

THE GITANA.

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THE GITANA.

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KXV.

A STRANGE DUEL.

The Indian drew his hanger; Morales's legs gave way beneath him; his hair, had he possessed any to speak of, would have stood on end with affright.

"Sir," cried Tancred horrified, "what are you going to do? Do not kill the man in this way. He cannot defend himself and it would be a cowardly thing to do?"

Quirino made no reply. He took from his game bag a long and thin rope, which he cut in two. With one piece he tied Morales' hands behind his back, and with the other securely bound the Spaniard to a tree. This done he said in a low tone, but loud enough for Tancred to hear:

"At least I shall be sure to find him again just now."

"And I too," Tancred murmured to himself, "will be very glad to find him when this business is over."

"Alas!" thought Morales, "whoever comes out the best, it is all over with me. There is only one chance for me, and that is in their both being killed. Ah, Our Lady of Atocha, deign to grant that two deaths may prove my salvation!"

"My dear Senor Quirino," cried the chevalier, "what a queer place you have chosen for our affair. It is no easy matter to extricate ourselves amongst this tall grass."

"I chose the place," replied the Indian, "to equalize the chances."

"What do you mean?"

"My life has been passed in the woods, senor. My business is that of a hunter. My eye is as keen as an eagle's; I have never missed a shot; my bullet goes straight to the mark, if it be only a humming bird pecking itself over the crest of a palm-tree."

"Plague on it," thought Tancred, "that is a bad look-out for me."

"Therefore," continued Quirino, "you are a dead man if I fire first. As I said before, I don't wish to murder you. I must have your life, for you have robbed me of her whom I loved more than the whole world. But you are guilty of no crime against me; you have neither deceived nor betrayed me, so even in my hatred I shall act honorably towards you. There is only one way of giving you a chance of safety, and it is this: You see that hut?"

"Yes."

"We will take our places one at each end of the garden, so that the hut will be between us, at an equal distance from each."

"But then," said Tancred, who was unable to understand these strange preliminaries so completely foreign to his own experience, "we shall not be able to see one another."

"Just what I intend."

"I do not exactly see what you are driving at, but I suppose I shall understand when you have thoroughly explained yourself."

"When we have taken our places," continued the Indian, "I will clap my hands three times, and then each one will do his best to save himself and take the other one's life. The one who



"OLIVER, I BEG YOU, I COMMAND YOU TO READ ME THE LETTER."

first shows himself to the other will be a dead man."

"Ha, ha! I see now. It is rather an uncivilized way of doing it, but it possesses the merit of originality. I think," he added to himself, "that if God grants me life, the story of this affair will make a sensation at home."

"Senor," said the Indian, "I am waiting for you."

"I am ready," returned the Frenchman. The two followed the beaten path which led to the hut. On reaching the door they stopped.

"I take the right, you the left," said Quirino. "I shall stop at the hedge, under the loto tree, your place is yonder, near that clump of aloes."

"Agreed."

The two turned their backs on one another and advanced slowly to their respective positions.

"The chevalier will get through the hedge and escape," thought Morales, and I shall remain alone at the mercy of this fiend incarnate Quirino. Oh, Carmen, you accursed girl, what a wasp's nest you have set loose about your unhappy brother with your ambitious dreams!"

The Gitano was mistaken. The thought of escaping never occurred to Tancred. He resolutely crossed the thick undergrowth of brushwood and parasitical plants, took his place near the clump of aloes, and examined the priming and cock of his musket. Having satisfied himself on this score, he waited for the signal. Before very long he heard the three claps agreed upon. Instinctively he sunk on one knee and disappeared among the long grass which when he stood reached to his breast. Thus hidden, with his musket at his shoulder, he was ready to shoot down his opponent as soon as he might show himself.

The Indian's tactics were entirely different. As soon as he had given the signal he bounded

through the grass to the hut and hid himself behind the angle of the wall, exposing only a part of his forehead and one watchful eye. In this position he was able to command that part of the enclosure which Tancred would have to cross to reach him. With his finger on the trigger and his ear on the alert for the slightest noise he stood as motionless as a statue.

On his side the Frenchman did not move. Some moments passed in this manner. To the two combatants they seemed like hours. Morales too was surprised at the length of time that elapsed without bringing any change in the situation. He was, to say the least, an interested spectator.

The Gitano's feelings may be judged when he heard a low voice behind him.

"Listen, Senor Don Guzman, but don't stir, and if you care for your life answer me in a whisper. Do you hear?"

"Yes, yes," replied Morales. "Whoever you may be, if you have any pity, help me in the name of Our Lady of the Pillar, of Our Lady of Atocha, and of St. James of Compostella."

"Senor Don Guzman," continued the voice, "you are a dead man, and you know it, don't you?"

"Yes, I am lost, completely lost unless you help me. But you have a kind heart, and you will save me. I shall be eternally grateful to you."

"You value your life very highly, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"What would you give to be free at this moment?"

"Everything!—everything I possess in the world, caramba!"

"Would you give two doubloons?"

"Two doubloons? I would give four! I would give ten!"

* A doubloon is a little over \$17.

"Ten doubloons! Really?" continued the voice eagerly.

"Besides my life-long gratitude."

"Never mind the gratitude. We are talking about the doubloons."

"I have them!"

"With you?"

"Yes."

"Then give them to me and I will set you free."

"Alas, I cannot get to my pocket! My hands are tied behind my back."

"I'll cut the rope, but I won't touch the rope round your waist, and if you try to get away without giving me the money I'll yell for help."

"Don't be afraid. Great Heaven, if my hands were only free you would not have to wait a minute—not a second!"

In another moment the cord that bound Morales' hands was out and the Gitano hastily fumbling in his pockets drew out ten gold pieces which he dropped into an outstretched black hand. Slightly turning his head he saw to his surprise the grinning countenance of the *calesero* who had brought him into the snare.

"There's your money, my good fellow. Now cut the last rope, quick!"

"It's soon done, senor. And now get through the hole in the hedge and run like mad."

While this was going on below the enclosure an idea had occurred to Quirino.

"Who knows," he asked himself, "but that the Frenchman, profiting by my foolish good faith, has made off like a coward. But I'll find out."

He was on the point of quitting the shelter of the wall, but a sense of prudence and of mistrust withheld him.

"One moment more," he thought, "I will repeat the *Pater*, the *Ave*, and the *Credo*, and at the last word of the *Credo* I advance."

And he began slowly, but impatiently: *Pater noster qui es in caelis*.

In the mean time Tancred's patience was giving out. His right knee, which rested on some sharp stones, was intolerably painful, and his arm could hardly sustain the weight of his gun. He fought with all the energy in his nature against the weariness that was overpowering him. In a few seconds more he felt that he must change his position. But the slightest movement he might make would reveal his whereabouts. Like Quirino, he too said: "One moment more—"

A sudden rustling in the aloe clump beside him stopped his train of thought. This was followed by a low metallic rattle. He looked behind him, and saw, within a few inches of his face, a huge cascade hanging from a tree. The creature's eyes were fixed on him with a strange fascinating power.

The sight of the terrible reptile made him forget the other peril of his position. He threw himself back, with the butt end of his musket struck the animal heavily on the head and sent it rolling twenty feet away. In so doing he raised his head an instant above the friendly bushes. It was enough for Quirino. A shot

was fired and Tancred, dropping his gun, fell heavily back with a last cry on his lips.

The Indian left his position and ran to the spot where his rival had dropped.

Just at this moment the negro had succeeded in freeing Morales.

"My sister is a widow," exclaimed the Gitano, as he heard the shot. "She has no one in the world but me. We must take good care of her brother, at all events."

Following the advice of his rescuer, he threw himself on the ground, wormed his way snake-like to the hedge, and once on the other side ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the city.

The *calesero*, unwilling to meet the Indian, followed his master, after taking care to put his earnings safely away.

On reaching the spot where Tancred had fallen, Quirino found the young man lying in a pool of blood. The ball had entered the chest and had lodged in the right shoulder. A stream of blood poured from the wound.

A cloud passed over the Indian's face.

"What had he done to me?" he murmured. "He did not even know that he had injured me! Ought I to have avenged myself thus?"

Kneeling down by the body, he placed his hand over the young man's heart. It was perfectly still.

"He is dead!" he exclaimed in a hollow voice.

Then rising from the ground he added fiercely:

"I have kept my oath! He was not guilty, yet I have killed him! Now for the others, and, first of all, that miserable Gitano!"

He turned towards the tree where he had bound Morales. The Gitano was gone! He could hardly believe his eyes. Rushing to the spot he saw the severed ropes.

"Clumsy fool that I am!" he cried passionately. "I should have killed him at once. But I'll find him! Yes, by all the demons, find him I will!" And he started off in the direction of the villa rented by Morales.

While the Indian was hastening in one direction, the Gitano was hurrying away in another, at a tremendous pace.

In a quarter of an hour he reached the city, and a few minutes brought him to the quay. Here he found Carrén standing by the palanquin, pale with impatience and rage. For three quarters of an hour she had waited without seeing anything of Tancred or Morales. In the meantime the "Marsouin" had sailed.

"See," she cried, clutching her brother by the arm, "there is the "Marsouin," all sails set, leaving the harbor."

Looking at Morales she remarked his discomposure, his dusty torn clothes, and his trembling hands.

"Where have you been?" she asked in a frightened voice. "What has happened? where is Tancred?"

Morales did not answer. He looked confusedly about him, and seeing at a few paces from him a number of boatmen whose little crafts were moored along the wharf, he drew a handful of gold and silver from his pocket.

"This for the men who put us on board that vessel," he cried.

The men shook their heads. There was but small chance of catching up to the "Marsouin" by this time. One old salt, however, determined to make the attempt.

"Senor," he said, "we'll try to do it, and please God we will do it. But get aboard quick. If you wait five minutes our chance is gone. She'll catch the wind just now, and be off like a gull."

"You hear, Carmen," said Morales. "Quick!"

"Where is Tancred?"

"Quick, Carmen! This is a matter of life or death."

"Where is Tancred?" asked the girl once more. "I will not go without Tancred."

"Look sharp, senor!" cried the old boatman. "No time to lose."

Morales could wait no longer. Taking Carmen in his arms he placed her in the boat and got in after her. The oars dipped into the water, and the boat skimmed away.

"Brother," exclaimed Carmen, clasping her hands, "do you wish to drive me mad? Where is Tancred? Why do we not wait for him?"

Morales did not care to hide the truth any longer.

"See," said he, showing his bruised and bleeding wrists. "This is only by a miracle that I escaped. Quirino discovered us! He is taking his revenge! He is behind us! Tancred is dead!"

Carmen uttered a cry of pain, pressed her hand to her heart and slipped senseless to the bottom of the boat.

Morales treated his sister's sorrow with much coolness. After all it was better as it was, he reasoned, and now turned his attention to the "Marsouin."

At first the boat had gained upon the merchantman, but when the latter finally caught the wind the boatmen gave up the chase as lost and proposed to turn back. Morales, however, with the fear of Quirino before him, absolutely declined. He would make one effort more. Tying his handkerchief to a boat-hook he stood up in the stern-sheets and frantically waved his improvised signal in the hope of attracting the attention of those on board. The men exchanged a smile over what appeared to them a useless effort. They laughed in their sleeves at the simplicity of the passenger in expecting that such a small display could attract any attention.

They were, however, wrong for once. Morales' extemporized flag caught the eye of Mathurin Lemonnier. Thinking that the boat con-

tained the Chevalier de Najac he gave orders to heave to.

"See, see!" cried the Gitano, "I have succeeded! They are waiting for us! Row, row, my brave fellows. I will make it worth your while."

The men bent to their oars with a will, and before very long the boat drew up alongside the vessel. A rope ladder was lowered, up which Morales climbed with all the activity of a liberated monkey. Two of the boatmen followed with Carmen, whom they laid unceremoniously upon the deck. In his joy at effecting his escape Morales was for once generous and the three men rowed back well satisfied with their venture.

The hands of the "Marsouin" formed a circle round the inanimate form of Carmen, wondering, and pitying the fair young creature that lay there as dead.

Morales fully understood the necessity of concealing his joy. Assuming a saddened look he turned to Lemonnier.

"Captain, in the name of humanity have my unfortunate sister, Madame de Najac, carried to her cabin. And God grant that my care may restore her to life!"

XXVI.

CARMEN AND ANNUNZIATA.

Morales' words and the tone in which they were uttered astonished the worthy captain.

"Senor," said he, "you frighten me. Has any misfortune happened to your sister? How comes she in this condition? How is it that her husband, the Chevalier de Najac, is not with you?"

Morales covered his face with his hands and burst into a perfect (imitation of a) paroxysm of tears.

"Senor, senor," continued Lemonnier, touched by this explosion of grief, "what is the matter?"

"Alas!" murmured the Gitano, "I have not the courage, the strength to tell you."

"What, in Heaven's name?"

"The misfortune, the crime, the catastrophe! Oh, my God! my sister will never survive it! poor child! poor child!"

Morales' sobs became so violent that they seemed to threaten a nervous attack. The whole crew of the vessel pressed around him and the captain. The latter, in order to give the Spaniard time to recover from his emotion, had Carmen carried to her berth, and begged Annunziata's waiting-woman to attend to her. Then he returned to Morales.

"Senor," said he, "pardon me for trespassing on your grief, but my fears are so great that I must satisfy myself. When I hear you speak of crimes and catastrophes, I fear something has happened to the Chevalier de Najac. I beseech you to let me know the worst."

"Alas! alas!" stammered Morales, "noble and unfortunate young man! Tancred! dear Tancred!" Fresh sobs interrupted his utterance.

"Well?" asked Lemonnier, who was trembling like a leaf.

"Murdered!" sobbed Morales.

"Murdered!" exclaimed the captain, falling back with a gesture of horror.

"Yes," continued the Gitano in a faint voice, "murdered in a cowardly manner under my very eyes when I was unable to help him! Oh, misery, misery, misery!"

Morales showed his bleeding wrists once more.

"But who," asked Lemonnier, "was the infamous wretch who committed this abominable crime?"

"Don't ask me now. I have not the strength to answer you. Later on you shall know all. Just now I must attend to my sister. Poor dear child, only just married and a widow already! the widow of a man whom she adored! perhaps her grief will carry her off to join him."

The captain was compelled to delay further questions, and himself he conducted Morales to his sister's cabin.

Carmen had just opened her eyes, but on recovering from her swoon she fell into a violent fever. She was quite delirious, and incessantly repeated in a wearied broken voice:

"Tancred, Tancred, where are you? Tancred, I am waiting for you, why do you not come?"

There was no doctor on board. Carmen's illness would probably be long and dangerous, perhaps fatal. Both the captain and Morales were at a loss what steps to take. But Annunziata, who had heard from her maid that a young lady was on board at the point of death, determined, without even asking the stranger's name, to tend her through her illness. The same day she took her place at Carmen's bedside.

"I shall save her!" she cried, with a pitying look at the pale face of the sufferer; "she is too young and too beautiful to die yet. Poor child, already unhappy! We are sisters in age and in suffering. I know I shall love her."

Leaving Annunziata to watch by Carmen, let us return to Morales.

On recovering from his paroxysm of grief the Gitano went to the captain to whom he related a long story in which truth and fiction were strangely commingled.

According to this story, which we do not care to repeat at length, a young Indian prince, named Quirino, a direct descendant of the ancient Kings of the Islands of Cuba, immensely wealthy, and so on, was deeply in love with his sister, had proposed, and on being rejected became furious and vowed to take frightful revenge if Carmen were to bestow her hand upon any one else. Carmen, her future husband, and

Don Guzman himself were all included in the threat. After this Quirino disappeared from Havana, and his menaces were forgotten. Carmen married the Chevalier de Najac. The manner of and the circumstances attending this marriage Morales told in his own way. He then related how the Indian prince, having heard of Carmen's marriage and of her intended departure set an infernal snare for herself, her husband and her brother; how the scheme was in part defeated, the young girl having passed by a different road to that where Quirino was in wait for her, with half-a-dozen of his most devoted followers; how Tancred and Don Guzman were captured by this horde of savages, dragged into a forest near the city and tied to trees; how the Chevalier fell under a score of knives, and how at the last moment Morales himself had escaped the same fate through the courage and devotion of a faithful *calesero*.

The story was perfectly touching, quite dramatic, and almost likely. The wounds on Morales' wrists, however, offered indisputable proofs of its correctness. So Mathurin Lemonnier accepted it all as gospel, and pitied with his whole generous heart unhappy Tancred, unfortunate Carmen, and the inconsolable brother. The narrative soon got wind and before long everyone on board had it by heart. When Annunziata heard it, and learnt who her patient was, she redoubled her attentions. It seemed to her that the two of them had something in common.

Carmen's illness lasted for many days, but under Annunziata's care she was snatched from the jaws of death. Finally she began to mend. Her youth and vigorous constitution asserted themselves. When she was restored to consciousness, the first face she saw was that of Don José's daughter.

If the simple reader imagines that Carmen's illness was brought on by grief at the loss of her husband superinduced by affection he may as well learn at once that he is entirely mistaken. The girl, as we already have said, could not help liking her handsome young husband. But the true reason of her grief was the overthrow of all her ambitious projects, the crumbling of the magnificent castles in the air she had so cleverly, and so laboriously constructed, that they bid fair to become realities. In the moment of her triumph the cup of success was dashed from her lips.

As soon as Carmen was strong enough to bear a long interview Morales closeted himself with her and in a low voice, for fear of indiscreet ears, told her the true history of the adventure with Quirino. He took care, however, to exaggerate very considerably the angry expressions used by the Chevalier on learning his wife's and brother-in-law's real rank in life.

"In short, my poor sister," concluded the Gitano, "you might have looked upon your husband as lost to you, for a scandalous dissolution of the marriage would have been the infallible result of the information volunteered by that wretch Quirino. As it is you are the widow of the Chevalier Tancred de Najac. As it would have been the Church would have dissolved your union."

Carmen replied with a flood of tears, but in reality her brother had judged her correctly. In her grief it was a great consolation to know that Tancred were he alive would have been nothing to her, and that she had really gained by his death.

She was careful to let no one, not even Morales, see what was going on in her mind, and she continued to play, as cleverly as ever, the comedy of despair.

During her convalescence a great intimacy had been struck up between the two girls, and when Carmen was well enough to leave her bed the two became inseparable. Clad in deep mourning they spent their days in Annunziata's little saloon, and their evenings under the awning which the captain had had stretched over the quarter deck. They exchanged experiences and condolences with one another. Don José's daughter told the story of her bereavement, and Carmen treated her friend to a remarkable string of statements respecting her early life, which did great honor, if not to her veracity, at least to her imagination.

The Gitano, notwithstanding her show of sympathy and abundant tears, could hardly restrain her contempt for her companion in suffering.

"Strange child," she thought, "she is going to France to join her betrothed, a young, handsome, and enormously wealthy man, and she complains of her fate! she is unhappy! What should I be, I whose projects have all proved abortive, whose plans have miscarried and whose hopes have made shipwreck? What should I say? Ah! why am I not in this child's place! My heart breaks with bitterness at the thought of this happiness which awaits her and which she refuses to recognise. It is something more than mere scorn I feel for this foolish Annunziata who blubbers and whines over her splendid future. I despise her, I hate her! Her tears are an insult to me! Her pretended unhappiness is a mockery of my misfortune."

And when the young orphan would throw herself on Carmen's bosom, crying: "Oh! you love me! Your heart can understand all that mine is suffering!" the Gitano would clasp her in her arms and answer with a shower of kisses.

While Carmen and Annunziata were exchanging their tenderesses, the Gitano, or rather Senor Don Guzman Morales y Tulipano, was doing all in his power to dispel the ennui of a long sea voyage on a vessel carrying no passengers.

Notwithstanding his brilliant position as a Spanish nobleman and a wealthy proprietor, he condescended to treat the captain on a footing of perfect equality, and the latter, we are bound

to confess, felt himself highly honored by such a mark of distinction. The pair took their meals together; the ladies being served apart in the private saloon.

Naturally a gourmand, and very expert in matters culinary (like nearly all of his race who from time immemorial have preserved the secrets of unheated off but exquisite dishes, and toothsome sauces, unknown to ordinary mortals, secrets which were communicated to Alexander Dumas at the time of his last tour in Spain,) the Gitano deigned to impart some valuable hints to the cook; and at times himself superintended the preparation of certain mysterious viands worthy of the table of a crowned head.

Mathurin Lemonnier knew what is good, and he was happy to be in a position to admit that Don Guzman's culinary efforts were more than perfection. The worthy man would rub his hands and thank his stars for having given him such a pleasant companion as the Spanish gentleman, whose presence on board agreeably whiled away the tedium of the voyage.

After the evening repast, amply washed down with rare old Xeres and Oporto, the two men would take the air on the poop. They then returned to the captain's cabin, where Don Guzman was affable enough to win a few pieces from the worthy Norman. Towards midnight they separated, and Morales in the retirement of his cabin held a long and solitary carouse over sundry flasks of French cognac and Jamaica rum. Then he would go to his bed and indulge in bright dreams for the future.

Since he was no longer afraid of Quirino the Gitano feared nothing and no one, not even God. Nothing seemed to him difficult or impossible. He too was becoming ambitious.

True the death of the Chevalier de Najac had robbed him of the support he had relied upon for making a brilliant appearance in the world, but this did not discourage him, and he looked for higher honors than ever.

In his long conversations with Mathurin Lemonnier he had acquired some largely developed, if not very exact notions of what went on at the French court and in the private apartments of His Majesty Louis XV. At that time people in the provinces were talking a great deal of the reign of Cotillon III.

"Who knows?" he thought. "Havre is not very far from Paris, and Paris is close to Versailles. However beautiful the reigning favorite may be, my sister Carmen is more beautiful still. The widow of the Chevalier de Najac is just as good as the wife of a small country gentleman, and the rôle of Count Jean du Barry would suit me to a dot. The King is a widower. He is weak, they say. There would be no end to the power of a clever favorite who knew how to rule him. Did not Louis XIV, the Great Louis XIV, become the husband of old Maintenon? Nothing is impossible in this world! I say it, and I believe it, caramba!"

And thereupon Morales went to sleep and dreamed that Louis XV was calling him brother-in-law.

XXVII.

THE SILVER CASKET.

The "Marsouin," wafted by favoring wind, was about attaining the end of its voyage; the coast of Portugal was already in sight; in a few weeks she would enter, with full sails, into the English Channel, and at length would cast her anchors into the still waters of Havre basin.

Never had the frank and open countenance of Mathurin Lemonnier offered a lovelier expression of contentment; because the worthy seaman had never brought his vessel into port with a cargo more precious in the eyes of a ship-owner. He knew that the arrival of Annunziata would be a great event for Phillip LeVaillant, and would cause him an immense joy, not unmixed, however, with a profound grief, because to the fatherly embraces which he would bestow on the daughter of Don José would be joined tears shed for the death of his old friend.

One day, within sight of Cape St. Adrian, jutting forward from the extremity of Gallote, the breeze which had so steadily propelled the vessel over the broad billows of the ocean, suddenly fell and was succeeded by a dead calm.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the Captain as he gazed upon the sails hanging flaccid along the masts. "this will delay us and it is a great pity, for we were advancing as if Eolus himself stood at the helm and was blowing us onward."

Nevertheless, his vexation bore no traces of uneasiness. He dined merrily with Morales, and both, according to their nightly habit, took up the cards and began that eternal game which the Gitano always won, thanks be to the wonderful skill with which he forced chance to remain faithful to him.

All at once, the door of the cabin where the two men were seated opposite each other was partially opened, and in the aperture the first mate displayed his slightly lowering face.

"Well, Peter Hauville," asked Mathurin, "what may be the matter?"

"The matter is, Captain, that I am somewhat uneasy."

"Why so?"

"It seems to me I see something in the sky and on the sea which is not quite satisfactory. Come up on deck a moment if you please, Captain, and you will see."

*The Parisians, and after them the whole French people, adopted a joke said to have originated with the King of Prussia, who nicknamed Madame de Chateauroux, Cotillon I.; Mdme de Pompadour, Cotillon II.; and Mdme du Barry, Cotillon III.

Mathurin knew well that an old bronzed mariner, like Peter Hauville, who had sailed twenty years on all the seas, was not the man to have useless misgivings to disturb his Captain, without grave reasons.

He, therefore, left the cabin at once, and followed by Moralès, who continued to be paler than usual, mounted rapidly the stair which led to the quarter deck.

The first look which he cast around the vessel convinced him that the apprehensions of Peter Hauville were not without foundation.

The atmosphere was calm and yet the sky and the sea presented a singular appearance.

Above the vessel, the firmament was of incredible purity, and myriads of stars sparkled in the infinite space.

At the horizon, however, a bank of clouds formed a deep black line. In the midst of these clouds, the moon, which was at its full and had just risen, appeared like a circular blotch of a dull sanguine hue.

That drop of blood produced a weird and sinister effect in the bosom of the ebony bank which increased in size every moment and seemed to climb from the far depths of the ocean to scale and invade the heavens.

The clouds glided with incredible swiftness and still no breath of wind reached the vessel; the flag of the main mast fell perpendicularly and the flame of the windward light did not flicker.

This was not all.

Around the "Marsouin" the sea rose in small chipping waves, crested with phosphorescent foam, which did not appear to come from the distance.

These little fleecy waves appeared to be produced by breakers. The sea was boiling. And still Mathurin was certain that he was not in the immediate vicinity of any rock, and the "Marsouin" was at least eighteen miles away from the nearest coast.

The Captain took in the whole scene in the twinkling of an eye.

Wrinkles formed on his forehead. A deep line grew between his brows.

Moralès perceived these symptoms.

"Dear Captain," he asked, "what do you think of it?"

Mathurin shook his head thoughtfully.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Moralès, "is there then any danger?"

"I still hope there is not, Don Guzman."

"But you are not certain! May St. James of Compostella and Our Lady of Atocha, protect us?"

"..... you are certain, my dear Captain?"

"What can I answer?..... Man cannot fathom the will and the designs of God... Since I have been on the sea—there are many years—I have never beheld what my eyes now witness. Look, these clouds rise without a breath to waft them. The waves are agitated without a storm to rouse them..... what will happen?..... I know not and I place my confidence on Him who rules the tempest and the sea..... Senor Don Guzman, do you know a finer prayer than that of the Breton seamen: O GOD! TAKE PITY ON ME, MY SHIP IS SO SMALL AND YOUR SEA IS SO LARGE."

"Yes... yes..." muttered Moralès... Very fine... very fine... I will remember it with pleasure when we get on shore..."

"Captain," asked Peter Hauville, "have you any orders to give me?"

"Yes."

"What are they?"

"All hands on deck, in case the wind rises and blows to a tempest."

"Enough, Captain."

In a minute or two the whole crew of the "Marsouin" was grouped on deck, at the foot of the masts, and the oldest among the tars exchanged significant looks which, had Moralès been them, would have rendered him far more nervous than he was already. But Moralès was too much of a nobleman to bestow any attention on common seamen.

The seething of the Ocean increased in intensity; the surface of the water appeared luminous, and a bubbling, similar to that of a huge cauldron, set on a raging fire, was heard far and wide.

On the horizon the black line continued deepening; it reached the half of the firmament. The sanguine blotch was merged in the gathering gloom.

Suddenly dull reverberations were heard, like the distant thunder of a hundred cannon; and simultaneously the black line widened, spread out like a fan, and veiled the entire heaven.

Then burst forth, like a signal, a formidable crash of thunder.

All the elements answered together.

A sheet of fire enveloped the embattled clouds; the angry sea leaped in mountain surges; from the four points of the compass the high winds trooped, with the hissings of demons.

The vessel, thus attacked, turned upon her own length, like a top in the hands of a child. She tottered like a drunken vixen, and her timbers gave forth a groan, while a prodigious sea broke over her, carrying off a portion of her gunwales. All this happened in less than a minute.

"Captain," said Peter Hauville, "if we go at this rate we shall make the coast in less than two hours."

"I know it," replied Mathurin, with imperious coolness.

"But then," cried Moralès, "we shall be lost."

"I fear so..... However we must struggle."

And while the Gitano rushed down to the cabin to put on a life-preserver, the captain took up his speaking trumpet and gave an order

to the crew, which was instantaneously executed. The object of the order was to tack about, so as to avoid the coast.

But the attempt was abortive. The vessel continued to drift in the eye of the storm. The sails were torn to rags, and the mizen mast, rent in twain, was blown away like a wisp of straw.

Suddenly, a loud cry was heard in the rear.

The rudder was unhinged by a shock of the sea, and the sailor who held the tiller swept into the waves.

Up to that moment, the wreck of the "Marsouin" was a probable event. Now, it was a certainty.

Mathurin Lemonnier dropped, in a state of complete discouragement, on a coil of cordage at the foot of the main mast.

Pierre Hauville approached him and asked: "Captain, have you any orders to give?"

Mathurin shook his head.

"What must we do?" continued the mate.

"Commend our souls to God and wait...."

In less than an hour we shall be on the coast. We shall then try to lower the boats and save the passengers and crew... But I am convinced all will be in vain and that we shall perish every one."

Peter Hauville left the captain without betraying any emotion.

After a while Mathurin descended slowly into the cabin. His object was to warn Annunziata and Carmen of their peril and ask them to pray for the safety of the ship.

The daughter of Don José and the widow of Tancré were sitting together in the cabin. They both appeared calm.

"Captain," said Annunziata with a sweet and resigned smile, "I know what you have to announce. There is no hope, is there?"

"No hope but in God," replied Mathurin.

"How long have we yet to live?"

"An hour at most, unless a miracle occur, and that miracle you must pray for."

Another smile, sadder than the first, wreathed the lips of Annunziata.

"Alas!" she murmured, "once at my father's dying bed I prayed for a miracle and did not obtain it. I hope for nothing, captain, yet I will pray."

Mathurin bowed and bent his steps towards the door. Annunziata stopped him.

"Captain, when the last minute arrives, you will warn me, will you not, so that we may raise a parting look at the sky?"

"I will have the honor to come myself," answered the Norman.

And he departed.

Annunziata then took Carmen in her arms and kissing her fondly, said:

"What is death to us, dear sister?..... Shall we not meet above those whom we loved most on earth?"

Carmen fancied she felt the icy hand of death flashing through her long hair. She answered nothing.

The daughter of Don José opened a little casket of chased silver which contained, as we know, several jewels and two letters. She put the letters to her lips and on her heart, then replaced them in the casket, locked the same and said to Carmen:

"This is my treasure. I will not part with it. It will go with me into the deep. And now, my sister, let us do as the captain desired; let us pray."

Time had advanced.

The storm had doubled its fury. On board a silence, as of the tomb, prevailed. This silence was suddenly broken by a great clamor from every breast.

A wave, more gigantic than the rest, seized the "Marsouin," raised her on high, where she trembled one brief moment on the crest of the surge, then dashed her forward into the yawning trough of the sea, with the rapidity of an arrow. Her keel and her bulwarks cracked. The main mast fell prone on the deck. The ship's bell tolled. It was a awful minute.

When the tumult ceased, the "Marsouin" was found hemmed in between two rocks, like an iron wedge in the trunk of an oak tree.

