!" and kneeling beside her to klasher bruised forehead, his check touched for an instant Erma's cool, soft hand.

Something shot from that cool, soft hand into

cool, soft hand.

Something shot from that cool, soft hand into his heart. He lifted his face, and for the first time saw the tears on Erma's cheek, the great blood-stains on her breast. He had noticed her time saw into tears on Ermas cheek, the great blood-stains on her breast. He had noticed her at table; she sat near the foot, in what she called the Bohemian department, while he was far removed from her and more directly under the smiles of Mrs. McAfferty, who dispensed to an the head. He had noticed her as a somewhat proccupied woman, possessed of the daintiest manner of handling broiled chicken (on those red-letter broiled-chicken days), and a monotoneus habit of wearing geranium leaves in her belt. He had noticed and thought of her so little that he could not now recall even her name. "Madam, I—a—you are very kind!" he exclaimed rather vehemently.

"I am giad to have been of assistance—if I have been," said Erma.

"Your dress is rulued," he said delevously.

"It will wash," cheerfully, yet involuntarily thinking of the dellar "out," which the washing and ironing of its many tucks and biss-bands implied.

At this moment the small boy, Bernie, still faintly sobbing, was heard ascending the stairs in his usual four-footed fashion, and at the top times she shuddered over her extravagance, and in his usual four-footed fashion, and at the top told herself that it could not go on. Whatever he said. "Miss Cafferty gone out; Kate tumwas she to do when that Rainy Day should min," and then he hurled himself into his fa-

ther's arms, and ventured a look at his still ra.

ther's arms, and ventured a look at his still rather gory sister. Kate was half a minute behind him, with the appearance of having recently removed her hands from biscult-making. She came in frantically, and not without reason, for Bernie assured her that Nathle had fallen and "boke her head wight open, and was all covered wis bud."

"Only a terrible bump, Kate," said Erma; "but I think the little lady must have ten in her room to-night, and she won't be pretty for several days. You'll please take away these things and bring up some fresh water, and we'll be all right ngain," in a brisk voice that seemed to carry all-rightness in its every intonation—at least, so it seemed to Mr. Midsummer.

And now that the bruised forchead was nicely

least, so it seemed to Mr. Midsummer.
And now that the bruised forehead was nicely bandaged in a wet towel, the nose assuaged, and the clean dress adjusted, it was discovered that fresh slookings were needed, and that the little blue slippers peoping out of Mr. Midsummer's, on the not very tidily-brushed hearth, would be better for the child's comfort than the high-heeled buttoned boots which Erma indignantly declared were enough to hurl her down stairs every day of her life.

It is a risky business for a man and a woman—unless already safely anchored in their res-

every day of her life.

It is a risky business for a man and a woman—unloss already safely anchored in their respective levings—to set about pulling off a child's stockings and shoes together. Midsummer found it so, There was something inexpressibly tender in the co-partnership. And when Erms, in her impulsive way, caught little Nannie's foot to her lips and klased it, he felt his heartbeats quicken slightly. It had been so long since a woman's hands had helped him in this way—so long since womanly kisses had been uttered so near him!

Suddenly Erma gave Nannie into Midsummer's arms and moved toward the door. She would like to get her gloves darned in time for a walk before night should come down.

"I am greatly obliged to you, Miss——"
"Mrs. Haywood," supplied Erms, smillingfor giveness for his forgetfulness, and adding, "You won't, of course, permit her to go to sleep," in a tone that said, "I hope you are not so stupid." The child's head was drooping heavily on Midsummer's breast. "Got her interested in play—give her some wine—toddy! She had better become a little inciriated than drop off in that stupor. Excuse me for taking on medical airs, lease," and she had better heads?

become a little inchriated than drop off in that become a little inchriated than drop off in that stupor. Excuso me for taking on medical airs, please," and she was about to vanish, when her eyes fell on the inverted pot of mignonette.

"The poor little weed—how grieved and surprised it is at such treatment?" she exclaimed, placing it in the window. The curtains were twisted back in ungraceful lines—she shook them out into airy folds. An ivy, perched on a bracket near at hand, was vainly reaching after a daugling bit of twine—she assisted it to the coveted support. A lovely little sunset piece lacked a hair's breadth of hanging "plumb"—she righted it with a touch. All this in haif a moment, yet the room seemed somehow to be restored to harmony. Then with a "Pardon these liberties," she went away, and Midsummer listened to her footfalls as she went, not fying up-stairs after the insane manner of most mer listened to her footfalls as she went, not flying up-stairs after the insane manner of most women, but stepping deliberately, like one who had plenty of stair-climbing and knew enough to take it easily.

Midsummer listened, and missed something from the room—a bit of his heart.

"What a bright, sensible face!" he exclaimed.

"What asy papa?" said Nannic.

"I was speaking to myself, birdie!"

"Oh!" said Nannie.

Erms, in the back room, second floor, was impressed with the idea that she had forgotten something. But no; her gloves were in her

something. But no; her gloves were in her pocket, her hat still on her head, her parasol methodically hung up. What could it be? She would not acknowledge it, but I will tell you—a

which the heart,

"A fine, clear face. A little sad—but so brave
and strong!" she per 'vely nurmured, removing her hideously stained basque and putting it
into the bath-tub

CHAPTER II.

The second "gross error" ind occurred in Erma's proof. Jackson, the assistant foreman, whose casual acquaintance was the only link between herself and the high and mighty powers of the sanctum, told her with all the severity he could bring to bear upon so gentle and preposessing a woman, that in their establishment eternal vigilance was the price of a situation, and that one more error of the kind would unavoidably result in her dismissal. Erma listended, a natural fight of recentment at heing scolied avoidably result in her dismissal. Erms listened, a natural flash of resentment at being scoided at firing up her eyes, but bowing to the higher power and saying she would try, as she had always tried, to do her best. When she was alone she dropped her head in her hands for a moment, not crying or even tearful, but just a bit discouraged.

discouraged.

The day of the fatal thirdgross error arrived. A masterly article from the pen of a greathearted philanthropist, evidently, for he brooded over the peor as a hen broods over her helpless little chicks; and Erms, as she read, felther heart beat with grateful sympathy. Too much sympathy, for her eyes began to lespalong the lines, and as they swiftly took in the author's thought, left in one column a capital standing on its head and a comma weakly trying to fill the place of a period; while in another—O fated Ermal—a short paragraph was "akipped" altogether. In that paragraph the nuther had put the question—"Now, how shall we reach these miserable masses?" The printer missed one little letter, and the question glared out in the clear, leaded types—"Now, glared out in the clear, leaded types—"I how shall we reach these miscrable asses?"

at

Was it not enough to irritate a saint—had a saint been the author? The inverted 8 was forgiven, even the risplaced comma evoked but a frown; but when the author of "The Poor in our Large Cities" found himself calling those

in our Largo Cities "found himself calling those same unfortunate people "misorable asses," he sprang to his feet and sought the publishers—bearding them in their own sumptuous den—and pointed out the bideous blunder with a finger rigid with just indignation.

"Really, this is too bad!" said the firm in one voice. "We'll see who is at fault and have him dismissed at once. We've been annoyed twice this season in this way. We regret this exceedingly, Midsummer! It's a shooking error." Yet, in spite of their regret, the firm covertly laughed in their sleeves. There was something slightly ludicrous about the blunder, which the author's irritation rather enhanced.

laughed in their sleeves. There was something slightly ludicrous about the blunder, which the author's irritation rather enhanced.

"Shocking? It's infamous!" and Midsummer the author of "Our Poor," etc., cast the copy of the Times upon the floor as if it had stung him. "Not even space for an m! Looks theroughly intentional, you see! And the entire edition gone out, too!"

"My dear fellow, we'll have it 'errated' in to-morrow's earliest issue."

"And have all the more attention called to it? No, let it rest!" and Midsummer hurled himself out into the street with the honey of his philanthropy turned to gall for the moment, and a wild desire in his heart to forswear newspapers and take to Wostern wilds. Forgive him, for he was comparatively a young author. Besides, without any conceit, he knew his contributions were widely read; and he liked to give to the world the best of his brain, the warmestand truest of his heart. And here was this error "...aking out of his well-meant and dequent pathos, like a malicious, untimely horse laugh!" horse laugh!

Next morning assistant-foroman Jackson was

Next morning assistant-foreman Jackson was sent for. The error was quickly traced to firma's door. Why could not it have been traced to the door of burly young Brown, who read the Market and Marine, and who would not have felt a dismissal in the least? Or, better still, why had it not occurred on the hands of Snobbs, the heavy editor, who read his own proofs because nobody else was worthy to read them? I will tell you way: because destiny had a hand in it.

to read them? I will tell you way: because destiny had a hand in it.

When Jackson returned he bore with him a concise little note, which he laid on Erma's table with a bow that had in it the profundity of farewell. Erma seized upon it and read. Some calamities are only stunning at first. Their pain comes gradually. Erma placidly returned the note to its envelope and said "Ah!" to herself as she a metimes did when coming across striking now, in the proof.

ing now. In the proof.
"With the close of the week we regret to say that your duties will be ended," concluded the

"I'll not work another moment under son-tence, my dear sirs!" exclaimed Erma, bringing her small fist down on the table in Italics. She then put a note of instant resignation into the dummy and took her hat. In fifteen minutes

adminy and took her hat. In fiction minutes she was at home.

"Now, then, Erma Haywood," walking up to the mirror, "here you are on my hands again? I thought I was well rid of you. I've heard nothing about you for five whole months. And here you come—out of work—demanding food, shelter, raimont. Odear! It's a heavy task to take care of you? I wonder if you are worth white? I wonder if you are worth the sait I provide for you? You see, my dear," nodding to herself patronizingly, "work may come and work may go, but board goes on forever! What a humbur your life is, anyway—just keeping your nose above water! Earning ten dollars for the sake of spending nine deliars and ninety-nine cents. Stale, flat and unprofitable! Idiot, you had best go into the country and raise chickens and cauliflower. How about ablel Idlet, you had best go into the country and raise chickens and cauliflower. How about the mission? I'll tell you what your mission is," with a menacing finger, "it is to wear dark blue stockings and quilied petitocats and a shawl tied behind, and have a little cart and some little bunches of vegetables and go trundling about from door to door, supplying your simple wants in that way. That is all the mission that will ever come to you, you miscrable failure!"

This indignant self-communion continued much in this you until the bell summoned her much in this voin until the bell summoned her to dinner. As if it were not enough to be dismissed from a situation, the dumplings were depressingly soggy, and the dessert a bland and insipid rice custard—which she hated. Mr. Midsummer, looking down to her from his favored region—he looked at her quite frequently now—noticed the lurking trouble in her face, and wished that he know more of her, her past, her present, her work, her self in fact.

Erms, looking up to him, wished she were Mr. Midsummer, with a man's work to do, and two children to care for. Life would be something like, then.

thing like, then,

In the afternoon she went to took about a little among newspaper and book publishers, with what success may be guessed from the fact that evening found her too disheartened for

that evening found her too disheartened for any tea-drinking, sitting gloomly under her shaded lamp, with a page of noto-paper before her—a single word, "Vanted," written at the head, from which unfinished manuscript the pen had evidently faltered.

"Wanted—what?" mused Erma. "A place as governess? No. I've no faculty for teaching. Lady's companion? Ha! I want to see the fellow-woman whose whims I could put up with. Seamstress? I know no more about a sowing-machine than I do about a steam-engine. Second girl?" The idea of being second girl

looked se feasible that she took time to consider

Then she got thinking of the many pleasant homes she had had peops at during her afternoon walk; of the plants and birds in this window, and the easy-chair and work-basket in that; the tableaux of happy mothers and happy children parading themselves just for the sake of hurting the feelings of lonely Behemians like herself; complacent men—never arry of them quite as distingué as Mr. Midsummor—hurrying home with sometimes a dainty paper of fruitor a nosegay (r a magazino—or all three—and being met in the hall by somebody; cheery teatables, sparkling with glass and silver, and falling to quite hide themselves behind airy muslin our tains; even a chance cat, sitting "at home" on a door-step, with a blue ribbon tied in a loving bow about her neck—all these hints of home-life Erma had gathered to herself with a said consciousness of anonation, a sense of being Then she got thinking of the many pleasant ing bow about her neck—all these lines of home-life Erma had gathered to herself with a sad consciousness of anonation, a sense of being defrauded of what was her own, her birthright. And now as she sat in her room alone and foot-weary, and just a little tired of caring for Erma Haywood, that curious, tender, sad, yet subtly consoling feeling of self-pity, which we are all, under real or fancied wrong, capable of, came over her, and she went deliberately to the narrow white couch, sianding in the recess dignified as "bedroom," and flung herself down upon it in a passion of tears, such us she had not enjoyed for many a day. It was good for her. I am not an advocate of tears on ordinary occasions. They are too luxurious for every-day use. If poured forth on trivial vexations and disappointments, they soon degenerate into mere sniveling. Nobody hated a sniveler with more vigor than Erma did. She was not sniveling. Hers was a thunder-shower of grief, viewer and the she was not sniveling.

more vigor than Erma did. She was not sulveling. Hers was a thunder-shower of grief, victient and gusty, not likely to last long, but sweeping things before it while it lasted.

Thus sobbing, with her face buried in the pillow, she did not hear some tiny knuckles rapping at the door. Nor the door when it opened and closed. Nor the light stops that hesitatingly crossed the floor and paused at her side. She heard nothing until a small, still voice, with a wondering tremer in it, said close to her ear:

"Missaywood——"

"Missaywood—"
Erma turned her head a little savagely—it is seldom pleasant to be caught crying—but the vision of Nannie with wonder and pity in her round eyes, and a great bunch of pansies and moss-roses in her hand, was too touching a vision to be regarded savagely.

"I have brought these for you, if you please," threating them in Erma's face and preparing to

thrusting them in Erma's face and preparing to retreat. A big, "grown-up" woman having a wild crying-spell was an alarming as well as mittal gracincle. pitiful spectacle.

Erma got up from the bed and tried to com

"Don't go-o, de-art" hastily drying her yes. "You bring these to reas with incredu-

eyes. "You bring these to reas" with incredu-lous emphasis.
"Yes, it's re; present for you;" then adding, confidentially, "Papa and I went away out to a big greenhouse purpose to get them, and papa bought them for me to give to you. And I've get two roses for my vase. Did you hurt you, Missaywood?" In Nannie's opinion, bumps and scratches were the only events in life worthy of togers.

Erms blushed at the frank disclosure, and

Erms blushed at the frank disclosure, and smiled at the abrupt question.

"It is the sweetest present that ever was, and I thank you, dear!" kissing the child's check.

"No, I haven't hurt myself. I don't feel well, that's all. Don't say anything about it I I is very silly to cry, don't you think so?"

"But sometimes you have to cry, you know," said Nannie. "I'm going to bed now. Good night, Missaywood," shutting her adicus into the door as she disappeared, in her abrupt child's way.

high, shasayword, the door as she disappeared, in her abrupt child's way.

Erms put the flowers in water, and sat down by them, an occasional sob still catching at her threat, and a bright rod spot burning on either check. But ***.o** felt suddenly and unaccountably cheerful—unaccountably, because there was no material cause for cheer.

As for the rich, velvely pansies and the sweet roses, were they not the child's gift. ** And why should she not be delighted with them? What if they were really Midsummer's gift. ** What then *** It need not follow that she should take on prudish airs and decline them with stately thanks, or that she should accort them with school-girl's simper, thinking that they meant something. Oh! no. It was merely a graceful return for her great kindness in having tied up school-girl's simper, thinking that they meant something. Oh! no. It was merely a graceful return for her great kindness in having tied up Nanule's bumped head; for having given little Bernie a buzz-saw, with which he had lacerated every one of his blouses; for having taken them both, one fine Sunday, to a long ramble in the park, from which they had returned with blistered noses and weary legs. Such kindness merited meas-roses, of course. And here they were, and she would keep them, and feel "greatly obliged." Thus resolutely she put away all "nonsense" in regard to the effering "And now, instead of spending my time in ineffectual blubbering, I think I had best attack those stockings that have been leering at me from my work-basket for a week. Yes, we'll darn our stockings, Erma liaywood, witha heart for any fato!"

for any fate!"

Erms had a growing habit of talking to herself—because of being so much alone, and because she was a woman and couldn't avoid talk-

said she was a woman and the said aloud, "Come!"

Mr. Midsummer stood on the threshold, large and the Mr. Midsummer stood on the threshold, land,

abashed and undecided. Nannie—in obedience to Erma's injunction not to "toll"—had straightway given her father a vivid account of how she had found Missaywood "crying and vrying as hard as she could cry," but conscientiously adding t'at he "musn't tell, 'cause Missaywood didn't want anybody to know it." He expected to find a woman in distress. But here was a woman sitting up very creet, with a stocking drawn over one hand and a darning-needle in the other, apparently far removed from distress, and regarding him with astonishment and dismay. may.

may.
Then both spoke simultaneously. She said,
"Come in, Mr. Midsummer," while she hastily
put her darning into the background, and he
faltered, "May I come in?"
The frank way is the best way. To make weak

The Irank way is the best way. To make weak remarks about the weather was something Midsummer was incapable of. As he accopted Erma's proffered chair, he said:

"I beg pardon for blundering in here after this fashion, but Nannie says—Nannie tells me——Mrs. Haywood, you have some trouble. I came to see if you would—if it is possible for me to be of any service to you."

be of any service to you."

Erms blushed scarlet. "Nannie has been telling you how she found me behaving like—an idlot!" she said forcely, as one of those tenscious sobs caught her throat.

Midsummer looked burt. Erms saw the look and goalts added. "Nannie Medical Medic

and gently added, "You are very kind, Mr. Midsummer.

summor."

"You should be kind enough not to make me appear like an idict!" be answered bluntly, but mollified by her tone and the pathetic sob.

"My conduct—since it has been made public—needs explanation, I suppose," said Erma spite?
Inlly. "I will tell you. I don't think anything was the direct cause of my—my—acting in that imbecile way. A storm had been gathering in my sky all day—commencing with—a—rather unpleasant circumstance; and all the little clouds of my past and present came floating up and joining that unpleasant circumstance—and —when Nannie came with her beautiful gift for me, the storm had begun and was raging. It is all over now."

all over new."

"I am greatly enlightened," said Midsummer "I am greatly onligatened," said Aldasummer grimly, coloring with humiliation. "You couldn't well have takens more graceful way of telling me that—L—have—intruded upon you. Don't despise me i I meant well." "Despise you, Mr. Midsummer! I'm ashamed to tell you! It's so weak—this crying over one's solf! I suspect this is the indirect cause: Yes-ton'to I was an efficient arrestrator in the

reriay I was an affluent proof-reader in the Times office. To-day I am dismissed, and a beggar i Until I got work again. That is all. Tears mend the matter vastly, don't they? Carolessness was the ground. I was caroless twice before, but this last time the mistake was two things?

two funny!" and Erma hastened to relate the particulars of her fatal negligence.

Midsummer's face, meanwhile, held a variety of expressions. As Erma concluded her little story with a laugh that tried its best to be merry,

he asked quietly:

"What do you think of the article, aside from
that atroclous blunder? Do you remember any-

thing of it?"

"I have it in my scrap-brok here, blunder and all. It is grandly good! The man who wrote it is fit to be edored! I hope God will bloss him! bless him l

Midsummer rose and stood before her, looking

Midsummer rose and stood before her, looking down upon her with sparkling eyee:

"Mrs. Haywood—child!—do you know I am that author! And I vowed yesterday that if it would only please fate to throw that Times proof-reader in my way, I would thrash him within an inch of his life!"

"Good heavens!" cjaculated Erms, rising to her feet like an embodied exclamation-point.

"Fato has flung that proof-reader in my way!" continued Midsummer menacingly, something like a smile beginning to pull at his golden.

like a smile beginning to pull at his golden monstache.

Erms turned abruptly away. She was in no mood to be laughed at—by the manshe loved—and it was suddenly revealed to her that she loved this man.

"You who regard so kindly 'The Poor in our Large Cities,'" she began demurely, "you can sarely bestow inexpensive forgiveness on one who—who—has—paid rather dearly for the annoyance she has caused you?"

"No: I would have your life-I would have vour life in my keeping-if you will give it to

your nie—in my accounts—in you win give it to me i" in a broken voice. "I have loved you over since the day you held Nancle in your arms!" he continued. The sob in her throat again; but it was such

a happy one.
"She said I was worthy to be adored. I wish
I were worthy to be leved—a little!"

"Very tempting things I offer her, I confess: poverty, the care of children, work, the love of

a poor old newspaper scribbler——"
Then Erma flashed around upon him, and held

"I can't love you—a lit tears shining in her eyes. "My darling!" -a lituo :" two great, joyous

This story points to but one fact, and that is, our limited knowledge of the Unforceon. How little Midsummer had dreamed that he

ahould come to press, with the "kiss of eternity." the lips of the proof-reader for whose personal chastisement he had thirstod.

How very far had it been from Erma's expectations that her "mission" was so near a

THE GREATEST OF ALL IS CHARITY.

O fine tongues, Olitho tongues, sharp-pointed to

The tenderest heart:
O dark words, O low words, shot swiftly, and

With delicate art i Whence comes ye? O woman, your guilty checks burn-

Against your own sisters the weapons ye turn.
Go ye to the feet of the Master and learn
That the greatest of all is Charity !

O warm faith, O firm faith, sublime caust thou

In woman made strong!

O blind eyes, O closed eyes, refusing to see
A lover go wrong!
Belleving the see, though he lies to your face;
Bolleving the husband through darkest disgrace; Why can ye not rise to a still higher piace In the greatest of all, kind Charity?

O star hope, O fur hope, how bright canst thou

In mother and wife ! O deaf cars, O closed cars, refusing to know The wreck of a life!

Ye cheer failen man with the very last breath; Ye hope against hope to the gateway of death; Why can ye not list to the message that saith, Lo! the greatest of all is Charity!

Yo see not, ye dream not, the torturing grief

Of one at your side!
She suffers in slience, and finds no relief—
Her tears she must hide!
All wounded, all bleeding, the poor maiden

heart, Yet swift as the Indian's pitiless dart Your keen words are sent to the tenderest part-Though the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye see not, ye feel not, the trials that chill A wife 'neath her load.
O'ertasked and o'erburdened, she struggles on

BUIL

'Neath duty's sharp goad.
Ye know not the length that her daily round makes;
Yo know not the cares that her feeble hand

Yo add your hard words, and the straining heart bronk

Though the greatest of all is Charity !

Ye know not, annuffled, the battle for life
A sister must wage;
Ye know not, antempted, in what deadly strife
Her heart must engage.
She reaches the brink, but the chasm appais;
She clings with faint clutch to the slippery walls.

walls, ut down come your doubts, like a blow, and she falls—
Though the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye heed not, proud hearts, the hopeless condi-

tion
Of one who is lost;
It may be in waves of tears and contrition
Her poor soul is tossed.
Your pittless scorn keeps her back from your

Your pittless hand keeps her down evermore, Though the Saviour himself said, "Go sin no

For the greatest of all is Charity!

O woman, O woman, the earth's sweetest flower,
Creation's bright crown!
How can ye, how can ye, still cherish the power
That holds your souls down?
O fairest, for whom all your youthful hearts
burn?
O dearest, for whom all our aged eyes yearn!
O ready for Paralise, could ye but learn

O ready for Paradise, could ye but learn That the greatest of all is Charity!

DESMORO:

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," " VOICES FROM THE LUMBER BOOM," THE " HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Why, you have put out the light?" queried the gentleman, as he refusioned the casement, "My safety demanded the act—the light would have betrayed me!" Desmero answered, in an undertone.

"Who are you, and wherefore are you being thus hunted, as you term it?"

"I am sorry that I cannot explain my position, that I cannot return you an honest answer to your straightforward question, but, he assured of this, I am not here to harm you, or to commit any deed of wrong or mischief. I am an outlaw, "ill true, but unhappy circumstances have made me such—I am not a bushranger at the core."

the core."

"A bushranger " cchoed the gentleman.

"Hark! they are in the garden! We must not let our voices be heard."

"Give me your hand, and I will conduct you

onto an upper apartment," the gentleman re-coined. "Tis a fortunate thing that my ser-cause nave an evired to reat, that I am enabled o receive you in this ontice secrety. I am a the collier and a man of mono-not devote of chimatan charty, i trust—and I plodge you my word, be you whosever you may, that I will secure you to the very atmost of my post... come, give me your hand!" he added, placing his own on Desmoro's shoulder.

· Heaven bloss you, sit!" murmured the bush-ranger, impulsively solving his companion's mand, and prossing his parched apa upon it, feeing truey grateful for the kindly words he had Just heard.

The gentleman now led our hero up a flight of

the gentieman now led our nor up a night of stairs, at the top of which, pushing upon a doo, a spacious chamber, lighted by a night-lamp, was revealed. Into this apartment they entered. Dosmoto had lost his hat, and his arm was no longer in a sling. He presented a wild appearance, and his features were a deathly hos.

Desmoro did not much prize his life, but he dreated that life being extinguished on a public scaffold, before the eyes of a gaping, ribeld throng. Indeed, there were moments when he throng. Indeed, there were moments when he dreamed of a time when he might lead an amended existence, when the ways of honesty and peace might once more by opened to him. But such dreams were of rare occurrence, for there was yet from in Desmore's hear.

"Are these men on your track colatables?"

inquired the gentleman

one of my pursuers that of an old enemy."

"You are young to talk of having old ene-

Desmore shrugged his shoulders and sighed

deoply.