A cry of joy and hope arose. It was not salvation; but it was a respite. Mathurin determined to lower the boats and immediately gave orders to that effect.

Then he descended into the cabin.

"Is it death that you announce, captain?" asked Annunziata, in a calm voice.

"Not yet. It is perhaps life."

The eyes of Annunziata expressed surprise. Those of Carmen sparkled.

"Ah! what has happened?" she exclaimed.

In a few words, Mathurin Lemonnier explained the situation, and requested the young girl and the young woman to go up on deck.

Annunziata took the handle of the little silver casket and followed Carmen who had already sprung up the stair.

On reaching the deck they met Moralès who had just made his appearance. He was the picture of perplexity and despair.

The captain turned his attention to the boats. He had two—a cutter and a long boat. The cutter could hold ten persons. The long boat twenty. And there were twenty-five persons on board.

The cutter was lowered first. It was taken to the stern of the ship; two cables were attached in front and rear; four sailors, oar in hand, took their seats; the pulleys creaked and slowly the embarkation was let down. When it reached the water, the vessel gave a lurch, the cables broke, the boat was capsized and not one of the seamen in it rose to the surface.

This catastrophe nearly paralyzed the captain,

but he roused himself and ordered the lowering of the long boat. Fortunately, that was accomplished without accident.

Mathurin approached Annunziata, and said: "Pass down first, Miss, the way is perilous, but not impossible... courage and make haste."

"I shall have courage," answered the daughter of Don José; then addressing Carmen: "Hold this casket, my sister, till I reach the boat. You will then throw it to me."

Annunziata kissed her companion; murmured a short prayer; tied her dress modestly around her ankles with a handkerchief; then seizing the cable with her fragile hands, was launched into space.

While she accomplished the dangerous descent, every eye was fixed upon her. Though her hands were blistered and torn by the rope, she held on bravely, till she reached the arms of the sailors who manned the boat.

"Your turn now, Madam," said the Captain to Carmen.

The Gitana approached the side to throw down the casket and to attempt the perilous descent.

But it was too late.

A wave struck the boat, breaking the larboard oars, and sent it spinning forward in the distance.

"They are lost!" cried Mathurin.

"Not they," exclaimed Carmen, "they float. It is we who are lost!"

"We and they, Madam. They have only four oars. See, the boat does not obey its helm. She will soon founder."

In a few minutes the boat had disappeared in the darkness of the tempest.

"It is over," said Carmen. "We must die. I am only eighteen and might have lived—"

Stricken with despair, she rushed back to the cabin and threw herself upon her bed, clasping the casket of Annunziata on her bosom.

Of the whole crew of the "Marsouin," only seven remained.

Pierre Hauville approached the captain: "Captain," he said, "they want to build a raft."

"It is useless..... but let them do it?"

The sailors seized their axes and in less than an hour had accomplished their design.

It was launched at once.

At that moment, a fresh outburst of the storm overwhelmed it and the vessel. Then the sky suddenly cleared, the waters fell, the clouds parted and the silver moon shone softly over the expanse. The deck of the "Marsouin" was deserted; the raft and the men had disappeared.

Only Moralès, near the ship, was seen struggling with the waves.

Stretched on her bed in the cabin, motionless, but with eyes open, Carmen slept not. Paralyzed physically and morally by fatigue and fright she was plunged in a torpor akin unto death.

Hours passed.

Carmen recovered gradually. Slowly her memory returned. She arose trembling, and after many efforts succeeded in dragging herself to the deck.

The spectacle that met her eyes was solemn. There was the tossing sea, the white rocks, the bright sky, silence, solitude and infinity.

At length at the foot of one of the rocks, she spied a dark object. She distinguished a ship's boat, floating keel upward. She looked again. She could not be mistaken. There were the golden letters on the stern: THE MARSOUIN.

Doubt was now impossible. The long boat had capsized.

"Poor Annunziata," she murmured, "she has gone to join her father."

And the tears came to her eyes.

She then explored the vessel, but found no trace of a human being.

"Where is my brother? Where are the captain and the sailors?" she asked herself. And she called aloud.

To her voice no voice replied.

Carmen understood her position. She fell upon her knees, clasping her hands and crying, with anger and consternation:

"Oh! the cowards, the cowards, they have abandoned me. What will become of me? Have pity on me, O my God!"

Then she wept for long hours.

Day passed and night came on with its terrors and hallucinations. In the darkness, Carmen was tortured by the phantoms of her imagination. The morning dawned like a benediction. The Gitana took courage. She tore up long strips of white muslin with which she made a flag, in the hope of hailing some passing vessel.

She was not disappointed. Two vessels appeared in sight. She waved her flag, but the summons were not heeded. She did not lose courage, however. At length, toward evening, a little coaster with a triangular sail hove in view. For the third time Carmen displayed her signal and to her immense joy it was answered, a boat, manned by four sailors, put from the vessel and made for the wreck. Carmen, holding the casket of Annunziata in her hand, stood forward to meet it.

At eighteen life is so dear, and the future appears so beautiful!

XXVIII.

FATHER AND SON.

On the declivity of the beautiful hill of Ingouville, within sight of Trouville and Honfleur, the mouth of the Seine, the promontory of Heve and the fair city of Havre, there was, at the epoch of our story, a delicious habitation, surrounded by a garden so vast that it might have been taken for a park.

This habitation belonged to Philip Le Vallant.

This personage, at the time that we present him to our readers, had the appearance of a man fifty-five or sixty, though he was really ten years older.

His hair was white and abundant, but his eyebrows were black and clearly pencilled; his large blue eyes were the mirrors of a noble, and generous soul.

This old man, three or four times a millionaire, was seated in a handsomely furnished little drawing room, dreamily dressing his fire, when the sound of horse hoof were heard in the courtyard below. He rose from his seat, looked through the window and a smile of love and pride beamed on his lips.

A moment after, the door opened and a tall young man, of ideal beauty, thin and pale, with eyes as soft as a woman's, entered the room and embraced the old man respectfully, saying:

"Good-day, father."

"Did you take a long ride to-day, my son?" demanded Philip.

"Yes," replied Oliver, "I went as far as Tancarville."

"And you learned nothing on the way? You have nothing to tell me?"

"Nothing whatever, father, except that it is cold and that I am almost frozen."

"Come then and warm yourself."

Father and son sat down at opposite corners of the fireplace. They exchanged a few words, on subjects of no importance, and, after a time, lapsed into a profound silence.

At length, the old man said:

"My son, what ails you?"

"Nothing," replied Oliver.

"Oh! that is your usual answer, but I can hardly believe you. You conceal some grief of yours from me."

The young man assured his father that such was not the case.

"Listen, Oliver," continued the old man, "you cannot deceive the eyes and the heart of a father."

"I declare to you—"

"Let me continue. This sadness of yours dates from your last excursion into Brittany, where you spent three months."

Oliver kept silence.

"My son," continued the shipowner.

"Father?"

"Have you no confidence in me?"

"Do not speak thus, father."

"I beg you to open your heart to me. Tell me all."

"I have nothing to say, and I conceal nothing."

"Very well, I see you mistrust me."

The conversation continued in this tone for a considerable time. The young man made no revelation. But the father did. He told his son that he was anxious for the safety of the "Marsouin" and the arrival of Annunziata.

The mention of that name increased the pallor of the youth.

The "Marsouin," continued Philip, was the glory of my fleet—solid, elegant, swift, fit to brave any storm in any sea. Mathurin is an able and prudent commander. I repose in him an absolute trust. But see, this is the hour of the high tide. I am going on the pier to witness the coming and going of the ships, will you come, Oliver?"

The son accompanied his father. They remained on the jetty the whole afternoon. As night closed in, they returned home.

"Nothing new, Zephir?" asked the shipowner of his old domestic.

"Yes, master, a large packet of letters has come. I placed it on your table in the drawing room."

"Letters?" murmured Philip, "letters? who knows? There may be one about the "Marsouin."

And the old man hurried up into the drawing room, followed by his son.

The lights in the two silver candelabra over the chimney-piece were burning. The table was covered with letters.

"Oliver," said Philip, "will you help me to read these letters? Tear off the envelopes! Read date and signature! Glance over contents! Later I will examine all the papers in detail. What I want first and foremost is news of the "Marsouin."

The young man began breaking the seals and he read aloud!

"Venice—Angelo Viterbi—"

"Pass on."

"Amsterdam—Van Troffer—"

"Another."

"Tunis—Hadje-abd-el-Hamed."

"Continue."

"Mexico—Joaquin Moratin."

"Don't mind."

"London—William Huggs."

"Faster, Oliver, faster."

"Drontheim—Jan Byernarme."

"That is all? And not a word of what I want to know. Go on, Oliver."

The young man continued.

He passed in review a number of commercial letters from Goleonda, Stockholm, Odessa, Delhi, Pekin, Quebec, and twenty other parts.

After each signature, the shipowner repeated:

"Go on—go on."

At length, a letter, the last but one, came into the hands of Oliver. It was dated Lisbon and bore the signature of Don Juan Mendigo, the agent of Philip LeValliant in Portugal.

Oliver glanced through it, as he had done with the others, but instead of casting it aside, he held it in his hand with an expression of astonishment and horror.

"Well, my son, what is it?" exclaimed the old man.

XXIX.

FROM LISBON TO ST. NAZAIRE.

Oliver made no answer.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Le Vaillant, stretching out his hand for the letter that seemed to have turned his son to stone.

"Father," cried the young man, drawing back, I beseech you in mercy for yourself do not ask me the contents of this fatal letter!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "it is some misfortune then?"

Oliver hung his head.

"Whatever it may be," continued his father, "I must know it at once!"

"Father!"

"Oliver, I beg you, I command you to read me the letter."

"I will obey you. But be calm, for Heaven's sake."

"I am waiting."

(To be continued.)

BETTER THAN HE SEEMED.

A quaint old town was Hereford. Its buildings were antiquated and its inhabitants clung so tenaciously to the traditions of their forefathers that no more obstinate or exclusive set of landowners could be found in the shire.

Scarcely more than 2,000 souls comprised the population, but what they lacked in numbers was balanced by the extreme respectability of those who lived and carried themselves as little lords among the tenantry. Hereford had its banking house. To be sure, it was a diminutive appendage of the big concern in Liverpool, but Mr. Sandhurst Tipton, M. P., resident partner presided over its dignity and lived in the old brick mansion on the top of the hill, screened from the vulgar gaze by the heavy yew trees that formed a cordon about his retreat. Hereford also had its established church, and its good vicar, Dr. Stole, though an austere man on the church homilies, could, nevertheless, at times be as decorously jolly as the worst of his parishioners, and was a rough rider when the bounds were in full cry.

The family of Mr. Sandhurst Tipton consisted of his wife and two daughters. The former was a tall, stern-looking lady, with enough dignity to have satisfied the most exclusive aristocrat; while the daughters, Augusta and Cecily, to the disgust of their parents, most unaccountably had imbibed notions altogether too plebeian for their nation and birth. It was Mrs. Tipton who had insisted on their being educated abroad, and it ever since had been to her a source of lamentation, and her more astute husband, who had opposed the scheme but nevertheless yielded to his wife's wishes, never failed to remind her that the consequence was the result of her own folly.

Mrs. Tipton knew this full well, therefore she never sought to gainsay its truth, only she extenuated her mistake as best she could, reminding her lord that she was educated at the same institution whether she had sent her daughters, and had come out *sans reproche*.

Precept and expostulation seemed lost upon these wilful girls, and they only laughed at the lectures they received, frequently replying by some club-house phrase they obtained, heaven knows where. Two London seasons had failed to eradicate the blemish of their characters, and now Mr. Tipton and wife had resigned themselves to the unhappy conviction that they must patiently endure that which they could not cure.

The sisters were out one day on horseback, and, as was their custom, they were unattended by an escort. Augusta, who was a dashing horse-woman, was riding near the edge of a wood that was bounded by a thick thorn hedge. On the opposite side was a young man who had fallen asleep reading a book which was lying on the green sward. At a banter from Cecily, Augusta put her horse at the hedge and leaped him clean over it. A cry of pain immediately followed, and the young sleeper sprang to his feet, then staggered and fell, with his forehead cut open by the hoof of Augusta Tipton's horse.

The daughter of Sandhurst Tipton possessed a courageous mind. She neither screamed nor wept at the consequence of her unfortunate prank.

"Tie your horse and climb over here this instant," she called to her sister; "I believe I've killed a poor fellow. How perplexing this is, to be sure." She had sprung from her saddle, and knelt beside the bleeding man, while he was all unconscious of the fair fingers which were twisting a cambric handkerchief about his temples.

Cecily, in conformity to her sister's summons, had scrambled through the hedge, and was doing what she could to bring the stranger to consciousness.

"He is handsome—don't you think so, Gussy?" she asked, gazing on his pale face.

Her sister made no reply, but clutched at her vinaigrette and applied it to his nostrils.

It happened that Cecily at that moment spied a letter lying on the ground, near the book. In an instant she had caught it up, and with womanly curiosity was examining the superscription. It was postmarked Brussels, and was directed to Mons. Louis Bernier, London.

Cecily pressed her hand upon her brow, as if in thought, and then handed the letter to Augusta. The latter looked sharply at the superscription, and then remarked: "Oh! that's it. How strange!"

"Where did we hear that name?" asked Cecily. "I am sure we have come across it somewhere."

"In the newspaper," replied her sister, "don't you remember a few days since the announcement of Count Bernier's son being implicated in that French plot, and the flight of young Bernier to Belgium?"

"True enough," responded her sister. "Wouldn't it be romantic if our stranger and young Bernier were identical?"

Augusta pushed the letter in the young man's pocket none to soon, for he opened his eyes and gazed languidly at his fair companions.

"Do you feel much pain?" inquired Augusta. "I really cannot express my sorrow at having been the author of your accident. It is very strange you did not hear us."

"I was asleep, mademoiselle," he replied, in a low voice that had just enough of the French accent in it to establish his nationality.

A half hour later and the sisters were sitting beneath a tree with Louis Bernier telling them the story of his life.

In one of the houses at the outskirts of Hereford, Louis Bernier had found a temporary home with a stout yeoman named Perry Hawks. There were very many reasons why he desired obscurity at that moment, and not the least of which was to keep his father, the Count, in ignorance of his whereabouts. He therefore gave an assumed name, when occasion required it, and had not Augusta boldly charged him as being the son of Count Bernier, and having to fly his country, it is probable he never would have revealed himself. But the positive and unexpected manner of Augusta Tipton had taken him at a disadvantage, and he surrendered at discretion, only stipulating that if they ever met in the presence of others they should know him as Mr. Lewis.

Shortly after the event just narrated a young man named Lewis appeared at the bank of Mr. Tipton and deposited several thousand pounds, at the same time presenting a letter of introduction from one of his London friends, who spoke of Lewis as the son of a distinguished gentleman, residing abroad. The banker offered Mr. Lewis the hospitality of his house, and invited him to dine.

Lewis's complexion was habitually pale, but upon the present occasion it was whiter than usual, and the newly healed seam across his forehead was still visible in a crimson line. His introduction must have caused Augusta and Cecily some secret amusement. Be that as it may, they never by look or sign betrayed the thoughts that passed through their minds.

Every small community seems to be afflicted with one or more persons whose chief business seems to be in discovering facts regarding their neighbors hitherto unknown, and then, without loss of time, proclaiming them, to the discomfiture of those concerned. In the person of Tom Delong, Hereford had one of those enterprising individuals. Moreover, he was the nephew of Sandhurst Tipton. The banker had for years set his face against his nephew's manner of life, but as "blood is thicker than water," he could not cast off his dead sister's child, so Tom had a *carte blanche* to his uncle's house, where he never failed to disgust his aunt and her husband by his slang of the race-course and prize-ring—in his estimation two of England's most valued institutions.

Mr. Tipton was sitting in his room at the bank when Tom entered.

"Good day, uncle," he said, flinging himself down carelessly on a sofa.

Mr. Tipton raised his eyes, and welcomed his nephew in a commonplace way.

"Who was that fellow you had up to the house at dinner the other day?"

"I am not aware that I had any 'fellow,'" answered the banker, with some severity of tone.

"Oh, you object to the term, do you?" replied Tom; "let me qualify by calling him a chap."

"Quite as objectionable as your previous expression, sir," responded his uncle. "If you refer to Mr. Lewis, who has deposited in this bank and who brought me a letter of introduction from my friend Colonel Branford, I request you to speak of him with more respect."

"Branford! Branford!" replied Tom, "why that's the name of the shooter who used to stop with you so often a few years past. By Jove, I knew I had heard the name somewhere. Did you notice his death in the *Post*?"

Mr. Tipton started from his seat and grasped the paper. Sure enough, Colonel Branford had fallen dead at his club. Verdict, apoplexy. So sudden was the news that the banker felt sick and was obliged to swallow some wine. Branford and himself had been school-fellow; in a few days he was to have seen him.

"What were you going to say regarding Mr. Lewis, Thomas?" asked the banker.

"I was simply going to state that I have good reason to doubt that he is what he represents himself, and perhaps if I give you my reason you'll come down from that high horse you are on and listen with more attention to what I have to say. Please tell me the day that Mr. Lewis, as you call him, dined with you."

"Let me see," replied the banker, running over the days in his mind—"it was last Friday week."

"Friday is an unlucky day to bet on a horse, whatever it may be on a man. Friday week, hey? Well, Uncle Sand, for a week or more previous to his introduction to my cousins, they had met him every few days, and as far as they were concerned I don't think an introduction was at all necessary."

"How dare you make such an assertion?" cried the banker, springing to his feet, and con-

fronting his nephew with face alternately white and red.

"Because I interrupted the meeting myself," replied Tom, with the utmost coolness; "and I dare assert anything I know to be true; but if you don't believe it, why, of course, it don't make any difference to me. Good-by," and he arose to leave.

"Stay!" responded his uncle, "tell me all about it."

Tom seated himself again, and gave a detailed account of the times he had seen Augusta and Cecily meet Lewis. Each time they met near the scene of the accident by the wood. Tom never heard any conversation between them; he was up among the trees getting grubs to go fishing.

Mr. Tipton left the bank earlier than usual that day, and on his arrival home his daughters were summoned to his presence and requested to give an explanation of their previous acquaintance with Lewis.

In a short, decisive way, Augusta related the accident that occurred on her leaping the hedge, and frankly admitted that both herself and Cecily had met Lewis even as Tom Delong had reported.

"Then why did you not mention it? At least why did you let me suppose you were strangers when I brought him to my house? Explain that, if you please."

"I cannot do it," replied his daughter; "at least without violating his confidence."

"His confidence," sneered her father. "Ho! it's come to that, has it? That will do."

Mr. Lewis received a short, curt note through the post in the handwriting of Sandhurst Tipton, requesting a suspension of his visits to the house, and declining any intercourse except upon business.

By the same mail came a foreign letter for Lewis (whose retreat, it seems, had been discovered), giving him intelligence of the death of his father, and requesting his return to France, his family having secured his pardon from the governor.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of Mr. Tipton and Tom Delong, Augusta and Lewis had a final interview; then he was seen no more.

A year had passed away, and Mr. Tipton had ceased to remember Lewis, when he one day received a letter from the British ambassador at Paris, informing him that Count Bernier, a distinguished nobleman, at that time in the King's service, was about to visit England, and that he would have the pleasure of giving him a letter of introduction to Mr. Tipton.

The banker read the communication with feelings of pleasure. It was always gratifying to his vanity to be the recipient of such communications. His wife, to whom he exhibited the letter, at once began to plan a match for her daughter Augusta. The latter indulged in such hearty screams of laughter that the propriety of her mother was shocked.

It was arranged that a grand dinner should be given in honor of the Count's arrival. A malicious smile was ever playing upon the lips of Augusta, which both her father and mother attributed to a wrong motive.

In his old accustomed seat at the bank Sandhurst Tipton was sitting some months afterwards, when the card of Count Bernier was handed him.

"Show him in immediately," cried the banker, springing toward the door.

The next moment he had mechanically grasped the hand of the Count, and the two stood regarding each other in silence. At length Mr. Tipton spoke:

"How is this? I believe I am looking upon Mr. Lewis?"

The Count smiled, and, sitting down by the banker, explained all that was mysterious in his first visit to Hereford, and completely satisfied the banker of the propriety of all his actions.

Before leaving the bank Count Bernier had obtained Mr. Tipton's consent to propose to his daughter.

"Come down stairs," cried the banker, as he arrived at his door, absolutely forgetting for the moment his decorum, "come down here and see an old acquaintance."

A few weeks later there was a grand time at the Tipton mansion; every one was jolly, and none more so than Dr. Stole, as he fussed and fumed about the rooms. Augusta was to marry a nobleman, after all. Her mother's cup of joy almost ran over. Tom Delong was there, but he did not call the Count a "fellow," and suspended his slang phrases, except in one solitary instance. When his aunt asked him what he thought of the ceremony, he replied, "Well the parson gave them a fair start, and, I think, on a square heat Gussy will come out ahead."

LOVE ON A LOG.

"Miss Becky Newton."

"Well, sir."

"Will you marry me?"

"No, I won't."

"Very well; then don't, that's all."

Mr. Fred Eckerson drew away his chair, and putting his feet upon the piazza unfolded a newspaper. Miss Becky Newton bit her lip, and went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be the last of it. She had felt this proposal coming for a month, but the scene she had anticipated was not at all like this. She had intended to refuse him, but it was to be done gracefully. She was to remain firm, not-

withstanding his most eager entreaties. She was to have told him that, though respecting his manly worth and upright character, she could never be to him more than an appreciative and earnest friend. She had intended to shed a few tears perhaps, as he knelt writhing in an agony of supplication at her feet. But instead, he had asked her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishment, and on being answered, had plunged at once into his newspaper, as though he had merely inquired the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.

"You will never have a better chance," he continued after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheet to find the latest telegraphic reports.

"A better chance for what?" she asked shortly.

"A better chance to marry a young, good-looking man, whose gallantry to the sex is only exceeded by his bravery in his defence."

Fred was quoting from his newspaper, but Miss Newton did not know it.

"And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted the lady sarcastically.

"Before long," continued Fred, "you'll be out of the market. Your chances, you know, are getting slimmer every day."

"Sir!"

"It won't be a great while before you are ineligible. You will grow old and wrinkled and —"

"Such rudeness to a lady is monstrous," exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily, and flushing to the temples.

"I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becky. Will you mar —"

"Not if you were the King of England," interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down her work. "I am not accustomed to such insults, sir."

And so saying she passed into the house and slammed the door behind her.

"She is never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his paper and replaced it in his pocket. "I was a fool to goad her so. I shall never win her in that way. But I'll have her," he exclaimed aloud. "By Heaven I'll have her, cost what it may!"

Very different was Fred Eckerson, of the present, pacing up and down the piazza, from the Fred Eckerson of a few moments ago, receiving his dismissal from the woman he loved, with such a calm and imperturbable exterior. For he loved Becky Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he half suspected, was not so much with himself as with his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared in luxury and the recipient of a weekly allowance of pin-money sufficient to pay Fred's whole bills for a month, she had no idea of changing her situation for one of less comfort and independence. Besides, it had been intimated to her that a neighboring planter of unusually aristocratic lineage looked upon her with covetous eyes. To be sure, he was old and ugly, but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind Miss Becky Newton did not desire such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow to slip by unimproved.

But alas for human nature! If Becky was really so indifferent to Fred Eckerson, why did she run up stairs after that interview, and take the starch all out of her nice clean pillow-shams by crying herself into hysterics on the bed? It was not all wrath or vexation, it was not all pique. There was somewhere deep down in Becky's heart a feeling very much akin to remorse. She was not sure that she would not one day be sorry for what she had done. She had no doubt she could be very happy as Fred Eckerson's wife after all.

"But then," she cried growing hot with the recollection, "he was so rude and so insulting! I never could live with such a man—never!"

When Fred Eckerson had walked off some of his feelings on the piazza, he concluded to take a look at the river. The Mississippi, which flowed within five hundred yards of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its "spring rise." Its turbid waters rushing swiftly towards the sea had nearly filled the banks, and in many places had broken through the levees and flooded the lowlands for many miles. A crevasse of this description had been made in the farther bank, nearly opposite the house, and the windows of the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast and glittering inland sea, not laid down on the maps. The main current of the stream bore on its coffee-colored bosom an enormous mass of floating timber, which was dashed along the boiling flood, rendering navigation wholly impossible.

Now it happened that by a curious coincidence Miss Newton also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat slipped out at the back door to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree on the bank below the house. Throwing herself upon the grass, and lulled by the bubbling of the rapid flood beneath her, she soon fell fast asleep. Had she possessed any power of foreseeing the future it would have been the last thing she would have done, for although it was very pleasant dropping asleep there in the shade, with the soft sun-light filtering through the leaves overhead, the awakening wasn't at all to her mind. A terrible crash made chaos of her dreams; the ground slipped from beneath; the tall cottonwood toppled and fell; and Miss Becky Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more somebody's arm was around her, and she fell

herself lifted up and placed somewhere in the sunshine, though precisely where she was yet too bewildered to know. Getting her eyes open at last she found Fred Eckerson's whiskers nearly brushing her face.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Where am I?" asked Becky, shivering and looking around her.

"You are in the middle of the Mississippi," replied Fred, "and you are in the fork of a cottonwood tree, and you are voyaging towards the Gulf of Mexico just as fast as the freshet can carry you."

"How came you here?"

"In the same conveyance with yourself, Miss Becky. In fact, you and I and the tree all came together, to say nothing of a portion of your father's plantation, which, I fear, is lost to him forever."

Becky was silent. She was thinking not of the accident or their perilous position, but her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass.

"How long were you there before this happened?" she asked.

"As long as you were. I was up in the tree when you came."

"You had no right to be there," she said, coloring, "a spy upon my movements."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You intruded on my privacy, and while you slept I watched over you, like the sweet little cherub that's aloft."

"Thank you for the service, I'm sure," she said, bridling.

"You snored awfully."

"Mr. Eckerson, remove your arm from my waist."

"Then put yours around my neck."

"Indeed I shall do no such thing."

"Then you will fall into the river if you do not."

Becky was silent for several moments, while their unwieldy raft whirled along in the current, rolling from side to side, and threatening every instant to turn completely over and tip them off. At last she said:

"What are we to do?"

"I think now that I am started, I shall go on to New Orleans," he replied.

"To New Orleans?" exclaimed Becky. "It is a hundred miles."

"Yes, and the chance of a free passage such a distance is not to be neglected. You can go ashore if you prefer."

She burst into tears.

"You are cruel," she said, "to treat me thus."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Fred, drawing her close to him quickly; "cruel to you?"

There was no help for it, and she again relapsed into silence, quite content, apparently, to remain in Fred's arms, and evincing now no disposition to rebel. For once in her life she was dependent on a man.

"I want to go to New Orleans," continued Fred, after a pause, "because there is a young lady of my acquaintance residing there, whom I have some intention of inviting into this neighborhood."

"Oh!"

"If we don't go to New Orleans, if we get safely out of this scrape, I shall write her to come any way."

"Ah!"

"I shall obtain board for her in St. Jean, which will be convenient for me as long as I remain your father's guest. I can ride over after breakfast every morning, you see."

"She is an intimate friend, then," said Becky.

"I expect to marry her before long," he replied.

"Marry her? Why you—you proposed to me this morning."

"Yes, but you refused. I told you then you would never have another chance."

Becky was silent again. It is a matter of some doubt whether, had Fred at that moment, sitting astride that cottonwood log, with his feet in the water and his arm round her waist, proposed to her a second time, she would have accepted him or not. To be sure a marvellous change had come over Becky's feelings since her tumble into the river. She felt just then that one strong arm like that which supported her was worth a thousand old and decrepit planters; and she recognized the fact that a man who could talk so coolly and unconcernedly in a situation of such extreme peril was of no ordinary courage. But she was not quite prepared to give up her golden dreams. The dross was not quite washed out of her soul, and she did not yet know how much she loved Fred Eckerson. Besides, she did not half believe him.

The clumsy vessel floated on, now root fast sideways, and now half submerged by the boiling current. Their precarious hold became more uncertain as their frames became chilled by the cold water, and every plunge of the log threatened to cast them once more into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one on the shore. The cottonwood retained a course nearly in the middle of the stream, too far from either bank to render their outcries of much avail.

Yet to die in a man's arms seemed not wholly a terror. She could hardly think, if death must come, of any way in which she would rather meet it. Was it possible she loved him and must need be brought within the valley of the shadow before she could know her heart? Had she loved him all along? While she was thinking about it, chilled by the exposure and the night air, she fell asleep. When she awoke the stars were out, but she was warm and comfortable. Raising her head, she found herself enveloped in Fred's coat.

"Fred!"

"Well?"

"You have robbed yourself to keep me warm. You are freezing."

"No, I ain't; I took it off because it was so awfully hot;" and taking out his handkerchief with his disengaged hand, he made pretence of wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"How long have I been asleep?"

"About three hours. We are drifting inshore now."

"Shall we be saved?"

"I don't know. Put your arms around my neck, for I am going to take mine away."

Becky did this time as she was bid. She not only threw her arms around his neck, but she laid her head upon his breast without the slightest hesitation. In the darkness Fred did not know that she imprinted a kiss upon his shirt-bosom.

"Hold fast now," he cried. "Hold on, for your dear life."

The log had been gradually nearing the shore for some time, and now it shot suddenly under a large sycamore tree which overhung its branches in the brown flood. Quick as thought, Fred seized the limb above his head, and pulled with all his might.

The headlong course of the cottonwood was checked; it plunged heavily and partly turned over; its top became entangled in the sycamore, and a terrific crash ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the projecting branch, taking his clinging burden with him. In another instant the cottonwood had broken away and continued its voyage down the river, while the bent sycamore regained its shape with such a quick rebound that the two travellers were nearly precipitated into the stream again. Fred, half-supporting, half-dragging Becky, worked his way to the trunk by a series of gymnastics that would have been no discredit to Blondin, and in a moment more both had reached the ground in safety.

"That's a business we are well out of," he said, when he had regained his breath. "Now, where are we?"

He looked about. A light was glimmering from a habitation behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Becky could not walk without great pain, and Fred lifted her lightly in his arms and started for the house. It proved to be the dwelling of a small planter, who was nothing lack in hospitality. Here their wants were quickly attended to, and under the cheering influence of warmth and shelter Becky was soon herself again.

They drove home the following day, Fred having procured the loan of the planter's horse and chaise for that purpose, promising to return them by Mr. Newton's servant the day after. The morning was bright and clear, and the fragrance of the orange groves was in all the air. Becky, who had maintained almost utter silence since their escape from the cottonwood, was no less silent now. Fred himself did not appear communicative, and many miles of the long ride were taken without a remark from either. It was Becky who spoke first.

"Fred," she said.

"What?"

"You have saved my life, have you not?"

"Happy to do it any day," he remarked, not knowing what else to say.

"I thank you very much."

"Quite welcome, I'm sure."

There was another long silence, broken only by the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the road. Fred himself seemed to have lost some of his habitual ease, for he kept his whip in constant motion and held the reins nervously.

"Fred!"

"What?"

"Are you going to write to that young lady in New Orleans?"

"I s'pose so."

"Hadn't you—better—try—again—before you—before you write?"

He turned his eyes full upon her and opened them wide.

"Try again! Try what?"

"I've been thinking through the night," said Becky, bending low to hide her face, and carefully separating the fringe of her mantilla, "that—perhaps—if you had asked me again the same question—that you did yesterday morning—I might answer a little different."

Becky's head went against Fred's shoulder, and her face became immediately lost to view.

"You darling!" he exclaimed; "I never intended to do otherwise. The young lady in New Orleans was wholly a myth. But when, may I ask, did you change your mind?"

"I have never changed it," she murmured. "I have loved you all the time, but I never knew it until last night."

And so to this day, when Mrs. Becky Eckerson is asked where she fell in love with her husband, she answers, "On a log."

PIGEON-SHOOTING PRIESTS.

The *Times'* special correspondent with the Carlists gives the following interesting account of pigeon-shooting:

The Carlist officers, sadly puzzled how to break the state of *ennui* caused by their monotonous life in Estella, have at last bethought themselves of pigeon-shooting by way of a diversion. This sport is carried on here so very differently to what I have seen it in other countries, that perhaps a description of the method employed may not be uninteresting. Yesterday morning I was awoke at five by the nephew of General Ello, Captain Borot, who had promised to initiate me into the mysteries of *la casa de las Palomas*—the chase of the doves. My com-

panion was attired in uniform, boots, spurs, &c., with the exception, however, of the cap, which had been replaced by a sort of wide-awake, thus giving a comical aspect to the rest of his garb. "I have only been able to get one gun," he eagerly observed, "and I do not know what we shall be able to do with it. The confounded hammer does not work; it will stick at half-cock." A wonderful piece of mechanism was the arm in question, with its single barrel at least 5ft. long; the stock, which was very short, being richly inlaid with gold and carved all over with grotesque figures representing the sport. "Very pretty to look at, but uncommonly dangerous to its owner, should he succeed in discharging his weapon," was my mental reflection; and after an hour's walk we arrived at a large wood, thickly planted with young oaks. Thousands of wood pigeons could be seen hovering about at great distances from the ground, and from time to time the report of firearms announced that we were approaching our destination. Presently the rustling of the branches in a neighbouring tree made me look up, and I saw to my astonishment a pigeon, apparently performing the evolutions of Leotard, on a sort of bar which was attached to a bough, and rapidly swinging backwards and forwards, the bird all the while expanding his wings and turning half somersaults in the air. "Quick!" said my companion, seizing me by the sleeve, "they are coming—run, run!" And he suddenly dragged us into a sort of earth-built hiding-place, a few yards from the spot where we had been standing; there I found myself in a hole, about seven feet high. The roof was covered with leaves and brambles, so naturally interspersed that a stranger might have passed close by and not been in the least aware of the hut's existence. The mud walls were loop-holed in every direction, and a string tied to a branch on which was fastened the acrobatic pigeon passed through one of the embrasures, the other end being in the hands of an old priest, who was frantically pulling it, thus giving rise to those strange gymnastic exercises performed by the bird outside. The attire of the *cura* himself was singularly ludicrous; a broad-brimmed, low-crowned ecclesiastical hat, very much the worse for wear, covered his closely-shaven head; for the every-day cassock was substituted a short schoolboy's jacket, with sleeves very much too short for the long arms of the wearer; black trousers, protected in front from the dirt by a long leathern apron somewhat in the style of that used by London draymen, and a pair of slippers completed his costume. Several other divines, all of them more or less funnily garbed, were seated round a heap of half-consumed embers, anxiously superintending some earthenware dishes, the contents of which emitted a most appetizing odour. Guns of every description were in the corners of the hovel, some with flint locks, others percussion, and all of them single barrels, with the exception of one, the property of the *cura* with the short jacket; his was a double-barrelled muzzle-loader, and the owner was evidently immensely proud of his weapon. Our hurried entrance caused a general rise; there was no time for introductions, each man seized his weapon. My companion made another frantic attempt to make the hammer of his own piece work; and finding it was hopeless, he put down the arm and came to a loophole by my side. The performances of the captive bird had caught the attention of a large flock of pigeons, which, swooping down from an immense height, settled on the neighbouring branches. They were evidently lost in astonishment at the fantastic evolutions of their feathered brother, and unconscious that several clerical gentlemen, each with his finger on the trigger, were only waiting the word to have a family shot into the centre of their number. "Vamos!" suddenly shouted the *cura* with the short jacket; and at the sound of the last syllable a general explosion occurred, followed by a rush through the narrow entrance to pick up the spoil. Five birds were bagged, and everybody had shot a pigeon except the owner of the double-barrel. "But I must have killed one," he said. "Why, I picked out the bird because it was only three yards from my muzzle." "Perhaps you blew him to pieces," said his nephew, a mischievous boy, who evidently greatly enjoyed the proceedings. "No, he has gone away to die," gravely remarked the uncle; and this solution of the difficulty appeared too satisfactory for any of the other sportsmen to attempt to gainsay. At breakfast the same divine descanted for some time on the superior merits of pigeon-shooting as compared with the manner partridges are shot in Spain. The latter, I was informed, are generally killed in the breeding season, and cages with hen birds in them are placed at a distance of twelve yards from where the chasseurs are concealed; the male partridges fly up, finally settling by the females, and the moment they are quite still the sportsmen fire. "This is not sport," said the reverend gentleman; "and it is wicked to destroy the poor birds when they come, in all the innocence of their hearts, to their *amores*. It is also wrong to shoot them, as some reckless people do, on the wing, for much powder is consumed and little comes of it—mere waste of shot and no satisfaction; at least that is the result of my experience. But pigeon-shooting, this is noble and fair; the pigeons come from curiosity and not for their natural and innocent *amores*. Curiosity was the cause of Eve's falling, and she fell; curiosity, my children, should be punished." And with these words the old man slapped his prayer-book, which he, like the rest of his companions, had brought with him, and looked triumphantly around at his congregation, composed of the five other *curas*, the officer, and myself.

SHEEP-RAISING IN NEW MEXICO.

The Mexican sheep raiser generally handles his herds in small flocks of about three thousand head. Each of these herds is under the personal superintendence of a major-domo or overseer, who is assisted by shepherds, for whom the sheep have a fond affection. At night these immense flocks collect close together around their shepherds and sleep peacefully, guarded by well-trained dogs. These shepherds are paid from \$10 to \$15 per month the year round and the overseer about \$25 per month. The herds roam at will over the boundless dry plains of New Mexico without shelter, all the year through. They require no feeding, the short nutritious *gramma* grass, peculiar to New Mexico, affording good pasturage in winter as well as summer.

The Mexican sheep are smaller than American sheep, but are more healthy and hardy. They clip about two pounds of wool to the fleece; their wool is short and fine, and from all that can be ascertained by tradition handed down through several generations, were pure Spanish merinos, brought from Spain by Cortez's expedition. It is the intention of the sheep raisers of New Mexico to improve their herds by direct importation of pure Spanish merinos. It was the errand that took Mr. Armijo east this fall. Several hundred head of fine sheep were sent to him this summer, and with proper crosses made, Mr. Armijo expresses himself confident of being able to produce fleeces from half-breed Mexican sheep weighing four and a half pounds to each fleece. Mr. Armijo's family have sold upwards of 200,000 pounds of wool during the last year. One of the family sold upwards of 100,000 pounds of wool last year at forty-one cents per pound, which netted him the neat little sum of \$41,000. The entire wool clip of New Mexico is sent eastward through Kansas City, over the Kansas Pacific.

These great sheep raisers are now engaged in shipping large herds of sheep to Colorado. Mr. Armijo, last season, drove about 12,000 head to Denver and signifies his intention of doubling his drive next season. He says that with proper care and attention, sheep in sufficient numbers may hereafter be raised on the plains of Kansas and Colorado to supply the entire world with mutton and wool. During the conversation he related an incident of a man who, three years ago, purchased 4,500 head of sheep from Armijo and Baca at the low price of \$2 each. To-day that man has 20,000 sheep, worth \$40,000, to say nothing of the enormous profits accruing from the sale of wool during that time. And again he demonstrated the profits accruing from the purchase of five thousand head. A man buys this number, and in six months he finds himself possessed of 10,000 sheep, one-half of the 5,000 increase ewes and the other wethers. Here is an increase of 100 per cent. in six months in natural increase. The fleeces of the 5,000 head will be worth 50 cents each, and the 5,000 head can be sheared in the fall, yielding two pounds each. The increase of sheep is more than compound interest twenty times compounded. Mr. Armijo says that, allowing for losses, there is nothing in the world to prevent a man from getting rich at sheep-raising in five years.

THE BABY SHOWN TO VISITORS.

It is an old fact, no baby ever did, and no baby ever will, behave in company. The mother always brings it into the parlour where the visitor is, dressed in its clean dress, and its father and its aunt come in, smiling at the same time. After the visitor has kissed the baby and taken it on her lap, and declared it the dearest little thing she ever saw, the baby's mother and she begin to talk. Each talks about her own baby as fast as she can rattle, and both talk at once, apparently without caring what the other is saying. In the midst of the conversation, the baby "throws up" on the visitor's dress, and is suddenly handed to its mother.

The visitor smiles a sickly smile and says it makes no difference, but she is mad. The conversation is resumed, but presently the father winks furiously at the mother and frowns, and clears his throat and makes mysterious signals at her side of the chair with his hand. The mother looks down and perceives that some of the baby's undergarments are dropping off, and she snatches up that infant and flies from the room. When she returns the child cries to go to its father, and no sooner is it settle on his knee than it betrays an irresistible yearning to go to its aunt, after which it cries furiously because its mother won't take it.

Then the aunt gets a piece of candy to quiet it, and when its hands have acquired sufficient stickiness, it reaches over and mauls the visitor's bonnet. Then its mother tries to show off its accomplishments; but it utterly refuses to make a display; it is as stupid as an owl. It won't say "mamma" or "papa," and it won't show how big it is. Its father tries to coax it to say "papa," but it pays no attention to him.

He tries again and again, getting madder all the time, and dreadfully afraid the visitor will think the child is dull.

At last he grasps the child by the arm and shakes it, and yells, "Why don't you say papa, as I tell you?" Then the child screams like a back-yard full of cats. The more the mother soothes it, the louder it gets, until at last the father exclaims, "Gi' me that brat," and picks it up and dashes out of the room, and is heard spanking it in the entry. Then the visitor goes home looking at her dress and deciding that the end of that infant will be on the gallows, if its characteristics are allowed to develop fully as grows up.

THE BRIDESMAID'S STORY.

We smoothed the sheeny folds of silk

Down to her little slippers feet;

We fastened on the flimsy veil

With blossoms full of odours sweet,

And buttoned on her trembling hand

The dainty glove and bracelet band.

We kissed the blushes on her cheek;

We praised her beauty warm and rare—

Twisted the clustering ring of gold

Escaping underneath her hair,

So yellow that we laughed, and said

That one would do wherewith to wed.

We saw her stand with downcast eyes;

We heard her simple, sweet "I will;"

And when she raised her timid glance

To him, we saw the blue eyes fill,

But not with pain—so rare the bliss

That made her tremble at his kiss.

Just twice the moon had waxed and waned

(Once for the happy honeymoon);

Again we met to dress the bride

(We did not think to meet so soon);

No bantering words, no smile, no jest

Could find an echo in her breast.

Again we brushed her yellow hair,

And smoothed her garment's silken fold,

And put aside the dainty gloves

Lest they should hide the band of gold;

We made no jokes about the hair

That clustered on her brow so fair.

Again we kissed the dear, young cheeks—

There was no flush, no tear, to tell

The rapture of her present bliss;

Ours were the only tears that fell—

So far her soul had fled away

She thought not of her wedding-day.

So white! so cold! yet lovely still!

A fairer blossom ne'er was hid

Beneath the ugly churchyard mould,

Protected but by coffin lid—

For when we met to dress the bride,

Death was the groom who sought her side.

A Sacrifice of the Scourge.

There was a great excitement in our little household when Robert came home one evening and announced that Cousin Max was coming to visit us. We girls had never seen him, but Robert and he had spent a year together on the Continent, when our father was alive and money was plentiful with us. Since then our German cousin's name had been almost a household word with us.

Max was quite alone in the world, our aunt and her husband both dying when he was quite young. He was almost Robert's age—was tall and fair, and that was all we knew. Robert—never very good at description—had indeed attempted to give us some idea of his appearance, but was silenced by Claire and Birdie, who both exclaimed that they would rather keep their fancy-picture than the caricature they knew he was drawing. We were very happy together and contented generally. We had been able to keep the old house, and Robert's income from his profession—he was a lawyer, like our father supported us very comfortably.

Sometimes I caught myself wishing that Claire (Claire was our beauty) could have the "purple and fine linen" which seemed her right, and that Birdie's exquisite voice might be properly trained; but if I hinted this Claire would kiss me gayly, asking if she wasn't pretty enough to suit me as she was, and Birdie would dash off into a description of the life she would lead as a prima donna, and how every night she would see old Rob and Gracie looking severe propriety from one of the boxes. And so my little trouble always ended with a laugh.

I was the old maid in the family. Robert was the only one that knew why, and kept my secret faithfully. I had got over being unhappy about it, and Robert and I made up our plans very contentedly—how we could live on in the old home when the others had flitted and what a genuine "old maid's castle" it would be. I was to Robert what the others—dearly as he loved them—never quite could be, and we did not think our separation possible.

We had expected Cousin Max for weeks, and yet he came quite unexpectedly at last. We were sitting in the porch—Claire, Birdie, and I—when we saw Robert coming, and with him a stranger, who Birdie declared she was sure was Cousin Max. He was talking and laughing with Robert, but I noticed that, as they came closer, he started violently and passed his hand over his eyes; but, recovering himself imme-

diately, he greeted us with a genuine warmth of affection, which took all our hearts by storm.

A gay evening we passed. "Coming events" do not "cast their shadows before," whatever people may say. I had never known how really beautiful Birdie was till that night, but as she stood by the piano, in her soft white dress, with the passion-flowers in her hair, I saw Cousin Max gazing at her like one entranced. Claire's beauty did not seem to impress him at all, perhaps because she was so like himself, for indeed they might have been brother and sister. Both had the same regular features, blue eyes, and blonde hair. Beside them Birdie looked like some tropical flowers. Max was never tired of watching her quick, graceful motions, and Robert and I had a laugh together over our little pet's conquest.

Cousin Max was soon thoroughly at home with us all, though Birdie still kept her place as chief favorite. They were much together, for Claire was soon to leave the old home, and our new brother, Alfred, spent most of his time with us. I was very closely occupied with my housekeeping, and with preparations for the wedding, which was to be in September. Robert was away all day, so that Birdie and Max were left to amuse each other. He was quite an artist, and greatly to Birdie's delight had offered to paint her picture. The rest of us were excluded from the studio; for, as it was his first attempt at portrait painting, we were not to be allowed to judge of his success or failure until the picture was finished.

Blind—blind! Did not one of us ever see that the child smile had passed away from our darling's face? Did not one ever think that the soft shining in her dark eyes might be the light of a woman's love?

The picture was finished on my birthday, and was the gift of Max to me. We were all taken in to see it, and never since have I beheld so beautiful a picture. Birdie's very self stood before us, dressed as Max had first seen her. But the face—the exquisite dewy softness of her eyes—the lips, just parted in a happy smile! The others were congratulating Max. I could only clasp Birdie in my arms and hide my foolish tears on her shoulder.

That evening we were all sitting in the moonlight. Max was smoking by the window, and Birdie in her usual place on a foot-stool at his side. He was unusually silent, and unless by an occasional word to Birdie took no part in the conversation. The room was flooded with the clear brilliance of the moonlight, and every one protested against lamps. Robert and Alfred were arguing as to the reality of supernatural manifestations. The possibility of a second self appearing to warn one of approaching death was mentioned, and Claire turned suddenly to Max:

"Max you are a German, and should know about such things—you tell us." His face was clearly defined by the light streaming through the open window, and I saw his lips compress suddenly, but when he spoke it was in his usual even tone.

"I certainly believe such a thing possible, Claire. Indeed, I may say I know it to be so?"

"Oh, a story, Cousin Max, a story! Tell us how you know," said Claire, eagerly.

He smiled slightly. "It is strange, but I have been thinking of this very subject. If I tell you, however, you must expect me to be egotistical, for it is a leaf out of my own life I must show you."

Something in his tone impressed us all, and we sat very silent, waiting for him to commence. Birdie's eyes were lifted wistfully to his face, but his were fixed on the stars beyond.

"About four years ago, I was visiting a very intimate friend in the south of Germany. I had never before seen his family, though we had known each other for some time. His father was a strange fanciful man, knowing every ghost legend and old superstition by heart. My friend laughed at all such, but his sister, Gretta, was a firm believer in all her father's theories. I remained there for some months, and before I left Gretta had promised to be my wife."

His voice fell, and it was some moments before he continued.

"Four years ago to-night I was sitting by an open window, as I am now, when suddenly I was surrounded by an overpowering scent of violets. This was Gretta's favorite flower, and I immediately thought of her. Presently I heard a step and a rustle of drapery. Right under my window I saw—I could swear to it—Gretta's face and figure. I sprang to my feet, ran down the stairs and out into the street, but she was gone, nor was there any other person in sight. I returned to my room baffled and wondering.

"A few days after, I heard from Gretta; she asked me to come to her at once. I found her suffering from great nervous excitement, which she bravely attempted to control in the presence of her father and brother; but the evening of my arrival, as we were all sitting together, she left the room, making a sign to me to follow her. I found her on the terrace. She was standing with her hands clasped loosely before her, her eyes fixed on something in the distance, and such a weird, unearthly look upon her face that I hastened to arouse her. I spoke her name. She started, then clung to me, trembling violently. When I attempted to soothe her she burst into tears. When she could speak, she told me that one evening she was standing where we then stood when she saw a figure coming up the steps from the lower terrace. Thinking it some visitor,

she went slowly forward. As they came face to face, the figure raised its head, and she saw—herself!

"I stood quite still!" Gretta said to me, "and the thing came nearer, looking at me with awful yes. I tried to speak—to move—but I was held as if by chains. Then something—whether it was my double or not, I cannot tell, but I heard the words—said 'A year!' The tower clock struck seven, and then I fainted."

"That was the day on which I, too, had seen the apparition. Gretta had spoken of this to no one, but the impression that her coming death had been foretold was firmly seated in her mind. In vain I argued against this idea; she would only shake her head and smile.

"The day on which the apparition first manifested itself was Gretta's birthday, and that day in the coming year was fixed upon for our marriage. Thinking that change of scene would restore my Gretta's falling health, I argued that an earlier day might be fixed, but her father was obstinate. 'The stars had told him that day would be a fateful one in her life,' and nothing would induce him to change it. When I told Gretta of my failure, she said gently, 'You must not be vexed about it, Max. If I cannot be your wife on earth, I will in heaven.'"

Our cousin paused as he uttered these words, and sat leaning his head back against the curtain. He had used no word of endearment in speaking of his promised wife, but the tone of suppressed passion told us how dearly he had loved her.

Claire broke the silence: "Was she very beautiful, Cousin Max?"

"You have her living image there before you," he said, looking down at Birdie's averted face.

I saw my pet change color, and presently she arose and moved quietly away to one of the windows opening on the garden. Max did not seem to notice the movement, and soon went on with his story:

"The time for our marriage was very near when I again saw Gretta. Business had kept me from her much longer than I had intended. I had almost forgotten the occurrence of the preceding year, and I hoped Gretta had also. I cannot speak of those few weeks of happiness, all too short as they were. The day came. We were to have been married early in the day, but the pastor suddenly fell down in strong convulsions, and one at some distance was sent for. When Gretta was told of the delay she said quietly, 'I knew it would be evening.' The wedding was to be as quiet as possible, on account of Gretta's health, which, shut our eyes as we would, we could not avoid seeing was falling rapidly.

"The pastor arrived, and the hour approached. The air was very heavy, and opening one of the windows, I went out upon the terrace. Walking slowly forward, I saw a figure in white cross the lower terrace and come slowly up the steps, near which I was standing. The form and carriage assured me that it was Gretta, and, calling her name, I went to meet her, but the figure passed quickly on and vanished in the shrubbery. Turning saw Gretta at my side.

"You have seen it, Max!" she said, in answer to my look of amazed inquiry. "The time has come, Max. They do not know that I am here," she said with a glance towards the house, "but I wanted to see you again. Don't forget me, Max. I will wait for you."

"We entered the house by different ways and in a few minutes her brother came to call me. The service was commenced. My eyes were fixed on Gretta, who was growing paler and paler at every moment. Suddenly the tower clock struck seven; she raised her eyes to mine. I caught her in my arms, but she never breathed again. And that is the reason," said cousin Max, quietly, "why I shall never marry."

The silence was oppressive. Presently Claire and Alfred left the room, and soon we heard the piano. Max looked round with a smile. "Claire is calling us—where is Birdie?" I pointed to the window. He crossed over to her, and laying his hand on her hair, said coaxingly, "Come, songbird, they want us." But Birdie drew back from his caressing hand with a quiet dignity that sat strangely on her, and, excusing herself, ran up to her own room.

Max rejoined us with a sorely puzzled face; but though he watched the door all the evening, Birdie did not reappear. I always went to her room at night, and while Claire, Alfred, and Robert were still chatting in the hall, I went up stairs. Hearing no sound from Birdie's room, I opened the door softly and went in. She was kneeling by the open window, gazing out upon the winding river just visible through the trees, and the gleaming of the white stones in the little churchyard on its banks. I called her, but she made no answer. Sitting down beside her, I lifted her on my lap. Her hands were cold, and she was shaking from head to foot.

"My poor little pet, what is it?" I asked, anxiously. Never shall I forget the piteous eyes she turned on me.

"Gracie—Gracie, he only liked me because I resembled her!"

O my darling! a mother's eyes might have seen the truth and save you, but I left you drift into this bitter love without one word of warning.

The next day Birdie never left my side, refusing, greatly to the astonishment of Max, all his invitations to walk or read with him. To do him justice, I do not think he guessed the mischief he had done. Birdie had seemed to us

such a child, we never thought of the strength and depth of her character. Her sunny, happy nature had been enough for us, and we looked no further.

Robert and Max went away for a few days together, and when they returned Max seemed feverish and excitable. By night he was much worse, and the doctor very soon pronounced that he had the fever. When Birdie heard that he was in danger, she insisted upon seeing him; and after that he would not let her out of his sight. He would call her "Gretta," his "darling," his "wife," and beg her never to leave him again; and Birdie would sit with her hand in his soothing him, humoring his fancies, and growing paler and paler at every word he uttered. In the early morning, about two or three o'clock, he would become more quiet, and then, leaving the nurse with him, she would come to me. It was only at such times she rested at all, and often she would not sleep, but would lie watching the color creeping into the eastern sky, with a quiet look of expectation on her face, which filled me with an indefinable sense of dread. In vain we begged her to give up her care of Max; in that she was determined—nothing could shake her resolution. "While he wants me I shall stay," she would say, decidedly.

The time for Claire's marriage approached. We had decided to put it off another month, but, greatly to our astonishment, Birdie argued against this. When the doctor came she saw him alone, and he, too, advised us to have the wedding. Max might be ill a long time, he said, and it was better to have as small a family in the house as possible, for the terrible pestilence was launching its death-shafts all around us. So a week later Claire was married. Birdie was there, pale and still, but with a smile on her face, and with loving words and kisses for our poor beauty, whose wedding had proved so sad after all. Alfred and Claire were to leave immediately; so our good-byes were hurried.

That night Birdie told me the truth. She was taking the fever, and the doctor had said there was no chance of her living through it. He told her a week ago that, by nursing Max, she might save his life, but she would certainly lose her own; and our Birdie had answered, "I will save him if I can."

"I am so glad Claire is married; I was afraid she would have to wait," Birdie said to me, oh! so quietly.

I begged the doctor to forbid her watching Max, but he shook his head: "It would do no good; she wouldn't live any longer for it." So for a little while longer I sat waiting every night for my darling, outside the door of her murderer, as I called him in my wretched heart. One morning she was later than usual. The doctor had been with Max all night; he left about three, telling me as he passed me on the stair that Max was better, was sleeping quietly, and must not be disturbed.

Four struck, and yet Birdie did not come. I was afraid to open the door, so sat leaning my head on my hand, counting the minutes as they passed. The birds were beginning to sing in the chestnut tree outside. I sprang to my feet as the door creaked slightly. The nurse was holding it open, and I fancied I saw tears on her wrinkled cheeks. Birdie was standing in the doorway. "It's come now, Gracie," she said softly, as she clasped her arms about my neck.

The cool October winds were blowing and yet Max had not left his room. He was able to sit up all the morning, and I use to bring my work and sit beside him. One clear, bright day he was sitting by the open window and watching the lazily moving clouds. We did not speak much to each other. He was too weak, and I—what could I say? That morning Max seemed restless; at every sound he would glance towards the door, and then turn away with a look of pained surprise. At last he said abruptly: "Grace, why does Birdie never come to see me? Has she quite forgotten me?"

I was prepared for this. They had told me I must tell him. I had thought and planned what I should say, and now I could think of nothing. I took the little packet which my darling had given me, and placed it in his hand. "She nursed you through the fever, and she told me to give you this." And so I left him. Had I told him too abruptly? Had I told him all? Dare I go back?

I tried the door when two hours had passed, but it was locked. When Robert came in I begged him to go and speak to Max, but before he could obey me Max entered the room, where we were. He looked ten years older, and his face was inexpressibly sad. Robert held out his hand to him with a few kindly words of congratulation upon his recovery.

"I must be well," Max said, gravely; "I leave to-morrow, and I want to thank you now for all your kindness when you had such reason to hate me. But, believe me, I never dreamed that—" His voice failed him, as Birdie's canary, hanging in the window, just then thrilled forth its joyous song. Covering his face with his hands, he hurried out of the room.

I am glad that while he stayed we were able to be kind to him. Before he left he came to me.

"Gracie, forgive me, if you can. Believe me your angel is avenged."

I kissed his forehead and bade him "God-speed." And so our cousin Max dropped out of our lives forever, leaving no memento of his visit, save the picture that hangs before me as I write—Birdie in her youth and beauty, with the passion flowers in her hair—only that, and a grave in Elmwood Cemetery.

MY LITTLE NUN.

Ab, lady, it is in Italy only, where blue skies are. Here, with the great brown mountains tipped with snow, they shine gloriously; and, lady, there are eyes in Italy as blue as its own bright skies, hair as rich as the brown mountains, and faces fairer than the drifted snow.

I was a soldier there. In Placenza is a castle built on a precipice, high above the lake, where the clear waters sleep calmly in the moonlight, and splash gently in spray under the glittering sun.

Down by the crag is a straggling village, and near, black, dark and dismal, is a monastery and a gray stone church, ornamented inside with rich paintings, statues of nobles of years ago. Here I was once sick, wounded and dying.

I was only a poor French soldier, fighting for "free Italy," and, as it is sometimes our soldiers' chance, after a long, wild charge, I was left one day upon the field.

I could not complain when I was taken with the rest of the wounded to the hospital. Parbleu! I would have died there, but one night, just after vesper, I felt a soft, cool hand on my hot, mad head, and a voice so soft and sweet, said,—

"Poor signor, may be he has a sister or mother at home; take him to us."

And so I was taken away, where I did not know or care, my head so pained me. I knew when I felt the soft, cool hand on my head that I must rest and pray. Ah! such a cool, soft hand! It held me down; it chained my life and soul and being. When a sweet voice prayed for my poor self I lived again, and, when I was better, I lay on my couch in the glorious sunlight, and heard her read to me, it seemed more and more like my dreams of home and love. So it was that my little nun came to be all in all to me.

She was only a little nun—fair, delicate and frail, with soft brown eyes, and a sweet, sad face, and I, French soldier of the Guard; but sometimes strong men will weep childish tears, and one time when I stood to say good-by, it was terrible agony to me.

"Lady," I said, "Sister Inez, you have told me to call you, you know that I love you, and that my life is yours. Three leagues behind the mountains yonder is a blue sea. There are swift vessels there, and beyond the sea is free America, where all are as they please in religion and love; come with me, come!"

I knelt so at her feet as I had never before knelt, even to my God.

"Inez, come with me, to America, and you can there be free."

"No, signor,"—she withdrew her hand, "God is every where!" and she turned and left me.

I was wild. She had been so much to me, and now—nothing. She had nursed me and watched and I, when I was stronger, had gone and brought her flowers, while we sat and talked of fair France or sunny Italy.

She and the abbess lived alone; war had frightened the rest away, and so it was, perhaps, that I had been allowed to be with her at all; and she had grown very dear to me.

Lady, you smile, I see, but then we men have mad passions sometimes, and so when weeks after our trumpets blew shrill triumph over Solferino and Magenta, and I wore on my breast the cross of the legion—"as the bravest of all!"—I would have given it and them for one bright hour, as of days past, in the old monastery at Placenza.

Did I think of her? Yes, always; under the blue skies, they were as her eyes to me; and at night, waking and dreaming, she was my all.

You have never been with a fierce army, elated with victory, I know, and so cannot even dream of the weary, wayworn days and nights there are sometimes.

Of advance, retreats and bivouacs in the mountains or on the plains; of white tents, sentinel calls, and camp fires, songs and rhymes have enough been sung and said; but never yet have the feelings of all the hearts of all those hosts been ever strung into any poetic rhyme or gentle fancy, if they were, what could they tell? All my thoughts tended to one end. I must see her again.

But my duty kept me; and though sometimes in all those weary weeks I caught in the distance gleams of Placenza's castle crag, never could I be near to her in this home in the mountains.

Well, after Magenta there were rumors of peace, and in the time it came, and the weary, gallant troops were ordered home.

How weary was that journey to me; and when in Lorraine once more I asked for leave to return and it was given, with what glad steps did I turn to glorious Italy.

Days seemed almost as long as years until, in the bright midnight, I stood in the village below the castle.

On the past evening the Austrians had evacuated the place, blown up their stores and arsenal, and fled slowly away, carrying with them many curses loud and deep from the villagers, who hated them, as might be believed, most heartily. Their magazines, which had been set on fire, were still mouldering when I arrived, and the grey smoke rose heavily from the crest of the mountain.

I asked if any harm had been done to the monastery; but no one knew. Where were the abbess and the nuns? No one could tell. I rushed up, the great rock lay covered with smoke. Here were the monastery and church, partly in ruins. I ran, I called,—

"Inez, Inez! It is I—I, answer me, Inez!"

On—on I ran to where the devotional cell used to stand, and I tried to climb over an old abutment, when there came a roar, a shock, and all seemed falling around me. There arose dark clouds of dust and smoke, and I fell to the ground. Quickly I sprang to my feet, and saw that a portion of the wall, which had been on fire, had fallen, carrying with it part of the place in ruins. Nothing deterred, I hurried on, until stopped by a projection of wall, torn, jagged and ruined. Here I halted, despairing; I could go no further. Turning, I saw the window of a cell and a crucifix, where the bright rays of the sun streamed through, and there, on a pallet, lay Inez, deathly pale.

In the niche of the wall was a crucifix; by her side were a cowl and gown, with a cross and beads. Over her fair, pale forehead fell her brown hair, like clouds on the snow in the mountains. Near the pallet on the floor were the fragments of an exploded bombshell.