"Are you an escaped convict?" further queried his companion, curiously peering into the outlaw's face as he spoke. "Yes, I am!" came from between the white,

olenched teeth.

The gentieman was stient, Fainful memories had been awakened within his heart, and his soul was overcome with a terrible anguish.

While they were sitting thus silently, there came a lond knocking at the house door.

Desmore started up, and drew forth a pistol.

"My pursuers! Why come they here? Let me
fly hence by the front entrance of the house!
Why should I remain to pull trouble on your
head? If you'll detain them for a few minutes I shall be able to secure my safety. I have an asylum not far off. Where am I now?" he

"On the Wooloomooloo Read, under the roof of Colonel Symure."
"Thanks! I shall forget neither your name

God biess you, nor your charity towards me !

Meanwhile, the knocking continued. The accolonel took up the lamp, and carefully shading cell with his hands, harriedly conducted Desmore. down the stairs into the entrance-hall of the mansion

The door was soon opened, and attering rushed out into the night, along the road, in the direction of Cazurina Villa.

Father and son had touched hands with each livered his speech.

other for the first time, yet both were in after ignorance of that fact.
Colonel symure replaced the door-botts as noiselessly as possible; and then repairing to the back portal communicating with the garden belonging to the house, he inquired who was there?

"Upen I open I" cried a voice.
"To whom I" saked the Colonel.
"To c-overnment I" was the brief reply.

Inst. Lay the door was unclosed, and Colonel Symure was standing face to face, with two men, the foremost of whom was the rascal Pid-

. What is your business hero?" demanded

the gentleman.

.. We beg pardon, sir, for thus disturbing you ont we have traced a notorious bushranger int ont we have traced a notorious bushranger into your grounds, and we are come to ask you to turnish us with a lantern, in order that we may pursue our search thoroughly," said one of the

two men.

"You are a constable?"

"Yes sir; I am doing only my duty."

"If you will enter the house, I will aronse one of the men-servants, who will furnish you with all you may require. But, in the meantime, your bird, should be really be here, may escape you?"

"No fear of that, sir. I've left two men on the watch; if he be in the garden he'll not be able to get out of it."

Colonel Symure led the way into one of the tower apartments, and then rang for his vulet, who had long since retired to rest.

The Colonel was exceedingly bland to his visitors. He was desirous of detaining them as

long as possible, in order to give the poor fugitives chance of getting beyond their reach. Perhaps this was not exactly the proper thing for him to do, remembering who he was, and that he was being paid to serve his country and his was being paid to serve his country and his cuosen. But the colonel was not thinking of his duty at this moment, charity and mercy towards a suffering fellow-creature alone occupled his generous mind. He felt assured that he had not been tefriending any really wicked man, and with that assurance he way quite contented with what he had just don.

The servant-man came in answer to the bell, and after his master had briefly explained matters, he produced a lantern and two or three big sticks, and pronounced his readiness to assist in searching the garden for him who was sup-posed to be secreted in it.

At this the constable and the valet at once receded into the grounds, while Pidgers re mained angering on the decreter by the side of the Colonel, who had followed the men thus

The Colonel was holding the night-iamp in the Coloner was nothing the night-samp in his hand. Fidgers could see the gentieman's features pinhip while the sight was thus reflecting on them.

"Sir, sir!" said the man, in a hourse, mys-

er lous whisper. I knows yel'

. Ob. I remember yo weel, though your hair is gone greysome, and yer aren't quite so sowid looking as yo was when last I seed you in Braymount

'In Braymount !" repeated the C

In Braymount?" repeated the colones, in great amazement.

Yes, doen's ye recollect me?"

'No," replied the gentleman, looking at the speaker, and much perploxed.

"Lor! ye don't say so! Yo was a soler officer at the time, an' I war the stage-door keeper of the Braymount Theatre. Now, sir?"

Colonel Symure's visage waxed of a leaden hue, and the lamp in his fingers snook visibly.

huo, and the lamp in his flugers should visibly. Ku salls me to mind now, air ?

"Yos, yes—perfectly !"
"Yos, yes—perfectly !"
"Yo onct gived me a letter to deliver to a all the name of Desmoro Desmoro—a feliar has antiwards tried for housebreakin and mur

Silence!" interrupted the listener, with a shudder, his hand upraised with a men gesture

gesture.

"Lor, sur, yo needn't be so grumpy with me i
I means no ill. Only I thought as how yo'd
maybe like to year on him ag in. He was transported to this country, yer knows?"

Colonel Symure's head was bowed on his

breast.

"Ob, I know lots about him, but as "Ob, I know lots about him, but as yo donn't want to year on him, I'se not trouble mysel to tell yer nout." And so saying, Pidgers moved a pace, as if to join this companions, but the Colonel's hand griped the man's shoulder, and dragged him back into the room they had just quitted.

"Now, what do you know of Desimoro Des-

"Now, what do you know of Desmoro bes-moro?" queried the gentleman, through his quivering lips.

I tould yer after that I knowed lots about him, an'so I does."
"That is not to the point."

Bean't it, sur?" grinned the ruscal, narrow-ly watching the face of his companion. "You love money?" questioned the Colonel,

after a pauso

after a pause.

"Try me, sur!" was the cunning rejoinder.

"There—there is a golden key with which to unlock your hips!" said Colonel Symure, putting a sovereign into the man's hand, and assuming agay, careless manner for the purpose of concealing his true feelings.

Plugers pocketed the gold coin, and ducked his head in acknowledgment of the gift.

"Now?" said Colonel Symure, unable to wholly subdue his regerness to hear some adding, good or bad, of his aniortunate son.

The man fastened his two crooked eyes on the gentleman's countenance, and slowly de-

the gentleman's countenance, and stowly

. Maybap yer knowed Deamoro Deamoro's feyther? I hav heerd it said as how he nover had none, but I aren't sich a foot as to botteve in nonsense loike that. Now, ye yersel might pass for the chap's feyther. Yore eyes, now i looks into them, is ancommon like hish.

Colonel Symure flushed scarlet at these words, and his brain grew hot and dizzy. He stammered, in considerable confusion, some unintelligible words, and then was silent.

. P'rapa yo war a friend of his toyther

"Yes, yes."

Ah, I thought it was summit y that soort as made yo so mighty keen about him niways. My! won't yo open yore eyes when I tolls yer all. My!" And Pidgers rubbed his hands together in fiendish glee, delaying the telling of his tale in order to tormeat his instener.

The Colonel showed his impatience now, and the other proceeded.

"You've heer! I suppose that he's towned to

You've heerd, I suppose, that he's turned a bushranger ?"

·Great heaven! a bushranger?" exclaimed

the Colonel.

"Ay, hev yer not heard on Red Hand, as theer
be aroward offered for?"

to; I have but just arrived in the colony.

Yeel, I hav seen him this very night."

"Red Hand he be called—yes. It's him as we're after now. I seed him, and knowed him directly. Then I called out his name, an' the direcus. fellur took to his heels an' runned as fast as his wo legs would carry him. But we're on his track, he's somewheer hereabouts, an' never fear but we shall catch him. Then shan't I hev my revenge on him folicity?"

Colonei Symare was standing as if rooted to

the spot, he felt viceless and symmed.

Had this man spoken the truth, and had he (the Coionel) really seen his sun and befriended him?

Merciful powers; if he could only overtake that son, and, throwing his fatherly arms about him, gather him to his heart, how happy he should feel.

And had Lesmure become a desperate man

a man to be feared by every wayside traveller, by the owner of every lonely dwelling?

Colonel Symure shivered, and a deathly sickness pervaded his whole frame. Oh, if he had but known his story one short half hour ago, now differently by would have acted.

pered within houself. "Well, well, Thy will be

Atn't I told fo a most wonderful story, sir ?" asked Plugora. In course, I comed here a I didn't come out here at my counemigrant. I didn't come out here at my country's expense. I so a respectable member of society—a free man, as is bili-sticker to the Royal Victoria Theatre, Sydney, Noe South Wales, which same is my address whenseever you want ma."

Thank you—thank you! returned the co-lone, in an abstracted manner.

The man now moved towards the door, as if about to take his loave.

"Good-byo, sir, an thank yer very much," added Pidgers, scraping his foot. "Doan't trouble yersel, I ii find my way out o' doers in less than no time."

And as he finished his sentence he was gune, and the Colonel was left in a state of misery far better imagined than described.

CHAPTER XXVI.

We will now follow the flying steps of poor Desmore, as he speci through the darkness, along the Woolcomcoloo Read. He was making his way in the direction of Casurina Villa, prateins the gloom which was shrouding his flight, and praying to reach the security of the consul's house. He was blaming himself for the risks he had so foolishly incurred, and thanking heaven that he had escaped his pursuers. He deemed himself almost safe now; such as deemed himself almost safe now further risk at present, but to make his way back as soon as possible to his cavern-home.

At length Desmore stood before the gate of Casurias Villa. He looked through the iron railings in front of the house, and, glancing at one of the upper casements, perceived a light burning in it.

There was something significant in this light. Desinor thought. To him it was as welcome as is a flamling beacon to some townidered, storm-tossed mariner.

The bushranger clapped his hands together.

A safe proceeding on his part, and one that the watcher—supposing there were one—would not fall to understand.

ini to inderstand.

He struck his paints together thrice, then the light from the casement vanished suddenty, and presently a soft footfall, crunching the gravelled garden pathway, fell upon his listening

ear.
The footsteps grow nearer and nearer to the closed gate; then a voice, in accents low, demanded "who was there!"

Red Hand," was the rejoinder.
All right, thank heaven! I have been very anxious on your account," spoke Marguerite headless, as she unlocked the gate, and admitted our here.

"I have been recognized and pursued, he, in hurried accents, scarcely above his brevit.
"Recognized! Pursued!" repeated she. in "Recognized! Pursued!" repeated she, in alarm, "ob, I feared as much! I had a prosontiment of some cvil falling upon you, and that was the reason why I did not retire at my usual bour to-night, and wherefore I placed a light in my chamber window.

Heaven bless you, mademoisule;" he exclaimed, following her conducting steps, which led him into the house, where Desmoro felt

quite secure.

"Now tell me all about your late adventures,

Now tell me all about your late adventures," she said, admitting him into an apartment where one wax candle was burning all alone. Desmore was astenished at the request which had been made with much carnestness. He looked at his fair companion's face, and in it he fancied he saw an expression of deep interest in himself and his doings. He was only a man, and a woman of birth, education, beauty, and refinement, was before him, anxiously garing into his eyes, and waiting for his coming words. Desmore felt as if suddenly lifted from this common earth to the realms above—to these

Desmore felt as if suddenly lifted from this common earth to the realms above—to those realms where only the angels dwell in poace, and purity and love.

At this moment he felt his disgraceful position most keenly. Was be not an outlaw? As such, then, he had no right to be sitting in the presence of a lady such as Marguerite d'Auvergne. Nevertheless, as briefly as possible, he narrated to her all that had occurred to him since she had last seen him, and the difficulty he had experienced in escaping his pursuers, to all which particulars his listener gave a most attentive ear.

"Oh, Red Hand!" she cried, as he finished his recital. "Why do you not abandon this hazardons life, and strives to lear one worthy of yoursels. You were surely born for something

parardous into the server to lear one worthy of yoursels. You were surely born for something better than bushranging. I am only a woman —a single-handed woman; but, notwithstanding that fact, I could give you considerable assistance in many ways, and m, fi ther has some interest with Government. Let me entreat you to heed good counsel. It is not yet too lade to make americal for the next, and

some interest with Government. Let me entreat you to heed good counsel. It is not yet too late to make amends for the past; and, though the clouds of ill-fortune lower on you now, sunshine may still be in store for you."

Deemero, who had hearkened to the lady's words with a drooping head and a saddened heart now raised his eyes to here. He was grateful for the concern she was evincing respecting his future welfare, and he told her as much, simply and truly, in language from his heart. He said that he could not resign himself into the hands of the Government, that he most by the owner of every lonely dwelling?

Colonel 8y mure shivered, and a deathly sickness pervaled his whole frame. Oh, if he had been continue to pursue the road he had been combut known his story one short half hour ago, now differently he would have acted.

"Father in heaven, is it thus Thou punishest."

Thy erring children?" the stricken man whis-

And whas he had been made, such in man. must remain for ever.

alt is all very droadful," she answered. . But could you not effect an escape from the co altogether ?" she added with eagerness. " would do so if you could, would you not ?"

would do so if you could, would you not?"

"Oh, mademoiselle, you forget that I am a
marked man—that far and near people are
familially acquainted with my personal defect

"my birthmark—this stained paim of mine,
which, from my earliest childhood up to the
prosent time, has been a source of the keenest
mortification and misfortune to me. Where
can I go? Where can I hide myself from obcan I go? Where can I hide myself from observation, bearing upon me such an indelible stamp as this?" And as he delivered these words, Desmore held aloft his red hand, whose his forehead and cheeks were suffused with a deep flush, and his whole frame quivered with suppressed emotion.

"How much I sympathize with you!" ea. claimed Marguerite. "And so you deem that heaven has left your future hopeless—that your onward way in life is utterly dark? I cannot, will not believe it, Red Hand!"

will not believe it, Red Hand!"

He made her no reply. He felt entranced in her pure presence, and he was wishing that he could listen to her for ever.

Desmore had a most reverential leve for women—for women pure and good, he it understood. His nature was sensitive, tender and affectionate, and being such you may comprehend that he was not wholly insensible to the gentic and anxious solicitude shown him by use French consul's daughter.

The bushranger, no: withstanding that he was at handsome as Apolic, possessed no personal yanity. He had never once dreamed of admiring

vanity. He had never once dreamed of admiring himself, nor dreamed he of awakening admira tion in others.

Desmore sought no pillow that night. Marguerite, and he sat talking together until bread daylight.

'I must begone now, mademoiselle," he said rising— begone before your domesties are user.
My presence here at this early hour would look

strange."

"And whither would you go, thus unrefreshed by either sleep or food?" Marguerite asked, starting up from her seat in visible trapidation.

"Oh, heaven't give some thought to what you are about to do! Romember that that indeous man may still be on the watch for you; oh, be careful!"

And Desmoro felt a light hand laid on his

And Desmoro felt a light hand laid on his coarse sleeve, and saw a pair of humid eyes gazing into his own.

He felt almost chained to the spot. Marguerite's beauty, which was of no common stamp, was exercising a powerful influence over him, an influence nearly irresistible. Nevertheies, he had been discount for the light and her discount for the light and the statement of the light and the statement of the light and the light and the statement of the light and the statement of the light and the light

an influence nearly irresistible. Nevertheless, he bade her adieu, and hastily quitted her. He was wishful to regain possession of his house, which he had left at the hosfel, and with that intention he hurried along, desirous of reaching the town before its inhabitants were stirring.

He wout boldly to the stable-yard and demanded his steed, which was given up to his immediately, and without the slightest hesitation of any sort. "Here is a half-crown for you hat, my lad," said Desmore, toosing a coin to one of the stable-boys, and at the same time snatching his head-covering. Then without waiting his head-covering. Then without waiting to refresh his inner man, Desmort vaulted into his saddle, and started off in the direction of his home in the bush.

For upwards of ten miles Desmoro rode with out any interruption presenting itself before him, and he was now growing more confidente his safety from pursuit. He had both his hands at full liberty, ready to defend himself in case he were suddenly attacked by any of the agents of the law. He had resolved to sell his life dearly,

were antend at the last resolved to sell his life dearly, and he was fully prepared to do so.

It was strange, while thus surrounded by das ger, that the bushranger could spare thought for his late hostess, the beautiful French womas. But strange or not, he was thinking of her every step of the road he rode, reviewing in Imagination all her looks, and recalling every word she had uttered during their late interview. And the more he thought of her, the braver he felt, and the more precious his life seemed to become to him. How his lonely heart was longing to cling unto some human creature—unto some one purer and better than him:elf. Yet he could never hope to gain such a companion, for woman's love was not for the outlew, not for the man who was being hunted like a wild beast.

Desmore res used his cave-home in perfect

Desmoro res ued his cave-home in perfect safety, and was warmly welcomed by his guest and poor Neddy. and poor Neddy.

Monsicur d'Auvergne at once beset his hos with numberloss inquiries of one sort or the other; and Desmoro, now able to make light of the perils he had just escaped from, gave he companion a graphic and lively account of his recent adventures in Sydney.

The gentleman listened in silence, only sighing them.

now and then, and gravely shaking his head, while Neddy looked admiringly at Desmore, thinking how very clever and valiant he was. The best stew of kangaroo that Neddy had ever concected was soon laid before Desmore hangry eyes, and Neddy was well pleased to see his master sarapidly dispose of the asymptome. his master so rapidly dispose of the savory sels he had propared with so much

Desmoro's head was always cool, for the rethat he never drank any other beverage that that furnished him by the fresh, purling stream Had matters been otherwise with him—had he loved strong drinks,—it is probable that his con-cionce ...d. have been burdened with other and more a source crimes than those he had al-

ready perpetrated.

Assured of the well-being of his belowed

daughter-who was his only child, the sole comdaugher—who was his only child, the sole com-panion of his widowed home,—the consul bore his enforced imprisonment with patience and good humor. Each succeeding day he liked his host better and better, and he actually felt sor-ry when the day of his return home was fixed

upon.

"I shall miss you, monsieur, when you are gone:" Desmore observed, as they were sitting together at breakhat on the morning of the consul's departure. "Ay, I shall sorely mass you!" The consul drew forth his purse—a purse well-crammed with bank-paper,—and offered it to

the bushranger.

u I have been most courteously entertained by you, Red Hand," he said, with some little em-barrassment of manner. "You will not, I tope refuse to allow me to make a suitable compensation for

Dosmoro's face flushed with pride and indig.

"Monsieur !" he exclaimed, with knitted brows, "Red Hand is a bushranger, not the keeper of a tayern. I have deemed you my honored guest, and for the trifling hospitality I have showed you. I only crave a small place

have showed you, I only crave a small place in your memory, an assurance on your part that I shall not be altogether forgotten by you!"
Desmore had ultered these latter words with so much feeling, that, Neddy, who was kneeling before the fude and capacious fire-place, using hir lungs in place of a pair of bellows, looked up in mute attendament.

"Be assured, Red Hand, that I will be your

in mute assumed, Red Hand, that I will be your stanch friend if ever you should stand in need of such," returned the gentleman. "Come or send to me at any hour, near or afar of, and I will attend to the summons.

"Is the mare saddled, Neddy?" asked Desmore, turning to the man, who was still employed in coaxing the dying embers to look

alive again.
"She's all right, mister—tothered to the fig-

"She's all right, mater—tothered to the fig-tree yonder," the man answered, nodding his head in an uncertain direction.

Desmore now disappeared, and, after the lapse of ten minutes, returned with a bunch of bush flowers in his hands. Glistening with morning dew were these gems of the Australian wilds— these scarlet globes of the waratab—these soft iden-hued buds of the mimoss—those scented golden-hued buds of the mimosa—those scented native roses—and those rich purple blossoms of the sweet tea-plant. You know his natural tuste for artistically arranging bouquets. The present nosegsy, although composed of a careless gathering, came gracefully out of the hands of Desmon

"Your kindness has emboldened me to solicit a fayor. May I presume, monateur, to send this to mademoiselle?" he asked, with considerable healtation. "I may neversee her or you again, monaiour," he added, presenting his simple dowers, which the gentleman smilingly re-

"I will take care that Marguerite receives

"I will take care that Marguerite receives them safely," he rejoined.

Then there was a shaking of hands under the shade of the tall fig-tree, which was leaning over, and resting its leafy head amid the branches of its nearest neighbor, and then the gentleman mounted the horse, which Desmore at once begun to lead up the pass, the steepness of which was the safeguard of his cavern-retreat. Upward, upward, winding along the craggy, precipitous cliff, the bushranger, and the horse and rider, slowly made their way. The poor consul, who was a very timid man, and far from being a decent herseman, clung to his saddle most tenaciously, never once daring to lock backwards, and uttering exclamations of fear ill the while. At length they arrived at a piece of safety, at a cleared spot on the flat top of a hill, whence they could see the surrounding country laid all before them.

before them.

"You will no longer require a guide now, monsleur," spoke Desmoro. "Keep yonder high
tree in constant view until you arrive at the
road; then turn to your left, and heaven guard

you to the end of your journey."

"Thanks—thanks!" exclaimed the gentleman. "You have a most secure retrait here," he continued. "I should never be able to discover again either of the entrances to your

ermoro laughed.

"You will never try to do so, I think."
"Nay, who knows!" he replied, as he waved
his hand, touched his steed, and prepared to ride away.

"Take care lest you encounter the owner of the beast!" said Desmore, as he moved from the spot. "Remember that I've made you a the spot. "Remember that I've made you a prosent of a stolen horse! Ho, hs?" But the gentleman heard not Desmoro's part-

ing words, he was already galloping onwards.

CHAPTER XXVII.

We left Colonel Symure plunged in amaxement and distress at what he had just heard relative to his unhappy son—the convict Des-

The Colonel paced his chamber for hours and kours, unable to keep still.

Mereiful powers! no had clapsed hands with his own son, and had been in utter ignorance of that fact until this moment, when that son was beyond his reach—gone heaven slone know

What was he to do now? His heart was

what was he to do now? Alls heart was yearning towards the poor outlaw—his arms sching to enclasp him.

He transhed when he reflected on the terrible dangers that encompassed Desmoro; that the scanold was awaiting him should he over be

His face convulsed with the mental agony he was enduring, Colonel Symure fellon his knees, and prayed—prayed with a fervent spirit, and a contrite soul—prayed that herven would watch over his unhappy son, and lead him out of further guilt and peril.

Colonel Symure would have flown out into the night and darkness, could be have hoped to overtake the poor fugitive whom be had so lately befriended; but the Colonel was in complete ignorance of the direction of that fugitive's

pieto ignorance of the direction of the tighty steps, and consequently would be at a loss whither to direct his own.

The men had searched the grounds, but finding there nothing to repay their pains, they had at once departed, and were new pursuing a fresh route, the contrary one to that which our here had taken.

But the Colonal was the aware of that fact?

had taken.
But the Colonel was not aware of that fact;
these agents of the law might be on the very
beels of Desmore for aught the gentleman knew

beels of Desmore for aught the gentleman knew to the contrary.

Had the Colonel been standing before the mouth of a loaded cannen, expecting to be blown to pieces, he could not possibly have endured more mental anguish than now was

He paced the floor until broad daylight streamed through the chamber windows. As he passed by one of the mirrors, the Colonel started to see the haggard face it reflected.

so the haggard face it reflected.

He was a lonely man in the world now, for his brother, Percy Symure, was longsince dead, and the fiery-tempered Caroline still lived apart from him. The Colonel still clung to the army, and had gladly accompanied his regiment when it was ordered abroad. He knew that he was going to the country where his own and only son abided in degraded bendage, and he was nursing a hope that by some means or other he might be able to obtain the young man's pardon. On reaching the colony, military duties had so occupied his attention and time, that, as yet, he had had no opportunity of making any inquiries whatever respecting Desmoro. He was a painfully sensitive man, and, being such, wished to pursue his search as secretly as possible. The event of this night had, however, given him information—terrible information, concerning the object of his constant and aching concerning the object of his constant and achine thoughts

thoughts.

For several days, Colonel Symure, was to be seen hanging about the police-office. He was listening to the different cases, fearful that Desmoro might be caught, and brought up there for examination. He was looking wrotchedly ill, and there was a restless, wild expression in his eyes, which betokened a mind sadly disturbed, and full of sore distress. Every morning he devoted the contents of the different newspapers, and afterwards he would walk about the town, slopping to read every handblift on his way. Yet no tidings could he obtain of Desmoro.

often the poor Colonel might be seen talking Often the poor Colonel might be seen talking to constables, asking them questions concerning Red Hand, his looks all the while filled with nervous anxiety and trepidation. His brother officers thought their Colonel going demented, for little could be converse about now, save bushrangers and their doings.

The Colonel visited the theatro one evening, the bear of saving them the present Pidgers.

in the hope of seeing there the rascal Pidgers, thinking that that individual might be enabled to give him some information concerning the hapless Desmoro. But the gentleman failed to get a sight of the billsticker, and left the temple

get a sight of the billsticker, and left the temple of the drama in much disappointment. A few evenings subsequent to his visit to the theatre, being present at a dinner-party given by the French consul, Colonel Symure adroitly introduced the name of Red Hand; at the mention of whose name Mademoiselle d'Auvargne changed color and trembled, while her father puffed out his cheeks, and looked full of mysterious importance.

puffed out his cheeks, and looked full of mysterious importance.

Marguerite, on whose left was seated the Colonel, was wishing that officer far away at the present moment. She was afraid of her father being led to recount his late adventure with the bushranger now in question. You see, the consul was a sad goasip, and his daughter was well aware of that fact.

Marguerite tried to turn the conversation into another channel; but she tried in vain the sub-

another channel; but she tried in vain, the sub-

another channel; but she tried in vain, the subject she so dreaded was in full swing.

"Red Hand!" cried one of the company, a red-whiskered Irishman. "By St. Patrick, I know the fellow; may the furies fly away with the secoundrel, say I! Did any of ye hearhow I was stopped and robbed by him?"

"Stopped and robbed by Red Hand!" echoed half a dozen voices, in full chorus. "What—you, Major O'MoorJ?"

"To be sure! Is it possible that ye've never heard of that adventure of mine?"

"Never—never. Major!"

heard of that adventure of mine?"