My God! Inez was dead! Holy Mary! stay—I thought her lips seemed to move. With one mad bound I burst upon the casement, and stood in her sacred cell, where, probably, man never stood before. I went, I stooped and lifted her. Kneeling, I kissed her pale lips—

"And was she dead?"

"Inez, dear, this lady wishes to see you. Here, lady, is Inez, my little nun wife, dearer to me than all the world besides, who, though found by me in a monastery, in a sister's dress, was only placed there with the lady abbess for protection while her father fought for Italy. They are both dead, and Inez alone remains. Inez, my pure, fair wife, who has never been, yet will always be, my little nun."

THE RESCUED CAPTIVE.

One day in spring, a border ranger was making his way through the deep labyrinthine forests of Southern Ohio. He had been on a hunting expedition, and weary, lame and hungry, he was making his way home. Suddenly coming on a small pond, he stopped to drink and wash out his gun, which had grown so foul with frequent firing, that at last he could not make it go off. He pushed his way through a copse of willows to a little beach by the pond, when, lo! from the thicket, at a short distance from him, appeared the figure of an Indian, covered with dust and blood, and a number of fresh scalps dangling from his belt, making his way likewise to the water. They knew each other at a glance. The ranger's gun was useless, and he thought of rushing upon the Indian with his hatchet before he could load his rifle, but the Indian's gun was in the same condition as his own, and he, too, had come to the edge of the pond to quench his thirst, and hastily scoured out his foul rifle. The condition of the rifles was instantly seen by the enemies, and they agreed to a truce while they washed them out for the encounter. Slowly, and with equal movements, they cleaned their guns, and took their stations on the beach.

"Now, Monewa" (the Indian's name), "I'll have you," cried Derner (the ranger's name); and with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter he loaded his rifle.

"Na, na, na, na, na, na," replied Monewa, and he handled his gun with a dexterity that made the bold heart of Derner beat faster, while he involuntarily raised his eyes to take the last look of the sun.

They rammed their bullets, and each at the same instant cast his ramrod upon the sand.

"I'll have you," shouted Derner again, as in his desperation he almost resolved to fall upon the savage with the butt-end of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullet before he could load.

Monewa trembled as he applied his powder-horn to the priming. Derner's quick ear heard the grains of his powder rattle lightly on the leaves which lay at his feet. Derner struck his gun breech violently upon the ground—the rifle primed itself! He aimed, and the bullet whistled through the heart of the savage. He fell, and as he went down, the bullet from the muzzle of his ascending rifle whizzed through Derner's hair, and passed off, without avenging the death of its master, into the bordering wilderness. The ranger, after he had recovered the shock of his sudden and fearful encounter, cast a look upon the fallen savage. The paleness of death had come over his copper-colored forehead. Around the spot where his bones repose, the towering forest has now given place to the grain field, and the soil above him has been for years, furrowed and re-furrowed by the plowshare. Derner took the Indian's back trail, with the resolution of ascertaining what he had been up to. Following on for several miles, he came to a place where Monewa had left several other Indians for the purpose of cleaning his gun. And, now to his surprise, for the first time he discovered that the back trail led in the direction of his home.

On reaching his home he found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family lying murdered and scalped, except a young woman who had been brought up in the family, and to whom Derner was ardently attached. She had also been taken alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Derner soon discovered that the party consisted of four Indians and a renegade white man, a circumstance not uncommon in those early days, when, on account of crime or for the sake of revenge, the white outlaw had fled to the savages, and was adopted on trial into the tribe.

It was past the middle of the day, and the

nearest assistance was at some considerable distance. However, as there were only four to contend with, he decided on instant pursuit. As the deed had been very recently done, he hoped to come up with them that night, and perhaps before they could cross the Ohio River, to which the Indians always retreated after a successful incursion, considering themselves in a manner safe when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time occupied wholly by the Indian tribes.

After following the trail of the savages for some time, the Ranger came to the place, where Monewa had left them. A half hour later (by signs known only to experienced woodmen) he became convinced that some one else was also upon the trail of the Indians. After a great amount of maneuvering and strategic reconnoitering, he learned that it was a ranger like himself, and no other than his old friend Joshua Fleetheart, who never came across an Indian's trail without following it. Derner now pushed rapidly forward, and soon came up with his friend. Ardent and unwearied was the pursuit of the rangers: the one excited to recover his lost mistress, the other to assist his friend and take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen, slaughter and revenge being the daily business of the borderers at this portentous period. Fleetheart followed the trail with the sagacity of a bloodhound, and just at dusk traced the fugitives to a noted war path, nearly opposite the mouth of Captiner Creek, emptying into the Ohio, which, much to their disappointment, they found that the Indians had crossed by forming a raft of logs and brush, their usual manner when at a distance from their villages. By examining carefully the appearances on the opposite shore, they soon discovered the fire of the Indian camp in a hollow way a few yards down the river. Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians, and give notice of pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, being both of them excellent swimmers; fastening their clothes and ammunition in a bundle on the top of their heads, with their rifles resting across their shoulders, they reached the opposite shore in safety. After carefully examining their arms, and putting every article of attack and defense in its proper place, they crawled very cautiously to a position which gave them a fair view of their enemies, who, thinking themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around their fire. They instantly discovered the young woman, apparently unhurt, but making much moaning and lamentation; while the white man was trying to pacify and console her with the promise of kind usage and an adoption into the tribe. Derner, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them. Fleetheart, more cautious, told him to wait until daylight appeared, when they could meet with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party: but if they attacked in the dark a part of them would certainly escape. As soon as the daylight dawned, the Indians arose and prepared to depart.

Derner, selecting the white renegade, and Fleetheart an Indian, they both fired at the same time, each killing his man. Derner rushed forward, knife in hand, to relieve the young woman, while Fleetheart reloaded his gun and pushed in pursuit of the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the woods. Fleetheart soon came up with them, and taking steady aim, shot the smallest one dead in his tracks. As soon as his gun was discharged, the other sprang toward him, tomahawk in hand. They seized each other, and a desperate scuffle ensued. Fleetheart, casting his eye downward, discovered the Indian making an effort to unshathe a knife that was hanging at his belt. Keeping his eye on it, he let the Indian work the handle out, when he suddenly grabbed it, jerked it out of the sheath, and sunk it up to the handle in the Indian's breast, who gave a death groan and expired. After taking their scalps, Fleetheart and his friend, with the rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WOOING.

A correspondent of the "Indianapolis Herald" tells the following anecdote of Professor Foster, who filled, with much ability, one of the chairs of the faculty of the college in Knoxville, Tenn.

Professor Foster was educated in the sciences usually taught in college, but his ignorance of the common affairs of life rendered him a remarkable man, furnishing a rare subject for the study of human nature in one of its multifarious phases. Being advised by some of his friends to get married, he, with child-like faith and simplicity, accepted their advice, and promised to do so if he could find a young lady willing to have him. They referred him to a number of the best young ladies in the city, any one of whom, they had no doubt, would be willing to accept his hand and make him happy. He was one of the most kind-hearted of men, as void of guile as offence, and an entire stranger to the forms and ceremonies of modern courtship. He couldn't see the necessity of consuming a year or two in popping the question—"Sally, will you have me?" So he went that very day to the residence of the nearest young lady who had been commended, and being welcomed and seated in the family circle, as he always was, wherever known he at once made known the object of his visit, by saying, in a clear and distinct voice:

"Well, Miss Sarah, my friends, who advised me to get married, recommend you and a num-

ber of other young ladies to me as suitable persons, and I have called to see if you are willing to marry me."

Had an earthquake violently shaken the premises, the household could not have been more astonished. Like a frightened roe, Sarah started to run, when her mother caught her and said:

"Why, child, don't be frightened; the professor won't hurt you."

Being again seated, a deep blush succeeded the paleness which had been caused by the startling announcement, and she rallied enough to be able to say to the professor that as his proposition was so entirely unexpected she must have some time to consider the matter. This he granted, but said:

"As I am anxious, in case of your refusal, to see the other young ladies to-day, I can wait only one hour for your answer."

Knowing the worthiness, sincerity and simplicity of the professor, the matron took her blushing daughter up-stairs for consultation, while the father was left to entertain his proposed son-in-law as best he could under the novel circumstances. Of course, the discussion of the sudden proposition between Sarah and her mother was private, and cannot be given in full. The most essential points of it, however, were told afterwards. It was readily admitted that he was entirely worthy of Sarah's hand and heart.

"But mamma," said Sarah, "how would it look to other people for me to have to give an answer in one short hour—only sixty minutes—jump at a hasty chance—and to think how my young friends would jeer and laugh at me. Wouldn't they tease me to death? No, ma, I can never face that music."

"But stop, my child, and listen to me. There is not a young lady in the city that would not jump at the offer made you. Let them laugh. Girls must have something to laugh at, but it won't hurt you. Tell him yes, emphatically. If he were a stranger, whose antecedents were unknown to us, however prepossessing in person and manners, or profuse in his professions of love, I would withhold my consent. But we have long known him; his moral character is without reproach, he is amiable, kind-hearted and sincere, a fine scholar, with an honorable position in the college, and he makes no false preferences. You know just what he is. What more do you want?"

"But, mamma, I don't know that he loves me. He hasn't even said so."

"Oh, well, daughter, never mind that. Generally those who are loudest in their professions of love, have least of the pure article. You can teach him by example to love you. It is far better than precept."

Leaning her head upon her mother's bosom, Sarah said in a submissive tone:

"Well, ma, just as you say—I'll tell him yes; but although the hour isn't half out, we'll not go down until the last minute of the hour."

At the expiration of the fifty-ninth minute they returned to the professor and papa. Sarah still blushing, but more calm than before. Then, with a firmness that astonished herself as well as her parents, she extended her hand to the professor and said:

"Yes, sir, if papa consents."

He gave his consent without hesitancy, and it was readily agreed by all that the wedding should take place a week from that time. Then Professor Foster, with his usual calmness, conscious of having done his duty, withdrew to report progress to his friends.

Well, in due time, the professor went to the clerk for his licence. The clerk informed him that the law required a bond and security in the sum of \$1,250, to be void on condition that there was no legal objection to the proposed union of the two persons named. The professor very promptly replied, "Oh, never mind the bond, Mr. Clerk; I will pay \$1,100 down, and will hand you the balance in a day or two." After further explanation by the clerk, the professor complied with the law and obtained his licence.

At the appointed time the wedding came off in the best style of the city, and the company enjoyed the occasion with the greatest zest. The hours flew like humming-birds. As the clock struck twelve the professor picked up his hat and started to his boarding house. His principal attendant surmising his intention, followed to the front door, and informed him that matrimonial etiquette required him to stay and board and lodge at the house of his father-in-law until he and his wife wished to live by themselves.

Finally the happy couple went to housekeeping, and never were man and wife more heartily congratulated or more highly esteemed than they were. They were the favorites in the city. Never was a wife more lovely or husband more kind or devoted, but he didn't know anything about providing for the larder, only as she taught him. One little incident may suffice to illustrate. She told him one day to get some rice. "How much?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, not much," said the professor; "I reckon three or four bushels will do for the present." The clerk was very sorry to say they had not so much on hand, but that they would soon have more. The clerk persuaded him to try and make out for two or three days with some fifteen or twenty pounds. Sarah and the clerk were not the only ones who laughed over the incident. He never called for the three or four bushels afterward.

If the professor and his wife are still living, they must be well stricken in years, and if they see this brief sketch of their early lives, and find any errors in it, they will pardon the writer.

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that in future Rejected Contributions will not be returned

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.

Queer Day's Fishing; A Wayward Woman; Christmas Eve on the Snow; Miss March's Christmas Eve; Love in Poetry; Delays are Dangerous; The Wrong Boat; Three Lovers; Poetical Temperance Tale; George Leitrim; The Mysterious Letter; Trial and Triumphs of Elizabeth Ray, School Teacher; Little Mrs. Rivington; Sentenced to Death; The New Teacher; Harris Lockwood; The Backwoods Schoolmaster; Mrs. Power's Lucky Day; Nick Plowshare's Fairy Story; That Emigrant Girl; The Phantom Trapper; A Romance of Poutville; My Cousin Coralie; The Dying Year's Lament; Dawn; Improvisation; Skeletons; He Will Return; Susie; The Merchant's Reward; A Night at St. Aubé's; And Then; Blossom and Blight! Esther's Lovers; The Mystery of Boutwell Hall; Mount Royal Cemetery; Blighted Hopes; Minnie Lee's Valentines; Eva Hillmore's Valentine; A Tom Cat in the Breach; The Fatal Stroke; Only a Farmer; Meta's Broken Faith; How We Spend a Holiday in Newfoundland; Twice Wedded; John Jones and His Bargain; The Clouded Life; My Own Canadian Home; The Lost Atlantic; Gay and Grave Gossip; Lovely Spring; From India to Canada; Resurgam; A Railway Nap and its Consequences; Love or Money; For His Sake; Showed In; The False Heart and the True; Leave Me; Is There Another Shore; Weep Not For Me; Those Old Grey Walls; The Stepmother; Tom Arnold's Charge; Worth, Not Wealth; Miriam's Love; Modern Conveniences; Little Clare; Mirabile Dictu; Up the Saguenay; Ella Loring; Charles Foot; The Heroine of Mount Royal; The Rose of Fernhurst; Photographing Our First-born; Neskeonough Lake; A Midnight Adventure; Jean Douglas; The Restored Lover; Woman's Courage; A Story in a Story; Tried and True; Dr. Solon Sweetbottle; Second Sight; Eclipses; Geneviève Duclos; Our Destiny; Port Royal; Night Thoughts; Mr. Bouncer's Travels; Watching the Dead; Delusions; To Shakespeare; An Adventure; The Wandering Minstrel; Spring; The White Man's Revenge; The Lilaos; A Trip Around the Stove; My First Situation; An Unfortunate Resurrection; Our John; Kitty Merle; History of William Wood; Willersleigh Hall; A Night at Mrs. Manning's; Won and Lost; The Lady of the Falls; Chronicles of Willoughby Centre; Why Did She Doubt Him; Jack Miller the Drover; Ellen Mayford; Recompensed.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Fourth of January next, and if not applied for by that time will be destroyed. Stamps should be sent for return postage.

The Age of Vulgar Glitter; Mrs. Seymore's Curis; To the Absent; By the Waters; Almoite; To a Lover; A Fragment from the Scenes of Life; The Axle of the Heavens; The Correct View; Apostrophe to a Tear; June; A Debtor's Dilemmas; Proved; Wanted Some Beaux; Canadian Rain Storm After Long Drought; The Murderer's Mistake; Yesterday; Carrie's Hat and What Came of It; Leonie Collyer's Error; A Memory Autumn.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Twentieth of December next.

WINTER.

The law of contrasts is predominant in the world. Persons reared in boreal climates sigh for the flushed skies and luxuriant vegetation of tropical latitudes, while those who are natives of the South find delight in the winters of the North. Winter is indeed a beautiful season and whether viewed in a hygienic or a moral sense, is eminently calculated to benefit man.

The only condition required of it is the absence of the saturation in the atmosphere. Where there is dampness, there must be disease and discomfort. Hence the winters of England and of the Middle States are unpleasant and trying. The humidity of the air distends the cells of the lungs, rendering breathing painful. Coldness of the feet is also hard to prevent. Hence bronchial and pulmonary complaints are common, and, indeed, persons of weak chests are absolutely precluded from going abroad at all. In climates, where the cold is intense and where the atmosphere is in consequence very dry, none of these disadvantages are met with. Suitable provision is made in clothing and then the more a weak person goes out into the open air, the better he finds it for his health. When the mercury is far below zero, and the wind is stinging in its sharpness, he bounds along the pavement, like an india-rubber ball, and his spirits are exhilarant. The sports of the season, such as skating, snow-shoeing and curling are calculated to add to the enjoyment of the season. It is remarkable that in St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Montreal and other cities, where the winter is long and severe, there is more social amusement than during any other part of the year. Even the poor, are less miserable than the same class in countries where the cold is less intense, but where rain and mist prevail during the interval from October to March.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to the Editor *FAVORITE* and marked "Correspondence."

C. W.—Thanks. The *FAVORITE* is true to its name. We have already sent you the back numbers.

RENT.—The question is still in abeyance. The proposition is to make the water-rate a property, not a personal tax.

SNIDER.—There is a by-law against carrying fire-arms and it has been enforced on more occasions than one. The law is a very proper one.

MONOPOLY.—You are a very innocent man. This country is the very paradise of usurers, speculators and monopolists. And as it grows, it will get worse. The example of the United States is there to prove it.

NUISANCE.—You are perfectly correct. The smell of bad oil in the sleighs of the Passenger Railway Company, at nights, is something nauseating. We think you ought to complain directly to the Corporation.

CONSTANT READER.—We are making ample arrangements for a splendid Christmas number of the *FAVORITE*. The illustrations will be fine. There will be a large variety of stories, suited to the season and poetry will be made a feature. So you may prepare yourself for a treat.

MINNIE.—We are glad you like *THE GITANA*. It is wild and melodramatic and exactly suited to the romantic tastes of such young ladies as yourself. You do not trust Carmen? Well, she is certainly singular and we do not half trust her ourselves, to say the truth. But wait for the sequel and let us hope she will get her deserts.

MARY JANE.—A woman married to a drunken brute is probably without exception the most unfortunate being in existence. Having the delinquent arrested and lodged in jail, is worse than the remedy, for when he comes out, he becomes vindictive and will treat you worse than he did before. Separation is the best course, when it can possibly be done; and few clergymen will oppose when they know the whole case.

W. T. K.—We never pretended to understand Wall. Whitman's poetry, and what is more we never tried to understand it. We do not believe in having to study poetry. It must speak to us like the song of the bird, or the murmur of the wind in the pine tops. Hence Browning, Rossetti and your other Pre-Raphaelites, we let severely alone. We except Swinburne, for, although he is distressingly unintelligible, there is so much rhythm in his lyrics, that they soothe the ear unconsciously.

NEWS NOTES.

New Cabinet in France.

ICE floating heavily before Montreal.

WAR fever dying out in the United States.

SIR John Duke Coleridge is to be elevated to the peerage.

THE Quebec Legislature met last Wednesday, the 3rd instant.

MR. HUNTINGTON is to have a public dinner on the 23rd prox.

MOST of the members of the government have been elected by acclamation.

INGERSOLL, another of the infamous Tammany Ring, has been sentenced to five years in Sing-Sing.

MR. CUNNINGHAM, M. P. for Marquette, was severely assaulted in the streets of Pembina on his way to Manitoba.

THE Allan steamer "Sarmatian" has been chartered by the British Government to convey troops to the Gold Coast.

A MEETING in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, was lately held in Toronto, when a branch society was formed.

LUMBERMEN from Michigan, U.S., are seeking employment around Ottawa, wages being much higher than in their own country.

THE St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, has adopted the terms of union of the Scotch Church with the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

H. M. S. "Sirius," which left Halifax for England five weeks ago has not yet been heard of; fears are entertained of her safety.

MUCH destitution prevails in Toronto from lack of employment, and the applications for shelter at the police stations are increasing.

THE Carlists report that typhus fever and small-pox prevail to such an extent among the Republican troops that they are unable to make any offensive movement.

GENERAL Sheridan, U. S. A., is reported to have been called to Washington to confer with the authorities in regard to military affairs, in view of a war with Spain.

THE Light-ship recently placed at the entrance to Halifax Harbour proves totally unfit for the position; she suffered considerable damage during the recent gales.

IN the Bazaine Court Martial, General Boyer testified that Bismarck had declared himself willing to grant an armistice if the army of Metz would declare in favor of Napoleon.

30,000 French Canadians have returned to Eastern Canada from the United States during the past three weeks, their return being largely due to the stoppage of manufactories.

NUMEROUS applications for employment are made daily at the Ottawa lumbermen's offices, but there is no demand; those who have been engaged are receiving forty per cent. less wages than last year.

A FIRE at Whitby, Ont., on the 26th, ult., destroyed a dwelling-house, piano factory, and the Mechanics' Hall, together with the library, and properties of several societies, who held their meetings in it.

A LETTER from Havana says the feeling there is such that no order from the home government for repatriation in the "Virginius" affair would be observed, and the rest of the prisoners are to be executed.

UNDER a threat of bombarding Cartagena, the North German squadron on Tuesday compelled the insurgents to restore 25,000 pesetas, which had been extorted from the German residents of that city.

A TERRIBLE case of poisoning, by which several persons have already lost their lives, occurred in this city on the 28th. 7 persons died of it; others who partook of the deadly draught are not expected to recover.

Nor long ago, when passing through the streets of a New England village, we met a friend, who said, "I want to show you something." He unwrapped a small package he had in his hand, and there appeared a little speckled brook trout, perhaps nine inches long. It was plump and pretty, but we had seen trout before, and much larger ones; so we looked up inquiringly. "A cat caught this trout," said our friend; she jumped into Mr. D—'s pond, seized the fish, and brought it triumphantly into the kitchen. I am going to cook it!" We looked with increased admiration at the trout, thought sympathetically of the poor feline who had lost the coveted thing for which she risked her life, and wished we could employ her as fisher-in-chief for our table.

POVERTY AND DEBT.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and who does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people, than among those who are called rich.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

And so now we come at last to the Capitol, which, with all its defects, is the greatest architectural triumph this country has produced, and which can lack a world-wide reputation only because Americans themselves have not known enough to give such to it. Like all the most famous structures, it was not built in a day, but has grown gradually into its present development; and even unfinished as it is, hugely defective as it is, and with unlimited capacity for additions and improvements, it crowns the city and the landscape with a glory unsurpassed by any secular building in existence. It is not all of white marble, dear reader, but at first you take it to be; and its extent, its strength, its evident costliness, together with its singular external beauty, quite inflate one with joyous patriotism and pride, and in looking at it one feels that our money-loving and money-getting Brother Jonathan has the divine spark of genius hidden somewhere within him, after all.

The first surprise and exultation over, however, a succession of mortifying discoveries dawn upon the visitor, of which the most crushing to me was, that, though splendidly situated upon the ridge commanding the city, the Capitol faced the wrong way! The front is to the east, and those magnificent porticos, with their crowds of Corinthian pillars, their sculptured pediments, bronze doors, and countless sweeping marble steps, the bronze Goddess of Liberty herself,—everything,—turns its back upon the city, the river, and the West, and the whole facade exists for the benefit of the trees that were idiotically planted in the East Capitol grounds just across the street from it, and which have now grown so great that they make a full or three-quarter view of the building impossible, and so beautiful that the threatened cutting of them down is "enough to kill one."

Washington expected and intended that his namesake city should grow up in state and splendor on the hill, instead of down in the marshy, malarial plain. But unfortunately he placed the President's house down there, and of course all society inevitably clustered about it; beside which, the original property owners held the land about the Capitol at such exorbitant rates that for years people were actually forced to purchase elsewhere.

So for a long time the hill was comparatively abandoned, while the plain was peopled. But the marvel of marvels is, why, when the Capitol Extension was planned twenty-five years ago, and men had seen plainly where, contrary to the original expectation, the city had built itself, that occasion was not seized for making the grand facade on the west instead of on the east front, and of placing the statue on the dome facing in the same direction; for now the Goddess of Liberty looks as if, shrugging her shoulders at the hap-hazard city behind her,—nay, at the "great sloven continent" itself,—she were gazing regretfully toward the ocean across which she had floated hither, and were vainly wishing herself safe back in the "tight little island" of respectabilities and proprieties that gave her birth.

RAILROAD STOCKS

Stocks in theory and stocks in fact are two very different things. In theory the railroad stockholder is a capitalist who, having by some means or other—perhaps by an operation on the "street" perhaps, but not probably, by honest industry—accumulated a considerable sum of money, goes to Washington, and by corrupt means secures, in combination with other capitalists, a large land-grant from Congress, then builds his road by means of selling his land, calculates how much the poor farmer ought to be made to pay for transportation, in order to render his stock profitable after it has been thoroughly watered, establishes rates of freight based on the result of this calculation, and then retires from business on the fruits of his fraud. If at any time he needs more money, he makes a new calculation, waters his stock again, and again wrings from the poor farmer his hard-earned substance.

Railroad stocks in fact, however, as many people know to their cost from what has happened in the past few weeks, are quite a different thing. So far from its being true that the dividends they yield are certain and easily made, there is hardly in the world any security which is subject to so many risks of a kind so difficult to calculate. There are, it is true, a good many railroads in the older parts of the country the condition of which is thoroughly known and under management entirely trusted, which yield a certain income upon the capital invested in them; but the income is small, and it is not these roads which even in theory form and support the breed of railroad capitalists. It is the new roads built through the West, with land-grants, by means of bonds, as well as such old roads as find it necessary to extend their business in all directions by the purchase and lease of competing or connecting lines. And these are the roads of which we say that stock in many of them is, and will before a long time, a dangerous investment; so dangerous that those who risk their money in the purchase of them are amply entitled to all the returns they ever can make.

ONLY A TINY THING.

'Twas a tiny, rosewood thing,
Ebon bound and glittering
With its stars of silver white;
Silver tablet, black and bright;
Downy pillowed; satin lined;
That I, loitering chance to find
'Mid the dust and soot and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting empty—ah, for whom?

Ah, what love-watched cradle bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head,
Or on what soft pillowed breast,
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long, with darkened eye,
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, still and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah, what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain!
And what towering hopes are hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there,
Little words cut deep and true,
Bleeding mother's heart anew—
Sweet, pet name, and "Aged Two!"

Oh, can sorrow's hovering plume
Round our pathway cast a gloom,
Chill and darksome as the shade
By an infant's coffin made?
From our arms an angel flies,
And our startled, dazzled eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Cannot rise its path to trace,
Cannot see the angel's face.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIV.

LUCILLE HAS STRANGE DREAMS.

For a few nights, while Lucille's fever was at the worst, Lucius Davoren took up his abode in Cedar House, and established himself in that little room adjoining Mr. Sivewright's bed chamber which had been lately occupied by Lucille. Here he felt himself a sure guardian of his patient's safety. No one could harm the old man while he, Lucius, was on the spot to watch by night, while Mrs. Milderson, the nurse, in whom he had perfect confidence, was on guard by day. His own days must needs be fully occupied out of doors, whatever private cares might gnaw at his heartstrings; but after introducing the ex-policeman and his wife, who came to him with a kind of warranty from Mr. Otranto, and who seemed honest people, he felt tolerably satisfied as to the safety of property in the old house, as well as that more valuable possession—life. He about had locked the door of the room which contained the chief part of Mr. Sivewright's collection, and carried the key about with him in his pocket; but there was still a great deal of very valuable property scattered about the house, as he knew.

One thing troubled him, and that was the existence of the secret staircase, communicating in some manner—which he had been up to this point unable to discover—with Mr. Sivewright's bedroom. He had sounded Homer Sivewright cautiously upon this subject, and the old man's answers had led him to believe that he, so long a tenant of the house, knew absolutely nothing of the hidden staircase: or it might be only an exaggerated caution and a strange passion for secrecy which sealed Homer Sivewright's lips.

Once, when his patient was asleep, Lucius contrived to examine the paucelling in front of the masked staircase, but he could discover no means of communication. If there were, as he fully believed, a sliding panel, the trick of it altogether baffled him. This failure worried him exceedingly. He had a morbid horror of that possible entrance to his patient's room, which it was beyond his power to defend by bolt, lock, or bar, since he knew not the manner of its working. For worlds he would not have alarmed Mr. Sivewright, who was still weak as an infant, although wonderfully improved during the last few days. He was therefore compelled to be silent, but he felt that here was the one hitch in his scheme of defence from the hidden enemy.

"After all, there is little need to torment myself about the mystery," he thought sometimes. "It is clear enough that these Winchers were guilty alike of the robbery and the attempt to murder. The greater crime was but a means of saving themselves from the consequences of the lesser; or they may possibly have supposed that

their old master had left them well provided for in his will, and that the way to independence lay across his grave. It is hard to think that human nature can be so vile, but in this case there is scarcely room for doubt."

He thought of that man whom he had seen in the brief glare of the frequent lightning—the man who had raised himself from his crouching attitude to look up at the lighted window on the topmost story, and had then scaled the wall.

"The receiver of stolen goods, the medium by which they disposed of their booty, no doubt," he said to himself; "their crime would have been incomplete without such aid."

Although all his endeavors to find the key belonging to the door of the staircase leading to the upper story had failed, Lucius had not allowed himself to be baffled in his determination to explore those unoccupied rooms. Now that Lucille's prostration and the Wincher's dismissal had made him in a manner master of the house, he sent for a blacksmith and had the lock picked, and then went upstairs to explore, accompanied by the man, whom he ordered to open the doors of the rooms as he had opened the doors of the staircase. There was but little to reward his perseverance in those desolate attic chambers. Most of them were empty; but in one—that room whose door he had seen stealthily opened and stealthily closed on his sole visit to those upper regions—he found some traces of occupation. Two or three articles of battered old furniture—an old stump bedstead of clumsy make, provided with bedding and blankets, which lay huddled upon it as if just as its last occupant had left it—the ashes of a fire in the narrow grate—a table, with an old ink-bottle, a couple of pens, and a sheet of ink-stained blotting-paper—an empty bottle smelling of brandy on the mantelpiece, a bottle which, from its powerful odor, could hardly have been emptied very long ago—a tallow-candle, sorely gnawed by rats or mice, in an old metal candlestick on the window-seat—a scrap of carpet spread before the hearth, a dilapidated armchair drawn up close to it: a room which, to Lucius Davoren's eye, looked as if it had been the lair of some unclean creature—one of those lost wretches in whom the fashion of humanity has sunk to its lowest and vilest phase.

He looked round the room with a shudder. "There has been some one living here lately," he said, thinking aloud.

"Ay, sir," answered the Blacksmith, "it looks like it; some one who wasn't over particular about his quarters, I should think, by the look of the place. But it seems to have had summat to comfort him," added the man, with mild jocosity, pointing to the empty bottle on the chimney-piece.

Some one had occupied that room; but who was that occupant? And had Lucille known this fact when she so persistently denied the evidence of her lover's senses—when she had shown herself so palpably averse to his making any inspection of those rooms?

Who could have been hidden there with her cognisance, with her approval? About whom could she have been thus anxious? For a moment the question confounded him. He could only wonder, in blank dull amazement.

Then in the next moment, the lover's firm faith arose in rebuke of that brief suspicion.

"What, am I going to doubt her again," he said to himself, "while she lies ill and helpless, with utmost need of my affection? Of course she was utterly ignorant of the fact that yonder room was occupied, and therefore ridiculed my statement about the open door. Was it strange if her manner seemed hurried or nervous, when she had just been startled by the sight of her father's portrait? I am a wretch to doubt her, even for a moment."

He went up to the loft, and thoroughly examined that dusty receptacle, but found no living creature there except the spiders, whose webs festooned the massive timbers that sustained the ponderous tiled roof. This upper portion of the house was vacant enough now; of that there could be no doubt. There was as little doubt that the room yonder had been lately occupied. There could but be one solution of the mystery, Lucius decided, after some anxious thought. Mr. Wincher had accommodated his accomplice with a lodging in that room while the two were planning and carrying out their system of plunder.