"Never—never, Major!"

"You'd like to hear it, I daresay?" added the officer, clearing his throat, and preparing to commence his narration.

"Oh, yes, yes, Major!"

At this mement, Marguerito's knife and fork dropped from her nerveless fingers. She dreaded to hear of any of Red Hand's wrongdoings, and would have given much could she have escaped from listening to the Major's forthcoming story. coming story.

To commence, thin, as I was journeying from To commence, thin, as I was journeying from Lascelies' Station—Lascelles, who was once in the army, is a friend of mine, whom I'd been visiting on this occasion, ye must understand. Well, as I was journeying along this read—which was as bad a one as I'd ever wish to see "twixt this and anny place—longing to reach Sydney again—I was then about fifty miles on the other side of Parramaits, and intending to put up at the first inn I reached—I sil at once beard

the greatest row I iver heard in the whole course of my life. "Oho!" said I to myself, stopping my horse for a moment, and looking around me, "there's a big scrimmage going on somewhere!" And by-and-by, guided 'by the hooting and yelling, I arrived upon such a scene. It was an immense farmyard, filled with a crowd of men, whom one in their midst, mounted on a fine horse, with a pistol in his hands, was evidently commanding to do something or other.

other.

"Bed ad" said I to myself. "Here's some fun here, I'm thinking," and accordingly I drew up, and listened to what was going on before me. There was a large weatherboard and brick place, into which the men were being forced to enter, and to come back laden with all sorts of stores and provisions. I pretty soon comprehended the scene by what followed.

"Strip the stingy hound?" cried the man on horseback, whom, I'll give you my word, was one of the handsomest follows I iver clapped my two eyes upon, and worthy to be a soldier anny

two oyes upon, and worthy to be a soldier anny day of the week. "Strip him, lads, of his stores

day of the week. "Striphim, lads, of his stores! We'll teach him to dock the wages and rations of his honest workmen! Go on, it's Red Hand himself who is answerable for this deed!"

"Red Hand, the murderous bushranger!" exclaimed I within myself. "Pleasant company for Major O'Moore, I'm thinking. Sure, my best plan will be to put distance 'twixt ye and me."

And with this, I was just about to ride on again without taking a hap orth of notice further, when oh! may I never live to taste Monsieur d'Auvergne's claret again, if a hand of fron hadn't clutched hold of my shoulder, and that big rascal, Red Hand, was close by my side.

"Come!" said he, pointing to the house in front of us; "I'll trouble you to alight, go in there, and help yourself to any article ye like."

"I'll replied I, in the biggest flurry I was iver in in the whole course of my life. "Thunder I do ye take me for a thafe? I'm Major O'Moore, of her Majosty's..."

of her Majosty's

"Oh, oh!" returned he, laug'ling fit to kill himself, and at the same time helping himself to my watch as gingerly as possible. "We'll take the liberty, Major, of relieving you of this

take the liberty, higher, or relieving you of this bauble; and now your purse, if you please."

And this was happening in the broad face of day, and in the presence of about forty farm labourers, whom Red Hand had been ordering about as if they had been so many bundles of straw, forcing them to rob their master, just because that master had been reducing their es and rations

wages and rations.

Well, I handed the scoundrel my purse; by Jove! I couldn't do anny other, for his pistol was placed at my ear. I was sorry to part with my watch, which had belonged to my dead and gone father; and I told him as much, never nce thinking that he would pay any attention

once thinking sum of the my words.

"Go in there, Major," he answered, again pointing to the building.

"But----" said I.

"But—" said I.

"No words, but obey me, Major."
And, by all the saints, if I weren't bundled off my beast, then and there, and marched into a store, out of which I returned with a small chest of tea in my arms. I vow I didn't know how the article came in my possession, but I was hugging it close enough—that same bleased chest of tea.

I then regained the back of my animal. I was purple with rage and shame, and resolving

I then regained the back of my animal. I was purple with rage and shame, and resolving to cast the chest into the very first guily I should come across, when the bishranger, in a most gentlemanly manner, once more addressed me. "Major," said he, laughing as if it were all a good joke; "I believe ye said that this watch was once your father's property?"

I replied in the affirmative. Wheraupon he attribute handed the the standard which

actually handed me back the timeplece, which

is here to speak for itself.

And as he finished speaking, the Major drew forth a handsome gold watch, and held it up to

Marguerite d'Auvergne was as white a any marble statue, and her lips were twitching

marble statue, and not the word throaten painfully.
"Thore's much good in this man, it seems," quivered the Colonel, after two or three of the guests had made sundry observations on the Major's narrative.

areddrels in the world than Red Hand," rejoined the
know, other officer, refreshing himself with a glass of
the wine after his somewhat long recital.

Marguerite glanced at her father, who she could perceive was fidgeting in his chair, all anxious to recount to his guests assembled his late adventure with Red Hand.

inte adventure with Red Hand.

"He must not utter one word about him," cried she, within herself. "It would not be generous—it would not be just to do so."

Yet, how was she to prevent her father from speaking of his acquaintance with the notorious bushranger, with whom she had all unconsciously suffered herself to become so strangely interested? She must invent some plan whereby she might grain a moment's conversation with torested? She must invent some plan whereby she might gain a moment's conversation with her parent. She did not like to create a scene, by pretouding to be selzed with a sudden fit of faintness. Marguerite hated all sorts of mean maneuvring, and disdained to not a false part for her own advantage alone. But on this cocasion, she remembered, that it would be for one who united courage and charity with all his lawless doings, that she should dissemble for a short time.

It was one of the hottest evenings of the

was one of the hottest evenings of the declining year. The large French windows, i opening upon the beautifully-kept grounds, were stretched wide, in order to admit as much fresh air as possible. On Marguerite's plate there was a bunch of luscious grapes, rich

muscatel, purple, and full of cool, refreshing

Juice.

Just at the moment when the consul's tips were undesing to relate his story, g woman's ploreing shriek rang through the duning-room; and Marguerite, looking pale as a spectre, fell back in her chair.

The marganet at the start of t

The master of the house stude as closed his

matter with her.

"A contipede, pape, had hidden itself in that bunch of grapes," she gasped, pointing to the full on her plate; "and I am afraki that it has stung my hand. Do not let any of the ladies disturb themselves; but pray take me away for a few moments, until I assure myself whether or not there is any cause for alarm—pray do, pape, or I shall die with absolute fright!".

Puffing with heat and terror, the consul waved his hand to the company, and, muttering some unintelligible sentences, led his daughter out of the room into another—the consul's study—whither they were not likely to be followed by any one.

whither they were not likely to be followed by any one.

"Papa," said Ma merite, in a wholly altered tone,—"papa, I am not injured in the least; I have only used a little ruse——"

"A ruse!" echood the bewildered parent.

"Yes; I saw that you were about to speak of Red Hand, and I wished to prevent your doing so."

"I do not comprehend you, Marguerite,"

"Paps, you must not say one word about Bed
Hand, In many ways it would be unwise and
unsafe to do so."

"Umph! Well, I daresay you are right, Marglerite!" agreed he. "I had not given the matter
a serious thought whou I was on the point of
spenking; but now I perceive how unjust and
crue! I should have been to Have breathed one
syllable concerning the man who seed so syllable concerning the man who acted so humanely and nobly towards me. Yet, observe, I should not have forgotten my pledge—I should not have forfeited my honor—by betraying the not have forfeited my honor—by betraying the whereabouts of his dwelling-place. No, no; a d'Auvergne knows how to keep his word, even when that word has been given to a bush-

"Then you will be silent, papa—you will not utter his name again to-night?" she cried, ear-

nestly.

"Indeed, I should have said little against the poor fellow "

"No matter; our silence can do him no injury.

"No matter; our silence can do him no injury."

"That's true."

"You dear, good papa!" exclaimed Marguerite, throwing her arms about his neck, and kissing him. "Now go you back to our company, and explain to them that I am not hurt at all—that I have only been foolishly alarmed."

The worthy consul hesitated, or rather paused, to collect his troubled thoughts. He was not a very wise little gentleman, I am sorry to say, nor was he quick at understanding what people meant; but his kindliness of heart covered all his little defects. He was a vain man, nevartheless, who highly prized his head of hair; but he would have given every inch of that hair rather than willingly injure any one. Marguerite knew all her father's weakness, and all his goodness as well, and she did not foar his ready and implicit observance-of her wishes.

"Well, Marguerite," he said, "I must say that I should have made a most capital story of my late adventure—a far more romantic one than that related by our friend, Major O'Moore, who, between ourselvos, quite spolled the effect of his own narrative. Ah, he should have heard more rehearse such a tale? He has no descriptive talent whatever and failed entirely. I am so sorry that I cannot give them just a mere sketch—a bare outline of the famile—the tilling over of the carriage, for instance—my broken arm—the horse madly pranting on the verge of a black gully—the sudden and mysterious appearance of the handsome bushranger, armed to the teeth,—and so on, et? I should extinguish the Major's story, regarding which I do not believe a single, word. Those Irishmen can pull a long bow whenever they choose."

"To be sure, papa," agreed Marguerite. "I, like yourself, do not credit one syllable of the Major's relation."

Thus consoled, the Frenchman puffed his way back to the drawing-toom, and, with a smilling face, assured all there that Mademotaplic d'Auwerne had needlessly suarmed he.zelf.

back to the drawing-room, and, with a smiling face, assured all there that Madernotagio d'Auvergne had needlessly starmed he self a levery one else.

And, by-and-by, Marguerite herself appeared

And, by-sau-sy, alreguerite nerself appeared in person; and, as tranquility was once more restored to all, the lady of the mansion led the way to the drawing-room.

Marguerite said that she was exceedingly sorry that she had been so foolish as to alarm her friends; but that she would take care never the said of the said of the care in all the recommendations.

ner triends; out that she would take care never again to allow silly nervousness to so far oversome her presence of mind.

While she was yet uttering her excuses, presending to laugh at her own folloy, Colonel Symue, who had followed the ladies, approach. ed her.

"Pray, pardon me mademoiselle," he said: "but a most strange and uncontrollable instinct draws me towards you. Will you allow me to converse with you for a short time?"

At this request, made with the utmost gravity, Marguerite opened her eyes a little wider than usual, and, bowing, allowed the gentleman, who was almost a stranger to her, to take his seat by her side.

(To be continued)

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, BATURDAY, JULY 5, 1878.

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which will be commenced in an early number, and be handsomely

ILLUSTRATED BY OUR ARTIST

Miss Braddon's reputation as an authoris too well established to need any comment from us. Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of enjoying " Lady Audley's Secret," " To the Bitter End," "The Outcasts," or any of her other works will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity to peruse her latest production as speedily as it is written.

NO DEATH PENALTY.

It is not, perhaps, very generally known that another State of the American Union has abolished the death penalty. In Wisconsin, as well as in Pennsylvania, the divine mandate, "Whose sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed" is disregarded. The highest penalty the law allows is imprisonment for life. The vilest murderer, equally with him who is convicted of the crime upon which socicty looks with as much, if not more, horror than upon murder, pay alike the penalty of their offences in total seclusion for the rest of their days. The consequence is that the state prison contains within its walls many delinquents who had they lived under a harsher-we may sa; a more just, code, would have explated their crime upon the scaffold. In all probability it before many years pass away the number of such criminals will be very largely increased. We all know how fearfully frequent murder became in New York fully frequent murder became in New York (translation), 'Whom the Gods love, die young,' when, owing to the corruptibility of jadges and 'I have essayed our collegiate pundits here on

the culpable stupidity of the juries, capital punishment became virtually suspended. With the fear of the hangman's neese removed from before their eyes street rowdies and ruffians waxed rampant. Hangin was " played out," and a life or two more of less was of no account-to them. Soon a reaction set in. The people rose against the region of terror which existed. Incorruptible and honest men were entrusied with the duty of trying criminals convicted of capital offences, and the good result soon made itself felt. The roughs found out - seme of them too late to savo their necks-that hanging was not " played out." Posce returned to the city, the daily murder was no more heard of, for would-be murderers were awed by the swiftness and sureness of the law as administered under the new system. The experience of New York will doubtless prove to be the experience of the State of Wisconsin. So long as there is no adequate punishment in force for him who sheds the blood of his fellow so long will murder flourish. The community will live under a region of terror, until lawlessness broaks all bounds and forces law-abiding people to rise in their own defence.

ANOTHER CHOLERA YEAR.

It is becoming only too painfully evident that 1873 will prove a cholera year. From several quarters we hear of the appearance of this droaded scourge—in Prussia, in the Southern States, and in New York. In the latter place it is accompanied by the small-pox. In Tennessoe it is especially virulent, carrying off in some cities an average of twenty-five victims a day. From the South it appears to be spreading slowly but surely northwards and it may be upon us any day before we are ready to meet its approach. In the face of the warnings already given at behoves us to make every preparation to avert the attacks of this insidious enemy. - In England the question of the prevention of cholers has recently attracted much attention, and has even been made the subject of an important report issued by the Lords of the Privy Council. In this report the writer, Dr. John Sonior strongly urges that attention should be paid to diet. The dangers of diet, he says, appear to lie as follows :- " Firstly, in those mere excesses of diet which (especially under circumstances of fatigue) occasion sickness to the stomach, or an increase labor of digestion; secondly, in taking food, solid or fluid, which is midway in some process of chemical transition-half formented beer, and wine, water containing organic impurities, meat and game and venison no longer fresh and not completely cooked, fish and she Mush in any state but the most perfect reshress, fruit or vegetables long gathered or hadly kept, and the like; thirdly, in the excessive or unseasonable use of refrigerent drinks or ice fourthly, in partaking largely of those articles of diet which habitually, or by reason of imperfect cooking; pass unchanged through the intestinal canal; and, fifthly, in the indiscreet use of purgative medicines, or in taking any article of diet which is likely to produce the same effect." These suggestions should receive all the attention they deserve during the hot season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to J. A. Phillips, Editor FAVORITE.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Montreal.—We are afraid you have fallen into the hands of one of those contemptible creatures, a male flirt, who is simply amusing himself at the expense of your, and you friend's feelings. If his attontions should be of a very marked character refer the case to your nearest male relative.

J. H., Sherbrooke, writes us: "Would you kindly refer me to the original of the quotation

the subject. Result - Darkness and nothing more." The line occurs in one of the tragodice of Euripides; in the original Greek it reads,

"Ous theol philousin cos thesnontal."

"Ous theel philousin cos the snontal."

JULIUS, Pembroke, writes us: "I love my cousin with a love that will not be suppressed, and she loves me also. Nothing has as yet been said between us as to matrimony, as I was walting to ask your advice. The questions I would ask are:—1. Is the marriage of first cousins prohibited by haw? 2. If not, and we were married, would our children be deformed, as some say?"

1. The marriage of first cousins is perfectly legal; if one, or both of you, however, belong to the Catbolic Church you must obtain a dispensation before marriage, as the union of first cousins is not permitted by the Church under ordinary circumstances. 2. There is no more probability of your children being deformunder ordinary circumstations. 2 Indeed to more probability of your children being deformed than if no blood relationship existed. It is generally held that the continuous intermarriage of blood relations for several generations tends to idiolog, and, in some instances to the birth of deaf mutes; but we do not shink you need be at all afraid to marry your cousin, if you love her, as the probability of your children suffering is very remote.

Moonstone, Kingston, wants to know the origin of the phrase "The Man in the Moon." The origin of this expression is unknown, but the name of "Man in the Moon" has from time immemorial been applied to the dark lines and apots upon the surface of the meon, which are visible to the naked eye, and which, when viewed through a good telescope, are discovered to be the shadows of lunar mountains. It is one of the most popular and most ancient super-stitions of the world that these lines and spots are the figure of a man leaning on a fork on which he carries a bundle of thorns or brush-wood, for stealing which on a Sunday he was conwood, forsteading which on a Sunday he was confined to the moon. The account given in Numbers xv. 22, et seq., of a man who was stoned to death for gathering sucks on Sunday, is supposed by some to be the origin of this belief. Dante supposes Cain to have been the offender who was placed eternally in the moon for punishment of his crime. Some of the old poets thought these spots and lines represented the boy Endymion, "whose company the moon loved so well that she carried him constantly with her." Other ancients thought they represented a fc... sented a for

Several letters are unavoidably left over for answer next week.

PASSING EVENTS.

Tux cabmen at Naples are on strike.

SEVERAL cases of cholera are reported at Dantzic.

Treviso, Italy.

THE rumor that the Sultan is seriously lil is without foundation. THE Shah of Persia is expected to arrive in

Paris on the 5th of July. THE Wimbledon team sailed from Quebec on Saturday by the *Pruesian*.

It is expected that the Pope will soon formally excommunicate the King of Italy.

THE Great Eastern has arrived at Hearts Content with the shore end of the cable.

THE Japanese Prince Alzuma has quitted the Annapolis naval school on account of ill-health. GENERAL Sir Renry Rawlinson, President of the Royal Geographical Society, is seriously ill.

A HAVANA despatch says General Preliain prohibits the Republicans in Havana from holding meetings.

Two vessels laden with arms for the Carlists in Spain have been detained at Plymouth by the Customs authorities.

THE woods on the upper Ottawa are on fire and the city of Ottawa has been almost completely enveloped in smoke.

A HALIFAX despatch announces the recovery of the body of Henry M. Wellington from the wreck of the steamer Atlantic.

THE Cure of Santa Cruz has ordered the prostitutes to leave Guipuseva on pain of death if they remain after a certain time.

MADRID was experiencing another Ministerial crisis, the Ministry which was formed but a few days since having already resigned.

Holland is disposed to come to terms with the Sultan of Acheen, and it remains to be seen what that potentate will consent to do.

DISTURBANCES have broken out in Malage, during which the Mayor of the city lost his life. At last accounts order had been restored.

THE Italian Ministry have tendered their resignation to the King, and will only remain in office until the formation of a new Cabinet

A WASHINGTON special says the official re-12 per cent.

A REVIEW of seven thousand troops was held by Queen Victoria at Windsor Park in honor of the Skah of Perala. The crowds of spectators were enermous.

THE Paris Union gives currency to a rumor that the Emperor William will remain incapacitated, and that the Crown Prince will be proclaimed Regent.

he would cordially support a republic or any government France should ado, t. He is unequi-vocally in favor of a free press.

THE treaty concluded between Turkey and the Khedive is one for mutual protection. Egypt will furnish 150,000 men in case of the invasion of the Sultan's dominions

The Times says if the Cortes will authorize the farming of the Philippine tobacco plantations sufficient could be realized to clear off the floating debt and pay the July coupous.

THE bill for the Canada loan guarantee passed its second reading in the Commons after a spirited discussion, in which Sir Charles Dilke attacked and Mr. Gladstone defended Canada. THE Pederal constitution for the Spanish

Republic, now being drawn up, grants universal suffrage, and divides the country and its colonies into aftern states, with Madrid as the capital. THE King of Sweden has been interviewed, and has promised to send his son, the Urown Prince, on a visit to the United States as soon as his studies will permit—so say the New York Dapors.

The Carlists are impressing able bodied men into their ranks, and seizing all arms they can find. Reinforcoments are landing at Bayonne, and a general rising in their favor is anticipated in Biscay.

HON. ALEX. CAMPBELL will, in a few days, vacate the Post Office and assume the Ministry of the Interior. This newly created department will have the management of Dominion and inland lands.

THE municipality of Paris has reconsidered its vote refusing to appropriate money for the reception of the Shab, and sdopted a resolution providing for a night fite and illumination in honor of his Majesty.

A PROCLAMATION appears in the Official Gazette fixing the lat of July as the day upon which the first, second and third sections of the Act to give effect to the Treaty of Washington shall come into force.

SEVERAL Norwegians brought out to work at the Mossic iron mines abandoned their work, and taking possession of a small schooner re-turned to Point Levis, where eighteen of their number were arrested.

THE Brazilian Council of State has decided that Papel bulls must have the placet of the Government before they can be promulgated, and that sentences of excommunication are without civil effect in Brazil.

THE Times takes a discoursging view of the progress of reform in political and financial cir-cles in New York city, and thinks the efforts to break up municipal rings are gradually becom-ing weaker and will soon cease altogother.

HON. MR. ARCHIBALD, lately Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, has been made Equity Judge and Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, vice Hon. Justice Johnston, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of that provin

A VERDICT of "not guilty" was rendered in the case of Victoria Woodhull, Fannie C. Oladin, and James H. Blood for sending obscene publi-cations through the United States mails; great rejoicings among their sympathisers in

Approximan articles of the Canada Postal Treaty with the United States, providing for interchange of postal cards upon replyment of an additional cent postage, have been signed by the Dominion Government, and go into effect July 1st

THERE is no truth in the story started by VEsinement of a rupture between Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Langevin. The relations between these two gentlemen arc, and always have been, of the most cordial and friendly

AT Jerome Park on Saturday, Mr. Banuau-tyne's "Stockwood" won the mile and a quarter handicap sweepstakes in 2 minutes and 12 se-conds; seven started. "Duffy" won the steepleboating "Lochies," "Village Blacksmith," and others.

Hon. T. N. GIBBS has been gazetted Secretary of State for the Provinces and a Privy Councillor, and Hon, Hugh McDonald, Q. C., of Nova Scotia, President of the Privy Council vice Hon. John O'Connor, appointed Minister of Inland Ravenue.

A DESPATCH from Central Asia says the Khan of Khiya surrendered unconditionally to the Russian troops before the capital of Khanate, after General Kaufman had rejected twelve proposals for capitulation, which were made with treacherous intent.

THE Government of Paraguay refuses to enter upon any negotiations with General Mitras, the spocial envoy of the Argentine Republic, until the Argentine forces are withdrawn from Clisco. The revolutionary parties in Paraguay and Centre Ress, were growing stronger.

CO until the formation of a new Cabinet

WASHINGTON special says the official ret of the Agricultural Bureau shows an averincrease of cotton over last year of nearly
per cent.

REVIEW of seven thousand troops was held
Queen Victoria at Windsor Park in honor of
Cabba A Review of Seven thousand troops was held
converted to the setting and the setting and the Carlist
icader was killed.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for som-Were enormous.

The Paris Union gives currency to a rumor that the Emperor William will remain inspectated, and that the Crown Prince will be proclaimed Hegent.

Prince Napolson is reported as saying that

ARRANGEMENTS are to be made to some of some meeting a railway survey from the town of annapolis to Yarmouth. Ten per cent of the atook subscribed for at the latter place is called for, and the votes as to assessing the township ior \$10,000, payable in twenty years, will be taken early in July.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SECOND LOVE.

Sidney Beliram must have been either in-same or had delivered up his mind and reason to the passion which burnt like lava in his velus and consumed him, or he would surely have paid more heed to the story which Licu-tenant Blackle had to narrate to John Gresham

and himself.

True, he was not a willing listener, and he had been induced to come at John Gresham's earnest request, and through the fearof exciting earnest request, and unrough the fear of exciting suspicion by his refusal, rather than because he wished to learn anything of Florence Carr's history, or was in the least degree prepared to be influenced by it.

Owing parity to this, and, no doubt, parity also to the fact that his mind was in a perfect

also to the fact that his chaos of horror, fear, and tumultoous patsion, the lieutenant's story made no impresstory made no impres-sion on him—scemed, indeed, like water on a plees of cliskin, to pass over without in the least degree penetrat-

ing it. He heard it all, made some mechanical ob-servation which might have been irrelevant to have been irrelevant to the subject, for sught he knew, and did not breathe freely until he managed to rid himself not only of the society of the soldier, but also of his friend, Grosham.

of his friend, Grossiam.
Then, under a plea of
urgent necessity, he
hurried back to the rectory to make preparations for flight in any emergency.

web. in which he was but as a simple fly, was unconsciously to himself closing around hlm.

I say unconsolvisly, but that is scarcely correct, for he felt it, though he could not tell how it was or whose hand was drawiry and weaving the tiny threat

Bob Brindley, it is true, had exercised a certain amount of power and influence over him since he had become acquainted with his forbidden and thus guilty pession but he did not give th man credit either for the amount of cunning

the amount of cunning or utter unscriptionsness which he possessed. Still the clouds were gathering round him. His own guilty conscience told him so, and while there was security and safety, he determined to fly.

It was a busy day at the rectory, for more than a usual number of visitors called with

than a usual number of visitors called with various purposes and wants, mental and physi-

But the same answer was given to all.

He was in his study, and had given positive orders that he was not to be disturbed for anyone or by anyone

one or by anyone.

Hence the mild curate, who adored Lady Helen Beltram as an unattainable star in the distance, was inundated with work and callers whom the rector had been too busy or too indocent to see or attend to.

Lady Helen Beltram sat at home this brig' May day.

The day which had risen so brightly upon the man who but a few short months before the man who but a few short months before

the man who but a few short months before had been pledged to herself, was not yet gone; the sun wanted another hour ere it would set, and his life, which, like the morning that rose upon it, had seemed so full of hope and promise, now hung doubtfully in the balance.

Sense and reason fled, while, like sand in an hour glass, life and vitality were slowly ebbing

away.

Very lovely Lady Helen Beltram looks this eventual evening, as she sits thoughtfully by the low window, and looking upon the stream of water which runs through Rosendale Rectory grounds and garden, reminding her in its quiet, almost sluggish course, of her own dull, uneventful life.

If her ladyship is lovely, she is very sad this evening: an undefined presentiment of evil

evening; an undefined presentiment of evil hangs over her.

Home women would have rejoiced at the downfall of those who had injured her.
But there was no rejoiding in her heart.
The was repeating the words of St. John when he says...

when he says...

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

And she shivered to remember how she had disobeyed the injunction—how she had made unto herself an idol.—how, through its innate

unworthiness, it had crumbled into dust before her eyes, and she shivered even now with pain as the recollection of that bitter sgony 'me

A footstop sounded on the walk outside, a shadow came over the window, and the voice of John Gresham asked—

of John Gresham asked...

"May I come in?"

"Cortainly," was the reply.

And she tried to dry her eyes and obliterate
the sign of tears before be could come round by
the door and enter the room.

The eyes of love and Jealousy are alike keen
and watchful, and John Gresham detected in a
moment the signs of grief, and more than guessed the course of it. od the cause of it.

ed the cause of it.

"Lady Helen, you are in trouble and pain;
may I not share and try to relieve it?" he asked,
approaching her, and tenderly and respectfully
taking her hand and holding it in his own.

"You are very kind, and I am very feelish,
but I am dull and sad, and Sidney is so strange,
and—and—"

Then she added, suddenly, and with an evident effort—
"How is your brother, Mr. Gresham?"
John let her handfall from his own.

you, I shall live and die alone. You and I, Helen, were created to be one, perfect in each other, and we shall be so on earther in Heaven; alone we are neither of us complete, together we are a complete whole, one circle, one angel, which death itself for a time only can sever."

No answer still, though he can see her boson rise and fall whit suppressed emotion.

"You do not answer me, Helen," he said, after a pause; "has my love for you blinded me? Do I presume in draming, in hoping you can love me?—is it only kindness of heart on your part and good nature that have induced you to listen to me? Tell me. For Heaven's sake, do not deselve yourself or me; much as I love you, I will wait for you in Heaven, sooner than you shall wed me unloved on earth. Tell me, Helen; am I to leave you?"

My dear reader, don't you think it is time to draw a veil over this interesting scone?—interesting enough to the parties concerned in it.

You know well enough, doubtless from experience, that when a gentleman has declared his own passion, and saked a lady if she loves him, and she admits the soft impeachment, there is, almost without exception, a certain

taken to him in his own room, and refusing to

taken to him in his own room, and refusing to see or speak with my aunt or me."

"Only an excess of morbidly religious feeling, my love,"

But Lady Helen shook her head.

Little as she knew of her brother's temptation, struggle, and fall, she felt that the pure religious fervor which had previously characterised him had given place to something far less holy in its character.

She could not tell her lover this, however, could not express half of what she thought and feared, and as though to partially change the subject, she said—
"Do you remember the morning when we

"Do you remember the morning when we found the girl who is so mysteriously missing on the ground in the clough?"
"Yee, I was thinking of it only this morning, and wondering if that struggle had anything to do with the sragedy of last night."
"Perhaps it might have," said the girl, thoushifully.

"Perhaps it might nave," said thoughtfully.

But intent on her own story, and without thinking of the consequences of what she was saying, she went on—
"Don't you remember, John, that I picked up a blue enamelled wrist stud, with the initials "S. B." curmounted by a coronet, marked on it."

"Yes, you said it was

"Yes, you said it was

Sidnoy's."
"So I believed it was "80 I believed it was believe so still, in fact—but he denied it, positively and angrily denied it. He said he had the pair of studs still; therefore it could not be his. But, John, he has not got them; he did not tell me the truth, for yesterday, when was in Munchester, at the jeweller's where I had bought the studs for Sidney as a birthday present, they showed me a pair exactly itke them, which they said my brother has ordered to replace the set he had lost."

"No doubt he thought

"No doubt he thought you might be vexed at what might appear carelessness about the present you had given him."
"Nonsense, John. A few months ago, and I don't believe Sidney would have toid a lie to save my life. Is it likely, therefore, that he would do it to save me a moment's year. me a moment's vexa-"I den't know, Helen.

It is strange, as you say; but don't mention the matter of the studs to anyone, promise me,

"I do promise me, not to anyone,"

"I do promise, though I should like to know why, John."

"Can't you believe me, dearest, when I tell you that I have a reason for it, and that I will are that I me medical in soot time." explain my motive in good time."

And then there was allence for a time

AYOS."

And then there was allence for a time.

Lady Helen's heart seemed too full of happiness to speak, and mingled with the feeling of disaful contentment in John Gresham's mind, was a vague, indistinct feeling of dread, of something, he knew not what—dared not ask himself what—for the very shadow of it seemed too fearfully terrible to be more than the offspring of a disordered fancy.

He strove ... drive it away, but it would come back like a grim phantom to haunt him.

Those two studs—whence did they come?—to whom did they belong?

The one found near the scene of a struggle with a young and beautiful woman; the other steeped in the life blood of one who had been her companion. If not her guardian,

"I must sift this at once," he said, speaking he thoughts sloud, "There is no time to be lost, Helen, my love, where is your brother?"

"In his study, I believe, John. Are you going?"

"Not soing away, but going to him. He is

"In his study, I believe, John. Are you going?"
"Not going away, but going to him. He is my friend and your brother. I must solve my doubts, and try to save him. What are I takening about? Don't take any notice of what I am saying. I am alarmed and bewildered. Excuse me for a few minutes while I go to Sideny."
And with a kiss he left her.
Left her in perplexity and doubt.
Yet the doubt was bliss and happiness in comparison to the dreadful confirmation which all too soon came upon her.

comparison to the dreadful confirmation which all too soon came upon hor.

Five minutes after, John Gresham returned to the room where he had loft Lady Helen.

"Sidney is gone out," he said. "I knocked several times at the door, and receiving no reply, opened it. The room was empty. I suppose he will return soon."

But Sidney Beltrain did not return—did not come back that night or on the following day, and inquiry after him grew more and more pressing, until the suspicion, which until now had but amouldered, burst out into a perfect. had but smouldered, burst out into a perfect



"-'DO I PRESUME IN DREAMING, IN HOPING YOU CAN LOVE ME?" ASKED JOHN GRESHAM."

He was right in his conjectures, he told him-

Worthless as his brother was, she still loved him

nim.

"The doctor reports that he is no better," was the cool, constrained reply. "Of course you are anxious about him."

For a moment Lady Helen made no reply, though the hot blood rushed to her check; then

she said—

"I am grieved for any one in distress or
suffering, Mr. Grosham, but beyond that my
interest in your brotherended long ago; neither
should I have expected you to taunt me with

There was a proud flash in her eye, which told John that he was treading on dangerous

ground.

"Forgivo me," he said, again taking her hand,

"but if you knew what I have suffered, you
would both pity and forgive."

Lady Helen made no reply; she even made
a slight effort to withdraw her hand, but as it
was firmly held, she relinquished it, though
with downcast eyes, and a deepening blush on

"I have loved you," he went on in impassioned tones, "loved you from the dark sioned tones, "loved you from the first moment we met, and my brother—Heaven forgive me if I wrong him i—saw that I loved you, and as he has done from boyhood, stopped in and snatched the prize I coveted.

"Tell me, Helen, am I too late? Was your heart so given to him that you have no love left in it for me? Oh, tell me, and end or confirm the missry I have suffered, for I have lived upon the rack."

Sill no answer, except that deep, sweet hinsh

The downcast eyes refused to lift their white lids and meet his own, lest, perhaps, they might a tale unfold which the coy tongue still wished

to keep hidden.
"Sometimes," he continued, gathering confidence from her silence, "I have dared to hope that you had recognised in me the being without whom your own nature we be imperfect. It is so with me. I have nover had another love, I never shall have: if you send me from

amount—well, of overflowing happiness, which is apt to vent itself in affectionate nothings, embraces, and kisets, in which a third person could have no possible interest, or clse, being

could have no possible interest, or clse, being envious or very straight-laced, would consider foolish and even in questionable taste.

To such I would say, if you have not proposed or been proposed to, according to sex, just try the sensation if you can, and see how you like it, and tell me if you want a room full of people to witness the soft glances, hear the gentle whisper, and record exactly what you said, and which mi-ht not have been remarkably clever after all to a wondering and possibly admiring public. public.

As I should not like an exposs of the kind in

As I should not like an exposs of the kind in my own case, I will be merciful and not inflict it upon others; consequently, we will, if you please, drop the lovers for an hour, and take them up again when —s to be hoped that a little of their gushing is over.

"I wonder if Sidney will see me before I go?" asked John Gresham, as he sat on a couch by the side of Lady Helen with his arm most suspiciously near her waist, —I'm sure I don't know, John, dear," was the doubtful reply. "Indeed," she went on, in an hesitating tone, "I cannot imagine what has come over my brother during the last few months."

months." "In what way, my love?"

"I—I don't know. He seems so wild, and erratic, and uncertain of tempor, and he shuts himself away from us so persistently, as though he hated the sight of a woman. I am really afraid he will either go mad or leave us all and become a Roman Catholic priest."

occume a noman Catnolic priest."
"I hope not, must sincerely; but what is he so particularly strange about, Helen? True, he has shunned me a great deal lately, though we are still good friends, but I have seen nothing so unusually strange about him."

"Indeed, he is so, John. He used to be as sweet and gentle as a child, while he kept a curb on histongue and temper; now he is sharp, irritable, gets in a furious passion without any apparent cause, and then will shut himself up for hours, even days together, having his food

CHAPTER XLIV.

Weak, faint and footsore, kept up only by the weak, faint and footsore, kept up only by the most extrome effort, and haunted by a terror which was as wild and unreasoning as to others it would have appeared absurd, poor Moll Arkshaw pursued her way towards Manchester.

It might be going into the very lion's mouth, yet what must she do?

The most set to Lovier.

She must get to London.
She knew too little of the geography of the country to find out any other way of getting to London except by starting from Manchester to the metropolis by train.

Fortunately she had three or four pounds in her pecked, money given to her by Florence the

Fortunately san tax target or four pounds in her pocket, money given to her by Florence the very evening of their abduction, to pay certain expenses incurred by the expectant bride. This Moli had still with her, and intending to repay it, if she ever had the chance, she had no hesitation whatever in using it.

The fear uppermest in her mind was that Bob

mind, of the mind was that both mind, might discover her escape from the mine, follow, and murder her.

Willie Bolton would thus remain in prison, his innocence never be established, and the wicked murderer would be successful and triumphant

Any one possessing a cooler set of nerves, and better acquainted with the laws and the ways of the world, than poor, frightened, simple-hearted Moll, would have gone direct to the headquar-ters of the police, satisfied them of her identity,

ters of the police, satisfied them of her identity, told her atory, and have placed herself under their protection until her enemy was secure.

But the ordeal she had gone through, the terror which Brindley had succeeded in inspiring in her mind, which imade her believe him to be far more powerful for evil than he really was, took from her any thought or hope of encountering him successfully, and made her desire only to hide herself until the murderer was in safe custody. custody

Consequently, more like an escaped criminal than a free subject, and one in a position to de-nounce her enemy, Moll entered Mauchester, just as the bells from numerous factories forth in the early morning air, calling the hands

forth in the early morning air, calling the halost to their daily work.

She had on the large black tweed cloak in which she had been wrapped when taken down into the mine, and she had found a colored handkerchief in her pocket, which she had tied

Such a costume as this might do very well to

Such a costume as this might do very well to go to work at a factory in, but would scarcely be the thing for her to wear in travelling to London. It was a bonnet or a hat, some covering for the head she wanted; her cloak and the rest of her dress would do well enough. The question was how to get a hat at that early hour, before the shops were open.

The cheap train would, no doubt, start early, and she had not too much time or money to spare; consequently, finless chance favored her in buying a covering for her head, she would

spare; consequently, unless chance favored her in buying a covering for her head, she would have to travel as she was.

She had nearly reached the railway station when a little girl, evidently late to work, turning a corner sharply, run against her. In doing so the girl's het, which had not been properly fastened, fell off.

fastened, fell off

"Figh, iss, will thee sell thee hat?" naked Moll, eagerly.

The child looked at her and thought she was jesting, for the hat was an old and shabby one, of simple black straw, much worn, and with a band and bow of crape on it.

"Aw've lost my hat," added Moll, hastily, "and aw'm going on a journey; aw'll give thee three shillings for thine."

"An' whilt aw do?" asked the child, tempted by being offered six times the value of the article of attire.

article of attim

"Thee may have my handkerchief into the bargain," was the reply.
"All root."

The transfer was complete, and if the child was tate at the factory, and fined for being ahe had at least the satisfaction of having be and fined for being

well paid for it.

It was the evening of the same day, that the girl was seen by her mother, who had been at oldham all day, visiting a sick relative, wearing this handkerchief as ahe returned from work.

Her natural question as to what had become of her daughter's hat, resulted in the girl, who was not remarkable for speaking the truth, asserting that she had lost it.

Where did she get the handkerchief from, was the next question

"Aw found it," was the reply.

Not believing the story, the mother took the handkerchief in her hand, and examined it

lied and white, with nothing extraordinary about it, she was just going to put it down, when her eyes detected a name, written with marking lok suid half washed out, in one of the corners

of it.
With some difficulty she spoit a t the name,

"Moil Arkshaw,"
"Moil-Moll Arkshaw," she repeated, the "Mol-Moll Arkshaw," she repeated, the word and name sounding strangely fat.illar. "Where have aw heard it? Ah! aw remembers, at ind the Where fides thee get this? Tell me the truth, or aw'll strap it out on yo." The threat of the strap was not an idle one, as the gir! knew to her cost, but the very fear of it only made her persist more obstinately in her assertion.

Her mother could not, she mentally argued, find out how she became possessed kerchief unless she herself told her.

money would be instantly demanded of her, and, as she had already spent sixpence of it, she would not only be required to give up the remaining half-crown, but would get a good doze of the start of the control of the start of

maining maintenant, but would get a good describe strap for her extravaguace.

Being firmly convinced of this, she stuck to her story with so much persistence that her mother would have believed her had the case been less serious, and the matter would have been allowed to drop.

been allowed to drop.
But Oldham, Manchester, and indeed the whole country, had been ringing that day, and indeed the previous one too—for news flies first—with the terribic murder and abduction.
To-day large rewards had been effered by the government for the detection of the murderer or numbers, and a second rayard offered by Mrs.

government for the detection of the flucturers or nurderers, and a second reward offered by Mrs. Gresham for any trace of the missing women. The cotton spinners mother had suddenly been aroused by her son's ravings, and the su-picious glances and questions directed towards her, to the discomfort, not to say danger, of her position.

She had uttered so many meaningless threats such that uttered so many meaningless threats against the girl whom her son seemed determined to marry, had vowed so insanely and portistently that he should not marry her, that she would oppose it at any and every cost, and now it was effectually provented by the mystorious and violent disappearance of the intended bride

People who had heard all these threats natur ly suspected that she had kept her word, or at ast been an accomplice, directly or indirectly, la the crime.

In the crime.

By her son John's advice, she offered a large reward for the discovery of the two girls, or any clue which should lead to their return to their

them and friends.

Those who knew the old lady's violent temper and unscrupulous will were not blinded by this clever move.

But as there was no real evidence against her they had to be content with wagging their heads knowingly, asserting they were not such fools as some people thought them, and still persistently clung to their opinion.

The two rewards, however, excited th, cupidity of many persons who would have sold their nearest and dearest—nay, even themselves—for gold, and to this number Betty Jones, the mother of the girl who had sold her hat to Moll, belonged.

All day the thought had been running in her

All day the thought had been running in her head, if she could but find the missing girls, or discover some trace of them, what a prize in gold she might become possessed of.

Two hundred pounds to any one who should find and restore the two girls; fifty pounds to any one giving information or a clue which should lead to the discovery of either of them.

Mrs. Jones had a clue—she was sure she had. Fifty pounds for this handkerchief; just imagine it!

The very thought made her feel giddy, and once more she tried to clicit something more like a reasonable and believable story from her

There are some children who are uncommonly like costermongers' donkeys—the more you beat them the more obstinate they become.

A little judicious kindness might have made them tractable to begin with; but unfortunately kindness is not tried until harshness has falled, and then it is too late.

The animal and child alike don't believe in

They expect treachery, for their confidence is cone, or look upon the experiment of kindness a sign of weakness, and harshness again moveding only appears to justify them in their bellef

Hence Betty Jones having beaten her daughter Saily with a strap until the child quivored under the cruel treatment, and her own brawny arms ached, threatened to send the girl to prison, and started off with the avowed intention

of fetching a policeman.
Saily had no dread of the policeman.

Indeed, she had been beaten to that state of savage desperation which scarcely admits of the sensation of fear.

But she was determined that her mother should not have the treasure in her pocket;

should not have in a treasure in nor pocact; thus, sore and in pain as she was, she crawled to the little strip of ground at the back of the course of making the political for the soft earth, deposited her three silver coins, two shillings and a supence, in it, and having thus buried her heard, the doggedty sutten little

child a bright allk dress if she would only tell all she knew, and enable her mother to gain the promised reward.

Sally, however, was not to be duped.

She had been promised too many things even during her short lifetime, promises never kept and nover intended to be, and she was not to be tricked into obliging her mother in this way

now.

"Come, young 'un," said the policeman roughly, though not unkindly, "you'd best make a clean breast on't; aw'll only have to look thee up if thee doan't."

"Aw canus tell thee what aw doan't knaw mysen," was the defiant reply.

"Well, come along wi' yo'."

"Aw will na go; aw bean't a thief."

"Yo'll walk, or aw mon carry yo'."

"Aw will na."

Whereupon, without more ado, the tail, strong man picked up the girl in his arms and despite her screams and struggier, carried her off to the police station, accompanied by her mother.

Here, however, they were not more successful.

Threats and bribes alike failed to get any other account of the handkerchief from the girl, except that she had found it just after she had lost her bat. The consequence of all this was, that with her

mother's consequence of all this was, that with her mother's consent, the refractory witness was detained in charge all night, and though her room and bed were far superior to those to which she had been accustomed, her consciousness that she was a prisoner drove sleep from her cyclids.

Her anger and resentment had worn off by the next morning, however, and after a small amount of persussion from the wife of the super-intendent of police she told the circumstance of her meeting with Moll, and the exchange of head-gear.

After numerous questions, a full description of the pretty mill girl even to the coal dust that was upon her, was obtained, and no doubt as to identity left on the minds of those in pursuit of her.

The matter was becoming still more compli-

If Mall and her companion Florence had been carried away by violence, how did it happen that one of the girls was in the street, free and alone, and yet shunning recognition and hastening away from the very place which, if only injured and innocent, she would have been expected to company. ed to come to?

od to come to?

Conjecture was uscless. There was nothing to be done but follow and capture her.

Things easily said, but difficult of accomplishment, for already Moll had thirty-six hours' start of them, and they could not even vaguely guess whither she had gone.

That Saily had an extra cut with the strap from her mother for holding out so long, and then imparting her information to the policeman's wife, might be expected; but Saily had her revenge, for no portion of the reward ever her revenge, for no portion of the reward ever fell into her mother's greedy clutches.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

"So you are really going to marry that old man, Mary?"

The questioner was Edward Leirster, the artist, and a grioved, almost contemptuous ex-pression rested on his fair, handsome face. "He is not old," was the evasive reply.

"He is old for you, much too old," was the next observation.
"I am the best judge of that," was the petu-

lant rejoinder.

"True," he said sadly, "then it is settled?"

and not knowing what clear to the shallow lines; and not knowing what clear to do, she took re-fuge in a woman's usual resource, a flood of

Some women may look interesting when sobsome women may jook interesting whensor-bing and crying; the number to whom tears are an improvement, however, is so small that the experiment is somewhat portious.

Indeed, it was the recollection of what a fright a fit of crying made her, that induced

instead of in pleasant anticipation of the happiness in store for her.

So Mary burst into tears, and of course Edwin thought it his duty to console her, which naturally made her grief flow out afresh.

(1'o be continued.)

THE PRINTER-FIEND.

BY P. D.

The night was dark, and not a star Peop'd through the gathering gloom; And silence brooded o'er the type In the composing room.

The printers had to supper gone,
And vacant were their places,
When through the door a villain crept,
And stole Bill Norman's spaces!

Oh, foulest wrong beneath the sun! Oh, deepest of disgraces?
The darkest crime that can be done
is that of stealing spaces?

Bill went to "lunch," and left his case Filled—running o'er—with letter, And thought he would return again When copy should get fatter

When he came back he took his place Again before his cases—
You should have seen his attitude
When he belield his spaces!

It was no time for charity, Or other Christian graces; He wildly cried—"I'll dot the eyes Of him who stole my spaces!"

The Flend still lives and walks the earth. And so must walk for ever! e cannot dio—a wretch like him-For rest awaits him never!

And print is for long years to come Will tremble at their case Well knowing that his spirit still
Is fond of stealing spaces !

EDUCATING A WIFE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Concluded.

Thus reassured, I suggested that it might be weeks before my father returned, and that it would be best to send him a letter, carefully prepared, at once. A copy of this letter, covering sixteen pages of note-paper and dated March 3, 1823, lies before me. It was in my sixter's handwriting and righted by hier, though in truth a joint production. I had put my heart into it; and for that matter, so had Anne, who made some excellent points. Here is one:—

"Do not imagine, my dear pape, that I intend to make a fine lady of this little gir; nothing is further from my thoughts. I wish to render her

to make a fine lady of this little girl; nothing is further from my thoughts. I wish to render her independent, and able by and by to take care of herself. With such an education as I propose to give her, she will, when she grows up, be a valuable instructors of youth; and how rarely do we meet with such a one! It shall be my For the first time, the girl raised her eyes.

For the first time, the girl raised her eyes.

She was trying to be defaut, trying to brave, do we meet with such a one! It shall be my out her own wilful, foolish set, but the expression of tender manly repreach which beamed habits, and to make my little charge much upon her from the bright blue eyes into which is more diligent and orderly than you have ever abe looked, was too much for the shallow mist.

Then followed a diplomatic suggestion in

mist i seen us."

Then followed a diplomatic suggestion, intay; i tended, I am afraid, to put my father off the true scent. She told him :-

uncase I kept house for one of my brothers, she would, I am sure, prove a most agreeable companion for me; and, by affording me a never-failing source of amusement and interest,

and all day, visiting a after resistive, wearing handkerchief as she returned from work.

In all day, visiting a site returned from work.

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between her and their own children; and for this I was the more grateful, because it placed them, now and then, in an awkward position. They would have to listen, for example, while some casual visitor descanted in warm terms on the simple. ome casual visitor descanted in warm terms on the singular beauty of their youngest daughter; and I overheard one preposterous flatterer tell my father how much she was like him: about at like, I longed to tell him, as I to Hercules. My father took it very quietly, smiling, and like, I longed to tell him, as I to nercure.

7 father took it very quietly, smiling, and ying only, "She is not mine,—an adopted mother didn't quite bying only,

came very near betraying myself one even ing; but fortune stood my friend. young foltune stood my friend. We had a young folks party, and a number of both sexes had gathered together. A proposal was made that we should "draw for sweethearts,"—for the evening, of course; but some one added jestingly, "Perhaps for life,—who knows?" So we wrote the arms. wrote the name of each young lady (Jessie included) on a slip of paper, then folded these and shook them up in a hat which I handed round. It so happened that the number of young ladies exceeded by four or five that of the young sentlemen; so that, when all had drawn and my turn came lest there were still several slips. sentiemen; so that, when all had drawn and my turn came last, there were still several slips remaining. I glanced at that which I drew and say Jessie's name. In a moment, what Anne had said of my tell-tale face flashed across me; I turned instantly to hide my confusion by depositing the hat; and, as I did so, I dropped into it the name that was hidden away in my heart, and steatthily abstracted another unperceived. This time it was the plainest girl in the room; to whom, grateful for danger past, I cordially offered myself as partner. red myself as partner.

But before the evening was over, I contrived to get possession of the slip with Jessie's name. This I secreted within the lining of a small bead purse which one of my sisters had worked for me. That purse and its enclosure exist still. I kept it hidden away in the secret drawer of a writing-desk.

Our exper

Our experiment proceeded, smoothly and successfully, for more than two years,—two of the brightest years of my life; even though I had no means of judging whether Jessie's heart, in after-years, would turn to me or not. I have heard the question debated, which is greater happiness,—to love or to be loved. Theoretically, on purely ethical principles, one is led to the conclusion that to love is the higher

led to the conclusion that to love is the higher privilege! and practically the experience of a lifetime confirms to me that view of the case. To love is best. It wears better, it has a nobler influence on a cultivated heart, than the mere conscious page of being loved however grateful at consciousness may be to self-love, however. t may minister to vanity. The tendency loving, if one loves truly, is to eliminate the conject of love. It is better to love without the love with love with love without the love without the lo the object requital, than to be loved unless one can rende double in return. It is not of love received, but double in return. It is not of love received, but of love given, that Paul, faithfully translated, speaks, in memorable words: Love, greater than hit, greater than hope, suffereth long, envieth not, seeketh not her own, endureth all things, never faileth. But the recipient even of the purest love may be dead to long-suffering, may hourish envy, may cherish self-seeking, may lack patience under adversity, and may fail love is bestowed is the favered one, but he by whom love whom love were sivered to the service of the purest. hom love is conferred. It is more bles

whom love is conferred. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

I never swerved in my loyalty to Jessie; yet, though I could not help being uniformly kind to her and watchful for her welfare, I tried hard never to give the child any reason to believe that I loved her otherwise than as I did my three sisters. They, on their part, treated her at all times with sisterly affection, as one of themselves; and this was greatly to their cretit; for Jessie not only quite outshone them in bealty, but in musical talent, in grace in the ball-room and elsewhere, and ultimately in stranger had been asked to say which of the four girls had been raised from an humble home to her present position, I think Jessie was the

to her present position, I think Jessie was the last he would have been likely to select. If I had remained at Braxfield, this novel exbelleve, but one issue. It was otherwise ordered, however. however. In the winter of 1824-25, my father purchased a village and a large tract of land in by; and in the autumn of 1825, when Jessie was little more than thirteen years old, I emigrated to this country. I was sorely tempted, before her, and that I hoped some day, if she should ever come to love and accept me as a husband. ever come to love and accept me as a husband, to make her my wife. But, while I was romantic enough in those days and later to do many foolish things, common sense suggested that to a child such a declaration was ill-judged and out of place. So I departed and made no suggested that to a child such a declaration was ill-judged and out of place. So I departed and made no suggested that the promised me, if I could not return in the suggested and the promised me, if I could not return in the suggested and the promised me, if I could not return in the suggested and the promised me, if I could not return in the suggested and the promised me, if I could not return in the suggested and the sugge cet; and she promised me, if I could not return in three or four years, to come to the United States herself and bring Jessie with her.