This examination duly made, and the doors fastened up again in a permanent manner, by the help of the blacksmith, Lucius felt easier in his mind. There was still that uncomfortable feeling about the secret staircase; but with the upper part of the house under lock-and-key, and the lower part carefully guarded, no great harm could come from the mere existence of that hidden communication. In any case, Lucius had done his utmost to make all things secure. His most absorbing anxiety now was about Lucille's illness.

His treatment had been to a considerable extent successful; the delirium had passed away. The sweet eyes recognised him once again; the gentle voice thanked him for his care. But the fever had been followed by extreme weakness. The sick girl lay on her bed from day to day, ministered to by Mrs. Milderson, and had scarcely power to lift her head from the pillow.

This prostration was rendered all the more painful by the patient's feverish anxiety to recover strength. Again and again with a piteous air of entreaty, she asked Lucius when she would be well enough to get up, to go about the house, to attend to her grandfather.

"My dearest," he answered gravely, "we must not talk about that yet awhile. We have sufficient reason for thankfulness in the improvement that has taken place already. We must wait patiently for the return of strength."

"I can't be patient!" exclaimed Lucille, in the feeble voice that had changed so much since her illness. "How can I lie here patiently when I know that I am wanted; that—that everything may be going on wrong without me?"

"Was there ever such ingratitude and distrustfulness," cried the comfortable old nurse, with pretended chiding, "when she knows I'm that watchful of the poor old gentleman, and give him all he wants to the minute; and that you've taken to sleeping in the little room next him, Mr. Davoren, so as to keep guard, as you may say, at night?"

"Forgive me," said Lucille, stretching out her wasted hand to the nurse, and then to the doctor, who bent down to press his lips to the poor little feverish hand. "I daresay I seem very ungrateful; but it isn't that—I only want to be well. I feel so helplessly lying here; it's so dreadful to be a prisoner, bound hand and foot, as it were. Can't you get me well quickly somehow, Lucius? Never mind if I'm ill again by and by; patch me up for a little while."

"Nay, dearest, there shall be no half cure, no patching. With God's help, I hope to restore you to perfect health before very long. But if you are impatient, if you give way to fretfulness, you will lessen your chances of a rapid recovery."

Lucille gave no answer save a long weary sigh. Tears gathered slowly in her sad eyes, and she turned her face to the wall.

"Yes, poor dear," said Nurse Milderson, looking down at her compassionately; "as long as she do fret and worry herself so, she'll keep backarding of her recovery."

Here the nurse beckoned mysteriously to Lucius, and led him out of the room into the corridor, where she unbosomed herself of her cares.

"It isn't as I want to alarm you, Dr. Davoren,"—Lucius held brevet rank in the Shadrack-road,—"far from it; but I feel myself in duty bound to tell you that she's a little wrong in her head still of a night, between sleeping and waking as you may say, and talks and rambles more than I like to hear. And it's always 'father,' rambling and rambling on about loving her father, and trusting him in spite of the world, and standing by him, and suchlike. And last night—it might have been from half-past one to two—say a quarter to two, or perhaps twenty minutes," said Mrs. Milderson, with infinite precision, "I'd been taking forty winks, as you may say, in my chair, being a bit worn out, when she turns every drop of my blood to ice-cold water by crying out sudden, in a voice that pierced me to the marrow—"

"What, nurse? For goodness' sake come to the point," cried Lucius, who thought he was never to hear the end of Mrs. Milderson's personal sensations.

"I was coming to it, sir," replied that lady, with offended dignity, "when you interrupted me; I was only anxious to be exact. 'O,' she cried out, 'not poison! Don't say that—no, not poison! You wouldn't do that—you wouldn't be so wicked as to poison your poor old father.' I think that was enough to freeze anybody's blood, sir. But, for, they do take such queer fancies when they're light-headed. I'm sure, I nursed a poor dear lady in Stevedor-lane, in purpleal fever—which her husband was in the coal-and-potato line, and gingerbeer and bloaters, and suchlike—and she used to fancy her poor head was turned into a yolk-regent, and beg and pray of me ever so pitiful to cut the eyes out of it. I'm proud to say, tho', as I brought her round, and there isn't a healthier-looking woman between here and the docks."

Lucius was silent. His own suggestion of a possible attempt to poison was sufficient to account for these delirious words of Lucille. It was only strange that she should have associated her father's name with the idea; that in her dystempered dream, he, the father—to whose image she clung with such fond affection—should have appeared to her in the character of a parricide.

"We must try and get back her strength, nurse," said Lucius, after a thoughtful pause; "with returning health all these strange fancies will disappear."

"Yes, sir, with returning health!" sighed Mrs. Milderson, whose cheerfulness seemed somewhat to have deserted her.

This sick-nursing was, as she was wont to remark, much more trying than attendance upon matrons and their new-borns. It lacked the lively element afforded by the baby. "I feel lonesome and down-hearted-like in a sick-room," Mrs. Milderson would remark to her gossips, "and the cryingest, peevishest baby that ever was would be a blessing to me after a fever case."

"You don't think her worse, do you?" asked Lucius, alarmed by that sigh.

"No, sir; but I don't think her no better," answered Mrs. Milderson, with the vagueness of an oracle. "She's that low, there's no cheering of her up. I'm sure, I've sat and told her about some of my regular patients—Mrs. Binks in the West Injarod, and Mrs. Turvitt down by the Basin—and done all I could think of to enliven her, but she always gives the same impatient sigh, and says, 'I do so long to get well, nurse.' She must have been very low, Dr. Davoren, before she took to her bed."

"Yes," said Lucius, remembering that sudden fainting-fit. "She had allowed herself too little rest in her attendance upon her grandfather."

"She must have worn herself to a shadder, poor dear young creature," said Mrs. Milderson. "But don't you be uneasy, sir," pursued the matron, having done her best to unake him so;

"If care and constant watchfulness can bring her round, round she shall be brought."

Thus Lucius Davoren went about his daily work henceforward with a new burden on his mind—the burden of care for that dear patient, for whom, perchance, his uttermost care might be vain.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DAWN OF HOPE.

The glory of the summer had departed from the Shadrack-road. The costermongers no longer bawled their fine fresh "Arline" plums, their "gages" at four pence per quart; cucumbers had grown too yellow and seedy even for the Shadrackites; green apples were exhibited on the stalls and barrows; the cracking of walnuts was heard at every street-corner; and the great bloater season—which was a kind of minor saturnalia in this district—had been inaugurated by the first triumphal cry of "Rale Yarmouths, two for threehalfpence!" The pork-butchers, whose trade had somewhat slackened during the dog-days—though the Shadrackites were always pork-eaters—now began to find demand growing brisker. In a word, autumn was at hand. Not by wide plains of ripening corn, or the swift flight of the scared covey rising from their nest in the long grass, did the Shadrackites perceive the change of seasons, but by the contents of the costermongers' barrows. At this time, also, that raven cry of cholera—generally arising out of the sufferings of those unwary citizens who had indulged too freely in such luxuries as conger-eel or cucumber—dwindled and died away; and the Shadrackites, moved by that gloomy spirit which always beheld clouds upon the horizon, prophesied that the harvest would be a bad one, and bread dear in the coming winter.

Lucius went among them day after day, and ministered to them, and was patient with them and smiled at the little children, and talked cheerily to the old people, despite that growing anxiety in his own breast. He neglected not a single duty, and spent no more of his day in Cedar House than he had done before he took up his quarters there. He ate his frugal meals in his own house, and only went to Mr. Sivewright's dreary old mansion at a late hour in the evening. He had carried some of his medical books there, and often sat in his little bed-room reading, long after midnight. His boy had orders to run on to Cedar House should there be any call for his aid in the dead hours of the night.

He brooded much over that little packet of letters which he counted among his richest treasures—those letters from the man who signed himself "H. G.," and the lady whom he wrote of as Madame Dumarques, the lady whose own delicate signature appeared in clearest characters upon the smooth foreign paper—written with ink that had faded with the lapse of years—Félicie.

Lucius read these letters again and again, and the result of this repeated perusal was the conviction that the writers of those lines were the parents of Lucille. Why should they have been thus deeply interested in Ferdinand Sivewright's child, or how should he have been able to put forward a claim for money on that child's behalf?

Lucius had taken these letters into his custody with the determination to turn them to good account. If it were within the limits of possibility, he would discover the secret to which these letters afforded so slight a clue. That was the resolve he had made when he took the packet from Homer Sivewright's desk—and time in nowise diminished the force of his intention. But he had no heart to begin his search just yet, while Lucille was dangerously ill.

In the mean time he thought the matter over, repeatedly deliberating as to the best means of beginning a task which promised to be difficult. Should he consult Mr. Otranto—should he commit his chances to the wisdom and experience of that famous private detective?

His own answer to his own question was a decided negative. "No," he said to himself, "I will not vulgarise the woman I love by giving the broken links of the story of her birth to a professional spy, leaving him to put them together after his own fashion. If there should be a blot upon her lineage, his worldly eyes shall not be the first to discover the stain. Heaven has given me brains which are perhaps as good as Mr. Otranto's, and constancy of purpose shall stand me in the stead of experience. I will do this thing myself. Directly Lucille is in a fair way to recover, I will begin my task, and it shall go hard with me if I do not succeed."

The days passed slowly enough for the parish doctor's hard-worked brain, which felt weary of all things on earth, or of all those things which made up the sum of his monotonous life. September had begun, and a slight improvement had arisen in Lucille's condition. She was a little stronger, a little more cheerful—had rewarded her doctor's care with just a faint shadow of her once familiar smile. She had been lifted out of her bed to one warm afternoon, and wrapped in her dressing-gown and an old faded Indian shawl that had belonged to Homer Sivewright's Spanish wife, and placed in an easy-chair by the open window to drink tea with Mrs. Milderson. Whereupon there had been a grand tea-drinking, to which Lucius was admitted, and in which there was some touch of the happiness of bygone days.

"Do you remember the first time you gave me a cup of tea, Lucille," said Lucius, "that winter's night, in the parlour down-stairs?"

The girl's eyes filled with sudden tears, and she turned her head aside upon the pillow that supported it.

"I was so happy then, Lucius," she said; "now I am full of cares."

"Needless cares, believe me, dearest," answered her lover. "Your grandfather is a great deal better—weak still, but much stronger than you are. He will be down-stairs first, depend upon it. I should have brought him in to take tea with us this afternoon if I had not been afraid of agitating you. I never had such a nervous excitable patient."

"Ah, you may well say that, Dr. Davoren," said Nurse Milderson, with her good-natured scolding tone, "I never see such an egg-sitableness patient—toss and turn, and worrit her poor dear self, as if she had all the cares of this mortal world upon her blessed shoulders. Why, Mrs. Beck, in Stevedor-square, that has seven children and a chandler's business to look after, doesn't worrit half as much when she keeps her bed, tho' she knows as everythink is at sixes and sevens down-stairs; those blessed children tumbling down and hurting of themselves at every hand's turn—and a bit of a girl serving in the shop that don't know where to lay her hand upon a thing, and hasn't headpiece to know the difference between best fresh and thirteen-penny Dorset."

Altogether this tea-drinking had been a happy break in Lucius Davoren's life, despite those tears of Lucille. He had been with her once more; it had seemed something like old times. He saw a great peril past, and was thankful. After tea he read to her a little—some mild tender lines of Wordsworth's—and then they sat talking in the dusk.

Many times during her illness Lucille had embarrassed her lover by her anxious inquiries about the Winchers. He had hitherto waived the question; now he told her briefly that they were gone—Mr. Sivewright had dismissed them.

She protested against this as a great cruelty. "They were devoted to my grandfather; they were the best and most faithful servants that ever any one had," she said.

"They might seem so, Lucille, and yet be capable of robbing their old master on the first good opportunity. Your grandfather's long illness afforded them that opportunity, and I believe they took it."

"How can you know that? Was anything stolen?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes; some valuable pieces of old silver, and other property, were taken."

A look of intense pain came into the pale careworn face.

"How can you be sure those things were taken by the Winchers?" she asked.

"Simply because there is no one else who could possibly get at them. Mr. Wincher showed himself very clever throughout the business, acted a little comedy for my edification, and evidently thought to hoodwink me. But I was able to see through him. In point of fact, the evidence against him was conclusive. So at my advice your grandfather dismissed him, without an hour's warning; and strange to say, his health has been slowly mending ever since his faithful servant's departure."

"What!" cried Lucille, with a horrified look, "you think it possible that Wincher can have—"

"Tampered with the medicine by your grandfather's bedside. Yes, Lucille, that is what I do believe; but he is now safe on the outside of this house, and you need not give yourself a moment's uneasiness upon the subject. Think of it as something that has never been, and trust in my care for the security of the future. No evil-disposed person shall enter this house while I am here to guard it."

The girl looked at him with a wild despairing gaze—looked at him without seeing him—looked beyond him, as if in empty space her eyes beheld some hideous vision. She flung her head aside upon the pillow, with a gesture of supreme dejection.

"A thief and a murderer!" she said in tones too low to reach the lover's ear. "Oh, my dream, my dream!"

CHAPTER XVI.

AN OLD FRIEND REAPPEARS.

LUCIUS had been working a little harder than usual on one of those September afternoons, and was just a shade more weary of Shadrack Basin and its surroundings than his wont. He looked at the forest of spars visible yonder above the house-tops, and wished that he and Lucille could have sailed together in one of those great ships, far out into the wild wide main, to seek some new-made world, where care was not, only love and hope. He had often envied the stalwart young Irishmen, the healthy apple-cheeked girls, the strong hearty wayfarers from north and south and east and west, whom he had seen depart, happy and hopeful, from possible penury here to follow fortune to the other side of the globe, in some monster emigrant-ship, which sailed gaily down the river with her cargo of human life. To-day he had felt more than usually oppressed by the fetid atmosphere of narrow alleys, the dirt-poison which pervaded those scenes in which he had been called to minister—human dens, many of them, which only he and the pale-faced High-Church curate of St. Winifred's Shadrack-road, ever penetrated, excepting always the landlord's agent, who came as regular as Monday morning itself, with his book and his little ink-bottle in his waistcoat-pocket, ready to make his entry of the money which so very often was not to hand. He gave a great sigh of relief as he came out of the last

of the narrow ways to which duty had called him; a lane of tall old houses, in which one hardly saw the sky, and where smallpox had lately appeared—a more hateful visitor than even the agent with his ink-bottle.

"I must get the taint of that place blown out of me somehow before I go to her," thought Lucius. "I'll take a walk down by the docks, and get what air is to be had from the river."

Air in those narrow streets there was none; life in a diving-bell could hardly have been much worse. The fresh breeze from the water seemed more invigorating than strong wine. Lucius got all he could of it—which was not very much—so completely was the shore occupied by tall warehouses, stores, provision-wharfs, and so on.

He walked as far as St. Katharine's Wharf, always hugging the river; and here, having some time to spare before his usual hour for presenting himself at Cedar House, he folded his arms and took his ease, lazily watching the bustle of the scene around him.

He had been here before many times in his rare intervals of leisure—the brief pauses in his long day's work—and had watched the departing steamers with a keen envy of the travellers they carried—a longing for quiet old German cities—for long tranquil summer days dawdled away in the churches and picture-galleries of quaint old Belgian towns—for idle wanderings in Brittany's quaint old villages, by the sunlit Rance,—for anything, in short, rather than the dusty beaten track of his old dull life. Of course this was before he knew Lucille; all his aspirations nowadays included her.

On this bright sunny afternoon, a west wind blowing freshly down the river, he lounged with folded arms, and watched the busy life of that silent highway with a sense of supreme relief at having ended his day's work. The wharf itself was quiet enough at this time. A few porters loitered about; one or two idlers seemed on the look-out, like Lucius, for nothing in particular. He heard the porters say something about the Polestar, from Rotterdam—heard without heeding, for his gaze had wandered after a mighty vessel—an emigrant-ship, he felt assured—which had just emerged from the docks, and was being towed down the broadening river by a diminutive black tug, which made no more of the business than if that floating village had been a cockle-shell. He was still watching this outward-bound vessel, when a loud puffing and panting and snorting arose just below him. A bell rang; the porters seemed to go suddenly mad; a lot of people congregated from nowhere in particular, and the wharf was all life and motion, frantic hurry and eagerness.

The Polestar steamer had just arrived from Rotterdam, three hours after her time, as he heard the porters tell each other. Lucius looked down at that vessel, with her cargo of common-place humanity—looked listlessly, indifferently—while the passengers came scrambling up the gangway, all more or less dilapidated by the sea voyage.

But presently Lucius gave a great start. Just beneath him, among those newly disembarked voyagers, he beheld a little fat man, with a round comfortable florid face, close shaven—a supremely calm individual, amidst all that turmoil and hurry, carrying a neat little shiny portmanteau, and resolutely refusing all assistance from porters. Lucius had last seen this man on the shores of the Pacific. That round contented Netherlandish visage belonged to none other than Absalom Schanck.

The sight of that once-familiar face had a powerful effect upon Lucius. It brought back the memory of those dark days in the forest—the vision of the log-hut—those three quiet figures sitting despondently by the desolate hearth, where the pine-branches flared and crackled in the silence—three men who had no heart for cheerful talk—who had exhausted every argument by which hope might be sustained. And still more vividly came back to him the image of that fourth figure—the haggard face, with its tangled fringe of unkempt hair, the wild eyes and tawny skin, the long claw-like hands. Yes, it came back to him as he had seen it first peering in at the door of the hut—as he had seen it afterwards in the lurid glare of the pine-logs—as he had seen it last of all, distorted with a sudden agony—the death pang—when those bony hands relaxed their clutch upon the shattered casement.

Swiftly did these hated memories flash through his mind. His time for thought was for the briefest, for the little Dutchman had not far to come before he must needs pass his old travelling companion. He looked about him gaily as he mounted, his cheery countenance and bearing offering a marked contrast to the dishevelled and woebegone air of his fellow passengers. Presently, as his gaze roved here and there among the crowd, his eyes lighted upon Lucius. His face became instantly illuminated. He had been warmly attached to the captain of the small band, yonder in the West.

"Thank God," thought Lucius, seeing that glad eager look, "at least he doesn't think of me as a murderer. The sight of me inspire no horror in his mind."

"Yase," said the Dutchman, holding out his plump little hand; "there is no mistakes—it is my friend Daforen."

He and his "frient Daforen" grasped hands heartily, and suffered themselves to be pushed against the wooden railing of the wharf, while the crowd surged by them.

"I thought you were in California," said Lucius, after that cordial salutation.

"Ah, zat is der vay mit von's freinds. Man goes to a place, and zey tink he is pound to aday

there for the eternity. He is gone, zey say, as if he had the bower of logomotion ferlost. Man talks of him as if he was dead. Yase, I have been to California. I have digged, and not found gold, and have come back to England; and have gone to Holland to see my families; and have found my families for the mosten dead, and am come back to my cuddy at Pattersea, where my little housekeeper keep all things straight while I am away. If I am in the Rocky Moundains, if I am in California, it is nights. She keep my place tidy. She have my case-bottle and my bipe ready when I go home. And now, Daforen, come to Pattersea one time, and let us have one long talk."

"Yes," answered Lucius thoughtfully. "I want a long talk with you, my dear old Schanck. The time when we parted company seems to me something like a dream. I can just remember our parting. But when I look back to those days I see them through a mist—like the dim outline of the hills in the cloudy autumn daybreak. Our journey through the forest with those Canadians—our arrival at Lytton. I know that such things were, but I feel as if they must have happened to some one else, and not to me. Yet all that went before that time is clear enough, God knows. I shall never lose the memory of that."

"Ah! you was fery ill—you valked in your head, for long time. If I had not made one little hole in your arm, and let the blood spurten, like one fountain, you might have shall died becomen been," said the Dutchman, somewhat vague in his grasp of English compound tenses, which he was apt to prolong indefinitely. "Yes, you valk in your talk—vat it is you say? ramblen. But come now, shall we take a cab—it is long ways to Pattersea—or wait for a steamer at Towers Varf."

"The steamer will be quicker, perhaps," said Lucius, "and we can talk on board her. There are some questions I want to ask you, Schanck. I shall have to touch upon a hateful subject; but there are some points on which I want to be satisfied."

"You shall ask all questions das you vish. Come quick to Towers Varf."

"Stay," said Lucius, "I am expected somewhere this evening, and the Battersea voyage will take some time. You want to get home at once, I suppose, old fellow?"

"That want I much. There is the little housewife. I want that she has not run away to see."

"Run away to see," cried Lucius, puzzled.

"Has she any proclivity of that kind?"

"I want to see she not has run away. Where is it you English put your verb?"

"Well, just let me send a message, Salom"—Salom was short for Absalom, a pet name bestowed on the little Dutchman in the brighter days of their expedition—"and I'm at your service."

Lucius scrawled a few lines in pencil on a leaf of his pocket-book, which he tore out and folded into a little note. This small missive he addressed to Miss Sivewright, Cedar House, and intrusted to a porter, whose general integrity and spotlessness of character were certified by a metal badge, and who promised to deliver the note for the modest sum of sixpence.

The note was only to inform Lucille that Lucius had an unexpected engagement for that evening, and could not be at Cedar House till late. It had become a custom for him to drink tea in the sick room, with Lucille, and Mrs. Milderson, who was overflowing with sympathy.

This small duty accomplished, Lucius accompanied Mr. Schanck to Tower Wharf, where they speedily embarked on a steamer bound for the Temple Pier, where they could transfer themselves to another bark which plied between that pier and Chelsea.

The boat was in no wise crowded, yet Lucius felt it was no place for confidential talk. Who could say what minion of Mr. Otranto's might be lurking among those seedily-clad passengers, most of whom had a nondescript vagabond look, as if they had neither trade nor profession and had no motive for being on board that boat save a vague desire to get rid of time?

Influenced by this insecurity Lucius spoke only of indifferent subjects, till, after stopping at innumerable piers, and lowering their chimneys beneath innumerable bridges, as it seemed to Lucius, they came at last to Cadogan Pier, whence it was an easy walk across Battersea-bridge to the Dutchman's domicile.

This bit of the river-side has an old-world look or had a few years ago—a look that reminded Mr. Schanck pleasantly of little waterside towns on the shores of the slow Scheldt. The wooden backs of the dilapidated old houses overhanging the water; the tower of Chelsea Church rose above the flat; there were a few trees, an old bridge; a generally picturesque effect produced out of the humblest materials.

"It puts me in mind of my faterland," said Absalom, as they paused on the bridge to look back at the Chelsea shore.

Mr. Schanck's abode was small and low—on a level with the river; whereby at spring-tide the small housewife's kitchen was apt to be flooded. A flagstaff adorned the little square of garden, which was not floral, its chief adornments being a row of large conk shells, and two ancient figure-heads, which stood on either side of the small street-door, glaring at the visitor, painted a dead white, and ghastrly as the spectres of departed vessels.

One was the famous Admiral Von Tromp; the other was The Flying Dutchman; and these were the tutelary gods of Mr. Schanck's home.

Within, the visitor descended a step or two—the steps steep and brassbound, like a compau-

ion-ladder—to the small low-ceiled sitting-room which Mr. Schanck called his cuddy. Here he was provided with numerous cupboards with sliding-doors—in fact, the walls were all cupboard—in which were to be found all a ship's stores on a small scale, from mathematical instruments and case-bottles to tinned provisions and grocery. From these stores Mr. Schanck dealt out the daily rations to his housewife, a little woman of forty-five or so, whose husband had been his first mate, and had died in his service. There was a small cellar, approached by a trap-door, below this parlour or cuddy, where there were more tinned provisions and case-bottles, and which Mr. Schanck called the lazaret. The galley, or kitchen, was on the other side of a narrow passage, and a stair of the companion-ladder fashion—sleep and winding—led to three small state-rooms or bedchambers, one of which was furnished with the hammock wherein Mr. Schanck had slept away so many unconscious hours, rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Above these rooms was the well-drained and leaded roof, which the proprietor of the mansion called the poop-deck—the place where, in fine weather, he loved best to smoke his long pipe and sip his temperate glass of schiedam-and-water.

He produced a case-bottle and a couple of bright little glasses from one of the cupboards, gave the housewife a tin labelled "stewed rumpsteak" out of another, and bade her prepare a speedy dinner. She seemed in no wise disturbed or fluttered by his return, though he had been three months in Holland, and had sent no intimation of his coming.

"All's well?" he said interrogatively.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the housekeeper. And thus the question was settled.

"The ship has leaked a bit now and then, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, there was three feet of water in the lazaret last spring-tide."

"Ah, she is one good ship for all that. Now, Daforen, you will make yourself comfortable, and we will have some dinner presently."

The dinner appeared in a short space of time, smoking and savoury. Mr. Schanck, in the mean while, had laid the cloth with amazing handiness, and had produced a little loaf of black bread from one of the cupboards, and a sour-smelling cheese of incredible hardness; they may both have been there for the last three months; and with these *hors d'œuvres* proceeded to take the edge off his appetite. Notwithstanding which precaution he devoured stewed rumpsteak ravenously; while Lucius, who was in no humour to eat, made a feeble pretence of sharing his meal.

Finally, however, Mr. Schanck's appetite seemed to be appeased, or he had, at any rate, eaten all there was to eat, and he dismissed his housekeeper with a contented air.

"Let us go up to the poop for our talk and grog," he said; to which Lucius assented. They would seem more alone there than in close proximity to that busy little housewife, who was washing plates and dishes within earshot.

They ascended the companion-ladder, the host carrying a case-bottle in one hand, and a big brown water-jug in the other, and seated themselves on a wide and comfortable bench, which had once adorned the stern of Mr. Schanck's honest brig. There was a neat little table for the case-bottle and jug, the glasses and pipes.

"This is what I call comfortable," said Mr. Schanck, who got more English in his mode of expression, as he talked with Lucius, and forgot his "families" in Rotterdam, with whom he had lately held converse.

The sun was setting behind the western flats out Fulham way; the tide was low; the crimson orb reflected on the bosom of the shining mud, with an almost Turneresque effect.

"It was to live at Chelsea that made your Turner one great painter," said Mr. Schanck, with conviction. "Where else out of Holland could he see such landscapes?"

They began to talk presently of those old days in America, but Lucius shrank with a strange dread from that one subject which he was most anxious to speak about. There was one faintest shadow of a doubt which a few words from Absalom Schanck could dispel. That worthy, in talking over past experiences, dwelt more on the physical privations they had undergone—above all, on their empty larder.

"When I count my tinned provisions—man improves daily in the art of tinned provisions—I can scarcely believe I was one time so near to starve. I sometimes feel as if I could never eat enough to make up for that dreadful period."

"Yes," said Lucius gloomily, without the faintest idea of what the other had been saying. "I was very ill yonder, wasn't I, Schanck, when you bled me?"

"Yes, and after. When you did rave—sch, dear Lord, how you did rave!"

"My brain was on fire when I shot that wretch. Yet I think, had I been full master of my senses, which I believe I was not, I should have done just the same. Tell me, Schanck, you who knew all, and were my witness in that trying hour, did I commit a great crime when I killed that man?"

"I think you commit no grime at all when you did shoot him, and if you had killed him it would have been one very good job."

"If I had killed him!" cried Lucius, starting up. "Is there any doubt of his death?"

"Sit down, Daforen, be dranguil; the man is not worth that we should be uneasy for him. You asked if there is any doubt of his death? There is this much doubt, dass when I saw him last he was allfe."

"Good God!" cried Lucius; "and I have suffered an agony of remorse about that man, wretch as I knew him to be. I have carried the burden of a great sin on my soul day and night; my dreams have been haunted, my lonely hours miserable."

He clasped his hands before his face with a passionate gesture, and a hoarse sob broke from that breast, from which a load had been suddenly lifted. The sense of relief, of thankfulness, was keen as the keenest pain.

"Tell me," he cried eagerly—"Tell me all about it, Schanck. Was not that shot fatal? I aimed straight at his heart."

"And you hit him zumvare," answered the Dutchman, "for when I went out and looked about for him an hour afterwards, there were traces of blood on the snow; but it couldn't have been his heart, or he would hardly have been able to crawl away. I followed him a little way by that track of blood, and the broken snow through which he had dragged himself along; but I could not go far; I was anxious about you, and I went back to the hut. If the man lay dead in the snow, or if he was shivering under the pine trees, groaning with the pain of his wounds, I cared not."

"Was that the last you saw of him," asked Lucius—"those traces of blood on the snow?"

"It was the last for a long time. If you will be patient I will tell you all the story."

Then, with many peculiarities of expression—desperate compound substantives, and more desperate compound tenses of the subjunctive mood, which it were well to leave unrecorded—the little Dutchman told all he had to tell of that which followed Lucius Davoren's fire. How, while Geoffrey slowly mended, Lucius lay in the torments of fever, brain distracted, body enfeebled, and life and death at odds which should be master of that frail temple.

"You were still very ill when, by God's mercy, the Canadian party came our way. Geoffrey met them in the woods, while he was prowling about with his gun on the look-out for a moose, or even a martin, for we were as near starvation as men could be and not starve. We had kept ourselves alive some-how, Geoffrey and I, on the pieces of buffalo you brought home the night before your illness, and when those were gone, on a tin of arrowroot which Geoffrey had the lock to find in his travelling bag. When the Canadians offered to take us on with their party, you were very feeble, helpless as a little child. Geoffrey and I looked at each other; it seemed hard to lose such a chance. They had a spare horse, or at least a horse only laden with a little baggage—their provisions having shrunk on the journey—they offered to put you on this horse, and we accepted the offer. Geoffrey walked beside you and led the horse; we made a kind of bed for you on the animal's back, and there you lay tied safely to the saddle."

"Like Mazeppa," said Lucius, "But, for Heaven's sake, come to the other part of your story, when you saw that man alive. Never mind the journey. I have a faint memory—as if at best I had been but half-conscious—of travelling on and on under everlasting pine-trees, of perpetual snow that dazzled my aching eyes, of pains in every limb, and a horrible throbbing in my head, and a parching thirst which was the worst torment of all. I am not likely to forget that journey."

"And you remember how we parted at Lytton? I left you and Geoffrey to come back to England your own way, while I went to the gold diakens. Your travels had been for pleasure; I had an eye to business. "Since I can make nothing out of furs," I said to myself, "let me see what I can do with gold. It can require no great genius to dig for gold." You buy a spade and pickaxe, and you dig; you get a ball of water, and you wash; that is all."

"But the man?" cried Lucius, in an agony of impatience. "When and where did you see him?"

"Dear heaven, how impatient he is!" exclaimed the little Dutchman, puffing stolidly at his pipe, and without the faintest intention of quickening his accustomed jog-trot pace. "It was long ways off, it was long times after I wish you both farewell at Lytton. I leave you, and go off to San Francisco, and then to the diakens. Here I find rough savage men. I have no chance among them; the life is hart. I am knocked about; I am not strong enough for the work. I wish myself—ach, how I wish myself at home here in my snug little cuddy, or sitting to watch the sun go down on my poopdeck! I begin to feel what it is to be old. One day after I have toiled—all *zu nights*—I stretch my weary limbs to rest under my wretched shelter. I hear a loud voice in a tent near at hand—the voice of a man playing at euchre with other men—a voice I know. My heart beats fast and loud. "It is that teufel," I say to myself, "who eats his fellow-men!" I crawl out of my tent along the ground, to the tent from which I hear the sound of that voice—a tent which had been set up only that night; they are close together, my own tent and this new one, just a little pace between, in which I am hidden, in the dark night. I lift the edge of the canvas and look in. There are men playing cards on the head of a barrel by the light of a candle. The candle shines on the face of one man. He is talking, with loud voice and excited gestures. "If this new claim over here turns out as well as our claim yonder, mates, a month longer I shall go back to England," he says. "Back to England," I say to myself; "you are von vicked liar; for in the log-hut you tell us you have been never to England." I stopped to listen to no more. Vavever your bullet may have hit him—and

it did hit him someware, for I saw the blood—there he was."

"You have mistaken some one else for him," said Lucius, "in that doubtful light."

"Mistaken! Zen I am mistaken in myself; zis is not me, but only some you like me. Ze light was not doubtful. I see his face plain as I see yours; zis eye-vink, zis moment ze deep-set black eyes—such eyes, eyes like der teufel's—and ze little peak of hair on ze forehead. There was no mistakes. No, Daforen, *es war der mann*."

"Did you see any more of him?"

"Nein," answered the little man, shaking his head vehemently; "once was enough. I went back to San Francisco next day, and started for England in the first vessel zat would convey me. I had had enough of ze diekens."

"How long ago was this?"

"It is von year dass I am returned."

"A year!" repeated Lucius dreamily. "And I did not kill that man after all—grazed his shoulder perhaps, instead of shooting him through the heart. The wretch was wriggling in at the window like an eel when I fired, and care and famine may have made my hand unsteady. Thank God—ay, with all my heart and soul—that his blood is not on my head. He deserved to die; but I am glad he did not die by my hand."

"I do not believe he will offer die," said Mr. Schanck. "He is a deffil, and has more lifes zan a cat."

"He had made money," mused Lucius, "and was coming to England. He is in England at this very moment perhaps, and may claim his daughter, or the girl he called his daughter. It is time that I should solve the mystery of those letters."

This discovery materially altered the aspect of things. Ferdinand Sivewright living and in England meant danger. Would he leave Cedar House unassailed? Would he fail to discover sooner or later the fact that it contained valuable property? Would he not by some means or other endeavour to possess himself of that property?

He would come back to his old father with pretended affection, would act the part of the remorseful prodigal, would cajole Homer Sivewright into forgetfulness or forgiveness of the past, and thus secure the inheritance of his father's treasures.

Then a new idea flashed across Lucius Davoren's brain. What if this spirit of evil, this relentless villain, were at the bottom of the robbery? He remembered that like figure seen so briefly in the glare of lightning, just such a form as that of the gaunt wanderer in the pine-wood. What more likely than that Ferdinand Sivewright was the thief, and old Wincher only the accomplice? The old servant might have been bribed to betray his master by promises of future reward, or by some division of the plunder in the present.

"In any case, at the worst, I think I have securely shut the door upon this villain now and henceforward," thought Lucius.

Yet the idea of Ferdinand Sivewright possible presence in England filled him with a vague anxiety. It was an infinite relief to feel himself no longer guilty of this man's death; but it was a new source of trouble to know that he was alive. Of all men, this man was the most to be feared. His presence—were he indeed the man Lucius had seen enter Cedar House after midnight—would account for the poison. That secret staircase might have given him access to his father's room. Yet how should he be a stranger to the house, know of the secret staircase?

Here Lucius was at fault. There was now a new element in that mystery, which had so far baffled his penetration.

"I will see old Wincher, and try to get the truth out of him," he said to himself, "if he is, as I now suspect, only an accomplice, he may be willing to inform against his principal."

After the revelation, so calmly recited by the worthy Schanck, Lucius was eager to be gone. The proprietor of the sea-worthy little dwelling, having said his say, sat placidly contemplating the level Middlesex shore, now wrapped in the mists of evening. He could not sympathise with his friend's feverish condition.

"Led us have some subber," he remarked presently, as if in that suggestion there was balm for all the ills of life. "A gurried rappit would not pe pad, or a lopster varmed in a zauzeban mit some madeira."

Even these delicacies offered no temptation to Lucius.

"I must get to the City as soon as I can," he said. "Good-bye, Schanck. I'll come and see you again some day; or you, who are an idle man, might come to see me. Here's my card with the address, ever so far eastward of the wharf where you landed this afternoon. I thank Providence for our meeting to-day. It has taken a great load off my mind; but it has also given me a new source of anxiety."

This was Greek to Mr. Schanck, who only sighed, and murmured something about "subber," and "gurried rappit," strong in his supply of tinned provisions. Lucius bade him a hearty good-night, and departed from the calm flats of Battersia, eager to wend his way back to the Shadrack-road.

CHAPTER XVII.

LUCIUS SEEKS ENLIGHTENMENT.

LUCIUS was more than usually solicitous for the security of the old house in the Shadrack-road after his meeting with Absalom Schanck; locks and bolts were adjusted with an almost mathematical precision under his eyes, or even

by his own hand; and Mr. Magsby, the ex-policeman, remarked to Mrs. Magsby, in the confidence of the domestic hearth, that for a young gentleman, Mr. Davoren was the fidgettiest and worritingest he had ever had dealings with. Whereupon Mrs. Magsby, who entertained a reverential admiration for Lucius, protested that she could see no fidgettiness in taking precautions against thieves in a house which had already been robbed; and that burnt children are apt to be timid of fire; and, in short, that in her opinion, whatever Mr. Davoren did, he was always the "gentleman."

Early on the day following his visit to Battersea, Lucius went in quest of Mr. Wincher at the address which the old servant had given him at departing.

Mrs. Hickett's, Crown-and-Anchor-alley, was an abode of modest dimensions, the ground floor being comprised by a small square parlour with a corner cut off for the staircase, and an offshoot of an apartment, with a lean-to roof, in the rear, which served as a kitchen.

The parlour, into which the street-door opened directly, was, in the continental sense, Mr. and Mrs. Wincher's "apartment," since it constituted their sole and entire abode. That convenient fiction, a sofa-bedstead, with a chintz cover which frequent washing had reduced to a pale pea-soup colour, occupied one side of the apartment; a Pembroke table, a chest of drawers, and three Windsor chairs filled the remaining space, and left limited standing room for the inhabitants.

But if the domain was small, it was, in the eyes of the Crown-and-Anchor world, genteel, if not splendid. There was a looking-glass in a mahogany frame over the mantelpiece, with a pair of black-velvet kittens, and a crockery shepherd and shepherdess in front of it; a pair of fancy bellows hung from a nail on one side of the fireplace, and a fancy hearth-brush adorned the other side. Altogether, Mrs. Wincher felt that in Mrs. Hickett's ground floor she was sumptuously lodged, and could hold her head high in the Shadrack-road when, in her own phrase, she "fetched her errands," with no galling sense of having descended the social ladder.

She felt the strength of her position with peculiar force this morning when she opened the door to Lucius Davoren.

Her first sensation on beholding him was, as she informed Mrs. Hickett in a subsequent conversation, "astarickie." She fully believed he had come to announce the apprehension of the thief, or the recovery of the stolen property. But in the next moment her native dignity came to her rescue, and she received her guest with a freezing politeness and an assumption of profound indifference.

Some memory of the summer evenings when Mrs. Wincher had played the duenna, the happy talk of a bright future to which she had listened approvingly, came back to Lucius at sight of her familiar countenance. He had once thought her the soul of fidelity; even now he preferred to think her innocent of any complicity in her husband's guilt.

Mr. Wincher was sitting by the fireless grate in a somewhat despondent attitude. He had found "odd jobs" harder to get than he had supposed they would be, and enforced idleness was uncongenial. Nor was his slender stock of savings calculated to hold out long against the charges of rent and living.

"Good-morning," said Lucius with cold civility. "I should be glad to have a few minutes' talk with you alone, Mr. Wincher, if you'll allow me."

"I have no secrets from my good lady, sir. You can say what you have to say before her. You haven't found out who took that silver. I can tell as much as that from your manner," said Mr. Wincher quietly.

"I can't say that I have actually found the thief," answered Lucius; "but I have made a discovery which may help me to find him."

"Eh, sir? What discovery?"

"Mr. Wincher," said Lucius, seating himself opposite the old man and leaning across the table to look into his face, "who was the man you let into your master's house, by the brewhouse door, between one and two o'clock on the seventeenth of last month?"

"Sir," said Mr. Wincher, steadily returning the questioner's steady gaze, "as surely as there is a higher Power above us both that knows and judges what we do and say, I have told you nothing but the truth. I let no one into my master's house on that night or any other night."

"What! You had no light burning long after midnight—you set no candle in one of the upper rooms for a signal—you never gave your accomplice a lodging in one of the attics? Why, I tell you, man, I found the bed he had slept in—the ashes of the fire that warmed him—his empty brandy bottle! If you want to go scot-free yourself, or to be paid handsomely for your candour, the truth will best serve you, Mr. Wincher. Who was the man you kept hidden in that upstairs room at Cedar House?"

"I can but repeat what I have said, sir. I never admitted any living creature to that house surreptitiously. I never lodged so much as a strange cat in those upstairs rooms. How could I? Miss Lucille always kept the key of the upper staircase."

"Pshaw! What was to prevent your having a duplicate key?" exclaimed Lucius impatiently.

This old man's protestations sounded like truth; but Lucius told himself they could not be truth. After all, when a man has once made things easy with his conscience—settled with himself that he will not attempt to square his life by the right angle of fair dealing—there need be nothing so very difficult in lying. It can

only be a matter of invention and self-possession.

"Come, Mr. Wincher," said Lucius, after a pause; "believe me, candour will best serve your interests. I know the name of your accomplice, and I am ready to believe that you were ignorant of the darker purpose which brought him to that house. I am ready to believe that you had no hand in the attempt to poison your old master."

"Sir," said Mr. Wincher, with another solemn appeal to the Highest of all Judges, "all that you say is incomprehensible to me. I admitted no one. I know nothing of any attempt to injure my old master, whom I have served faithfully and with affection for three-and-twenty years. I know no more of the robbery than I told you when I informed you of it. There is some mistake, sir."

"What, will you tell me that my own senses have deceived me—that I did not see the door opened and the light in the upper window that night? Who was there in the house to open that door or set that beacon light in the window except you—or Miss Sivewright?"

Or Miss Sivewright! What if it was Lucille who opened the door—Lucille who gave the man shelter in that upper room? Was she not capable of any act, however desperate, for the sake of the father she loved with such a morbid affection? If he came to her as a suppliant, entreating for shelter, pleading perhaps for her influence to bring about a reconciliation between himself and his father, would this fond confiding daughter refuse to admit him? Would she foresee the danger of his presence in that house, or could her innocent mind conceive so deep a guilt as that of the would-be parricide?

A new light broke in upon Lucius Davoren's mind. Here mattered all that had been strange in Lucille's manner and conduct since the evening when they went up to the loft and he saw the opening of the attic door. He remembered her anxiety on that occasion—her agitation on every subsequent recurrence to the same subject—her impatient denial of any foundation for his suspicions about the Winchers—how she fell unconscious at his feet when he plainly declared his discovery; and last of all, that fever in which the mind rather than the body had been affected. He recalled her wandering words, in which the name of father had been so often reiterated, and, most significant of all, that strange appeal which Mrs. Milderson had repeated to him, "You couldn't be so wicked as to poison your poor old father." To whom but a son could those words have been spoken? And could delirium suggest so deep a horror if it were utterly baseless?

"No, it was memory, and not a mind distraught, that shaped those fearful words," thought Lucius.

He was silent for some time, pondering this new view of the question. Mr. Wincher waited patiently, his poor old head shaking a little from the agitation of the foregoing conversation. Mr. Wincher's good lady stood with her arms folded, like a statue of female stolidism, as if it were a point of honor with her not to move a muscle.

"Well, Mr. Wincher," said Lucius at last, "it is not for me to decide whether you are guilty or innocent. You will hardly deny that circumstances conspired to condemn you. I did what I felt to be my duty when I advised Mr. Sivewright to dismiss you."

"After three-and-twenty years, and never a fault to find with neither of us," interjected Mrs. Wincher.

"The result has in a considerable measure justified that act. The attempt to poison a helpless old man has made no further progress."

Mr. Wincher cast up his eyes in mute appeal to heaven, but said nothing.

"We could have poisoned him in Bond-street, if we'd wanted to it," protested Mrs. Wincher. "It would only 'a been to cook his bit of minced veal or Irish stew in a verding-greasy copper saucepan, and all the juries as ever 'sat couldn't have brought it home to us."

"Now, if you are, as you allege, an innocent man," pursued Lucius thoughtfully, "you will be glad to give me the utmost assistance. I have made a discovery that may in some measure affect this question. Ferdinand Sivewright is alive, and probably in England!"

"Then it was he who stole that silver!" cried the old man, starting up with sudden energy.

"Is not that a hasty conclusion?"

"You would not say so, sir, if you knew that young man as well as I do. He was capable of anything—clever enough for anything in the way of wickedness. The most artful man couldn't be a match for him. He deceived me; he hoodwinked his father, over and over again. There was no lock that could keep anything from him; he robbed his father in every way that it was possible for a man to rob, and looked in his face all the time, and shammed innocence. His mother had trained him to lie and cheat before he could speak plain. If Ferdinand Sivewright is in England, Ferdinand Sivewright is the thief."

"And the poisoner?" asked Lucius.

"I don't know! Perhaps. He did not shrink from stupefying his father's senses with an opiate, when it suited his purpose. He may have grown more hardened in wickedness since then, and may be capable of trying to poison him."

"Mind, I do not say that he is in England," said Lucius, "only that he may be. Now, there is one thing very clear to me, namely, that whoever put the arsenic in that medicine must have entered your master's room by the secret staircase. Mr. Sivewright's door was kept locked

at night, and his room was carefully watched by day—especially during the two or three days immediately before my discovery of the poison. Now, you pretend to have been ignorant of the existence of that staircase until I showed it to you."

"I have told you nothing but the truth, sir."
"But if you, who had lived in that house for several years, knew nothing about it, how should a stranger, coming into the house by stealth, discover it?"

"I cannot tell you, sir," answered the old man helplessly.
"Does your master know of that staircase, do you think?"

"He may, sir, though he never mentioned it to me. He is a close gentleman at all times. He chose the room he now sleeps in for his bedroom when we first came to the house. He would have no painting, or whitewashing, or repairs of any kind done—saying that the place was good enough for him, and he didn't want to waste money upon it. My wife cleaned up the rooms as well as she could, and that was all that was done. There were no workmen spying about, to find out secret staircases or anything else."

"From whom did your master take the house? asked Lucius.

"From an agent, Mr. Agar, in the Shadrack-road."

"To whom does it belong?"

"I've never heard, sir; but I believe it's the property of somebody that lives abroad. Mr. Agar always collected the rent half-yearly."

"Then, no doubt, Mr. Agar knows all about that staircase," said Lucius; "I'll go to him at once."

"Heaven grant you may be able to come at the truth, sir; though I can't see how that staircase can help you."

"I don't know about that, Mr. Wincher," returned Lucius; and with a hasty "Good-morning," he departed.

To be continued.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

In the year 1852 I was in the ship Birman, bound for Melbourne. At that time I was only an ordinary seaman, and had made but one voyage previously. Then, as now, I disliked the sea as only a sailor can. But what could I do? At school I had been idle, and more fond of play than work—had learned little, so that I was not fitted for desk-work nor for a profession; and having, with a boy's love of adventure, insisted on going to sea, my parents wisely advised me to stick to it, hoping that I should push my way in the end. The result is that here I am, over forty years of age, first mate in a whaler. Certainly, I have saved a few hundred pounds, and, with the good luck we have had this voyage, I hope to be able to buy a share in the ship, and take the command; but I have worked hard for it, and have led a slavish, abstemious life.

Our voyage to Melbourne was a long one, owing to the slowness of our ship and to the number of accidents we met with, so that we did not reach Hudson's Bay until the middle of January, 1853. The gold fields at that time were in full swing, and every man and boy that could manage it had gone to the diggings. As soon as a ship anchored in the bay her hands, either singly or in a body, left her, so that there were hundreds of vessels lying deserted or only manned by the captains, and perhaps a boy. Our ship was no exception to the general rule, for, before we had been a week in harbor, all the hands, tempted by the golden reports we heard of the abundance of the gold, and the ease with which it was to be got, had deserted her and made the best of their way to the "Land of Promise."

I and two other boys were among the last to bolt. The captain and officers watched us carefully; and had it not been for an accident I believe we should not have been able to make our escape. One day the skipper told us to man the gig, and we had to row him to Sandridge. Another boat from some ship in the bay reached the shore just as we did, and our two boats ran into the gravelly beach close together. No sooner had the other boat grounded than the men in her—numbering some four or five—jumped ashore and ran off up the beach, closely pursued by the captain. Our "old man," as soon as he saw what it was, gave chase, followed by the second officer, who was also with us. Seeing our opportunity, I proposed to my mates that we should be off at once. Only one agreed with me—the other saying that he would rather take his chance than go now and leave all his "kit" on board. So we left him and hurried away, not knowing or caring in what direction we went.

After several narrow escapes from being caught and imprisoned in Melbourne, we joined a party which was starting for Bendigo. For some months we worked there with indifferent success. From there we went to McIvor, now called Heathcote, and then our troubles commenced. Not a speck could we find. A few yards from us a party of four were doing, wonderfully well, making from £30 to £40 a week each. So, when the Waranga diggings were found out, near the Goulburn, we up stick and made tracks at once. This was a dreadful place. We were among the first on the ground. There were no stores to be got, excepting a few

small loaves, which were sold at the modest price of eight shillings each. Mutton, for the first two days, could not be got for love or money, and even if it could it was out of our reach, for, although we might have had a good supply of the first, we had not a cent of the latter. Water was scarcely to be got fit to drink, although a little was brought from a lake, and was readily sold at half a crown per bucket. The first night we were there I got some—mud-water, we called it—in which a digger had been washing his "stuff," to make tea of. The process was troublesome, and not very satisfactory, after all. I first strained it through a bit of rag torn off my shirt—then I put it on the fire and boiled it, adding a good handful of tea. Allowing it to stand and settle, we got nearly a pint of liquid out of each quart pot. It looked like first-rate tea, as the mud in it gave it the appearance of having milk as one of its ingredients—an unknown luxury in the diggings; but the taste was anything but gratifying, being full of grit and tasting too strongly of mother earth. This discomfort of course only lasted a few days, for, with the rapidity usual in gold diggings, a township sprung into existence—a canvas one, certainly, but in which every necessary and many of the luxuries of civilized life were obtainable.

My companion—whose name was Joe—and I remained there for about ten days, not doing very well, but earning more than wages. Then, hearing a report of new diggings having been found not very far from Waranga, we determined to give up our claim, which was about worked out, and try our luck in a fresh ground. The place where this new field was said to be was only about ten or twelve miles from Waranga, in a straight direction, but separated from it by a dense "whip-stick" scrub, so thick as to be almost impenetrable even to men on foot. Dark tales were told of men who had tried to force their way through this scrub being lost and never having been seen again; and as yet no one had been known to have succeeded in finding their way through it. Of course, going round made a considerable difference in the distance; and so, thinking to save this long tramp, and rather liking the idea of trying to succeed where so many had failed, we resolved to attempt pushing our way through to the other side.

A whip-stick scrub is composed of long, thin, straight saplings, growing so closely together that it is necessary to bend them aside in order to get between them. And as each little tree is well covered with leaves they form a sort of canopy overhead, which excludes the light so much that even at midday it is almost impossible to see the sun. This, of course, makes travelling more difficult and dangerous than in an ordinary scrub, where, if you are unprovided with a compass, you have the sun to guide you by day and the stars by night. These saplings grow perfectly straight, without branches, to a height of generally ten or twelve feet; and, as their name implies, are in great request by bullock drivers, who use them for handles to their bullock whips.

The plan we intended to adopt when going through this scrub was simple enough, but very troublesome. With a small tomahawk one gave a tree a cut and then bent it down in the direction we were going. A few yards further on and the same process was repeated. In this way we felt certain that if we could not find our way to where we wished to go, we could at least return.

Early one morning we started, hoping before night to reach our destination. For the first two hours we went slowly but surely, taking great care to leave plenty of trees laid down as marks. But as we went on the trouble became more and more irksome, and we began to leave a greater distance between them, until at last we found we had lost sight of the chain of communication in many places. Still we felt little or no uneasiness on this account, for it appeared unlikely that we could lose the line altogether. We were rather disappointed to find that we could not finish our journey that day; but, fully persuaded that we could do so early next morning, we prepared to camp and make ourselves comfortable for the night. We were prudent enough not to use much of the small supply of water we had brought with us, and contented ourselves with washing down our damper and mutton with about half a pint each of tea.

Next day brought us no more success than before, and we began to think we had lost our way. I wanted to return, feeling our way, as it were, by the trees we had cut down; but Joe would not listen to such a thing, insisting that we had only to persevere a little longer and all would be right, and urging that if we went back we should have lost all our trouble and fatigue for nothing. I reluctantly agreed to go on for another day, on condition that we should then return. By that time we should be quite without water and nearly without food; and, travelling at the same pace we had come at, it would take us at least three days to retrace our steps.

No better results followed on the third day, and on the morning of the fourth we began to make the best of our way back, greatly disappointed and sadly disheartened at our failure and anxiously nervous for the future. We found it by no means so easy to find our marks as we had anticipated, and were often in danger of losing the return track altogether. This at last took place; and on the fifth day we found ourselves completely astray in the heart of the scrub, tired with our long tramp, weak from want of sufficient food, tortured with a raging,

burning thirst, and confused and bewildered by the perilous position in which we were placed.

More for the purpose of collecting our scattered senses than for any other reason, we sat down, and, lighting our pipes, began to discuss our plans as calmly as we could. What should we do? To stay here was certain death. And yet, to go on wandering hopelessly forward—probably, as is usual in such cases, walking round and round the same spot in a circle—until, exhausted by fatigue and faint for want of food and water, we sank down to die, seemed the only way in which our sufferings could end. Still, to lie down quietly in despair, waiting through terrible, bitter agony for the end which must surely but so slowly come, with its long protracted torture, was impossible. The very thought was maddening and intolerable. No; better far to roam frantically, even hopelessly, through the dark, gloomy scrub, until strength failed and reason fled. Better to struggle gallantly to the end, fighting the battle of life and death inch by inch, contending bravely with man's greatest enemy to the last, still clinging to the feeble hope which lasts as long as life, than to sink down, helpless and hopeless, overcome by horror, madness and despair.

For three more days we struggled on, battling bravely against our cruel fate, and trying to cheer one another and keep our own spirits up by hopes of yet getting out into the open. Hour by hour we grew weaker, and each moment our torture caused by thirst increased, and we began to take strange ideas into our heads. Often we thought we had at last reached help and safety, and shook hands, laughing and singing with joy. Then the sad reality, with all its horrors, would burst on us, and, weak in mind and body, we found relief in bitter tears. At this period I noticed a strange, wolfish expression in my companion's eyes, and often caught myself gazing at him earnestly, while strange, wild, diabolical thoughts, occupied my reeling brain. Well I understood his looks and my own cruel thoughts.

We were both longing for the other to die, so that the survivor could feast on his dead companion and satisfy the terrible, gnawing hunger which was raging within us and seemed to be tearing us to pieces.

"Joe," I said, as we were lying down, trying to obtain a little rest before staggering on again—my voice was shaky now, and I spoke with pain and difficulty—"Joe, old fellow, one or both of us will soon be dead. For my own part, I hope we may both die at the same time. My lad, I know well what your thoughts are, just as you guess mine. What we both desire and long for cannot do us much good, and will but prolong our pain and add to our sufferings. Will you swear with me, by the God before whom we must both soon stand, not to give way to this new horror?"

For answer, he put his poor, thin, worn hand in mine, and, squeezing it as hard as his feeble strength permitted, simply said, "Agreed."

No more words were spoken by either of us on the subject, yet we both felt that the dreadful horror had passed away, and the knowledge soothed and calmed us more than I have words to express. Half the dread and bitterness of death had fled with these few faintly uttered words.

Each moment growing weaker, we still moved on, clinging to hope as only dying men can; and even when darkness came, spreading night's black mantle over us, we went on, hand in hand, feeling our way in and out through the thick forest of sapling.

Often we sat down, intending to rest till the morning, but fevered with thirst and anxiety, we could not keep quiet; and four hours we crept onwards until at length, completely exhausted, we lay down and fell fast asleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, and through the branches and leaves I thought I could see the sun shining. Then I thought I heard the notes of a magpie. Little at first I heeded what I heard, thinking it was but another of the fancies which had so often before deceived me, and which for many hours past had taken possession of and filled my half-crazed brain. But as they grew more distinct I began to listen, and soon became certain that it was not imagination, but reality. Could it be that in the dark we had wandered close to the edge of the scrub? How else could we hear the sweet, plaintive song of the magpie? Hark! what is that? Is it, can it be, the crack of a bullock-whip or stock-whip?

Collecting all my strength, I rose and tried to rouse Joe. Alas! he was too faint to move, and only muttered something about "Mother—coming home." Could I leave him now to die alone? And yet to stay, even for a few moments, was death to both. Oh, God! were we to perish on the very threshold of salvation? To die now, when within a few yards of help and succor! The thought gave me fresh life and strength; and with a weak, faltering voice, I coo-eeed again and again.

My cry was answered: and soon Joe and I were safe in the care of rough but kind hands—snatched from the very jaws of death. I have nothing more to tell you. Joe and I went back to sea again as soon as we recovered our strength. He is now the captain of a fine ship—a regular trader to Melbourne. I have seen him several times since we parted in 1853. We always talk our adventure over; but neither has ever alluded to the oath we took in the depth of that dark, dismal scrub.

JO DORNAN AND THE RAM.

You won't properly understand what I am going to relate unless I introduce to you Mr. Jo Dornan. Permit me! Jo was as cool in danger as a winter midnight when there is a crust on the snow. Cool? He was absolutely gelid in his total disregard of personal safety—up to a certain point. That is, up to the point at which danger almost becomes death, or its equivalent. I don't think it was nerve, or moral courage; it was that he had a singular natural instinct by which he could perceive accurately the limit to which he could safely venture; for upon those rare occasions when this acuteness failed him, and he overpassed the limit, he was the most pitiful poltroon alive. He would stand up before a crowd of drunken and desperate ruffians, and throw out insults as a cook throws out cold bones; he would taunt, and jeer at, and defy them with a pitiless persistence; and as unconcernedly as if he were badgering a herd of Sunday schoolers with the catechism. And all this he would do from sheer love of it; furnishing the occasion on purpose. But let a small boy dodge through the ranks of ruffians' legs and deliver one kick at Jo's, and he would bolt up the street in an agony of terror, yelling murder at every leap! That is why I don't think he was brave the right way.

One day Jo and I were crossing a sheep-pasture, when a powerfully-constructed ram made gravely toward us, shaking his pate in a threatening manner as if he said, "N. B.—Trespassers will be persecuted!" I put aside, for the moment, the just claims of dignity and grace, and achieving mere speed, tumbled across the nearest fence; then I looked back with a courage I did not previously know I possessed. There was no Jo in sight—yes—there was! He was down on "all-fours," backing round and round after that ram, in the most ludicrous way. The animal was retreating hither and thither in an aimless manner, trying as hard as he could to collect his intellect, and evidently doubtful about the proper manoeuvres to execute in an emergency not provided for in the books. This remarkable campaign was continued for some time, Jo, presenting the most amazing spectacle, and the sheep endeavoring to surround him, as if he wanted to take this extraordinary creature alive, but was anxious about his own line of retreat. Presently the ram began to gather heart and made little rushes forward, finishing each with a short stiff-legged jump, his head depressed. Then he would back off and take a fresh start, "fetching up" a little nearer to Joseph, who was now slowly retreating, watching the enemy all the time between his thighs. He had evidently counted upon all this, and was not at all disconcerted, nor disposed to abandon whatever object he may have had. I was breathless with suspense; it seemed to me that all nature stood off to give these singular belligerents a fair field! I managed, however, to perceive that Jo was so directing his retreat as to cover the approach to a deep creek which cut across a corner of the field; and that, at every moment, he drew nearer to a particular spot at the verge of its high bank. Then I remembered that at this point there was a flight of wooden steps leading to the water—a boat-landing. It was all clear now; and I no more doubted that Jo would reach that point and clamber down the stairs just one-tenth of a second before the ram should finish his final charge than I doubted my own existence. I knew he would, and lost all interest in the ridiculous scene. So I whipped out my pocket handkerchief and began dusting my boots; for in getting over that fence I had alighted in the centre of a very dirty road. Mother of Moses (I forgot her name), what a shriek! If I live a million centuries that dreadful cry will ring in my years! Looking hastily up I beheld Jo kneeling at the top of the bank, his hands flung forward over the stream, and upon his white face such a look of agony and despair as I shall never think of without a shudder! A flood had carried away the steps!

Then I caught a vivid glimpse of a broad, wavy, white streak, about thirty yards long, between his back and where I had last seen the ram. It was like an undulating flash of white lightning! At the same instant there sounded a sodden thud that might have been heard a mile away, and Joseph rose grandly and steadily into the air. Anon he began gyrating like a drunken rocket, and as he passed above the spot I occupied he seemed to have more arms than Briareus, and looser ones, and to be the centre of a bewildering system of legs and coat-tails. He whizzed and hummed like a half spent bomb; and when he fell there was a local earthquake like that caused by the impact of a first magnitude aërolite. It brought to their feet all the sleeping cows within a three-mile circuit, and set the dogs of a distant village barking like mad.

The ram toppled into the creek and was drowned. I have seen Jo but once since—three years afterwards. I was sailing across the Rocky Mountains in a balloon, and in skirting along the edge of a tremendous precipice, I saw Joseph, squatting on the dizzy verge, bullying one of the enormous wild sheep which infest that aerial region. Thinking he might not like to be interrupted I merely nodded and passed on.

An old lady from Maine recently called at a Boston conservatory and said she had timed her daughter in Thalberg's "Sweet Home" to two minutes and 50 seconds.

The Ladies' Page.

CHANGES IN THE MODES.

The modes, it is to be admitted, changed more slowly in the old days. Now we have hundreds of fabrics to one in the elder periods. The world ran in slow currents then; now its movement is as swift as electricity and steam and machinery can make it, and of course the modes of dress move with their opportunities. In those old days, with less chance for display, with simpler materials, with more unquiet times, there was little stimulus to change. Sometimes the conquest of a new people brought in new methods, sometimes the discovery of another fabric. The Coan gauzes, must have caused a revolution in summer apparel, and the accessibility of silk suggested countless ideas impossible under the régime of the linen and woolen stuffs of previous wear. The Hebrew women, who went from the nomadic life of tents to the Egyptian cities, must have carried away with them many a custom of the people whom they left behind when they again took up their march; and the Greeks, we know, brought eagerly adopted novelties to Rome. Yet in choosing from the customs of others it seems to have been a rule, with but few exceptions, to choose only those which agree with the climate and are not hostile to the national temperament of those who are at liberty to make the choice. The English, for instance, would never adopt the East Indian head-gear, since their sun forbids it; and though they seize the Oriental shawl, they reject the Oriental trowser.