Though it is anticipating dates, I may as well here state the ultimate issue of this episode in my life.

Two years later, namely, in the sum-

ite. Two years later, namely, in the sum-of 1827, longing to see Jessie once more, I an English friend and recrossed the At-ic. I found the young girl beautiful and in-sting aven beyond my name brance or exresting even beyond my remembrance or exn; and, what moved me still more, eived me so condaily and with such evident oiton, that—though I think I may say that avenever been guilty of the presumption of agining myself loved when I was not—it did not me the chances were fair that, if I rehave ne-

mained some months and spoke out, she would ot say me nay.

But I determined first to make a confidente

of my mother, in whose good sense and deep affection for me I placed implicit trust.

"My son," she said, "I saw, before you went to America, that you loved this girl and had already thought of her as a wife. But there is much to be taken into account in such a matter.'

"You would prefer to have a daughter-in-law from our own rank in life?"
"If I could have chosen, yes; but I do not think that a sufficient objection. My own good think that a sufficient objection. My own good father worked his way up from a position as humble; and Jessie's appearance and manners are as lady-like as if she had been my own child."

child."
"But you have objections, dear mother. Do not withhold them from me, I entreat you."

"At least I should like to see what will be "At least I should like to see what will be the result, on her character, of the next three years. I know you, Robert; you have a very high ideal of what a wife ought to be; unreasonably high, I am afraid. You think this girl perfect, but she is not. I should like to be sure that she will grow up free from undue love of admiration, and, what is more important, perfectly sincere."

"Not truthful, mother?"

"I do not say that: though, when she first.

"Not truthful, mother?"

"I do not say that; though, when she first came to us, I sometimes thought it. She is very anxious to please, and occasionally says things rather because she thinks they will be agreeable than because they square with her convictions. I should like a more earnest and downright character in your wife."

character in your wife."

"You wish me to give her up?"

"No; she has many excellent qualities; she has so affectionate a heart, and such winning ways, that there is not one of us who can help loving her. But I have something to ask of you, for your sake, dear Robert, not for mine. This girl is only fifteen, a child still; and you have to return with your father very soon to America. Do not commit yourself: you ought not to marry any one younger than eight soon to America. Do not commit yourseif: you ought not to marry any one younger than eighteen or nineteen. Let three years pass. I'll take as much pains with Jessie, meanwhile, as if she were already my daughter; and I will report to you faithfully the result, Come back when the three years are passed; and, if I am then alive and you still wish to marry her, I'm' then alive and you still wish to marry her, I will not say a word, except to wish you both all the happiness this world can afford." The tears rose to her eyes as she added, in a lower tone, "I only ask for delay; it may be the last request I shall ever make of you."

I have never made up my mind, since, whether I did right or wrong. But my mother was in very feeble health at the time, and I felt no assurance that I should ever see her again, as, indeed, I never did. If she had objected to Jessie because of her lowly birth, if she had spoken harshly of her, if she had told me she would never consent to receive her as a daughter-in-law, I should have sought to engage the girl, young as she was, then and there. But all she said was so reasonable, and the unfitness of marriage before three years so apparent, that I hesitated as she went on. Her tears, at the last, decided the matter. I gave her the promise she

wished.

My word thus pledged, I felt that I must hasten my departure for London, whence we were to embark. The day before I set out, I asked Jessie if she would not like to visit her parents in the village; and when she assented, I proposed that we should take a circuitous route through the Braxfield woods, the last time,

On no occasion in my life have I suffered from a struggle between duty and inclination as I did during that walk. As we passed, deep in the woods, a rural seat whence, through the foliage, glittered, in the autumn sun, the rippling water of the Clyde, I proposed to Jessie that we should sit awhile, to rest and talk. What we said and how long we remained there I cannot tell. All I remember is, feeling at last that, if we sai there half an hour longer, I should break the solemn promise I had made to my mother. So we rose, went on, half in silence, to the village, where we separated,—and dream and temptation were over!

Ere the three years of probation had passed Anne had died. and Jessie had married amiable and estimable young man, in easy cir-cumstances,—had married before I knew, even, that she had been sought in marriage. More than thirty years passed after that walk through the wooded braes of Braxfield before I saw

Jessie again.

It was in Scotland we met, both married persons. I found her in her own handsome house, in a beautiful situation, surrounded by every comfort and some luxuries. So far as I could learn, she had so borne herself through life secure esteem and love from a cultivated circle of acquaintanc

Just at first I could scarcely recognize, in the

* In a letter from my father to myself, written * In a letter from my latter to myself, written soon after Anne's death, he says of her: "I never knew a judgment more severely correct than hers upon all subjects connected with the mind and dispositions. Whatever was needed mind and dispositions. Whatever was needed to assist her in the education of her pupils she studied with unabating interest; and even you would be surprised to hear of the number of works which she read to store her mind with useful facts on all subjects for the benefit of those under her charge. She had patience, perseverance, and an accurate knowledge of human nature, and took an interest in the progress and happiness of her pupils, such as I have never seen excelled." excelled.

comely matron, the Jessie of my youth, until she smiled. But we met twice or thrice, and talked over the olden time, very quietly at first. During my last visit I asked her if she had ever known that I loved her and that I had wished to make her my wife. She said it had several times occurred to her as possible, even before I lett Braxfield the first time, for America; that she had felt sure of it during the woodland walk, and especially while we sat together in that secluded spot, with the birds only for witnesses; but when I had departed to another hemisphere with no promise of return, and without declarwith no promise of return, and without declar-ing myself, she had felt sure it was because of her humble parentage, and so had given up all idea that she could ever be my wife. Then, with a frankness which even as a child she had always shown toward me, she added that she never could tell when she first loved me; and that if, during that last walk, I had asked her to become my betrothed, she would have said yes with her whole heart and soul. The tears stood in her eyes as she made this avowal; and she followed it up by saying, "I wished to meet you once, and to tell you this. But I know you will feel it to be best that we should not see each other, nor write to each other, any more

I told her she was wise and good, and that I I told her sne was wise and good, and that I would strictly conform to her, wishes; thinking it best so, for both our sakes. So even an occasional exchange of letters which, throughout our thirty years' severance, had been kept up at long intervals, has ceased from that day. And now, when more than another decade has passed, I am uncertain whether Jessie is still in this land of the living, or has gone before to another, where many dear friends who have been life-long apart will find no cause for further separation.

Here let me confess that it needed, as prompting motive to overcome the natural reluctance one feels to confide to the public such details of inner life as one has seldom given even to intimate friends, a sense of the duty which an interaction of the sense of the duty which are the sense of the duty which are the sense of the se autobiographer owes to his readers. They are entitled, in the way of incident, to whatever of interest or value is strictly his own to relate; the secrets of others, however, not being included in that category.

When my father returned from Ireland, to find Jessie a member of his family, he related to us an anecdote which pleased me much, in the state of mind I then was, and which may be acceptable to others.

be acceptable to others.

In the winter of 1818-19 a party of bright and In the winter of 1818-19 a party of bright and lively young people had assembled, to spend the period of Christmas festivity at a spacious old country-seat not very far from Dublin. Several of them, ladies as well as gentlemen, had already acted creditably on the amateur stage; so they fitted out a large hall as theatre, and got up several standard comedies in a man ner that ellcited hearty applause. Encouraged by this success, they thought they might man-age one of Shakespeare's tragedies; and their choice fell on Romeo and Juliet. They succeeded in casting all the characters except one, that of Juliet herself. It was offered to several young ladies in succession; but they all persistently refused, fearing to attempt so arduous a part. In this dilemma some one suggested an expedient. Miss O'Neill, then in the zenith of her fame, was an actress of unblemished reputs tame, was an actress of unotemisted reputa-tion, most ladylike demeanor, and eminent talent, whom I once saw as Juliet. She was then regarded, justly I imagine, as the most per-fect interpreter of Shakespeare's embodiment of fervid passion and devotion in the daughter of Capulet that had ever appeared on the London boards; her singular beauty admirably seconding her rare powers, and turning the heads of half the fashionable young men of the day. She was universally respected, was often mitted to the best society, and had several time

mitted to the best society, and had several times assisted at private theatricals.

It so happened that she was then in Dublin, and, for the time, without an engagement. The proposal was, to write to her and ask her, on her own terms, to come to them and take the part of Juliet. This was eagerly acceded to, and a letter despatched accordingly.

The part of Romeo had been assigned to a general eman of fortune and family. Mr. Becker of

tleman of fortune and family. Mr. Becher of Ballygibbin, County Cork; jeune encore, as the French say, for he was still on the right the French say, for he was still on the right side of forty, and excelling all his companions in histrionic talent. To him, as soon as the invitation had been given, came one of his intimate friends. "Becher," said he, "take my advice before it is too late. Throw up the part of Romeo. I daresay some one else can be found to take it."

"Back out of the part? And why pray? Do you think my acting is not worthy to support Miss O'Neill's?"

"You act only too well, my good fellow, and

"You act only too well, my good fellow identify yourself only too perfectly with characters you undertake. I know Miss O' well; there can't be a better girl, but she's dangerous. She's perfectly be witching in her rôle. It is notorious that no man ever played Romeo to her Juliet without falling in love with her. Now I'd be sorry to see you go to the stage for

"Marry an actress! and at my age! Do you

it"Well, all I hope is that the enchantress will

But she accepted. Becher played Romeo, shared the fate of his predecessors; was en-gaged within the month, and married a few eks afterwards.

weeks atterwards.

My father spent several days with them at their country-seat. He was charmed with Mrs. Becher, in whom, he said, he could not detect the slightest trace of the actress. And the marriage, my father told us, seemed to have been eminently fortunate, though up to that time they had no children.

they had no children. In the sequel they had several children. Mr. Becher, eight years later, was created a baronet, lived thirty years with his wife, and was succeeded, in 1850, by their son, Sir Henry Wrixnon Becher, the present baronet. Lady Becher died only last winter, loved and mourned by friends and dependants; having survived her husband more than twenty years. husband more than twenty years.

With one other love-story, also brought by my father from Ireland. I shall conclude this

The names I have forgotten, but the circumstances happened in a country-house, the here-ditary seat of an ancient and wealthy Irish family.

family.

There, to its owner then only a few years married, was born a son and heir. There wss, in his household at the time, a young woman of eighteen, fairly educated, but in humble cir cumstances, who had been retained as dependant rather than servant, filling the posts of nursery-governess, and assistant house-keeper. Let us call her Miss Norah Fitzpatrick. She was faithful, industrious, and good-looking, but with no pretension to beauty.

The infant heir of some thirty or forty thousand a year, committed to her care and daily carried.

The infant heir of some thirty or forty thousand a year, committed to her care and daily carried about in her arms, became much attached to his nurse. His affection seemed to increase with years; and at the age of eight or ten, he used to call her his wife, and say he intended to marry her by and by. He returned from college some months before he was eighteen, and, true to his first fancy, after a time he proposed to Miss Fitzpatrick, then just twice his age. She told him that both for his sake and hers, such a marriage was not to be thought of; the great disparity of age, she said, was alone reason sufficient; but, aside from that, the marriage with one so far beneath him in social position would go nigh to break his parents' hearts and make himself unhappy; for which she could never forgive herself, and which would render her miserable, even as his

his parents' hearts and make himself unhappy; for which she could never forgive herself, and which would render her miserable, even as his wite. And in this she persisted.

Thereupon the youth ceased to urge his suit; but after moping about for some weeks in a listless way, took to his bed with a low fever. When the family physician, an enlightened man, found the usual remedies unavailing and the mother in despair, he said to her, "Madam, it is my duty to tell you that your son's condition seems to me the result of deep-seated mental depression. Something preys on his mind; try to find out what it is; you may then be able todo more for him than all the medicines in the todo more for him than all the medicines in the

pharmacopeia."

The next day the mother did her best to call forth her son's confidence, but for a time in vain.

All she could get from him was, "It's no use, mother dear. It will only vex you."

But when she implored him, weeping, to tell her, he said at last: "I have loved Norah all

I asked her, since I came home, to marry me; but she refused me, because she said it would make us all unhappy. And say what I will, she sticks to it."

"My son, my son, how could you think of such a thing?"

a thing?"
"I told you it was no use, mother; I knew
"I told you it was no use, but I haven't spirit you would take it just so; but I haven't spirit to live without her."

Then the father was consulted; he was furious; but the patient's fever increased from day to day, and the mother's heart began to relent. "If it should kill him!" she said to her husband; "you know how you felt when I re-fused you the first time."

That touched him, but he held out three days longer, the young man appearing to sink all the time. Then, one morning, he got up with a sudden resolution and sought his son's bedside. "Listen to me, my dear boy," he said; "your happiness is my first object, but it is my duty to prevent you from doing anything rashly, which you may repent all your life afterward. to prevent you from doing anything rashly, which you may repent all your life afterwards, You are scarcely eighteen; that is too young to marry. I want you to make the tour of Europe before you settle down. I will find you an excellent tutor as companion. But I ask from you that you will not return to Ireland till you are twenty-one, nor correspond, meanwhile, with Miss Fitzpatrick. I must say she has acted very honorably; and if, when you return, you still remain of the same mind and she will accept you, your mother and I will not withhold consent. But you must promise, on your honor as a gentleman."

And so the bargain was struck, the parents doubtless believing that three years would cure a boyish fancy. Two weeks saw the son well again, and prepared for his journey. On the "Marry an actress! and at my age! Do you again, and prepared for his journey. On the take me for a fool?"

"Anything but that, Becher. I do take you for a whole-souled, splendid fellow, with a little touch of romance about him, impressible by beauty, and still more alive to grace and talent and I really can't make up my mind to address even that glorious creature as Mrs. 'Becher.'"

"Do take sense, Tom. If I hadn't agreed to play Romeo, I'd go and offer to take the part now, just to convince you how ridiculous you are."

"Anything but that, Becher. I do take you has a twenty-one, he returned to claim his parents' promise; overpersuaded world and in parents' promise; overpersuaded us, one of the happiest looking couples he had ever seen. The lady did seem more like the young man's mother than his wife; but a though and nameless, unobstrusive attentions testified that a marriage which the world doubtless pronounced preposterous was a true conjugal union, after all.

POSEY'S NUGGET.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTS.

When the California "gold fever" broke out in the spring of 1849, Doctor Hanchett was living at Clarksville, in Southern Indiana. Dr. Hanchett, it should be stated, had received his professional title not by the favor of any medical college or other learned institution, but through the simpler and less formal method cal college or other learned method, that through the simpler and less formal method that obtains among the free and generous people amongst whom his lines were east. The process may be explained in a few words. In the tail of 1846, a "-uilting station was established at Vicksburg of enlist volunteers for the war with Mexico, and Hanchett, at that time a resident of Vicksburg, and laboring in a profession—the saltatorial, to wit—a shade less illustrious than that to which he was soon to attain, was the first man in the city to enlist. This momentous circumstance procured for him not only the prompt recognition of a patriotic press, which blazoned his name abroad with so many eccentricities of spelling that he came near losing his identity, but also gave him a claim in courtesy to such a position in the organization of his company, within the grasp of the mere high private, as he might select. After due deliberation he chose that of company commissary—an office unknown, I think, After due deliberation he chose that of company commissary—an office unknown, I think, to the United States Army Regulations, but none the less familiar to our volunteer service. To this post he was promptly appointed by his captain; and, thus placed in the line of promotion, he rose rapidly till he attained the rank of hospital stoward. The thing was done. Hanchett was Doctor Hanchett from that day, and the title was very much the larger part of the man ever after. How he had lived for forty years or more without it is still a mystery.

chett was Doctor Hanchett from that day, and the title was very much the larger part of the man ever after. How he had lived for forty years or more without it is still a mystery.

When the war was over, Doctor Hanchett stranded upon the northern bank of the Ohio, in the State of Indiana. As a returning brave he was, naturally, quite warmly received. As a veteran not unwilling to recount his adventures by flood and field, he speedily became famous as the hero of many deeds of valor and of blood. He had been assistant surgeon of his regiment, it appeared, but nevertheless had fought in the ranks in every important engagement of the war from Monterey to Churubusco, and the number of men who had fallen by his own hand from first to last he could not undertake to estimate. Though traces of a somewhat lively imagination might be detected in most of the doctor's stories, there is really no good reason to doubt that he spoke the simple truth when he averred that with his red right hand he had moved down men like grass, for he actually retained the position of hospital sceward throughout the whole term of his sersteward throughout the whole term of his

Finding himself after the lapse of a few weeks Finding himself after the lapse of a few weeks not without honor in his Indiana town, he atruck out suddenly one day a brilliant idea; he would devote his remaining years to the practice of the profession into which fortune had so kindly inducted him. He hired a house, hung out his banner, and wrote to his wife and daughter, who had remained at Vicksburg, to come on immediately to his new home, as his fortune was now made. fortune was now made

come on immediately to his new home, as his fortune was now made.

Hanchett had married, at an early stage in his original career, the only daughter of a bankrupt Vicksburg storekeeper. This young woman, who had deubtless found ample opportunity for the practice of domestic economy in the paternal home, soon proved herself to be a most excellent housekeeper on her own account. She was a jewel indeed to her improvident hus and, who, finding that she made shift by one means or any other to keep the family larder supplied, whether he kept her purse supplied or not, dismissed a great care from his mind at once and for ever, and thenceforth to the end of his days never exerted himself beyond his natural bent. As the daughter, Dora Hanchett, grew to womanhood, she divided her mother's burden with her, and ultimately, as the mother's health failed, relieved her of it almost entirely.

The family once reunited and domiciled in their new home, it soon became evident to the most casual observer that Dora exercised the functions of commander-in-chief of that force, and that the doctor, notwithstanding his brilliant record in the field, had been incontinently reduced to the ranks, and subjected to a rather rigid discipline. Let it not be inferred, however, that Dora ruled with a high hand or with a red of iron. Far from it. She was the quietost and meekest of tyrants, controlling not by conscious will or effort, but by divine commission, as many a woman does.

Not only was Dora the head of the househeld

will or effort, but by divine commission, as many a woman does.

Not only was Dora the head of the household in the sense of directing its internal affairs, but she likewise proved herself to be its mainstay as bread-winner. The doctor under her hands became a dignified and not unornamental figurehead to the concern, in whom she took a certain filial pride. His banner was still allowed to hang upon the outer wall, and, as some alight partication of the lorgest horne upon it, the nang upon the outer wan, and, as some angule partification of the legend borne upon it, the semblance of an office was maintained for him, where he spont many solitary and trksome bours daily in the semblance of professional study and work. But his moomedid not amount justification of the legend borne upon it, the semblance of an office was maintained for him, where he spent many solitary and irksome bours daily in the semblance of professional study and work. But his incomedid not amount even to a semblance, and upon Dora, therefore, devolved the task of maintaining the cuisine as well as the character of the establishment. She had been accustomed "o this duty indeed ever alnoe, upon becoming a school-teacher at the age of sixteen, she had proved her capacity to the settle from the doctor's own imade, and

perform it. She oarly found her place in the public schools of Clarkaville, and so the pot was soon boiling merrily, and the demands of the declor's magnificent appetite were duly honored

Thus, Doctor Hanchett was enabled to live a life of elegant leisure, devoid of care and fruitful of enjoyment to a man of his temperament, for of enjoyment to a man of his temperament, for some fourteen months. Then he was suddenly smitten with the "gold fever," and went raging through the town, seeking whom he might infect. It was one of the curiosities of this singular opidemic that it claimed not only those youthful and adventurous spirits who were by common consent held to be its legitimate victims, but carried off also old and infirm men, chronic invalids, and, stranger still, such shiftless, incompotent and altogether worthless cumberers of the ground as this Doctor Hanchett; thus proving itself to be, like most other contagions, a not entirely unmixed evil.

Not wholly through the efforts of Doctor

Not wholly through the efforts of Doctor Hanchett, it is safe to say, but in due process of time and events, a company was mustered in Clarksville to go overland to California, as so Clarksville to go overland to California, as so many other companies were mustered in hundreds of other towns all over the country in that memorable spring of '49. This company composed principally of men from the surrounding country, and containing only two or three residents of the village proper, regarded itself as poculiarly fortunate in being able to count among its membors a gentic man like Doctor Hanchett, who besides being a physician, was an old campaigner, and thus likely to prove doubly desirable as a comrade in an expedition like that upon which they were embarked.

It being definitely settled that the doctor was to march with his company upon a certain day not far distant, it devolved upon his chancellor of the exchequer to provide the sinews of war. Whether Dors found this duty an agreeable one or not, she performed it promptly and cheer

or not, she performed it promptly and chearfully. The little heard that by the sharpest economy the frugal girl had contrived to save from her carpings was placed in the doctor's hands without reserve, to be appropriated, first to the purchase of an outfl, and next to the defrayment of the general expenses of the cam-

verbially careful and judicious in the co penditure of money, as may be supposed, in the purchase of his supplies on this occasion Doctor purchase of his supplies on this occasion Doctor Hanchett quite outshone himself. Besides the indispensable pans and shovels and picks with which every man provided himself, Doctor Hanchett laid in an assortment of miscellaneous drugs and surgical instruments, that added a new justre to his distillation in the eyes of his drugs and surgical instruments, that added a new lustre to his distiluction in the eyes of his commades. But it was in the compilation of his wardrobe and his deadly weapons that he displayed an individuality of taste altogether unique. It being now the month of May, and the journey across the plains being expected to occupy about three months, the doctor, who was a small man, bought first a great—uncommonly great—cost, that fitted him about as snugly as a sentry-box might have done; secondly, a pair of cavalry boots, the tops of which towered almost to his eyebrows; and thirdly, a silk hat of the very finest and very tailest description to be found in the market. Then he purchased a pair of large Coll's revolvers, handsomely mounted in silver, and had his name engraved on the plate in bold letters—"ELLAS HANCHETT, M.D.;" and his armory was completed by the addition of numerous and various knives of vast length and breadth of blade, into the haspof each of which was let a neat silver plate, upon which was engraved his name—"ELLAS HANCHETT, M.D. Thus clad and thus arsenaled, he has deem now. Days with much disting as hasp of each of which was let a neat silver plate, upon which was engraved his name—"ELLAS HANCHETT, M.D. Thus clad and thus arsenaled, he bere down upon Dora with much clation as she was returning home from her school, and proudly challenged her admiration. Of course the loving girl responded heartily, notwithstanding her thrifty and methodical soul was racked to see such few of her hardly-earned coins as remained unexpended falling to the ground and rolling away in all directions as the doctor turned pocket after pocket inside out in search of yet another and another knife to surprise her withal. priso her withal.

prise her withal.

At last the company got off, going by river to Council Bluffs, and thence striking out upon the almost informinable trail that, however surely it might lead to fortune, was far from being a royal road thereto. It was two months later royal road theteto. It was two months fator when a member of the party, compelled by ill-health to abandon the tedious journey and return home, brought to Clarksville the first intelligence of the achievements of Doctor Hanchett in the especity of a physician and surgeon in scinal practice. These schievements cannot be recorded here, but a single incident may be mentioned as indicating the estimation in which mentioned as indicating the estimation in which the doctor's skill speedily came to be held by his companions. Before the expedition had been three weeks upon the march hissurviving comrades taking alarm at the rapidly angmenting number of lonely graves with which they were dotting the dreary trail, hastily formed a conspiracy to despoil him of his enginery of death. Under the allent stars, what time the doctor was sleeping the deep sleep of the overworked practitioner, his medicine-care and his miscellaneous amortiment of cullery were quietly shirtled away, and were never seen were quietly spirited away, and were never so

after many months it came. It was dated from "the Heart of the Gold Region," and, after saking them to join him in due ascriptions of thanks to the Almighty Powers for his deliverance from many perils and his safe arrival in the promised land, and after passing lightly over the invaluable services he had been able to render to his companions in his professional each product to his companions in his professional each product was not for a modest man to dwell render to his companions in his professional expacity—it was not for a modest man to dwell upon these—the dector proceeded to state frankly that his success in the gold-fields had far exceeded his most sanguine hopes; that, indeed, he might even the call himself an opulent man, inasmuch as nothing but the necessary papers were wanting to confirm him in the possession of a half interest in the hig Grizziy Claim—a claim that promised an enermously rich yield as soon as arrangements could be perfected for developing it. He advised his daughter to give up her school at once, and to begin to fected for developing it. He advised his daughter to give up her school at once, and to begin to prepare herself for that happy change in her circumstances which was now so near at hand; and he closed by requesting her to send him by return of mail fifty deliars, and more if she could possibly spare more, as he urgently required a little mency for "present needs."

Is it necessary to say how this clear-headed and conscionitions girl acted upon reading this transparent balderdash? She knew, as well as you and I know, that the whole thing was a clumsy game of her worthy sire to deplete once more the little heard that had been slowly

clumsy game of her worthy aire to deplote once more the little heard that had been alowly growing during his absence. She knew that her mother, who had worn her life out trying to support an ornamental husband, was fast failing in health, and might very soon require such attendance as nothing but money could procure. And of course she went directly to the bank, drow out her entire deposit, and sped it on its way to Elias Hanchett, M. D., before the sun went down.

It was nearly a year after the arrival of his It was nearly a year after the arrival of his first letter when another opiatio was received from the absent doctor. Bad news this time—the worst of had news. He had been stricken down by a terrible malady at a most critical moment in his affairs, and the consequence was that his interests had surfored irretrievably. He might call himself, in short, a ruined man. Ho felf that his distress of mind, together with the physical anguish of his disease, was more than he could bear up against for many hours longer. It was hard for an old man to die thus among strangers. far from his own hearthstone and the gentle influences that clustered round it. But he should be consoled in his last hour by the reflection that he had always maintained his family liberally, and had tried to be a kind and indulgent husband and father; and he hoped that his daughter, thus left alone in the world without any earthly protector, would not wholly despair, but would strive for his sake to bear up against adversity, and prove hereau worthy of the father who had lest his like in trying to serve her in his old age. And so farestrangers, far from his own hearthstone and the worthy of the father who had lost his life in trying to serve her in his oldage. And so farewell! His eyes were now about to close for the last time upon the scence of this earth. Signed Elias Hanchett, M. D., with the customary flourish beneath the name, as bravely executed as if the writer might have twenty years of life ahead of him yet. But stay! P. S. Would not his dear daughter, for whom he had sacrificed so much, grant him one isst little favor? He had not means enough left out of the sad wreek of his fortune to procure him decent burish. of his fortune to procure him decent burist. Would she not send him a small sum for that purpose? She might direct it to his own address, for if he were gone it would be received by a friend, who would apply it faithfully according to the directions he should leave. "And

by a friend, who would apply it faithfully according to the directions he should leave. "And
now again farewell! And may we meet above!"
Signed Elias Hanchett, M. D. Flourish as mual.
I do not believe that Dora Hanchett's honest
estimate of this letter was very far different
from our own. I am persuaded that she was
mentally incapable of being seriously deceived
by it. But the heart of woman is the mystery
of the universe. In the face of her honest judgment, in the truth of that clear common sense
that constituted the strongest trait in her charsecter, this absurd girl went about bemeaning in
dead earnest and in the bitterest grief the death
of her father. This lasted a week; by which
time she had succeeded in convincing her mother, at least, that the affliction was a real one;
and that good lady, being finally, as she believed,
released from her responsibility, and having no
occasion to live longer, quietly and peacefully
passed away. And Dora, by the light of this
actual sorrow, came after a while to acknowage to herself that she had been breaking her
heart over a fictitious one.

Uf course the money had gone on before this

heart over a fictitions one.

Of course the money had gone on before this time, and she was far from wishing to recall it now. If her father was alive, no was welcome to it, she said, for he could not possibly put it to a worse use than that to which it had been de-

a worse use than that to which it had been dedicated.

A girl as good as Dora could not be laft friendless, whatever domestic affliction she might suffar; and so with all her trouble she had no opportunity to become absorbed in her sorrow. It would have pained her unspeakably if she had been aware that her friends generally, however, so far from inclining to grieve with her grief at the possibility of her father's death, were quite unanimous in the view that such a dispensation would be "the best thing for Dory that ever turned up." For her part, she could not, after all, rid her mind of the apprehension that her father might possibly have been in as serious extremity as his letter represented. And if so, and she is plected to do her utmost to succor him in his need, what peace could she ever find in this world again? In this way she dwelt upon the subject, until at isat she convinced herself that her whole duty lay in noth-

ing less than an immediate effort to go ing less than an immediate effort to go to him. If, fortunately, she should find him alive and well, she would gladly share his fortune, howover hard it might be, and would never leave him selong as he lived. But if, as she feared, he should prove to be indeed sick and near his end in that wild region, where, she asked, should his daughter be but at his side?

ond in that wild region, where, she saked, should his daughter be but at his side?

This is the ridiculous way in which such headstrong creatures as this Dorn Hanchett are accustomed to meet you when you seek to point out to them the unreasonableness of a line of conduct on which they have set their hearts.

Deaf to all arguments, therefore, Dors shut up her house and set about making preparations for her journey. In the adjoining county, as she had learned, a company of gold-huntern had been organized, and was then on the point of starting for the Sacramente Valley, in which was situated the little town from which her father had last written. Of this company of sixty mensic knew but one, and he was a more boy in years, the youngest of the party. This was Hiram Bridge, familiarly termed Poscy in honor of his native county, who four years before had been one of Dora's first pupils in her Clarksville school. She was little more than a girl herself at that time, and Hiram was her biggest boy; and her recollection new of the bond of goodfollowship that soon grew up between herself and the sby, overgrown but not overbright lad relieved her of any healtation she might otherwise have felt in applying to him to obtain permission for her to accompany his party to its wise have felt in applying to him to obtain per mission for her to accompany his party to it

"Yes, you can go, Miss Hanchett," Posey quietly replied to her appeal.
"But will the rest of the men be willing?"

she suggested.
"Doesn't signify," said Posey.
She did provail on him, however, as a matter of form, to mention the subject to his comrades; but as he never took the trouble to report to her what action, if any, they took in the matter, she started at last, relying altogether on his single friendship for protection. That was no mean reliance, though, as she soon began to realize. He was an immense fellow, six feet two in height, and broad in proportion; and he soon proved to Dora that, however readily he had undertaken her safe conduct, he did not lightly esteem that charge, but was determined to aid and befriend her in every way possible. Thus at the outset she found herself relieved of much of the embarrassment and annovance she had be. but as he never took the trouble to report to her the embarrassment and annoyance she had be-lieved to be inseparable from such a journey in such companionship. Posey himself she did not find to be companionable in the ordinary sense of that word, notwithstanding his constant kindness. He was of a quiet turn, reserved of speech, rather forbidding of countenance, and did not wear his excellent heart upon his sleeve. There were few aurface indications of the gold that was in him. Dorn was not long, however, in finding the surferous vein; and, to drop metables she seen became conscious of a protaphor, she soon became conscious of a very warm sentiment of gratitude growing up in her heart toward her uncouth guide, philosopher and

Poesy's outfit consisted of a pair of powerful roesy's outst consisted of a pair of powertuinuics and a covered wagon, with the usual mining and cooking utensils, and the provisions necessary for the journey. In the forward part of this wagon, while the expedition was on the march, Dorasat enthroned; and in its dusky recessate made her couch at night. Not only did march, Dora sat enthronod; and in its dusky recessabe made her couch at night. Not only did the loyal Posey devote himself to her guardianship by day, but he kept watch and ward by night, slitting belt upright within a couple of yards of his precious charge until the stars grew pale in the dawn. Then, if opportunity offered, he would anatch a surreptitious nap, still disdaining to ite down, however; and it frequently occurred that the earlier risers in the camp would discover Posey stiting on the ground, embracing his nether limbs with his long arms, while his head, with its close-cut, sandy hilr, sank slumberous between his towering knees, like the sungoing down between two mountainpeaks. To such a length did he carry these romanite vight that he shortly came to look as gaunt and hollow-eyed as Famine. In addition to which he had to endure no end of railiery from his not too considerate or fastidious companions, who, so far from inclining to harm a hair of Dora's head, were generally wholly indifferent to her presence, and could not enter into Posey's solicitude on her behalf.

Just here, also, Jake Savage, who had spent a year in the mines and was piloting the present expedition, was reminded of a story, which he obligingly related to Posey, awopor.

"You see, Posey," said Jake, "me and Hooker—Hooker was my chum—had been scratchin' and washin' for about seven or eight dellars a day down there to McGracken's Bend, till we got disgusted, and we made up our minds that if we couldn't make more'n that we might as

and washin' for about seven or eight deliars a day down there to McGracken's Bend, till we got disgusted, and we made up our minds that if we couldn't make more'n that we might as well give up and strike for the States. But just then who should come along but little Bill Skinner, bound all so fast for up the guich? Bill had been prospectin' around all summer on his own hook, but hadn't struck nothin' yet, and was so much worse off than we was that Hooker and me concluded to stay by a while longer. A day or two afore, we found out, little Bill had run across a Digger somewhere that had told him—the Lord knows how, for I never see a Digger that could talk English more'n a mule,—but this Digger told little Bill that up the gu'ch there was nich diggin's. And so Bill was on the rampage to get there. Of course me and Hooker we didn't take no stock in that yarn, and little Bill want off alone.

"A couple of mouths after that me and Hooker see we'd got to do something pretty quick or starve, and so we made up our minds

to prospect a little. We headed up the guich, but without ever thinkin' of little Bill, and as indications was good, we kept on in the same direction for a couple of days. It was on the third day out, and we'd got about twenty miles from the Bend, and hadn't struck nothin' yet to bet on, when all of a sudden Hooker yells out, 'Holy Moses, Jake i look-a there i' and what do you s'pose we see?

"About as fur as from here to that mule there, leanin' ag'in a tree, set little Bill Skinner—what was left of him, I mean, for he was as a dornick. And what do you s'pose he was a-settin' on? A nugget of the pure metal worth forly thousand dollars! Yes, sir! We could see in a minute how it was. Bill had found this nugget, and bein' weak for wan, of grub, of course he couldn't carry it. So he had set down on it to guard it. And there he set and rot. He dassent go to sleep for fear somebody'd hook it, and he couldn't leave it to go' any grub for the same reason. We could see he'd browsed round on the bushes as fur as he could reach, but that couldn't keep him alive long, and so there he'd set and set till finally he'd pegged out.

"And that's what's the matter with Posey. I wakes up in the night and see him a-settin' thar by that wagon, and says I to myself, 'Thar sets Posey on his nugget!' And one of these fine mornin's we'll flad nothin' but Posey's bones a-settin' there, and his buttons and such like."

bones a-seitin' there, and his buttons and such like."

bones a-settin' there, and his buttons and such like."

About this time, as they were now nearing the region where danger from Indian raids was apprehended, Savage's company and another party from Illinois joined forces for mutual protection, and all proceeded thenceforward undesavage's direction. Accompanying this Illinois party was a woman going out to the diggings to join her husband, who was prospering, and had sent for her to come on. The two women thereafter keeping constantly together, Poscy felt his responsibility so far lightened that he occasionally indulged himself in a "aquare" night's sleep, while Dora and her new-found friend slumbered beneath his ample wagon-cover. His partial separation from Dara, occasioned by the advent of this other woman on the scene soon opened his eyes to the fact that a total separation from her would take the ground entirely from under his feet, and leave him in a condition that he felt disinclined to contemplate so long as there might be a chance to avert such

condition that he left distinctined to contemplate so long as there might be a chance to avert such a calamity. He accordingly improved the first opportunity that offered, and cast himself at the feet of Dora—literally, mind you, on the lee side of a sage bush—and lisped his love. On this secred ground let us tread as lightly as may be. of a sage busil—and lisped his love. On this sacred ground list us tread as lightly as may be. Suffice it that Poscy's s. 't prospered, and that presently a little programme came to be agreed upon between the contracting parties to this effect: They would go on for the present precisely as if nothing had happened—Dora to seek her father and Poscy to seek his fortune. As soon, however, as Dora should have succeeded in restoring the doctor to health, or had haply buried him, Poscy should be notified, and they would thereupon be married. Then Dora would open a school somewhere, wherever she might chance to find the indispensable chidren, while Poscy, accompanied by his newly-fiedged father-inlaw, if perchance that individual should be spared, would launch into the mines and conquar Portune at the point of the pick.

Time flow fast with the lovers after this, and they were quite startled one day when Savage

spared, would launch into the mines and conquer Fortane at the point of the pick.

Time flow fast with the lovers after this, and they were quite startled one day when Savage informed them that they were upon the very borders of the promised land.

That evening, an hour before sunset, the train was halted for the night at a point whence the travel-worn adventurers could look down for the first time into the Sacramento Valley, and render thanks in their various ways that the end of their tedious pilgrimage was almost reached. As Bora Hanchett and Posey stood together upon a green knoll, following with their eyes the winding trail that their feet were to descend on the morrow, they descried, tolling slowly toward them, one of those returning bands of unsuccessful and discouraged veterans—the roflux of the great wave of immigration constantly pouring into the golden valley—which they had frequently met in the course of their long journey. As the cavalcade drew nearer, Dora's attention fixed itself upon a curious figure that brought up the rear. Bounted upon a loose aggression of bones and ears that purported to be a mule, this mysterious figure gradually approached, while Dora watched it as it faccinated. On and on it came, and still she gazed, spell-bound. Opposite her it paused. There was no longer any doubt: it was He. Clad in the mangled remains of the original great-cost, the original boot-tops yet towering in the region of his ears, and the upper half of the original beaver crowning his well-developed brain, there He was. Slowly and carefully he descended from the back of his shambling steed, settled himself well in his boots, pulled up the collar of his great-cost—and there was little but collar left of it—tipped the curialied and weather-beater stovepipe to the proper angle, opened his paternal arms and feebly embraced his daughter. He storepipe to the proper angle, opened his pater-nal arms and feebly embraced his daughter. He announced himself to all concerned as a broken announced himself to all concerned as a broken man—a poor unfortunate going home to die, where his bones might rest with those of his ancestors, and where his humble name and his honorable record in the service of his country would be charished by his fellow-clitzons after he should be gone. Providence had surely, in his extremity, drawn his daughter to his succor. Now he was relieved of all anxiety, and might term his mind to things above. His daughter would fan the spark of life, and keep it burning, God willing, till the old home should be reached. Then he would release her from her labor of love. Then he would be at peace with uil the

world, and would cheerfully die in the midst of his weeping friends. He had up to this hour been haunted with the apprehension that his poor old frame might be left to moulder somewhere in the wide, inhospitable desert that stretched between him and his roof-tree. Now that dreadful apprehension was banished. The Lord had remembered his own. Dora would walk beside his besi beside his besst and protect him, and the knowledge that she had thus been instrumental

in prolonging her father's life would be her exceeding great reward.

A most enchanting prospect for Dom, was it not? Even she did not put her neck under the yoke until she had first informed her father of yoke until she had first informed her fither of her momentous secret, and invited him to assume his rôle in the programme already mentioned as arranged by her lover and horself. But, as a matter of course, he scorned the suggestion. Posey begged and raved, but without avail. The girl never had a question in her mind as to her duty from the moment she saw her father approaching. She must do as he said—go back with him as his slave. There was no help for it.

And so the lovers held a hurried consultation, pledged eternal fidelity and all that, agreed that Posey should go on and make his fortune, and that when Dora should bere—ased by death from her duty to her father we should either

and that when Dora should be re-used by death from her duty to her father no should either come back for her or she knowld go to him, and then they would be married. Meantime, he one wed to write to her frequently, and she promised to write to him faithfully once every week. And then farewell?

By this time the doctor's party had left him far behind, and naturally, considering the capabilities of his steed, he was growing impatient to move on. The early stars were already coming out, and he testily reminded Dora, as she lingered over her leavetaking, that there was no more time to lose. And so, without a murmur, the devoted soul turned her back upon all her new-born hope and joy, and dutifully took up the long and dreadful homeward march on foct. And Posey, his heart in his mouth and his tougue And Posey, his heart in his mouth and his tougue

the long and dreadful homeward march on foot. And Posey, his heart in his mouth and his tougue charged with unutterable execrations, gazed gloomily down into the darkening valley, that half an hour before had been filled with a radiance "that never shone on land or sea." And as he gazed all the bad in him persistently rose up to curse the despicable author of his wee, while all the good in him — about an even balance — rose "p to bless the fast-disappearing ided of his heart.

Slowly and painfully, day after day, the little company of stragglers toiled on toward their distant homes, the redoubtable doctor, with his unwilling beast and his willing bond-woman, ever bringing up the rear. No one but Dora herself could know how grievously she suffered in her chains—how her very heart's blood was gradually consumed by the vampire whom she chose to cherish and obey because it was her misfortune to be his drughter.

The old home was reached at hast. On the whole, the doctor had rather enjoyed the journer, and brought to the family board, as of yore, a tremendous appetite. He "resumed practice at the old stand" without delay, publishing a card to that effect in the village newspapers. He seemed scarcely to note the absence of his wife, who for a quarter of a century had been wearing her life out in a vain endeavor to justify his existence on this globe. In short, he speedily settled back into his old habit of life, and appeared to have totally forgotten that he had come home to die. And Dora, too, soon lapsed settled back into his old habit of life, and appeared to have totally: forgotten that he had come home to die. And Dora, too, soon lapsed into her old routine of schoolkeeping, and so once more the jet boiled merrily. Once a week, with scrupulous regularity, she wrote her promised letter to Posey, and she walted long and anxiously for some word from him, but in vain. Weary weeks lost themselves in months, and month after month empt slowly away till almost a year had passed, and still the faithful soul famished for some token that she was not forgotten. Then one evening she went home from her school to flud that the that she was not forgotten. Then one evening she went home from her school to flud that the heavens had fallen. Her father, whom she had left four hours before apparently in the highest health and spirits, was dead. The village physician attributed his sudden death to apoplexy, which seems the left for the way deal, when

heaith and spirits, was dead. The village physician attributed his sudden death to apoplexy, which seems illogical. But he was dead, whatever the cause, and his orphaned daughter mourned him with as genuine a grief as ever wrung a human heart.

When in process of time the first transports of grief had subsided there seemed to be nothing left for Dora to do but to concentrate all the overflowing tenderness and devotion of her heart upon her lover, and to brood and pine over his long-continued silence. She never doubted that he had written to her, for the mail-service to and from the gold regions was notoriously unreliable in those days, and she was by no means the only one who looked in valu for letters thence. At last she could bear the suspense no longer. The spring had opened early, 'd a party in a neighboring town was to start for the diggings by the middle of April. This party, in which were aiready included two women, Dora resolved to join. Once let her reach that indefinite region denominated "the minea," and she felt the most unquestioning faith in her ability jo find her lover.

And so once more the dauntless girl set out upon that long and tedious journey of three thousand miles. Not many weeks passed before the inevitable homeward-boundstragglers began to be encountered, and of these Dora eagerly sought information concerning the object of her quest.

acknowledged that he knew Poscy. "He was at the Buny Visty in Carter's Gulch at last accounts," this individual informed her, but he omitted to commit himself as to the nature of Poscy's occupation. "Wife, praps?" he observed includents." Posey's occupation, served, incidentally, No, sir," said Dora.

Sister?"

"Sister?"

"No."

"Ah! Well, he's a stocky chap, that Posey, and ought to make his fortune in the mines, if anybody could. But nobody can't—take my word for't. Look at me!"

Ho was a spectacle indeed. The retrogressive Doctor, Hanchett had been quite an exquisite in the mitter of apparel compared with this tatter-demailen. With Dora's companions he was less reticent concerning the character and calling of Posey than he had been with Dora berself. By his account it appeared that Posey had spent about a month in the mines without striking a single streak of luck to hearten him. At the end of that time, completely discouraged, he went to the nearest village and advertised himself as willing to work for his board at anything that might offer. The thing that offered was a situation as assistant bar-tender at the Buena Vista gambling-house. Posey accepted this situation as assistant bar-tender at the Buona Vista gambling-house. Posey accepted this situation with ardor, and discharged the delicate duties pertaining to the place so satisfactorily that he very soon found himself promoted to the distinguished position of "stool pigeon." In this capacity he developed shining tolents, and the Buona Vista's gaming-tables soon became the most famous resort in all that region for those confiding birds whose favorite amusement appears to lie in being plucked. And thus Posey went on prospering until he achieved a partnership in the concern; and his partner soon after being suddenly called to that bourne whence no traveler returns, Posey found himself sole proprietor and manager of an uncommonly flourishing concern in an uncommonly lively line of business.

All this information was carefully kept by her All this inicination was carefully kept by her companious from the ears of Dora, of course; and she, having obtained the long-coveted trace by means of which she felt sure that she could not fall to find her lover, was quite cheerful and happy throughout the remainder of the seemingly endiess journey.

The end neared at last, however, and as Dora content the feature of the seemingly endies.

she had heared at his, however, and as hora recognized the familian landmarks that told her she had almost reached the fruition of her hope deferred, her eyes brightened daily, a new flush came into her thin cheeks; and though she grow more quiet and abstracted than formerly, grow more quiet and abstracted than formerly, it was plain that her reveries had no tinge of darkness, her hope no shadow of fear, her faith no alloy of doubt. And when the time came for her to part with the good people in whose company she had traveled so far, she bade them adled with a light heart, and at once set out alone by stage for Cartor's Guich.

alone by stage for Cartor's Guich.

Reaching the straggling, ill-conditioned village at nightfall, she asked the driver, as she alighted in front of the stage-office, to direct her to the Buena Vista.

"The Buny Visty! The Buny Visty's not a hotel, ma'am," that individual explained. "It's the Golden Gate that you want, I reckon."

"No, sir," she replied conditently. "I have a friend at the Buena Vista—Mr.—Mr. Poscy. Perhaps," she went on, with a little tremor in her voice, "you can tell me if he is well?"

"Poscy!" He stopped some moments at the word and looked in blank amazement at the

her volce, "you can tell me if he is well?"

"Pospy!" He stopped some moments at the
word and looked in biank amazement at the
delicate, tender, numistakably honest face that
confronted him. Then he continued hastily:
"Nover better. Saw him yesterday morning.
You see that green lantern? That's the Buny
Visty. Good-night, ma'am. I stay here—if you
should want a friend, you know. Good-night."
Dora thanked him for his kindness, returned
his salutation, and tripped away with unrufiled
spirits. She had been so much concerned to
conceal her own agitation as she mentioned the

his saturation, and tripped away with unrafilled spirits. She had been so much concerned to conceal her own agitation as she mentioned the name of her lover that she had quite overlooked the astonishment with which that name had soemed to transfix the driver.

As she picked her way along the dark and muddy sidewalk she could not help complaining a little petulantly to herself because the stage-office had not been located nearer to that distant groon lantern. But she was not the girl to lose heart now. Bravely she piodded on, and when at last she was able to discern the words "Buena Vista" upon the beacon toward which she was toiling, suddenly her heart gave a great bound, the tears rushed to her eyes, her knees quaked beneath her, and from her plous soul there went up an earnest thanks-giving to the dear Father of us all for His great mercy in bringing her safely to the end of her momentous Journey.

bringing her safely to the end of her momentous journey.

It was some minutes before she could so far compose herself as to be able to proceed; and when she did move forward again, I think a vague notion of the true character of the Buenn Vista began to cast a shadow upon her ardor. As she came within a couple of rods of the isolated wooden building in front of which the green lantern was suspended she was suddenly startled at hearing several shots discharged in quick succession within, and a minute later three or four men rushed hastily into the street and hurried away, evidently without noticing her, though they passed within a few feet of her as she stood, almost paralyzed with airm, just outside the door. Her fright was gone in a moment, however—soon enough, indeed, to a moment, however—soon enough, indeed, to enable her to satisfy herself that none of those fugitives was the man she sought. As the door stood wide open, there seemed nothing for her but to enter, which she did at once. The front apartment of the silcon, though lighted, she found to be a mere ante-room, bare of all furfor them.

niture save a few chairs; and without pausing here the resolute girl, who must have had a foreboding of the awful truth by this time, passed on into the gambling-room in the rear. There, stretched upon the floor, shot through the heart, lay the stark form of the man she had journeyed so far and so patiently and hopefully to find. He had grown muscular and brawny since she parted with him. His face, too, had changed, and not for the better: it was flushed, sodden and bearded, and the beard was dyed black. She knelt down beside the corpse and took one of the great hands in her own. It was still warm! But the chill of death crept over it as she held it to her heart, and thus her last ray of hope expired.

over it as she held it to her heart, and thus her last ray of hope expired.

She sat still by her dead till the man's former companions came to prepare the body for burial. As it was borne to the lonely grave upon the hillside she walked beside the rough coffin. And when the grave was reached she dropped upon her knees beside it, and poured forth in a clear voice a fervent petition to the Most High to receive, for the sake of the dear Saviour who died for all the world, the soul of this poor sinner.

this poor sinner.

They had said that she might bear up till the They had said that she might bear up till the feneral was over, but that then she would break down. She did not. The next morning she set her face to the East, and began again, for the fourth time, that awful journey across the plains. We need not follow her throughout its length. She reached her home worn and sick, but nevertheless at once took up her old school and went on with it a few weeks. And then the end came.

EVILS OF OVERDRESSING.