The modes, indeed, have changed, slowly, but that they have changed, and that significantly, is to be seen in the fact that the ancient flowing robes, the dress of the harem, the dress of the life when barbaric rudeness without and barbaric restraint within made the wives of princes as much slaves as the women who carded their wool for them, has been abandoned for to-day's dress of comparative freedom. Goggles after this lighter and freer dress we see in the sleeve and corset, in the steel and buckram, of the mediæval costume. Use of the term freedom in connection with that fearful structure seems at first glance to be an impossible absurdity, but such was its ultimate purpose. It was an attempt to adapt the dress to the figure, and that he should have completely succeeded at first was not to be expected. Nobody knows what gibes the brutal barons threw at their dames on the first sight of these hideous styles, though doubtless their introduction was by gradual degrees; but we may be sure that if they thought their superiors wore them, they would not have suffered their wives to lag behind. Nor would the court of Britain be outdone by France; and France, we know, has always been the mother of ideas, at least in this direction. But out of this attempt has proceeded all that is of most importance in dress in our own day. Artistic sense has shaped it into beauty, and an increasing intelligence has modified it into practical use. Indeed, this very corset, which is so much an object of malediction, and abused, as it certainly has been, was one of our earliest benefactors in this line. Doubtless its first appropriators lay awake nights with the startling effect upon the nerves occasioned by the contemplation of such a daring innovation. They had seen the armor of the knights fitting closely to the contour of the form, the rings and plates falling into place till all the beauty and strength of the figure found full play, and it had occurred to them that the advantages in freedom and comeliness of such dress were worth having. Something of the sort there had previously been in a mild way. Under all their draperies the Roman women wore long, many-folded bandages, sustaining and compressing the figure, and probably the Grecian cestus was not always a mere narrow girdle. But the effect of this steel and buckram arrangement was in open sight, and must have aroused a whirlwind of contumely at first as a downright encroachment upon masculine array; and the wearing of it was probably considered as bold an immodesty as the wearing of "plain waists" was considered not thirty years ago, and as unblushing an effrontery as the appropriation of paletots and jackets and outside pockets and big buttons and jockey hats was pronounced to be but yesterday. It was, to be sure, an atrocious thing at first, little better than an iron cage, but it had a great endeavor in it, as its final success has proved; for, bad as it was, it was our emancipator, and unquestionably we owe to it to-day our release from the enslaving and weakening draperies of past eras, our health, our liberty to walk the streets alone, and some of our ability to defend ourselves. If this statement seems extravagant, we need but a moment's thought to convince us how much change has resulted from this single cause. Now when the day of tight-lacing is over, when sculptors and painters have succeeded in teaching us the absolute lines of unaltered beauty in the female form, forever forbidding the wasplike waist, the corset has become a comfortable garment, allowing every muscle liberty, relieving the shoulders of the weight of flowing eils of cloth, displaying the figure in the proportions in which God made it, suffering abuse from none but fools; and if not perfection itself, it is probably paving the way for more thorough simplicity and freedom yet.

In fact, it is evident that the modes must

change till out of all their multitude we attain at last the complete and suitable dress. And even when that is attained, it must be varied for the various seasons and weathers, while then the style of its ornamentation will have to be occasionally renewed to prevent mere weariness of the flesh; for the pride of the eyes—that is, the love of color, outline, beauty—is something that we can not imagine ourselves dispensing with, even in the beatific state of angel-hood itself!

FURS.

The fashionable furs for the coming season will be lynx and black marten black and silver fox, mink, which is standard, seal skin. Russian sable, and ermine. Otter, beaver, and dyed possum fur, in imitation of lynx, are quite cheap and of recent introduction.

Astrachan will be worn in mourning, and will be admissible in colors, but is no longer stylish.

The boa is still fashionable, as much so as last winter, and as a general thing the designs in furs have altered but little.

Lynx and black marten are dressy in appearance, and present the long flowing fur which is now a popular fancy, and as they can be obtained at moderate prices will be extensively worn, so much so perhaps as to cause an earlier decline in popularity.

For seal skin, although there may not be the furor of a year ago, yet this kind of fur will be very popular, and may be obtained in sets containing a muff and boa, and if so desired, a sacque of seal skin may be added. But these are much more expensive. Occasionally a seal skin cap is added, but this is not tasteful. In seal skin, let it be remembered, there is much choice, the dark being the handsomest kind.

Mink is in much favor, and may be looked upon as a standard fur, and, therefore, desirable, since it is not likely at any time to go out of style.

Black and silver fox will be very fashionable; they are soft and fleecy, and being dressy and effective, command of course, a price in proportion.

Ermine is not unfrequently seen upon the street, but is always in bad taste for daylight, and should be reserved exclusively for evening wear.

The more elegant and expensive furs are now shown frequently, without ornaments of any kind, with a plain lining only; but in case a side garniture be desired, silk tassels, or bows of gros grain ribbon matching the lining may be chosen. Handsome muffs are sometimes lined with elder down, which is of course very soft and warm, and leading dealers display muffs in which the lining is divided into separate compartments within, although this novel idea has by no means superseded the old method.

Boas may, according to the taste of the wearer, be either round or flat, and are usually from a yard and a half to three yards in length.

Fur will be largely used in trimming this season, and in this department there are two novelties of recent introduction, which commend themselves to the attention of the fashionable; the one is tasseled fringe, composed of fur; the other, a fringe made of balls of seal skin, connected by silken cords. For trimming, the furs which will be most largely used, are black and silver fox, lynx, black marten, seal, mink and sable; but the three last varieties, as well as the black fox, will be very expensive, and all kinds, of course, will vary in price according to width as well as quality.

The furs most in demand for children are French ermine, white and gray cony, chindrilla, Iceland lamb, seal and grebe.

JEWELLERY AND SILVERWARE.

Shell jewelry retains its popularity, and in the more expensive styles is finely carved, and also combined with gold, and although some imitations are so good as scarcely to be distinguished from the genuine, yet the real shell is far preferable.

Other favorite styles in jewelry are cut jet, which is called black garnet, and mounted in gold, and sets of black onyx, mounted in the same way. Black onyx is also seen in combination with silver flagee. Cameos, sapphires, pearls, emeralds and coral are quite popular, and though of course more expensive than the plain gold, are often preferred, inasmuch as they cannot be so successfully imitated.

But more popular than anything else is oxidized silver in combination with gold. Tiffany displays some designs in this style which are very singular, and in which Japanese figures are conspicuous throughout. Sometimes the Japanese fan is represented, for both earrings and brooch, a larger fan for the brooch, two smaller for the ear-rings, suspended by the handles, and upon these in oxidized silver Japanese figures are conspicuous, in all their accustomed quaintness, oxidized in different colors, some dark as iron, others copper-colored. Then there are opalescent owls in oxidized silver upon gold, and on some Japanese figures are engaged in blowing soap bubbles, each bubble being a pearl.

Clusters of flowers are also oxidized in different colors on some of these sets, and even flies and spiders, which are as dark as they are

in nature. Sleevebuttons are shown *en silhouette* in singular and indescribable designs, and dissimilar, one from the other. Japanese fan sets are also shown in plain gold and delicately carved and traced.

Gold ear-rings are popular in round balls, very close to the ear, some of which are plain and others pierced.

In silverware, the fancy for oxidizing is apparent, and numbers of sets are shown in which the ground work is very dark, while the Japanese figures are in satin-finish and colored oxidizing. A tea tray exhibits the ground nearly black, while a dignified Japanese holds aloft to the admiring gaze of a companion, a small tea-pot, and on a stand, near by, a tea kettle sings cheerfully.

Other sets of silverware are in satin finish with dark figures in relief. On tea and table-spoons, fish-knives, and indeed throughout every department of silverware, the oxidized designs are seen.

And, meanwhile, in ladies' attire, they are giving way before the rising popularity of cut steel.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE OVER MAN.

Where is the man of parts and principles who has not been managed by woman? What hero of the past (the present is slow to recognize its heroes) has not had his heroine, even though she be not so recorded?

Pericles was managed by Aspasia in everything that added to their greatness and to the glory of Greece. He was proud to admit his indebtedness to her. She helped him to his pedestal, and drawing her after him, he crowned her with laurels, and proclaimed her a goddess fit for the Parthenon. He had no fear to be thought inspired or guided by her; for he was a lofty leader of lofty men, standing so high that he heard the uttered wisdom of Olympus.

Hyperides, the rival of Demosthenes, was so managed by Phryne as to render his effort in her behalf the crown of his eloquence. The beauty of the woman flashed into his thought; the symmetry of her form swept through his sentences, and she stood acquitted by the power of her reflected loveliness. Cæsar and Antony knew from the first what a siren Cleopatra was. The great Julius saw her consummate management when she rose, like a rare aromatic flower, from the bale the swarthy Sicilian had brought. He felt the presence of the splendid apparition kindling a new destiny in his veins, and he advanced to meet it with open arms. Unfortunate as her influence was in many respects, she must have answered in some way to his noblest nature. No woman, not even Egypt's enchanting queen, could have retained him for years, unless she had awakened that which was best in him, and most promising for the future.

Antony, magnificent rowdy that he was, detected the management of Ptolemy's daughter while she rowed up the Cydnus with silver oars, to obey his summons, as the goddess of youth and love. To live in luxurious effeminacy with her, he sank the Spartan element that was in him, and drew the Sybarite to the surface. How supreme must have been the tact which could rivet to her side the sturdy soldier, and enthrall him with voluptuousness, while he saw his Roman veterans disowning their allegiance in favor of Octavius, and the empire he had gained by mighty prowess and hardship crumbling under his dazzled eyes.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

There is wisdom as well as common sense in the following article, which we would recommend as well worthy the consideration of our readers:

There is no better mark of a sensible and well regulated mind than the exhibition of good taste in the choice of dress. Weak people in this, more than anything else, betray the natural silliness of their character, and give proof to the world of their unfitnes to assume any of the important responsibilities of life. It is almost an impossibility for a sensible or a thoroughly educated man to be a fop; his nature rebels at the thought of gaudy or vulgar display; his eyes shrink from garish colors, and all his nicer feelings revolt at the idea of mere outward embellishment. Simplicity and neatness in dress must, therefore, be viewed as evidences of good judgment and a well balanced understanding, just as gaudiness and foppishness are to be considered indications of mental weakness. This truth should be born in mind by the young, particularly by those just starting out in life, for young people are very apt, unless guided in their tastes, to cultivate a love of dress at the risk, in the first place, of endangering their reputation for good sense, and secondly, of exposing themselves to permanent injury from the possibility that an outward habit thus acquired may influence the inward character.

Of course, we must not be understood as recommending negligence, or even indifference, in the selection of dress, for we esteem cleanliness and neatness as two of the cardinal virtues; what we desire to inculcate is, that simplicity and plainness, freedom from elaborate display and all vulgar ornament, are unerring marks of refinement and good common sense, and that they should be sedulously cultivated by every one who desires to secure a reputation for good taste and solidity of understanding.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

STINGS OF WASPS.—The pain and suffering caused by the stings of bees and wasps may be immediately assuaged by the application of lime-water, a remedy which may always be prepared at once by the aid of a little quick-lime and a glass of water.

WINE STAINS ON LINEN.—Put the tablecloth in milk, soak for twelve hours, and then wash in the usual way, taking care to dry in the open air; or filter cold spring water through the part stained as soon as possible after the stain has been made. If the above fail, try salt of lemon.

CHEAP PUDDINGS.—Plain puddings may be made in great variety with suet, to which a little baking powder is added when mixing the flour; flavour with one lemon or an orange, chopped figs or treacle, or plain milk; sugar to taste; also cornflour with one egg and milk made into a custard about an inch thick, and baked over apples and pears in winter, and cherries and currants in summer.

HAIR WASH.—Take a bunch of rosemary, and put in into a stone jar with a quart of water; cover it closely, and let it simmer on the stove for twelve hours; then pour the solution into a bottle into which you have put some hours previously a tablespoonful of borax and a tablespoonful of olive oil. Cork the bottle well, and in a few hours it will be fit for use.

RICE CAKE.—Six ounces butter, five ounces castor sugar, half a pound ground rice, two dessert spoonfuls of flour, two eggs, and half a teaspoonful of almond flavouring. Beat the butter to a cream with the fingers, then add the sugar to the butter, next ground rice, then flour, lastly the eggs, in which the flavouring should be put after well beating them. Beat up well, and bake in a tin lined with buttered paper.

RICE PUDDING.—One quart of new milk, one cupful of seeded raisins, two-thirds of a cupful of rice; keep it hot in a saucepan on the back part of the stove for two hours, or until the rice is soft enough. Then add one quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, and when cool enough, two eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately until they are frothy), a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a very little salt. Mix carefully, so as not to break the rice, and bake about half or three-quarters of an hour.

CHEAP VINEGAR.—I take a quantity of common Irish potatoes and wash them until they are thoroughly clean, and then place them in a large vessel and boil them until done. I now drain off carefully the water I cooked them in, straining it if necessary, in order to remove every particle of the potato. Then I put this potato water into a jug or keg, which I place near the stove, or in some place where it will keep warm, and add one pound of sugar to about two and one-half gallons of water, some hop yeast, or a small portion of whiskey. Prepared in this way, and letting it stand three or four weeks, you will have most excellent vinegar. Indeed, it is the only vinegar that will preserve cucumbers cut fresh from the vines without the aid of salt.—*Canada Farmer.*

PLUM PIE.—Either fresh fruit or the fruit that has been canned can be used. If the latter, the plums should not have been entirely ripe when bottled. In the centre of a deep earthen pie-dish insert a tea-cup, and fill the dish with the fruit—if fresh, adding about the quantity of sugar to make them sweet enough, and a very small quantity of molasses. Moisten the edge of the dish with cold water, and place around the edge a narrow strip of the pie-crust, which must not be too rich; this strip of crust must now be moistened with water or the white of egg to prevent the juice escaping. Place the upper crust on, folding it in the middle so as to allow it to rise when the fruit expands. Prick holes in it with a fork to let out the steam. Bake about half or three-quarters of an hour.

CHICKEN BROTH.—This is generally made for invalids, for whom beef broth is too rich; although chicken broth can be made rich also by putting several old chickens in the kettle with a comparatively small amount of water. Process: To make an ordinary chicken broth, neither rich nor weak, put in the soup kettle an old chicken, the bones of which you crack in several places, or half of a chicken, with about a quart of water to a pound of meat; add a little salt, and set on a good fire. When commencing to boil push the kettle back, add a gill of cold water, and skim off the scum that gathers on the surface. When no more scum comes up, add a carrot, a stick of celery, and two leeks; simmer for two hours, strain and use. If wanted weak, put more water and less chicken, and vice versa if wanted rich.

BRAN BREAD.—Boil one pint of milk, and thicken with Graham flour; add cold milk enough to make a thin batter, and when cool enough add half a tea-cupful of hop yeast, and a small quantity of syrup molasses. Stir in Graham flour to form a stiff batter—as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. When light, sprinkle a small quantity of fine flour on a board, and work the bread until it ceases to be sticky, being careful not to put on too much flour, and get it too stiff and dry; put it into a round basin that will fit into the steamer, and when light work a very little; put it into the basin again and set into the steamer, having plenty of boiling water in the vessel beneath. A medium-sized loaf should cook one hour, and the lid of the steamer must not be removed or the water cease boiling, else the bread will be heavy. When done, remove from the steamer and put in the oven for about twenty minutes to give it a crust. The steaming gives lightness and moisture to the bread, and the finish in the oven dries the outside, and gives a crust to it.

IN THE TREE-TOP.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"Pock-a-by baby, up in the tree-top!"

Mother his blanket is spinning;
And a light little rustle that never will stop,
Breezes and boughs are beginning.
Rock-a-by, baby, swinging so high!
Rock-a-by!

"When the wind blows, then the cradle will
rock."

Flush! now it stirs in the bushes;
Now with a whisper, a flutter of talk,
Baby and hammock it pushes.
Rock-a-by, baby! shut, pretty eye!
Rock-a-by!

"Rock with the boughs, rock-a-by, baby, dear!"
Laf-tongues are singing and saying;
Mother she listens, and sister is near,
Under the tree softly playing.
Rock-a-by, baby! mother's close by!
Rock-a-by!

Weave him a beautiful dream, little breeze!
Little leaves, nestle around him!
He will remember the song of the trees,
When age with silver has crowned him.
Rocky-a-by, baby! wake by-and-by!
Rock-a-by!

"P'TIT LULU."

BY THEO. GIFT.

She was a Jersey princess, and her throne
was a low bit of broken wall outside the cottage-
door, whence she used to nod her curly head to
the passers-by, and call out, "Dood-bye,
m'sieurs," in her broken English and shrill
baby-treble.

It is thus I see her first—a bright spot of color
against the warm red-brown background of earth
and wall, and the arch of spotless blue above—
a dab of carmine, patched with yellow about the
head, a torn print garment—once white—and
two dusty, dimpled, rose-pink legs, the little fat
toes clinging like a monkey's to the rough lich-
ened inequalities on the side of the wall.

"Good-bye, little one. This is the right way
down to Rozel Bay, is it not?"

"Mais oui, oui. A bas la. Lulu come down,
Lulu show m'sieur."

The dab of color jumps down. Two short pud-
s of fingers reach up into mine, and I am provided
with a guide on the spur of the moment.

"Lulu, Lulu!" cries a voice from the cottage,
"ou vas-tu, méchant? Viens donc de suite,
p'tit chat!"

Lulu, I grieve to see, is not of an obedient
disposition. She stamps one pink foot in the sand-
y soil, shakes her yellow head defiantly, and
retorts in a shrill gabble, which sounds some-
thing like this—"V'eduire m'sieur/basvoirl'
dats."

I am free to confess that my knowledge of
Jersey-French is not equal to a translation.

I find myself in the unpleasant position of an
involuntary child-stealer. To my relief, the
half-door of the cottage opens, and there comes
out a tall, ripe, brown-skinned girl of seventeen,
with eyes black and shining as sloe-berries after
a shower, and neat, pretty Jersey features smil-
ing under the great white sun-bonnet, turned
back like the cup of a huge convolvulus. To her
I appeal, laboring with solemn British despera-
tion after my long-forgotten foreign exercises,
"Mademoiselle, cette—petite—enfant—a
voulu—"

The pretty red lips curved upwards in a ready
smile.

"Ah, yes, m'sieur, it is Lulu's way." (She
evidently does not think much of my French,
for she answers in English.) "So many excu-
sion people come this way to see our baby and
the gardens of La Chaire above, that la petite
has taken the habit to play at guide. M'sieur
will please excuse. The neighbors do so spoil
the child, she grows troublesome. — F! done,
Lulu!"

"Lulu not trouble. Lulu ben sage," stammers
the baby-sinner, stamping a small srocco in her
wrath, and holding tightly to my finger the
while; then changing her key with the agility
of a vocal acrobat, and turning two suddenly
moist blue saucers of appeal on me, she whis-
pers coaxingly, "Lulu only want show de che-
min. Let p'tit' Lulugo, hein?"

Naturally, Lulu is permitted to go. It is evi-
dent that this young princess is deeply versed in
the arts of cajolery—a person not to be denied
anything within the compass of human possibili-
ty.

The black-eyed damsel and I exchange glances
of intelligence, and succumb simultaneously.
Lulu tightens her pull on the finger she has cap-
tured, and leads me off, pattering in shrill tri-
umph through the dust, and along the steep,
narrow path which leads onwards and down-
wards to the rock-girdled beach of Rozel Bay.

By-and-by we have to step out of the way; an
excursion car is bearing down upon us, creaking
and swaying as the heavy load of gaudily-
dressed, blousy-faced British tourists, and neat,
sallow-skinned Parisians, all of the bourgeois
class, but different as beings from two distant
spheres, presses forward on the straining, stag-
gering horses, and grates against the side of the
hill. Not wishing to immolate myself, an in-
voluntary victim, beneath the wheels of this
descending juggernaut, I retire to a clump of
ferns and brambles on the outer edge of the
path, clutching Lulu's fat wrist tightly, and hor-
ribly afraid lest that impetuous young lady

should choose to rush forward and be crushed on
the road, or roll backwards and be shattered on
the beach. The result seems equal.

I am a nervous man, and grow hot and damp
all over with anxiety. Lulu, on the other hand,
is as cool as a cucumber. She holds me, indeed,
as cool as a conquering Delaware would his
captive Mingo, or a stern aunt her refractory
nephew. She nods her charming head fami-
liarly to the driver (an unmistakable Paddy),
smiles upon him with all the sweetness those
round blue eyes can bestow, and hails him with
condescending urbanity.

"Hi, Malone! bo'zour, bo'zour!"
The driver's face expands into a grin; he
waves his hand cheerfully.

"Good mornin' to ye, p'tit' Lulu; is it afther
a ride yer wantin' the day, me lady?"

It is possible that Lulu may have stooped to
such an idea on previous occasions, though at
present she looks on it in the light of an insult.
With great skill, however, she pretends not to
hear, and addresses herself patronisingly to the
dusty, steaming excursionists.

"Dood-bye, m'sieurs et mesdames. Malone
go show you Rozel Bay. Lulu auss! Lulu got
son m'sieur. V'la done!"

This last in a tone and with a wave of the un-
occupied dimpled fist which draw instant and
general attention on the captive Mingo. Lulu
is satisfied. The car rolls on, and we follow.
The cloud of dust is in our eyes; the red faces,
copper-colored silk gowns, and hideous flowery
hats of the path. We hear Malone cry, "There's
Rozel!" for the benefit of his passengers. We too
reach the corner. Lulu relinquishes her Mingo,
folds her fat palms ecstatically, sets her fat legs
as wide apart as is any way consistent with an
upright position, and, copying Malone's tone with
the nicety of a practised actress, repeats, "Zere's
Rozel!" Then changing to a voice of glee, and
beginning to jump up and down like a soft ball
of wool tossed into the air and back again—
"Lulu show it m'sieur—Lulu—no Malone!"

I stand still, and look about me—at the steep
rough path with its overhanging wall of ochre-
red earth, topped by a tangle of feathery grasses
and matted white-veined ivy—at the broken,
precipitous hill-side—the patches of golden gorse
and flaming purple heather—at the motley red
roofs and steep pebbly paths of the little fishing
village nestled down in a nook between the dark
green hills and the yellow strip of sandy shore—
at the grey quadrangle of the garrison wall, with
its living scarlet dots speckling the interior—at
the broad, flashing sheet of burning blue water,
beaming and dimpling like a breastplate of dia-
monds under the July sun—at the brown,
weather-beaten fishing-boats hauled up high and
dry upon the shingly beach, and far above at
the grey roof of the wayside cottage blinking
dimly in the yellow sunlight. It is so pretty a
scene, so bright and picturesque, that I could
have stood gazing for a length of time, but for
Lulu. Taking my hand again, that insinuating
tyrant remarks carelessly, as of a subject of gen-
eral interest—

"Sweeties in de shop a bas. Berry dood
sweeties."

"Ha, indeed? And Lulu would like some?"
"Mais oui!"—with most serious gravity—
"m'sieur have some too."

Monsieur accedes, seeing it is expected of him
and together we descend to the village. Lulu
plots the way with surprising agility to the
"sweetie" shop, and I meekly invest in a small
load of toffee, brandy-balls, comfits, etc., for my
guide. She, however, has no idea of having them
made into a mere parcel, but opens first one
tiny palm to be filled and then another, clasping
her short fingers firmly over their sticky con-
tents. I meekly suggest her pinafore as an extra
receptacle; but Lulu, looking at the holes
therein, shakes her head decisively. Doubts of
the propriety of utilising the only remaining
garment occur to both of us, when Lulu solves
the difficulty by suddenly throwing back her
head, and opening a small red cavern fenced by
two rows of wee white pearls. I fill it obediently,
full—very full. Lulu nods contentedly, and then,
speech being impossible, gives me one round
cheek to kiss, and so trots away on her home-
ward route.

Poor little fat legs, how weary they must
have grown before they reached the top of the
hill! Standing on the beach twenty minutes
later, I saw the wee white figure still toiling
painfully upwards, and stooping every half-mi-
nute to pick up one of the sweeties which would
escape from hands or mouth.

This was my first meeting with Lulu; but
long before I left Jersey we had grown inti-
mate friends. My acquaintance with the hospi-
table mistress of La Chaire, whose gardens cut
out of the rock are the show-places of Rozel,
brought me often to that pretty bay; and
whether on foot or horseback, if I passed the
cottage and called, "Where's p'tit' Lulu?" out
flew the dimpled owner of that name, dancing
for glee, and holding up her chubby hands to be
taken by "le m'sieur qui m'a donné des sweeties."

Lulu lived with her grandmother—a hard-
faced old dame, wearing the short stuff skirt,
clumping shoes, and broad-winged snowy cap
of Bretagne—who worked in the fields; and her
pretty young aunt Manette. Father, grand-
father, and uncle had all been lost, drowned in
the sea, out fishing the night Lulu was born;
and mother went before morning to seek them.
The shock killed her, and left Lulu orphaned
before she was an hour old; but the child lived
and thrived.

All the neighbors round about pitied and
made much of the helpless baby; the fishers in
especial taking so warm an interest in her wel-
fare that at three years old Mlle. Lulu was the

acknowledged pet of Rozel, and the ruling spirit
in that lonely cottage on the hill-top.

Two years and a half had passed when acci-
dent again brought me to Jersey for my
summer holiday; and as a matter of course one
of my first excursions was to Rozel Bay, and my
kind friend at La Chaire. I was on horseback,
and the day was hot and thunderous, breaking
every now and then into those sudden down-
pours, those terrific sheets of rain for which the
island is so disagreeably noted. Not having an
umbrella, I was naturally desirous of getting to
La Chaire before being caught in one of these
waterspouts; yet as I neared the well-known
house by the road-side, the remembrance of
Lulu made me draw rein and slacken pace,
looking out for a glimpse of my little friend,
and calling her name aloud in hopes of seeing a
pair of startled, joyous eyes flash out in
answer.

Vain idea! There was no voice in reply, no
rush of little feet, no round, bright face lifted up
to kiss me. The house stood there, silent in the
yellow, thunderous light, dust upon the grey
walls, dust upon the closed windows, dust upon
the untidy tufts of blood-red carnations strag-
gling over the dry light soil outside the door.
Never a sound from within; never a puff of
smoke from the chimney. The place looked
dark, dismal, and deserted, as though a curse
had fallen on it; and wondering and disap-
pointed, I rode down to the village, and put up
my horse at the inn before going on to La
Chaire.

There I inquired for my baby guide of former
years. There, in the stable-yard, I learnt from
the man who acted as groom what had hap-
pened to the happy cottage, and where its little
queen had gone.

Lulu was dead!

"Monsieur remembers her aunt," the man
said, "a pretty, dark girl, with cheeks like
peaches, and velvet eyes. "Douce Manette"
the fishers called her; but for all her beautiful
eyes they did not find her "douce" to them.
Le Bon Dieu knows how many lovers she had
in the village here; but never a one got inside
the cottage-room where Manette washed and
sewed and kept care of Lulu while the grand-
mère was away at work; never a one of them
all till Philip Gordon, a private from the garri-
son there, found his way up the hill-path, and
into Manette's wilful heart. Ah, Dieu! from
that day all went wrong. Gordon was an idle,
dissolute sort of fellow, and the grand-mère
would have none of him. She found out that he
spent every sou in folly as soon as it came; that
his officers looked on him as a black sheep; and
that, for aught his comrades knew, he
might have a wife in every garrison town al-
ready. La grand-mère turned him out of the
house the first time she caught him there, and
forbade Manette to see or speak to him again.
Manette disobeyed.

"One cannot judge these things, m'sieur, eh!
Perhaps the grand-mère was over-harsh. Per-
haps Gordon persuaded the girl that he was a
victim to cruel calumny and injustice—ça passe
Every time he could get leave in the day, when
old Mère Le Brun was away, he used to come to
the cottage; and Lulu, happy and important,
kept guard as sentinel at the door while the
lovers talked. We in the village knew it all;
and when we saw p'tit' Lulu scrambling down
the hill-path with one little hand grasping the
neck of her pianofore, more than one of us
guessed that Manette had tucked a scrap of
paper in there with a message for her soldier
lover. Lulu liked to be busy, you know, m'sieur;
her little feet never tired of running errands for
the folks she loved.

"One day the end of all this arrived.

"The regiment was ordered to leave Jersey
abruptly; and Gordon with difficulty contrived
to let Manette know that he would be with her
by a certain time to say good-by, and make ar-
rangements for their future. Behold! as if of ma-
lice, that very day Mère Le Brun had rheuma-
tism, and would not go to work, or suffer
Manette to leave her. Perhaps she suspected.
Dieu sait. At any rate there she was, and there
was Manette, wild, restless, miserable, and
dreading every moment that Gordon would ap-
pear. At last an idea struck her. She called Lulu
and bade her run down the path, meet her lover,
and keep him away. Lulu went at once, the
grand-mère saw the child scamper off and cried,
"Come back, p'tit chat, it goes to rain hard!
Come then, wicked one!"

"Hélas! you know Lulu. She was wilful, la
petite, and she loved Manette more than the
hard old grandmother. She ran on not heeding.
It was a black, stormy day, like this, but worse.
Great drops of rain began to fall; and Mère Le
Brun, afraid for the child, bade Manette go and
fetch her back. Figure to yourself how gladly
her daughter obeyed! She flew off like a hare,
her face all one rose of joy. Then I suppose la
grand-mère suspected. She rose up and followed;
and there, a little way from the path, all among
the ferns and stones on the sharp slope of the
hill, stood Gordon with Manette in his arms,
and Lulu sitting on a point of rock beside them
serene and smiling amid all the rain and
storm.

"It all happened in one second.

"The girl saw her grandmother's threatening
face over her lover's shoulder and started back.
Gordon threw out his arm to keep her, and
somehow, by accident, knocked p'tit Lulu off
her rock by the jerk of his elbow. Then there
came a great blaze of lightning and a rush of
rain which frightened them all. They heard
Lulu cry, and tried—all three—to save her as
she fell, fell, rolling from rock to rock over
the ferns and brambles. M'sieur, you are pale;
you guess. It was quite useless. The old woman

was stiff; Gordon had to think of Manette lest
she too should slip, and dash herself down.
When they reached the bottom Lulu lay there
upon the stones quite still and white, her little
body all broken, her hands torn and bleeding.
Dead, m'sieur? yes, stonedead. There was one
cut on the little head, all among the yellow
curls.

They buried her three days later. All the
neighbours round came to see her laid in holy
ground, la petite ange. There was not a dry eye,
M'sieur can comprehend. But the regiment had
gone before then, Gordon with it; and la grand-
mère could not leave Manette, who lay ill of a
fever in her bed.