Of all the snares that beset young girls none are more dangerous than the love of dress. Mothers should be on the alert to guard their daughters against it. Elder sisters should not forget that young eyes are looking at them as examples, and are much more impressed by the living models before them than by any amount of "good advice." Nothing is of greater importance than the companiouship permitted to young girls. Not only do over a sed companious induce the wish in themselves to overdress, but if the gratification is denied, "covetousness, envy, hatrod, and all uncharitableness" are very likely to find births in hearts that might be otherwise full of better feelings. An undue love of overdress has been only too frequently the cause of rnin of both body and soul. Even in very young children the passion examples, and are much more impressed by the irequently the cause of rain of both body and soul. Even in very young children the passion for overdressing is seen. It is the fault of the silly mothers. Little girls, with the exception that their dresses are shorter, are now clothed in all the expensive elaborations that distinguish the attire of grown women. Their skirts are covered with quantities of ornameuts, trimpings fills, and double skirts. the attire of grown women. Their skirts are covered with quantities of ornameuts, trimmings, frills, and double skirts. Their feet are encased in the most costly boots, and their ankies dislocated with high heels. The hats they wear are in accordance with the rest of the tolictie, and even padding and hair dye are not unfrequently used, and deception, cunning, fraud, inculcated along with vanity and reckless expenditure. One would expect to find nest plain dross in Sunday-schools if anywhere. Yet we are often pained to see children who come for free instruction decorated with feathers, gilt ornaments, quantities of ribbons, silk maniles and double skirts. Thus arrayed it is not wonderful that a general spirit of rivalry is engendered, scholar vying with scholar, not in the acquirement of learning or piety, but envying one another's finery, or puffed up with vanity at the possession of some special gowgaw, and sneering at their less overdressed companions. We have heard mothers, with toars in their eyes, complain that they could no longer send their children to be instructed on Sundays, because they were unable to buy new or finer clothing, and the children were persecuted on account of their shabblness—nay, even ridiculed for appearing constantly in the same bonnet—next, but not very smart. What do of mer clothing, and the children were persecuted on account of their shabblness—may, even
ridiculed for appearing constantly in the same
bonnet—neat, but not very smart. What do
the mothers of these children contemplate for
them? They are to be the servants, work-girls,
eventually the wives of mechanics or small
tradosmen; how much better to attire them in
simple neatures, to inculcate attention to instruction, to discipline their characters to moral
strength, and toach them to lay by the surplus,
now wasted, for some better purpose,—to aid
their start in life, or to help father and mother
on a rainy day. "But they must do us others
do, or they will be despised," is the foolish and
often fattal argument. The example and persuadon and firm perseverance of one good
mother would be sure to induce many who
know her—some, perhapa, who ridicule londest
—to follow her example,—Sunday Press.

Miss Una Hawthorne, daughter of the great novelist, is doing excellent philanthropic work in London. She is engaged in establishing a "Preventive Home" for girls in connection with a suburban orphanage. Plunging into the bad homes and destitution of London, she takes girls who are morally likely to fail, or who have fallen, but are not without hope of reform, and gives them work in the laundry of the orphanage, thus at once saving the expense of hired women, which was found to be too heavy, and giving the girls a chance of elevation. The walfs thus picked up receive their instruction in the trade and their board and clothing for the first six months, and wages for the second the first six months, and wages for the second six months, when permanent places are found

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Where floweth that full stream of life? Tell us, that so our weary feet, urned from life's pleasures, pains and strife, May by its tide find rest complete.

Rest for the aching heart of grief,
Rest for the throbbing brow of pain,
From hopes that fade as fades the leaf Boneath the autumn's chilling rain.

And on that brink may sorrow die, And sin forget its dark dismay, Knowing those waters passing by, Through fields of heavenly verdure stray.

Thon Angel, who for mun of old The spring of healing waters stirred, Lead us where ceaselessly hath rolled The flood whose voice no man hath heant.

O river, maxing glad the land By angel feet in glory trod, Bear as, still guided by His hand, To the fair city of our God!

THE LESSON OF REVERSES.

"Sit here, dear Florence, in the shade, and I will tell you what you have been dying to know all day. Yes, Floy, Charles Summer loves me, and as soon as his father return we are to be married. You and Bella Forrest are to be bridesmalds, and John Hamilton and Charles Molineux groomsmen. We are to live in a beautiful house; our furniture and all that is to be supplied from Gillows and the like; and I am to have a ledy's metal a cook, and a whole host to have a lady's-maid, a cook, and a whole host of servants, besides a page in livery to wait at table. There, I cannot say another word."

"Nor need you, dear Louise," returned her friend. "You are out of breath, and it will take

a week to recover me. So much good news at once always tires me. I wish you had a bit of

"You mean, envious thing!" said Louise.
"No, I will give you that part. You love to cry. It would be a luxury that you would appreciate to have everything go wrong, so that 'a few natural tears might come down your cheeks."

"No, Louise, I would not cast a single thorn

"No, Louise, I would not east a single thorn in your pathway; but say, in that long race after happiness which ends in a mansion and a retinue of servants, is there not a shadow that sometimes beckens to you to pause and think?"

"Not a shadow, Floy," she replied. "I leave all such unsubstantial things to you dreamy, poetic, romantic folks. My visions are all real, and Charles Sumner the true knight who gives me a bright home and all pleasant surroundings in it." in it."

O, love and youth! with what bright rose-tints O, love and youth! with what bright rose-times do ye invest all objects! I could not bear to throw a cloud over her, and I left her singing a gay song and turning over her wedding dresses, as light of heart at if no shadows were in the world. I needed not to wish that I also should have sorrow. It came faster than I had anticipated.

Charles Sumner was a very unfit person to trust one of her thoughtless temper with. He was reckless and extravagant, on the strength of some two thousands which had been left him, some two thousands which had been left him, and which he ought to have employed in business. No expensive toy was omitted that could make the house elegant; and although he did not absolutely overdraw his resources, he crippied them so much that, at the end of the month in which the two had been o-relessly spending for the approaching bridal, he had not enough remaining to warrant a style of living corresponding to the expensive outfit.

Unfortunately, the parents of Louise were too much dazzled by her marriage with Mr. Sumner to guard her from the danger in which she

to guard her from the danger in which alie atood. One word from them would have made her think, but thinking involuntarily without suggestion from others, was not natural to her. I blamed myself afterwards that I had not opened her eyes.

The wedding was magnificent. People of so The wedding was magnineent. People of so-called fashion were there, and no expense was spared to render their reception the most elegant and rechrick. A series of splendid parties were given to the bride, and called forth a correspond-ing one on her part; and now Louise was fairly launched in the wayes of that deceived and un-certain occurs of receiver favor called fashion

replied. "She has a good house in a pleasant street, with everything comfortable and even handsome about her. She had been driving out alone this morning for a ride; for her hus-

out alone this morning for a ride; for her hus-band keeps a horse and a pretty chaise."

"How in the world on Albery afford such an extravagance?" asked Louise, somewhat pettish-ly. "I am sure I have teased Charles for one often, and even he can't afford it."

I locked round the foom, and through the open door, and smiled.

"What did those curtains cost you, Louise?"
I asked.

I asked.

"Forty pounds for each window," she replied "I won't trouble you for an inventory of the rest of your furniture," said I. "but I will tell you how Sophy lives. She has white muslin curtains only. Her carpets are good substantial Brussels; her chairs well-made with serviceable seats. There are but few tables, but they correspond with the rost of the furniture. In her pleasant drawing-room her books, her pretty work-basket and her plano—that plane which was her dependence for a living, and which she would not let Mr. Albery exchange for a hand-somer one—all make her home full of comfort. In her orderly housekeeping she requires but two servants, and one of these is an orphan girl whom she took, not because she needed her. whom she took, not because she needed he whom she took, not because she needed her, but because the poor thing had no home; and as their horse stands at livery, they do not need a man. Sophy looks happy, and compares her prosent easy life with that which she experienced as a musle governess two years ago."

Louise made no reply, except that "after all, Sophy had not attained to any style."

I had abundant occasion to think, in the course of the day, that style had brought little happiness to poor Louise, and that Sophy was the richer woman of the two. Mr. Sumner came home at seven to an elegant dinner, at

came home at seven to an elegant dinner, at which there were wines and fruit of the highest

which there were wines and fruit of the highest cost. How long could this last!

Sad to tell, ere they had been married twelve menths, he was arrested at the suit of a wine merchant, and the unpaid bills of his house-keeping gloomed up darkly before him. They were ruined. Summer's few thousands were all gone in superfluities that he had been obliged to pay for at the time. He had had no settled income, and there was no one to whom he could reasonably apply for assistance. The house was in lodeling-house.

could reasonably apply for assistance. The house was stripped, and the next time I saw Louise it was in lodging-house.

If this had taught them wisdom it would still have been well; but wisdom does not come to those who do not seek her. The little that remained from the wreck soon went after the rest, and Sumner, mortified and angry with the world, went off to Australia, leaving Louise dependent on her father for a maintenance which he was ill able to afford her.

In every heart there is a spark of energy, which only rémains to be wakened into life. Sometimes it is never reached at all, and the individual goes on through existence with the reputation of idleness and inefficiency clinging to his or her character until death.

"Poor Sophy Albery, who did not live in style," was the angel who breathed the breath of life into Louise Sumner's being. After Charles Sumner was really gone, Sophy begged Louise to come to her on a visit, which visit was lengthened into many months. It had been begged as a favor to Sophy, because she wished to have company in her husband's occasional absences. She had that true and perfect kindness which will not let any one feel an obligation too heavily. Then, after some time, she gave up the two morning puolls whom she had ness which will not let any one feel an obligation too heavily. Then, after some time, she
gave up the two morning pupils whom she had
always retained, to Louise, and the latter, glad
to be able to do something for herself, increased
the number to a decon among her own acquaintances. Contrary to the established rule
of story tellers, who invariably describe a person's
friends as leaving them in the time of adversity,
it was observable that many of Mrs. Summer's
old visitors had never seemed to think so much
of her before. How far it might be owing to
Sophy Albery, it is hard to say. Certain it is
that her manner towards her unfortunate friend
was such as to inspire others with respect and was such as to inspire others with respect and onsideration.

consideration.

It was pleasant to see how quickly Louise, from her habits of indolence, was won into better ways by the example of Sophy Albery. Not all at once did she become perfect, nor yet without much tribulation; but little by little, yet with such hearty good will to do right, that her progress seemed both rapid and real.

Not now did she breakfast at noon. Long before nine ahe and Sophy were up, planning for the day. At ten Louise went to her first lesson, and returned at four, to have a cheerful afternoon with her friend.

"And oh, Florence!" she would exclaim,

to result your noble tolt. We will both tolt until pride and vanity are rooted from our hearts. Since I have been here, I have seen what I nover saw before—proud men working for daily nover saw before—proud men working for daily bread, and good, noble, generous men working with their own hands at hard, wearing tell for others—ministers, and lawyers, and physicians turned nurses, and the great and good serving the lowly and poverty-stricken. I have seen women, nobly born, washing for a living, and beggurs seated in high places. With all these in my injud, I will come to you with clean hands and an upright heart."

Nobly indeed has Charles Summer redeemed his pledge. Now, indeed, is Ludso Summer a happy wife; for only last wook Charles return-ed, renewed in heart and soul, and worthy to be her husband, the junior hard-working partner of a rising house of business, in a land where honest tell is more valued than the times of stuck-up and would-he fashionable people.

A NATIONAL PLAY-HOUSE.

Mr. Tom Taylor, who seems to share in a measure the eccentricity of his former co-laborer, Mr. Charles Reade, has underlaken to bring out at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, a series of Shakespearian plays on what are termed "asthetle" principles. The distinction intended to be conveyed as between these performances and ordinary ones is clearly set forth. Its main feature is to produce the plays for the interest of Shakespeare and of art rather than for that of any particular manager or actor. To do this Mr. Taylor proposes a kind of popular subscription. In other words, he would effect by the combination of private individuals what in France, Prussia and elsewhere is done by the Government; and he would bring back by this device, so far as the resuscitation is possible, the advantages lost through the abolition of the old patent theatres.

advantages lost through the aboutton of the old patent theatres.

That there were great advantages in the patent system cannot be denied; and if these could be got back again without paying for them more than they are worth, there would be a tangible gain. In some form or another it is probable that the establishment of a national or tangule gain. In some form or mother it is probable that the establishment of a national or subsidized theatre in all capital cities would be an excellent thing for art, and generally for the taste and culture of the community. We have lately referred to the fact that nearly every theatre in New York is running "show pieces" or melodramas. Were there a house here in which the plays were regulated as they are at the Theatre Français, the benefit would be plain. There is perhaps, no argument in favor of national galleries of painting and sculpture, or of national museums, that may not fairly be advanced in behalf of national theatres. All such institutions are "academies" of and for the whole people. The whole public pay for them on the principle of correcting the general taste, which has a tendency, when uncorrected, to decline; since the private caterers of art are always strongly tempted, for obvious reasons of on the principle of correcting the general taste, which has a teniency, when uncorrected, to decline; since the private caterers of art are always strongly tempted, for obvious reasons of interest, to assist the decadence they are always the first to perceive. The history of our own theatres furnishes cases in point, and, prosumably, always will continue to do so; they who live to please must please to live. But a really good national theatre, a theatre, that is, established on sound and permanent principles, would always have a purifying and clevating influence. It is true that, in spite of the Theatre Français, they have the Opera Bouffe in Paris and the Gaieté; but this does not endow with less significance the consideration of what, without the Theatre Français, the Parisian stage would be. We have no idea that Mr. Taylor will succeed in his project at the Crystal Palsee any more than he or any one clse would succeed in such a project here. People never pay their taxes voluntarily, and this is in the nature of a tax. Enthusiasm for the higher drama is often felt by many, and at some time or other by most people, but the fiame is rarely long and steady enough to bring about, through a voluntary system, anything like permanent results. But that a plan like Mr. Taylor's should be conceived at that it should be so much discursed, and that the debate should lead to the very general admission that the disease Mr. Taylor aims to cure exists, and somehow ought to be cured, whether he is the proper physician or not, is worthy of sorious reflection. What is true of England in this regard is true of America, since the dramatic situation is much the same in London and New York. Our theatres are some

while for the public to go to any expense for a national theatro—that it is not expedient to sup-port such a thing, on grounds like those that re-commend the establishment of national art galcommend the establishment of national art gal-leries and museums, of course the matter falls to the ground. It may, however, turn out that the more thereughly the subject is studied the stronger will appear the reasons in favor of found-ing what would be virtually a national histrionic conderny, and that every foreible plea in behalf of like academies for teaching or illustrating the plastic arts may as justly be urged for what would thus become an American Theatre Français.—New York Times.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

St. VITUS dance is a nervous disease which st. VITUS dance is a nervous disease which generally follows distemper in young dogs. It consists in a twitching, more or less violently, of the muscles of a limb, or sometimes of the whole body, and not infrequently the animal distansembly. The dog when affected slightly generally recovers in time it his general health is kent up. kent up.

PLASTER ON SPRING CROPS.—Plaster is a valuable application to almost all spring crops. Grass, clover, corn, spring wheat, and cats are all bonefited by it. It is often the cheapest fertilizer that can be purchased, as 100 pounds per acre at a cost of 50 cents has often doubled the yield of grass or clover. It should be spread evenly on the crop, after it has sarried to grow, on a quiet morning before the dow has dried off.

DO NOT WALK WHEN YOU CAN RIDE.—We have seen a man weight down a roller with stones and then walk behind. Let the horses go right along for a few hours. Then let them rest, and you can go to work.

How to plow and plant admits of greater diversity and a far greater chance for improvement then when to plant. The scanne are to

ment than when to plant. The seasons are, to a great extent, beyond our control, but the che-mical and mechanical principles of agriculture are everywhere the same, and we should study to adapt them to the character of the soil and we adapt them to the character of the soil and climate. Much of our success will depend on our ability to economize our own strength and energy and the strength of our men and teams. The more thoroughly we study scientific and mechanical principles the greater will be our ability to save labor.

mechanical principles the greater will be our ability to save labor.

When to Sill Grain.—A correspondent of the Evening Wisconsin writes: I would say to you, the one great mistake of the farming community is this, the practice of contracting debts to be paid in the Fall of the year instead of having them come due in June or wily, in or ler to have the benefit of the Fall and Spitug market. I find a great many of the farmers so, their just bushel of grain at one-half or two-thirds its value in order to pay their liabilities, and so lose the profits, thereby damaging themselves and the surrounding community by drafting the country of every dollar, leaving nothing to make improvements with. I have noticed that the middle-men are fully aware of your obligations, or, if not, the first thing you do is to inform them by saying, "I must raise some money to pay debts; what can you give me a bushel for my grain?" That gives them to understand that you are obliged to sell, no matter what you get, and they take the advantage of you.

Care of Horses in the Spring.—Many a

get, and they take the advantage of you.

Care of Horses in the Spring,—Many a young horse will take his place in barness at hard work at the plough this spring for the first time, and upon the care and skill with which he is bandled for the next three months will largely depend his usefulness for the remainder of his life. If possible let him be worked at first by the side of a gentle, well-broken mate. Let his harness fit exactly and be strong and secure in all its parts. Wherever it touches, and especially of the collar, pads, belly band and breast straps, the leather should be soft, plant and clear. A decoction of white oak bark may be used with advantage on the parts which are likely to become chafed, and an exact adaptation of the collar to the shoulder and neck is the best safeguard sgainst injury. Remove all dirt from the collar bearings and wash the sLoulders at least every day. Feed moderately and give a bran much once in three or four days. Offer your team water whenever there is an opportunity. Founders come from ever-draughts tunity. Founders come from over-draughts after long abstinence from either food or water. after long abstinence from either feed or water. No horse ever becomes so warm but that he may drink a little water with safety, and it is cruelty to refuse it to horses together in het weather.

Do not over task; clean with s brush theroughly every night, and bed down with plenty of bright straw, as yet white the horse's health or a sound sleep with a clear conscience for yourself.

So, now did sho breakfast at noon. Long launched in the waves of that deceitful and uncertain ocean of popular favor called fashionable society.

Six wocks after "Le wedding, I went, as I had repeatedly promited to do, to spend a day "and oh, Fiorence" as well as the common with a well-dreased page admitted me ... If we are noon when a well-dreased page admitted me ... If we are noon when a well-dreased page admitted me ... If we are noon when a well-dreased page admitted me ... If we are noon when a well-dreased page admitted me ... If we are noon when a well-dreased page admitted me ... If we well to be smaller room, it without feelings of distaste do I recall my lost as smaller room, it which were preparations, to a smaller room, it will when freely to a smaller room, it which were to biasma."

"Ent you have so nother part of the word to upon poor Charles, there was a nair of languor and almost of sances about her. She scarcely touched the breakfast."

"You will think me a lazy girl, Ploy, but last inght have applied a practical occommist."

"You will think me a lazy girl, Ploy, but last of its colety white representant inght sperty fairly overcame me."

"All, poor Sophy! she did not marry very well I am told," said Louise, languidly.

"Yot I found her vary prettily situated," I would replay the received Louds," I would replay the representation of them, Louise, and a lattood that society white words to the same and the same in which we have to be an antity girl to the day. The repeated white handsomer and more comfortable, and the difference of the latt that a latter to the was the handsomer and more comfortable, and the difference of the latter and the plays in some inclinates are rather more complete to the result into other late to the latter in the plays in some inclinates are rather more completed. Now, we do not one lotter to heart in the plays in the legal of the case," and the latter and the plays in the legal of the latter and the latter a

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Frw realise the power stored in coal for man's use. It is stated as a scientific fact that in a boiler of fair construction a pound of coal will convert 9 lbs. of water into steam. Each pound of steam will represent an amount of energy or capacity for performing work equivalent to 746,600 foot lbs., or, for the whole 9 lbs., 6,720,000 foot lbs. In other work, 1 lb. of coal has done as much work in evaporating 9 lbs. of water into 9 lbs. of steam as would lift 2232 tons 10 feet high.

2232 tons 10 feet high.

INDIA-RUBBER.—One criterion for good rubber has been that it would float on water, its specific gravity being 0.585. The addition of any mineral adulteration, of course, renders it heavier than water, and it sinks; but recently cork has been introduced as an adulteration; and as it injures quality without increasing its weight, specific gravity becomes an insufficient test of quality. In some specimens examined at a chemical works in Stolberg, forty to fifty per cent of mineral constituents were found, and to these are attributed the fact that India-rubber finds less use in the arts than might be expected.

EIMILABITY OF GUM ANL BLOOD.—From ex-

SIMILARITY OF GUM ANL BLOOD.—From experiments made with pyrogalic acid, Struvé concludes that gums perform a function in plants analogous to that of the blood in animals. Pyrogalic acid in contact with alkalice oxidizes rapidly, becoming of a dark brown color. With other substances, such as gum arabic and blood, the oxidation is slow, a yellow color is produced, and long, needle-like crystals form which are insoluble in water. The least trace of this yellow substance produces an intense blue with ammonis or the other caustic alkalies. The exact composition of this curious substance has not yet been ascertained.

Voice of Fishes,—At a recent meeting of the

Voice of Fishes.—At a recent meeting of the Academie des Sciences, M. Charles Robin read a report on the investigations of M. Dufossé relatreport on the investigations of M. Dufossé relating to the production of voice in certain fishes.
The swimming-bladder appears to be the principal agent in producing voice—at least in those
fishes in which that organ has a valve opening
into the corphagus; and even in those in which
it is a xhut sac, it sets as a sounding-board in
augmenting the sound produced by other parts,
That it is not exclusively the cause of vocal
sounds is shown by the circumstance that some
fish are destitute of a swimming-bladder, and
are yet capable of producing distinct musical
sounds.

THE proprietor of a manufactory of Schweinfurt green—arsenite of copper—in France, was recently sued for negligence to apply proper sanitary protective measures on his premises, such lack of precaution having resulted in the death of two workmen. Judgment having been rendered against him, he applied to the council of health for instructions as to what regulations he ought to impose in his works. At their suggestion, the laborers are now prohibited from bringing their food to the manufactory, or taking their meals there. They are required to wash their hands in acidulated water before each meal; to keep a special suit of clothes for working wear, and to use stout shoos impermeable to arsanical powder; and to leave work instantly on the slightest attack of illness.

Colors of Marine Waters,—Many local THE proprietor of a manufactory of Schwein-

on the slightest attack of illness.

Colors of Marine Waters, — Many local causes influence the colors of marine waters, and give them certain decided and constant shades. A bottom of white sand will communicate a graylsh or apple-green color to the water, if not very deep; when the sand is yellow, the green appears more sombre; the presence of rocks is often announced by the deep color which the sea takes in their vicinity. In the Bay of Loango the waters appear of a deep red, because the bottom is there naturally red. The sea appears white in the Gulf of Guines, yellow on the coast of Japan, green to the west of the Canaries, and black round the Maldive group of islands. The Mediterranean, towards the Greetan Archipelago, sometimes becomes more or less red. The White sometimes becomes more or less red. The White and Black Scan appear to be named after the ice of the one and the tempests to which the other is subjected.

FAMILY MATTERS.

HOME-MADE CHLORIDE OF LIME.—Directive a bushel of sait in a barrel of water, and with the sait water stack a barrel of lime, which should be made wet enough to form a kind of paste. For the purpose of a disinfector this is nearly as good as that purchased at the shops and drug stores at more than troble the expense.

WASHING MADE EASY.—Go to a druggist and buy one pound of soda ash and one half pound of lime; put it in two gallons of soft water, bring it to a boil, then strain. Put in a stone jar and set away for use. For a medium-sissed washing use one pint to two or three pails of water, belling the clothes one hour before rubbing. Be particular in rinsing.

How to Ripen Tonators.—Pick them from the vines as soon as they have their growth, and put them in an upper room before a sunny south window. A painted floor is best to spread them ever, as it will draw the heat much better than an uppainted one. Tomatoes do not ripen that if left on the vines after the weather gets chilly. Vines that have been kept from the frost can be pulled and hung up by the roots in the cellar. It is said the tomatoes will continue to grow said ripen for weeks.

KID GLOVER (TO CLEAR).—Piece a fine towal

KID GLOVES (TO ULKAN.)—Place a fine towel folded on the table, on which lay your glove,

take a piece of finned, and with the foreinger dip it lightly into milk, then rub it about twice dip it lightly into milk, then rub it about twice on a place of common brown scap; proceed to rub the glove, commencing with the thumb, and as the finunel ingertly becomes dirty, change it till no dirt comes off the glove. After cleaning the front and back of the finger, open the finger and again lay it down flat, this time to clean the sides, otherwise you would find a streak of dirt when the glove is dry. After the fingers clean the palm and back, taking care no particle escapes, otherwise a streak will appear. When the glove is dry pull it out, and a white clean glove will be the result. Too much scap stiffens the glove; too much milk is equally objectionable. icciionable.

jocitionable.

PINE APPLE PRESERVE.—To every pound of fruit, weighed after being pared, allow lib. of loaf sugar and a quarter of a pint of water. The pines should be perfectly sound, but ripe. Cut thom into rather thick slices, as the fruit shrinks very much in boilling; pare off the rind carefully, that none of the pine be wasted, and in doing so notch it in and out, as the edge cannot be smoothly out without great waste. Dissolve a portion of the sugar in a preserving pan, with a quarter of a pint of water; when this is melted, gradually add the remainder of the sugar, and boil until it forms a clear syrup, skimming well. As soon as this is done, put in the pleces of pine, and boil well for at least half an hour, or until it looks nearly transparent, Put it into pots, cover down when cold, and store away in a dry place.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

In communicating ideas to other minds be simple, natural, concise, and earnest.

By Love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humor is resisted, the violence of our passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, all the injuries of the world alleviated, and the sweetest flowers plontifully strewn along the most thorny paths of life.

Love does not go by words, and there are times when conventionality is impossible. There are people who understand one another at once. When one soul meets another, it is not by password, nor by halling sign. nor by mysterious grip, that they recognize. The subtlest freemasonry in this world is this freemasonry of the spirit.

sonry of the spirit.

HAD I children, my utmost endeavors should be to make them musicians. Considering I have no car, nor even thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent recollection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource which will last them their lives.

LIVE LIKE LOVERS.—Some people—men and women both—when they have got married, think they may do just as they please, and it will make no difference. They make a great mistake. It will cause all the difference in the world. They should be more devoted after marriage, if they have the slightest idea of being happy. It is losing sight of this fundamental truth which leads to hundreds of divorces.

vorces.

YOUR INEAL LADY.—When a young man is able to support a wife and a household, he should marry. But a few cantions may be suggested. He ought to consider what he has to give, as well as what he expects to receive. If he expects all the graces and virtues to reside in a woman—personal beauty, agreeable manners, intelligence, efficiency, prudence, good management, devoutness, affection—by what right does he lay claim to the heart of such as one? What rare creature are you, that such a paragon should be yours? Is it modestor manly to suppose that you have only to ask to receive? There is a wiser method of solecting a wife. Let one find in his own class and on his own level one who is fairly his equal. Let the own level one who is fairly his equal. Let the partnership be equal. Do not ask her to bring everything, and you nothing. To marry your ideal woman may all be very well; but you will have to live with a real one.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THE creditors of an absconding Yankee banker found, on opening his safe, that the only thing he had laid up for a rainy day was an um-

A Worderstein lady was prevented from attending the funeral of her aunt by being unable to prepare a mourning bustle in time. Had it been her mother-in-law's funeral she would have gone any way.

With a Texas man was trying to suchor his mule to a stake, recently, the Lilmal managed to get the rope around the man's neck, and then ran away at the top of his speed. The widow wants to sell the mule.

ried, was he?" exclaimed the coroner. "That will do. We have got at the bottom of this will do. We have got at the bottom of this business."

business."

Wirn Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a very fine organ there, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual could sit till the usual organist came imparationly forward and took his seat, saying, in a tone of acknowledged superiority, "You cannot dismiss a congregation. See how soon I can disperse them!"

disperse them?"

A REPORTER for a Western paper, speaking of a certain fair creature, remarked that "the profusion and color of her hair would lead one to look upon it as though it was spun by the nimble fingers of the easy hours, as they gilded through the bright June days, whose many sunny rays of light had been caught in the meshes, and were contented to go no further." This is better than saying the girl's hair was red." red."

There was a great delicacy in the manner in which a foreigner, having a friend hung in this country, broke the intelligence to his relations on the other side of the water. He wrote as follows:—"Your brok! it had been addressing a large meeting of citizens, who had manifested the deepest interest in him, when the platform upon which he stood being, as was subsequently according to the stood being, as was subsequently according to the stood with the stood being as was subsequently according to the stood with the stood with the stood was a way owhere the stood was a subsequently according to the stood was a subse ascertained, very insecure, gave way, owing to which he fell and broke his neck i"

which he fell and broke his neck!"

FOND OF "LOO."—A mild and affectionate wife in Lancaster overheard an acquaintance romark that her husband was too fond of loo. She waited up for him that night, and when he came home demanded to know it he had been spending his time with "Loo." The unsuspecting husband admitted that he had, when, without giving him time to explain, she went at him with a fire shovel. The busband does not exactly remember how the interview ended, but he could never convince his wife that "loo" was a game at cards, and always plays whist now, and gets home before ten o'clock.

A Washington papers tells of an elegantive

A WASHINGTON papers tells of an elegantly-dressed young lady who went into one of the dry goods stores on Pennsylvania avenue, bought a spool of cotton, and requested the proprietor to have it sout home. Overwhelmed with the important duty so suddenly thrust upon him, he important duty so suddenly thrust upon him, he immediately procured an express wagon and detailed a clerk, who, lifting the spool into the wagon, drove with it to the residence of the young lady, and, dismounting, rang the bell, and, when the door was opened, placed the spool upon his shoulder and carried it into the hall, and gently placed it on end, as if it had been a barrel of flour, and then retired. The consternation of the family can be imagined. The head of the house has been dedging in and out of the dry goods stores during the past week trying to find that elerk.

The following dialogue occurred in the Fau-

The following dialogue occurred in the Pau-bourg St. Honore, Paris, between a patriarchal gentleman and his granddaughter.

gonteman and his grandaugnter.

"What makes your hair so white, grandpapa?" inquires the maiden.

"I'm very old, my dear; I was in the ark," says grandpapa, humorously, but with a reckless regard for truth, which does not prepossess us in the old man's favor.

"Oh," says the child regarding her:
with a fresh interest "are you Naah"

ioss regard for truth, which does not prepossess us in the old man's favor.

"Oh," says the child regarding her with a fresh interest, "are you Noah."

"No, I am not Noah."

"No, I am not Shem."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No, I am not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"No, I am not even Ham."

"Then you must be Japhet," says mademoleslie, at the end of her historical tether, and growing rather impatient of the difficulty that surrounded her aged relative's identification.

"No, I am not Japhet."

"Then, grandpapa, you are a beast!"

FAIR SPECIMEN OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPER REPORTING.—A couple of dogs were having a dispute on the opposite side of a slat fence in High-street, the other morning, when one of thom, letting his valor get the better of his discretion, plunged his head through the slats, in hope of nipping his antagonist. That was where he made the mistake; the head went through nicely, but would not pull back. The other pup, seeing his fee was in chancery, leisurely commenced eating up the front part of his headand easts. There was "music in the air" about that time, and the yelping brought the juvenile owner to the rescue. He took in the situation at once, and freezing on to the dog's tail, and bracing against the fonce, he pulled his level best. For a moment it was doubtful which would give way first, the tail, the head, or the p.cket; but with a final surge, the boy brought away the pup, minus the biggest part of both ears. The first jump that that dog made was something over 20 feet, and with a continuous wail of grief he disappeared around the corner.

A prominent manufacturer of Springsled, disappeared around the corner.

With a Texas man was trying to anchor his mule to a stake, recently, the alimal managed to get the rope around the man's neck, and then ran away at the top of his speed. The widow wants to sell the mule.

In one of Lord Brougham's last speeches his false upper teeth fell out, and there was an embarrassing silence until they were restored, when he remarked that his teeth had given him a good deal of trouble ever since he had out them.

A young drug clerk committed suicide a few days ago. At the inquest the coroner asked a follow clerk of the deceased if he knew of any cause for the suicide. "No," was the reply; "he was getting along nicely, and was going to be married next month," "Going to be mar-

nose's safety by standing on his hind legs. Then while his master laughed hysterically and clap-ped both bloody hands fo his shirt bosom, as the snake leaned up against the fonce, and seemed to be trying to set a dog on the unhappy ally, as he trotted away.

OUR PUZZLER.

99. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two gallant steeds both famed in story, Two galants seeds both failed in story,

Each bore a here on to glory.

The conqueror of a world my first bestrode,
As through the foeman's ranks he furious rode.

My second carried Albion's pride

That day when Gailla's star was pale,

And took its famous name

From a city all in flame,

As the roar of British guns swelled the gale.

- Cold is the breeze of the northern sea, But the ice breaks up, and the ship sails free.
- A grim revenge and horrid feast, His teeth in the skull of the traitor priest.
- The white tents shine in the morning light, And the warriors arm for the coming light.
- i. Last, softly beautiful as music's close. Angelio woman into being rose
- A mightier arm than sword and shield. Yet asks no strength its force to wield
- Botter to seek in breezy fields for me, Than to the doctor for me pay your fee.
- The Church had launched its dreaded and But not a soul seemed much the worse
- How speeds the good ship through the form The fire burns brightly in many a hom
- A gentle spirit of the stream, Not free from human wee I ween.
- 10. Reformer of a nation's code Which ere he came was writ in blood.

100. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A novelist in Britain born, Whose writings literature adorn, Initials name. A work of merit by him penu'd, Drawn with deep pathos to the end, Finals proclaim.

- 1. An instrument much played of old.

- An instrument much played of old.
 A metal this, resembling gold.
 Circle or orb, 'twill surely prove.
 A bird—symbol of peace and love.
 Old Priam's son, by serpents shile.
 An English county, 'tis quite plain.
 Here British valour won the day.
 Name this wild animal, I pray.
 Part of a theatre, in truth.
 An Indian properts (Greech).

- 10. An Indian potentate, forsooth.

T. I.,

101. SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. A knot; to accustom; the name of an English Queen; to urge; drove.
- 2. A place of restraint; inactive; worth; to deceive; an amphibious quadruped.
 C. Marsh.

102. CHARADES.

Dreaming one fine summer day,
As close to the little brook sitting; On a moss-covered bank by the way. watched the fleet swallows at ois As over the stream they were flitting.

My first in the distance I heard As my second so slowly went round;
So still was the sir, not a single leaf stirred,
And hum of the bre, or sweet song of the bini,
Mingled soft with my whole's pleasant sound.

My second she was at our home,
We both lost our first when out walking;
She was so determined to roam, he was so determined to roam, So my whole it was no use talking. B. A. I.

Answers

- 87. CHARADAS.—1. Star-ling, 2. Part-ridge. 3. Part-rot. 4. Cuw-lips. 5. Page-ant. 6. Chin-a. 7. Bride-groom. 8. Chaff-inch.
- 88. ANAGRAMS.—I. Charles Kingsley, 2. John Stuart Mill. 3. Robert Browning. 4. Thomas Carlyle, 8. Henry, Lord Brougham, 6. Honglas Jerrold.

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90. NUMERICAL WORD PURLES,-1, Voice, 2,

WOMAN'S LOVE.

We want more love—pure, sympathetic, tender, long-suffering love; and that is the solution of one of the many social problems that day by one of the many social problems that day by day draw their geometrical intricacies closer and wider around and over us. This is only the solving of one problem in the ethical mystery of life. But it is the secret why so many homes are unhappy; why many sons and even some daughters turn out ill; why not a few marriages seem unblossed.

It is to women chiefly—we had almost said It is to women chiefly—we had almost said exclusively—that we look for this large-hearted love, tender, sympathetic, forbearing, and indugent, that has in it so much of the nature of God, that whilst it does not encourage evaluing, contemplates it in sorrow more than in anger, and does not spurn or drive to despair the doer. The world can sneer and censure and scoff at success and at failure, can find base motives in our hollest deeds, and has no mercy on our sins. Men and women want a haven of rest wherein they can lay saide the mask of on our sins. Men and women want a haven of rest wherein they can lay aside the mask of society, or where the heart, maybe tortured with self-accusation, can find the comfort of sympathy in its sorrow, if not in its error, instead of the bitterness of reproach. Boys and girls who are brought up without such a tenderness, which so frequently marks a mother's love, are apt to be hard-natured and selfish and worldly and them. love, are apt to be hard-natured and selfan and worldly and sharp. Young people are naturally less large-hearted and benevolent than their elders, and children exhibit little inclination to tenderness unless it is developed in them by example. The children of a gentle and affectionate mother are generally gentle and affectionate also.

seldom meet with instances of children going astray when they are made the friends of their parents, and are not aired to confess an error in cars indulgent with that large-hearted error in ears inquigent with that large-nearted love of which we want more. The first error so confessed and corrected, if suppressed, would have arrested the first step in a downward career into a vale of evil, the depth and width of which is guesswork.

It is the love we want more of with which a

It is the love we want more of with which a mother first opens her arms to welcome back the prodigal son, smoothes his way to recommence an honorable career, who was looked upon as lost; or if he is irreclaimable, saves him from sinking into a yet lower abyss, and, worthloss as he is in the eyes of the world, loves him, comforts him, and prays for him still.

The possession and exercise of this love that we want more of is woman's greatest and crowning right. In it lies her greatest power; without it, or at least the semblance of it, she becomes a cipher on the face of the earth, abeltahe may

a cipier on the face of the earth, also take may have gained the point of female suffrage and a place in all the learned and unlearned professions. A woman of this type is kind and generous and gentle to all around hor. The lady reformers of the present day seem to have overlooked it; and whilst professing to labor for the actablishment of a Wenner's Richts' seems. the establishment of . Woman's Rights,' seem the establishment of "Woman's Rights," seem to ignore the glaring fact that women are most downtrodden by women, and that their hardest usage is meted out to them by the tyrants of their own sox. Not only does the tyranny exist of mistress over maid, but very often that of maid over mistress, a growing ovil in the present day, when good servants are scarce, compotent over the tyrants and gaultefalls, some persent day, when good servants are scarce, compotent ones independent, and gentiefolks seem afraid to give orders in their own houses. Often, nowadays, must a guest go away empty rather than a servant be troubled to set a repost on table, or even to produce a cup of ten; and master and mistress themselves suffer considerable of the matter and mittress themselves suiter considerable discomfort at times rather than incur the risk of a warning for giving some trifling additional trouble. In such cases the so-castled servant is actually the mistress of the situation. When women serve a mistress they are sure of a harder time than when they serve a master. a harder time than when they serve a master. So that reform in the social condition of women should be so far a woman's mission, that the sex should reform themselves—pull out the beam in their own eyes first. We want more large-hearted love, which from the heart from pride and harshness, from envy and jealousy, from spite, meanness, and govenge; which sympathises with the wants and wikies and weaknesses of others; in short, does as it would be done by."

wateresses of others, in such these as well be done by."

The majority of well-meaning and good persons seem to think it indelicate to speak of love, especially as between the sexes. Prudish mothers prohibit the mention of marriage as something their daughters must not contemplate; so that instead of imparing their own wisdom to their girls in-a mafter of great importance to them, as the loving large-hearted mother would do, the young persons are driven to secret confidences in a matter sure to fill their minds, and very naturally so, with others similarly restricted, and no older or wisor than themsolves, the result of all of which is very probably an imprudent firtation and perhaps a clandestine and unsuitable match. and unsuitable match

and unsuitable roatch.

On the other hand, the match-making mother ignores the existence of love in favor of £ s. d. It is not only a foolish but a dangerous sentiment. Ridicule is a potent weapon, and if any primitive-minded and outspoken person ventures to mention it in her presence, she ridicules it as something too absurb to be supposed to exist at such an enlightened period of the world's history as the year of grace 18—, when women are going to be educated as they ought to be, and placed in their proper sphere at last. The matchmaking mother is anxions to saddle her girl on any inule who can carry the burden; her any mule who can carry the burden; her graspe the bottle and makes had worse, till the daughter, to her, is merely the subject of a monetary speculation, in which her future abruptly short, and a jury return a verdict of spouse is viewed much in the light of the Irish temporary insanity.

pig, which 'pays the rint, faix, an' a thrifto beyont, maybe.'

In both cases the growth of the heart is dwarfted; it withers or grows into a social, sometimes a moral, deformity.

Now it is a fact that men went love; not the many definitions of the money, not the homes.

Now it is a fact that men went love; not the mere dailiance of the moment, not the homage of flattery, but the repose and the comfort of all-enduring, all-forbearing, all-faithful love; or at least the gentle, patient, and indulgent tenderness that wears a great semblance of the genuine and heroic. Between woman and woman (unless indeed it be mother and oblid) and between iess indeed it be mother and child) and between man and mun friendship may, but love cannot exist. Man craves the love of a sympathising human creature, who will excuse his coduct and cherish him, no matter what his errors to the world may be. The hackneyed saying, With all thy faults I love thee still, is as truly the motto of woman's real affection now as when it was first written by hands long ago crumbled into dust. It is in its spirit of dovotion that a mother's love is often so perfect. A son errs—nay, disgraces himself and family; his father cures him, but his mother clings to his father curses him, but his mother clings to him and prays for him. Often her prayers are heard, or even after long years of doubt, when the world has abandoned him as lost, receive their answer.

A sister's love if often as full of devotion as a

A sister's love if often as full of devotion as a mother's. Many a girl has suffered privation and toil to enhance the interests, or reruined single to take care, of a good brother; and many a gentle woman has clung faithfully to a macally brother sacrificing herself and her possessions and her hopes, nursing him in self-wrought sickness, and loving him to the last. Many girls are trained simply to regard marriage as settlement or provision for them in life, and the husband as a necessary enumbrance in the arrangement. Such a girl has sold herself for the good things of this world, and thinks she has a right to demand them. Her husband must provide her a house at such-and-such a has a right to demand them. Her husband must provide her a house at such-and-such a ront and in such-and-such a neighborhood; he must furnish it handsomely. She must have as many dresses and of as costly a description as she thinks she wants. She must visit and give parties as she considers fit. If he tries to control her expenses, or speaks of temporary economy, or hints about money embarrassments, it is merely his meanness; he wants to cut her down. She has sold herself for a price, and the price she will have. She pouts, and insists, and says hard things, and persists till her will is granted, Heaven knows at what cost. She makes no pretence of loving him, because that was not 'in the bond;' she only conceats her dislike of him because she is too well-bred to be rude; it creeps out when he refuses her monetary demands, to retire again when she is pacified demands, to retire again when she is pacified to many, to retire again when she is pacified by compliance. She has cheked down and trampled on some girlish affection to marry him; or she has seen some one since to whom all her heart could have gone out, but she has shuddered and drawn up suddenly on the brink of a sin, and trampled it all out with a strong could be a sin, and trampled it all out with a strong could be seen as a simple of the strong the heart simple. or a sin, and trampled it all out with a strong will; or she has simply never warmed in thought or feeling, but, wedded without regard to an uncongenial object, has gone on developing no affection, and devold of happiness, till she it the very impersonation of a callous, selfish, haughty woman. Her husband cannot confide in her. If he tells her of business confide in her. If he tells her of business embarrassments, she raises her marked eyebrows scornfully, and says in hard metallic tonce, 'Why did you not manage better?' and adds indifferently, and in a tone that says I don't want to discuss the subject any more, it bores me, 'I do not understand business.' In her aer odilo o bores me, 'I do not understand business.' In her mind, it is essential to her dignity to be quite ignorant of the business that engresses nearly all her husband's thoughts and time, and by which she and her children are fed. Indeed, if any one asked her what her husband was, pro-bably she would not know; 'Oh, he's a merchant bably she would not know; 'Oh, he's a merchant or something or other in the City,' As he grows towards middle life, he feels the want of the repose of sympathy and affection more than when he was younger. He has had many hard gabs in life now. He is beginning to get waywor and westy, aware of the hollowness of the world, and tired of the battle of life. Mercantile speculations are looking ugly; he wants to come to some haven of rest and comfort to refresh and invigorate him for continued struggles; he would gladly retire from the turmell of City life; his luck seems changed, it would be well to give up before more is lost; but his wife exacts would gradly retire from the turmon of City info, the luck seems changed, it would be well to give up before more is lost; but his wife exacts so much, her expenses are increasing at a moment when his income is diminishing, and she has always exacted so much, little has been saved. As he had gathered, so she has scattered. Then comes the crash. He goes home. To be comforted? No. To be represented. What, give up their home? Sink into comparative poverty? How dare he propose it? He is a fool, he is an idiet, not to manage better. To drag her to poverty! To make her a scorn and a byword! To deprive her of a carriage, an establishment, and a retinue! Did she not a fraud on her? Their humbler home might be happy enough with love in it, but instead he only meets a soured, complaining, crossgrained creature. His own temper is none of the best; he has had no influence in his wedded life to creature. His own temper is none or the oost; he has had no influence in his wedded life to improve it. Where she might forbear, she retorts; where she might soothe, and irritates. And what does he do? Seeks solsce in the company of some more gentle if less-virtuous woman, with whom he finds the love, or at lesst the semblance of it, his soul craves; or he

Many girls are forbidden to think of marriago or to mention love. They are "kept down" in the presence of their parents. A girl of such a sort procures absurd trushy love nevels "on the sly;" she seeks out companiens like herself, and interchanges confidences. Above all, she delights in the servants' company, and makes herself one of them. She pauts to find she has a lover. Almost any one would be better than none, even the boy in buitons might do if a little tailer. If she rides, she possibly encourages the groom. She marries clandestinely if she can. If it must be with papa's and mamma's sanction, she submits, sighing, but it would be much nicer to run away, she thinks. She believes herself very much in love. She belongs rather to a bygone generation, and is scarce at the present day. After she is married, she is proved to be very useless. She understands nothing of housekeeping nor apparel-making. She does nothing herself, and does not arrange for others to do it. Her house is in a muddle and her children neglected. Everybody about heris unruly and uncontrolled. She expects her husband always to play the lover. After twenty years of married life, she thinks he ought to address her and flatter her as he did when he was courting. At thirty she feels neglected at missing the compliments he paid her, and the admiring looks ne gave her, at twenty. She has grown very slovenly in her attre, and not changed the date of her fashions since the wedding-day. She is mopy and imp and hysterical, and complains that "Augustus doesn't love her:" and his return nome is horaided by a shower of briny drops; and whilst she goes into fits on the sofa—and he cannot be such a brute as not to bring her to—the fish gets broken and the meat burned and the adjuncts cold, so that dinner is spoiled. Her semblance of love is a hollow mockery. She keeps him dazeling attendance on her, is unsatisfied unless he clasps her hand or talks rubbish; but he cannot discuss his real anxieties with her; he can place no confidence in a woman who would

repose or comfort has he with hor?
Orshois of the dressy sort; she goes to the extreme in fashion. She runs up bills on the sly and never thinks what they cost. She has always been sly, and is sly now. When they come in she hides them, till they can be hidden no longer; her husband quarrels with her; he declines to play the spoony after seven or seventeen years of marriage; and she, rendered still rather attractive by aid of paints and washes and flighty manners, firts openly, by way of retailation, with every fellow who has no objection. On the sly she goes farther, and either runs off altogether or is detected and divorced, to the eternal shame—loss it is impossible to say—of her unhappy children.

to the eternal shame—loss it is impossible to say—of her unhappy children.

A large number a men.of all ages certainly go astray from the simple want of love—indulgent motherly love, which a wife should, but does not always give, and which mother, sister, or flancée may in some measure supply. Denied in their own homes what they might expect it to yield of solace and cheer, they too frequently find in a questionable quarter the indulgence and consideration they have looked for in vain eigewhere. ciscwhere.

Too many women when they marry expect to find perfection in their husbands, ignoring the fact that they are not perfect thomsolves; and finding their respective Benedicts fall short of their ideal, become dissutisfied and cross,

of their ideal, become dissatisfied and cross.
Man is not only far from perfect, but his standard of excellence falls short of that of women.
Therefore as the weaker morally, not as the
stronger physically, is it that women should forbear with and defer to men. Men have much
so contend with also in the way of excitement
and disappointment, or anxiety, in their busiuess transactions, which produce an irritability
of temper it is best and kinds: to see the not to of temper it is best and kindest to soothe, not to increase.

Of such men as exercise a coarse brutality to-Of such men as exercise is course brushing wards their wives, we say nothing. They do not deserve, and are hardly likely to receive, the love which we want more of. We cannot admit such secondrels even to a moment's consideration, but reject them unconditionally as out of the pale of decent and ordinary consideration.

Women of pure and gentle rearing would do women or pure and genue rearing would do well to think over these things. They would do well to remember that we want more consideration and tendernoss in the world, and they might often soot as sister's hard way, comfort her in her trials, or save her from the bitter consequences to which her own folly is hurrying to the only ones who suffer from Men are not the only ones who suffer from her. Men are not the only ones who suner from the lack of sympathetic and kindly indulgence. Many a promising girl has been hurried to a regretful fate out of an uncongenial home. Many a wir has forgotten God and man under the weig! I her burden; and many a pure holy-mir ad creature has walked a living sac-rifice, as it were, barefooted over the sharp films

rince, as it were, caretootod over the snarp links through life.

We want more love—pure, sympathetic, long-suffering love—and less censure and harsh judg-ment between relatives, near and dear it should God causes his sun to shine on the just and be. God cates his win to smine on the just and the unjust. The rain falls. The plonty or the searcity prevails irrespective of individual merit. We do not suggest complete immunity from wrong, absence of all punishment. Nemesis exists hydra-headed; but it should not be by a man's fireside that he encounters the stroke fate or the lash of judgment. There he looks to woman to be his stay and comfort. Lot woman think a little more of this, and with God's blessing the getting of their "rights" will crop up out of it without a platform. A BRAKESMAN'S DREAM.

"Ed" is a brakesman employed on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Ralifoad. He was married only a few weeks ago. His wife had been wearing a piece of red flannel round her nack for the last ten days and complaining of a wry neck. This is how it came to pass:

"Ed" had just been doing extra duty, taking a sick friend's train in addition to his own, and had not been in bed for forty-eight hours. As a matter of course he was nearly worn out, and

a slok friend's train in addition to his own, and had not been in bed for forty-eight hours. As a matter of course he was nearly worn out, and as soon as his suppor had been caten he went to bed to sleep, perchance to dream. He was soon looked in the arms of Morpheus and Mary, and dreaming. Again his foot was on his native platform, and he heard the warning toot of the whistle for brakes. The shadowy train bore him swiftly on; the telegraph posts fleeted past quicker and quicker; the whole country fied like a panorama mounted on sheet lightning rollers. In his dream he heard far off another roar, and swinging out by the railings he saw another train coming at lightning speed around the curve. Both trains were crowded with passengers; in another moment they would rush together, and from the ruins a cry of agony would shiver to the tingling stars from the lips of the mainned and dylpg. The engineer had seen their danger; for at that moment, in his dream, he heard the whistle calling for brakes sound loud and unearthly. With the strength of desperation he gripped the brake and turned it down. There was yells of pain, and "EA" woke to find himself sitting up in bed and holding his wife by the ears, having almost twisted off her head.

That's how "Ed's" wife came to wear a piece

That's how "Ed's" wife came to wear a pled of red flamel round her throat and complain of a wry neck.—Missouri Democrat.

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