"Pauvre fille! she did not die, but it was full
five weeks before she could even sit at the cot-
tage door again; and then her beauty was all
gone; her skin yellow, her eyes dull, like an
old, old woman. I do not think her brain was
ever quite right after that; she would look so
wanly at you and say, "Lulu, Lulu," over and
over again, in a dull hopeless way; then cry out
in great agony, or creep away to weep. I think
she knew her folly and wrongdoing had killed
the innocent lamb who loved her; and she
could not live it down. Poor Manette! one day
la grand-mère shut up her cottage and carried
her away. She said the neighbors talked about
them; and our poor are very proud, voyez-vous
m'sieur. They went away to France all in a
day; and since then the house is empty. There
is no little face to laugh out at you; no child to
take the place of p'tit' Lulu."

HOW I KILLED THE TAME STAG.

One day I went to some neighboring hills to
kill a stag or two for a friend of mine, who, not
being able to come up that season himself, had
begged me to get him some good heads, if I
could. I met his stalker, a relation of my friend
the under forester, whom we will call Norman,
and I had with me my own keeper, whom we
will call John—no fool about a deer, a first rate
shot with both gun and rifle, and about as
pretty a fisherman as ever took rod in hand; it
was worth while going all the way to see him
fish the saddle cast on that beautiful river the
Conon, in Ross-shire. The saddle cast on the
Conon was a stumpy, short tree, which in floods
was half covered with water, and the top of it
was shaped like a saddle. To this, in high water
you waded, and getting astride the tree, you
commanded a very good cast. This was no
easy matter; for if you hooked your fish, you
could not kill him from your saddle, but had to
descend and wade to shore again. I should like
to see any one do it and not lose his fish. John
never did. After the usual salutations, we pro-
ceeded to work, and had not gone far when we
spied two or three hinds and a stag.

"Norman," said I, "we are in sight, for that
stag is looking straight and steady down upon
us."

"Impossible, sir! he can't; but at any rate
we can get down to that rock (distant a few
yards), and there he can't see us."

So behind this rock we rolled ourselves.
"He is moving down this way, master," says
John.

"Very civil stag, indeed," said I, and I pro-
ceeded to load my rifle.

"You had best be quick about it, sir," says
John again, "for he is coming straight down."

"What a very queer accommodating beast,"
I repeated; when, in a deep, tremulous voice,
Norman groaned out—

"Ech, Lord! if it isna the tame stag!"
"Well, what's to be done?" was my ques-
tion.

"Kill him," says Norman.
"I don't want to kill a tame stag; not so hard
up for a shot as that; so take my rifle and kill
him yourself."

"I would not lay a hand on him for any sake,"
was Norman's reply.

"Then do you shoot him, John."

"I would not like to try, sir; you know you
have your own rifle to-day, stocked for yourself,
and I can't shoot with it."

Here was a quandary.
"You had best be quick about it, sir," again
said John, "for he is coming down sharp, and
will be very near us directly."

"For any sake, don't miss him. Take time
for any sake, and kill him dead!—the ill-fared
beast!" groaned Norman again.

Now this was not pleasant. I am by no means
a sure rifle-shot—on the contrary, a very bad
one. The two men evidently thought the stag
dangerous, and depended on me for protection.
I had no stomach for the affair at all; but I
thought it better to be a tailor than a cur. I
had not much time for further consideration, for
the stag appeared over the brow of the hill un-
der which our rock was, and came right down on
us. Thinks I to myself, for I have some Tip-
perary blood in my veins, if we are in for a
scrimmage, it's not lying on my face and stom-
ach I'll be, but standing on my feet. So I stood
straight up. On came my friend, facing me, not
giving me a chance of his side. I was deter-
mined, if he kept this position, not to fire till he
was so close that I could shoot him through the
neck and break his spine. At about twelve
yards, I should say, he stood and turned his
head, and eyed me a little askance. This gave
me a chance, and I fired; and though, he did
not drop dead, he was quite paralysed, and soon
gave up the ghost. Great were the congratu-
lations of my two companions, and great was
my relief that no harm was done, though not
quite content in my own mind with my exploit.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A NEW sort of umbrella has been invented in England. A spring runs through the cane, and at the part where the tips of the ribs come, when the umbrella is closed, is a cap which fits down upon the ribs, and so holds the umbrella neatly and securely. The revolving principle has been introduced, so that the chances of tearing and breaking when coming into contact are greatly reduced.

SINGULAR DEFORMITY.—M. W. P. Bush, of Monroe City, Mo., is in possession of a calf, the body of which presents a shape very similar to the letter S, its head being twisted far to one side, curving in a curious manner, and its hind-quarters drawn around to the opposite side in the same way. One eye is on the top of the head, looking up; the other is under the bottom and turns immediately down.

THE "FLOWING BOWL."—A remarkable bowl of punch was made across the water in 1844. It was made in a fountain, in a garden, in the middle of four walks, covered overhead with orange and lemon trees, and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with refreshments. In the fountain were the following ingredients: Four hogshheads of brandy, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of white sugar, thirty-one pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and one pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups of the company. It is supposed more than six thousand men drank from the fountain.

ANSWERING LETTERS.—A great many people are shamefully negligent about answering letters. Nothing is more annoying. In European countries it is regarded as the height of ill-breeding to allow a letter which needs reply to go unanswered; and so it ought to be considered here. This is a point on which parents should lay great stress to their children. They should be taught to consider it as rude not to reply to a letter which needs attention. The busiest people are generally those who are the most exact in this respect. The late Duke of Wellington, who, it will be admitted, had a good deal on his hands at different times of his life, replied to every letter, no matter from how humble a source. Once a clergyman, who lived in a distant part of the kingdom, wrote to his grace, on whom neither he nor his parish had a claim, to beg for a subscription to build a church. By return mail came back a letter from the Duke, to the effect that he really could not see why in the world he should have been applied to for such an object; but the parson sold the letter as an autograph for £5, and put the Duke down for that amount among the subscribers.

ORIGIN OF "BLINKERS."—Every established custom has some simple origin; and the adoption of blinds for horses' eyes is traced back to the time of Queen Victoria's father. The Duke of Kent was at one time woefully in debt. Being a prince he could not be sued at common law or arrested, but a ribbon stretched across the sidewalk must not be broken by the debtor. His creditors contented themselves by using this ribbon to compel him to take to the street, or go back. So he had to travel in a coach-and-four. His officer got "wall eyed." The duke could not buy another team, and this white eye made the horse unpleasant to look upon. Poverty and no credit ruled the roost, and it seemed that his Royal Highness would have to go on foot, until one of his drivers lit upon the blinker idea, and one was fitted to the head of the ailing horse. It completely hid the white eye, and then a blind was put on the other horses to make things even and uniform. Our stages were once driven through the country with four blinkers on the horses, i. e., one on the outside of each head-stall, and that fashion continued many years, or until one-horse wagons came in vogue, and then two blinkers were placed on each head-stall.

A WOULD-BE MONARCH'S ABODE.—The Count of Chambord, with an income of £20,000, is content to inhabit the ground floor of Frohsdorf Castle, his residence. His reception-room is plain. The furniture represents the style of the latter part of the last century, the proprietor having an extreme dislike of what he calls "gewgaws." The prospect from the windows is splendid, embracing a range of hills thickly wooded with fir-trees. His closet contains a large variety of heavy walking sticks, their owner being lame, and an equally varied assortment of sporting implements, the Count having inherited from his grandfather, Charles X., who was the crack shot of his time, a decided taste for sporting. His favorite seat is an easy chair, made entirely from gigantic stag-horns and upholstered with stag-skins. His father, the Duke of Berri, was very corpulent, and the Count inherits the paternal obesity. His stature is less than five feet nine inches, and his age is fifty-three. He speaks a good deal of Versailles, and thinks that the bed of Louis XIV. is there ready for him to sleep in. His wife, three years his senior, is more cautious and bolder than her husband, and is regarded as his superior in intelligence and force of character.

FROZEN MEAT.—The beef-eaters of England are not so fortunate as they thought they were going to be. The attempt, which we noted a short time ago, to introduce into that country fresh Australian meats in a frozen state has failed. However, it is hoped that this failure is

temporary and accidental. The ship Norfolk, which carried the twenty tons of frozen meat, was only seventy-nine days in making the voyage from Australia, and before departure meat which had been for eighty-five days subjected to the same process as that she carried had been eaten by a large company at a public luncheon, and declared to be exactly like newly-killed meat. The experiment seemed to promise thorough success. But there was some defect in the construction of the apparatus; the freezing brine from the ice and salt upon the top of the meat-tanks wasted too rapidly, and consequently the ice provided could not last out the voyage. Most of the meat was thrown overboard on the thirty-fourth day; only one ton was taken safely as far as the Azores, when it was thrown away, the ice falling entirely. Probably more care in the arrangement of a cargo and a more accurate calculation of the leakage of the brine will yet carry Australian beef and mutton safely to London dinner-tables.

THE TURN OF LIFE.—From the age of forty to that of sixty a man who properly regulate himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and all the functions are in the highest order. Having gone a year or two past sixty, however, he arrives at a critical period of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But ahead of this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley "Old Age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without a doubt of causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters, are also in the vicinity, to waylay the traveller and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor, "the turn of life" has a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either at close, like flowers of sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in its beauty and vigor until night has nearly set in.

A CROCODILE STORY.—A cayman from the neighboring lagoons of Lyson's estate, in St. Thomas's in the East, that used occasionally to poach the ducks and ducklings, having free warrant about the water mill, was taken in his prowl and killed. All sorts of suspicion were entertained about the depredator among the ducks, till the crocodile was surprised lounging in one of the ponds, after a night's plunder. Downie, the engineer of the plantation, shot at and wounded him; and though it did not seem that he was much hurt, he was hit with such sensitive effect that he immediately rose out of the pond to gain the morass. It was now that David Brown, an African wainman, came up; and before the reptile could make a dodge to get away, he threw himself astride over his back, snatched up his fore-paws in a moment, and held them doubled up. The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout; and though able to move freely his hind feet, and slap his tail about, he could not budge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a useless endeavor to grub himself onward. As he was necessarily confined to move in a circle, he was pretty nearly held to one spot. The African kept his seat. His place across the beast being at the shoulders, he was exposed only to severe jerks as a chance of being thrown off. In this way a huge reptile, eighteen feet long—for so he measured when killed—was held *manu forti* by one man, till Downie reloaded his fowling-piece, and shot him quietly through the head.

FROM WEALTH TO WANT.—A gentleman who has been spending a few days at Baden, a watering-place about twenty miles from Vienna, tells the following story: "Two years ago I was in Europe, and met an American lady in Paris, and afterwards in Rome, who resided in Chicago and had come abroad for a vacation. She was a most charming personage, well educated, brilliantly accomplished, and perfectly correct in her deportment. I returned to America and heard nothing more of her. At Baden last week, as I was passing along the hall of the hotel and near the door of one of a suite of rooms belonging to a Russian countess, I saw a plainly dressed woman. She looked around as I approached, and then retreated hastily; the single glance convinced me that it was my acquaintance of two years ago. That evening I was introduced to the Russian countess, and asked her if she knew Mrs. —, an American. On her saying that she did know her, I asked if I had not seen her in the hotel. She then told me that the lady was in Baden, and was her companion, and "her history," she said, "is a strange one. She was in Europe two years ago, with an abundance of money, and supposed herself wealthy. Her husband was in business in Chicago, and at the time of the great fire there he was burned to death and all their property was swept away. The morning after the fire she was a widow with no money except what she possessed at the time. I had known her for some time, and when I heard of her misfortunes I asked her to travel with me and be my companion. She consented, and is now with me. She dresses plainly as you saw her, and bears her misfortune very patiently. She declines to go into society any more, and devotes herself entirely to me. She is a very worthy lady, and I shall always befriend her."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The *Scientific American* recommends as a cure for nose-bleeding, to extend the arm perpendicularly against a wall or post, or any convenient object for a support. The arm on the side from which the blood proceeds is the one to elevate.

Artificial butter is being made from beef suet in America and the inventor hopes to be able completely to drive genuine butter out of the markets; the flavouring or essential butter fat is made chemically. We see no reason why this should not be, as the fat, from what source, is of the same constitution, and therefore equally useful as an article of diet.

DISINFECTATION.—Carbolic acid is the best and most trustworthy disinfectant now known to us, and both public and private purchasers will do well to obtain it in the crystalline form, and to make for themselves a solution in water containing five per cent. of the crystals—that is, eight ounces in an imperial gallon. With this solution all drains and waste-pipes and all collections of refuse may be freely and frequently flooded, not only with at least as great a degree of security against infection as can be afforded by any other agent, but also with the incidental advantage that the smell of the acid, if detected in the family drinking water, will prove the existence of some unsuspected leakage.

CLOTHING.—For all persons, especially invalids, an under material of wool gauze, next to the skin in the safest and the best, because it is a non-conductor and carries heat from the body more slowly than cotton, linen or silk. The warmer the weather the more need for wool next the skin. All garments worn next the skin during the day should be removed at night and spread out for a thorough airing and drying. Cotton is the best material to be worn next the skin at night. All changes from a heavier to a lighter clothing in the summer should be made by putting on the lighter clothing first thing in the morning. It is safer for children, for invalids and old persons to have too much clothing than too little.

A VALUABLE INVENTION NOT PATENTED.—The cheapest, most simple, and practical fire-alarm for ordinary household purposes is a small weight of lead or iron made to adhere to the ceiling of each room with a piece of wax. When the temperature becomes elevated above that of the ordinary atmosphere, the wax will lose its adhesiveness and allow the weight to drop. The weight can be attached by a wire to all the bells in the house, or to sound any alarm extemporized for the purpose. The weights should be kept away from stove pipes and out of the sun, and one should be placed on each room and hallway. They will not fall to give the alarm when there is excessive increase of temperature, and no house should be without them. This alarm is not patented, and is free to be used by all without money and without price.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

The origin of freckles has been thus explained: In the spring, the skin, from the warm covering which the body has had in winter, and from various other causes, is peculiarly sensitive. The heat of the sunbeams now draws out drops of moisture, which do not dry as rapidly as in summer. These drops operate like a convex glass, to concentrate the rays, which are thus made to act powerfully on the Rete Malpighii, and the carbon which it contains is half acidified, and this substance, in this state, always has a dark colour. In the same manner arises the dark tint which the skin in general assumes in summer, and which fire communicates to artisans who labour constantly in its immediate vicinity. The only bad effect of freckles is that they induce ladies to keep themselves shut up from the influence of the weather, or to apply injurious washes to the face to remove them.

TOBACCO AND THE MENTAL FACULTIES.—A distinguished French savant, the Abbe Moigno, contributes to the discussion of the tobacco question some interesting observations on the influence of the weed upon his own mental powers. For many years he had been addicted to the habit of snuff-taking, though conscious of injurious results flowing from the practice. He renounced it again and again, but a relapse always followed. In 1861 his daily allowance of snuff was over twenty grammes, and he observed a rapid decay of the faculty of memory. He had learned some fifteen hundred root words in each of several languages, but found these gradually dropping out of his mind, so as to necessitate frequent recurrence to dictionaries. At last he summoned resolution to break finally with the use of tobacco in any form, and after six years of abstinence, writes as follows: It has been for us the commencement of a veritable resurrection of health, mind and memory; our ideas have become more lucid, our imagination more vivid, our work easier, our pen quicker, and we have seen gradually return that army of words which had run away. Our memory, in a word, has recovered all its riches, all its sensibility. That tobacco, especially in the form of snuff, is a personal enemy of memory, which it has destroyed little by little, and sometimes very promptly, cannot be doubted. Many persons with whom we are acquainted—M. Dubrunfant, the celebrated chemist, for example—have run the same dangers and escaped them in the same fashion, by renouncing tobacco, which we do not hesitate to say harms the greatest part of those who employ it, since for one smoker or snuffer who uses it there are ninety-nine who abuse it.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A STUDENT undergoing his examination was asked what was the action of disinfectants and replied:—They smell so badly that the people open the windows and fresh air gets in."

VICKSBURG offers a reward for the recovery of an old lady, aged one hundred and eleven, who, it is supposed had been kidnapped by some felonious journalist from a rival city, desirous to secure her obituary for his own local items.

A MAINE woman ate four quarts of oysters at one sitting, the other day, and won one hundred dollars by so doing, which, after deducting her burial expenses, eighty-five dollars, left her fifteen dollars to commence the next world with.

AN imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers! where are they?' And echo answered, 'Is that you, Patrick McCarthy?'"

THE *Congregationalist* advises its readers to sit at the feet of a horse and learn humility. "Just so," says the *California News-Letter*. "Sit down at the feet of a mule, and if he don't humiliate you pull his tail and tickle the inside of his legs with a stable fork."

AN epitome of a certain class in the society of Augusta, Ga., is the following advertisement, which was in the *Chronicle*: "The gentleman who dropped his slungshot in the Opera House Arcade can obtain the same by calling at this office and proving properly."

PRISONER (to learned magistrate).—"Has any one a right to commit a nuisance?" Learned magistrate—"No, sir, not even the mayor—no, sir, not even the governor." Prisoner.—"Then you can't commit me; for I was arrested as a nuisance, and you have decided that I am one."

WHEN an enthusiastic editor describes a bride as bonny, and an envious compositor sets her up as bony, as was done at Jacksonville the other day, hope for a season bids the world farewell, and freedom shrieks as the compositor falls at his form, brained by the brother of the blooming bride.

A BARRISTER had been puzzling and perplexing a lady some time with questions, when in one of her replies she happened to use the word humbug. "Madam," said he, "you must not talk unintelligibly; what is the jury or the court to understand by the word humbug!" The lady hesitated. "I must insist, madam," said the barrister, "before you proceed further with your evidence, that you state plainly and openly what you understand by a humbug." "Why, then, sir," says the lady, "I know not how to exemplify my meaning better than by saying that if I were to meet any persons who, being at present strangers to you, should say that they expected soon to meet you in some particular company, and I were to tell them to prepare to see a remarkably pleasing-looking man, that would be a humbug."

MR. O'CLARENCE'S NEW PAIR COMPARED.—The Danbury *News* says that Mr. O'Clarence purchased a new pair of pants, Saturday. When he got home his wife was mixing bread. She wiped her hands on her apron, and made a careful examination of the pants. First she pinched one leg of them, and asked him what he paid for them, and then pinched the other, and asked him if he didn't think it was too much. After that she stood off away so she could get a look at the fit, so to form a right opinion of it. Then she asked him if he couldn't draw them up higher, as they touched the floor. He said he couldn't without splitting himself in two, which then appeared no urgent necessity for his doing. She pinched them again, taking up his leg and eyeing it thoughtfully, while he clutched the table with his hand, and hopped around on the other leg to rest himself. She was not quite confident they were not all cotton—those clothing people do lie so—but she was not quite sure. However, she could tell better at the window, and drew him over there to the imminent danger of tipping him over and breaking his spine. She rubbed them again, and turned up the leg to see the other side, and all the while her mind gathered doubts and forebodings. If he had only said he was going to buy a pair of pants she would have went with him herself, and picked them out. But tailors know that a man can't tell one kind of cloth from another, and will put off anything on him. Then she abruptly dropped his leg and went to the back door and called Mrs. Mugent. Mrs. Mugent came in, and being made acquainted with the particulars, pinched Mr. O'Clarence's leg herself, and asked him why he didn't buy the cloth and have his pants made at home. Mr. O'Clarence didn't like the bother, and Mrs. O'Clarence explained that he always would have his own way. Mrs. Mugent said an uncle of Mr. Mugent, who lived in Bridgeport, got a pair of all wool pants last April for five dollars, and you (Mr. and Mrs. O'Clarence) would have thought they cost ten dollars if a cent; the cloth was just as fine and firm as anything could be. Mr. Mugent would sometimes get the impression that he must have his pants ready made, but he always got cheated. She was positive there was not a bit of wool in these pants, and if they were Mr. Mugent's she would have them taken back. That is exactly what Mrs. O'Clarence thought, and in spite of Mr. O'Clarence's protestations he took them back and got another pair. The other pair was a little short in one leg, and pinched his stomach, but there was wool in them, Mrs. Mugent said."

HOW THE BABY CAME.

The Lady Moon came down last night— She did, you needn't doubt it— A lovely lady dressed in white; I'll tell you all about it.

You lie as quiet as can be; Perhaps you'll catch her peeping Between the window-bars, to see If all the folks are sleeping,

Across the still, along the floor, You'll see her shining brightly, Until she comes to mother's door, And then she'll vanish lightly.

We didn't just believe her then, For Aunt's always chaffing: The tales she tells to me and Len Would make you die a-laughing.

I thought myself it was a fib, And yet I wasn't certain; So I kept quiet in the crib, And peeped behind the curtain.

Then there was Aunt by my bed, And when I climbed and kissed her, She laughed and said, "You sleepy head! You've got a little sister!

And truly it was not a joke, In spite of Len's denying, For just the very time she spoke We heard the baby crying.

And so we had to tiptoe in, And keep as awful quiet As if it was a mighty sin To make a bit of riot.

Leu says he don't believe it's true (He isn't such a gaby) The moon had anything to do With bringing us that baby,

OUR PUZZLER.

189. CHARADES.

My first is often a part of your body, Which often my whole covers o'er. My second is also a garment, Which Joseph in ancient times wore.

One day I took a pleasant stroll, Went in a shop, and bought my whole; Then round my first my second placed, And homeward then my way I traced.

190. SQUARE WORD.

A woman's name; an ancient city of Greece, an idea; a race; a thorny tree; the first word reversed.

191. DOUBLE PYRAMID.

- 1. A puzzle oft seen upon this page. 2. This foreign country has been known for an age. 3. An animal that's found in a foreign clime. 4. This is a name for a very long time. 5. A vowel commencing this line take out. 6. Sixth is a measure; 'tis a long one, no doubt. 7. For seventh an animal bring to mind. 8. In Asia this country you're sure to find. 9. And for last you must command. An Irish town—you'll understand? The centrais downsurely unfolds. One of the British great strongholds,

192. ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Girlish lot moved; 2. His clerk dances; 3. Paul's is a wheel-maker; 4. James soon hurld N; 5. Deaf need oil; 6. Helm rails, Tom.

193. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If firsts and finals are read the same way— Of course I mean downwards, my friend— You'll respective, see a bird and a fish; The answer I wish you to send.

- 1. Refrain from this; be good and kind. Upright and honest in your mind, 2. A famous poem you will have read, And written by a bard long dead. 3. In your garden this is often seen In summer time, so pretty and so green. 4. There is a place far across the sea Where criminals suffer by the use of me. 5. My last is done, 'tis for you to say The answer to my enigmatic lay.

194. SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. Picture preserver; one who rides; a girl's name; dissolves; to blot out. 2. A river in England, to manufacture linens &c.; demolished; an incident; teeth. 3. A hobgoblin; appellations; measures; French for mercy; a girl's name. 4. A boy's name; get up; a Shaksperian character; an island; a common visitor to all.

195. CHARADES.

My first's a fierce and dreadful foe, It lays the cot and palace low; Yet, strange to say, you'll always find I am a friend to all mankind. My next is found in every land— In fact upon the spot you stand. My whole you'll find to be a second Where first is found—at least, I've reckon'd.

My first is a Spaniard of some estimation. My second makes buttons for good of the nation. My whole for horse-races I think has a station.

196. ANAGRAMS.

- 1. I ascertain snow; 2. Irish secrete lard; 3. I be an idle man, Sir J.; 4. I shake prime walls; 5. Laws were dead till I got a man; 6. What, sir, is it I own Manor Hall.

ANSWERS.

134.—CHARADES.—1. Supera—a bun, dance; 2. Leg-ondary (ary).

135.—CHARADES.—Apricot Jam, thus: Apr(i) cot J (une) A. M. (Master of Arts.)

136.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—IX less 1 = X = 9 + 1 = 10. XIX less 1 = XX = 19 + 1 = 209.

137.—PUNIANIA.—Au (awe), Thor—Author.

138.—SQUARE WORDS.—

Table with 3 columns: 1. VALET, 2. ABRAM, 3. GOWER; 4. ADELA, 5. BRAVO, 6. OZONE; 7. LEVER, 8. RAVEN, 9. WOMAN; 10. ELEM, 11. AVERT, 12. ENACT; 13. TARES, 14. MONTH, 15. RENTS

139.—ARITHMOREM.—Jean Wolfgang von Goethe; Jedburgh, Ecclefechan, Auchterarder, Newtounmavady, Wexford, Oldham, Linnithgow, Falkirk, Galashiels, Ardrossan, Newcastle Greenock, Ventnor, Ormskirk, Norwich Glasgow, Okehampton, Elgin, Tullamore, Haddington, Enniskillen.

140.—LITTLE CHARADES.—1. Port-ray; 2. Rest-rain; 3. Ink-ling; 4. Im-pale; 5. Gin-great.

141.—ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—19 1/2 miles. 142.—DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.—Edmund Spenser, Robert Southey, thus: EllichpooR, DesaguerO, MillersThumB, UltramarinE, Nicander, DyzarT, Spitalfields, Portico, EriaU, NeologisT, StocaH, ErminE, RodneyY.

143.—CHARADES.—Pan, try—Pantry.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Dec. 6th, 1873.

All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 23.

- White. 1. R. to K. 5th 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Aught.

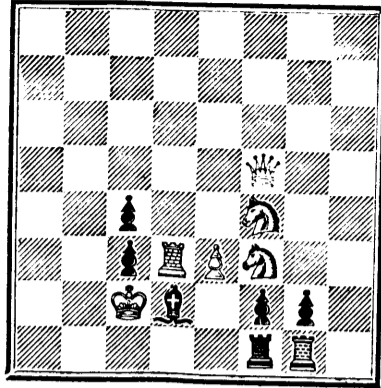
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 24.

- White. 1. R. to K. R. 6th 2. Kt. to K. 5th 3. Kt. to B. 7th mate Black. 1. K. to Kt. 4th 2. K. takes R. (a) 1. K. to Kt. 6th 2. K. to B. 6th 3. R. to R. 3rd mate.

PROBLEM No. 25.

By A. TOWNSEND.

BLACK. 23rd



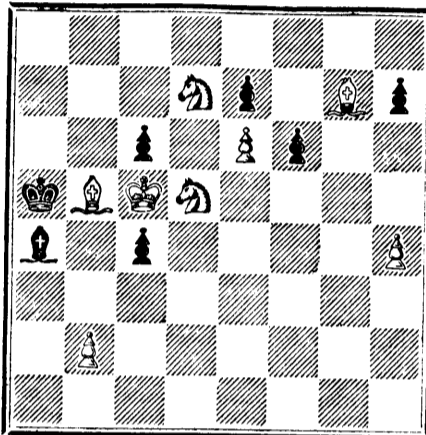
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 26.

By J. A. W. HUNTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

We give this week two games played between the winners of the first and second prizes at the recent International Tournament in Vienna, illustrating another defence to the Luy Lopez attack:

GAME NO. 19.

Ruy Lopez Attack.

- White. Mr. BLACKBURNE. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th Black. Mr. STEINITZ. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 2. K. Kt. to K. 2nd.

This is an old defence which a few years ago was brought into more prominent use by Herr Louis Paulsen, but more recently has been condemned as quite unsatisfactory. An able analyst of the present game expresses surprise that a player of Herr Steinitz's strength should adopt this "miser" defence. Still, it is necessary that you should know something about it, and for this reason we present these well played games illustrating this defence.

4. P. to Q. 4th This is the correct reply: whether Black take the Pawn or not he must be content with an inferior position.

5. Kt. takes P. 4. P. takes P. Better than leaving the Pawn. White's game is an extremely free one, while Black's is about as blockaded as he could wish it to be.

6. Q. takes Kt. 5. Kt. takes Kt. 6. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd Probably the best way of proceeding. 7. Q. to Q. 5th 7. B. to K. 2nd

It is clear that further attacking the Queen with the Kt. would be a waste of time, which should always be avoided in chess, as elsewhere.

8. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 8. B. to K. B. 3rd This B. is now well posted, and Black could now effectively advance Kt. to Q. 5th, attacking White's K. B. and Q. B. P.

9. B. to Q. 2nd Preparing to Castle on the Q. side which effectually prevents the proposed sortie of the Black Kt., and also avoiding the doubling of Pawns on the Q. B. file Black would be likely to force by B. takes Kt., should White have advanced his B. further down the diagonal.

- 10. Castles (Q. side) 11. B. to K. 2nd 12. P. to K. B. 4th 13. Q. to Q. 3rd 14. P. to K. R. 4th 15. P. to K. Kt. 4th 16. P. to K. R. 5th 17. P. takes P. 18. P. to K. 5th 19. Kt. to Q. 5th 9. Castles. 10. P. to Q. R. 3rd 11. P. to Q. 3rd 12. P. to K. Kt. 3rd 13. B. to K. Kt. 2nd 14. P. to K. R. 4th 15. P. takes P. 16. B. to K. 3rd 17. P. takes P. 18. Q. to K. 1st 19. Q. to K. B. 2nd

If Black take the Kt. with B., White replies 20. Q. takes B. (ch), when if Q. to K. B. 2nd, White 21. B. to Q. B. 4th winning the exchange.

20. Kt. to K. B. 6th (ch).

Mr. Blackburne, having had a powerful attack from the outset, finishes the game very neatly and forcibly.

- 21. P. takes B. 21. B. to K. B. 4th 22. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd 22. Q. takes Q. R. P. 23. B. to Q. B. 3rd 23. K. to B. 2nd 24. R. to K. R. 7th (ch) 24. K. to K. 1st 25. B. takes K. Kt. P. 25. B. to K. 5th 26. Q. to K. 3rd 26. P. to Q. 4th 27. Q. to Q. B. 5th

And Black resigns.

GAME NO. 20.

Ruy Lopez Attack.

- Black. Mr. BLACKBURNE. (Play six moves as in previous game.) 7. R. takes Kt. White. Mr. STEINITZ. 20. B. takes Kt. 21. B. to K. B. 4th 22. Q. takes Q. R. P. 23. K. to B. 2nd 24. K. to K. 1st 25. B. to K. 5th 26. P. to Q. 4th

It will be observed that this is a deviation from the first game, but which is equally favorable for the attack.

If Q. P. takes B., Black exchanges Queens, and then castling, has much the better game.

- 8. Castles. 8. P. to K. B. 3rd 9. P. to K. 5th 9. P. to Q. 4th 10. P. takes P. en pas. 10. P. takes P. 11. R. to K. 1st (ch)

Black already seems to have a winning position, yet all White's moves thus far appear to be as good as any that could be made in continuation of this unfortunate defence.

12. B. to K. B. 4th 12. K. to B. 1st White cannot castle now, or account of Q. to Q. 5th (ch) winning a piece.

13. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 13. P. to Q. 4th 14. R. to K. 2nd 14. K. to B. 2nd

While White has not a single piece in play, Black has all that are available in good positions.

- 15. Q. R. to K. 1st 15. R. to K. 1st 16. Q. to Q. 3rd 16. P. to K. Kt. 3rd 17. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd 17. B. to K. B. 4th 18. B. to K. R. 6th 18. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd 19. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 19. Q. to Q. R. 4th 20. B. to Q. 2nd 20. P. to K. Kt. 4th 21. Q. to K. B. 3rd 21. B. takes P. 22. B. takes P. 22. B. to K. 5th 23. Kt. takes B. 23. P. takes Kt. 24. Q. takes K. P. 24. Q. takes B. 25. Q. takes R. P. (ch) 25. K. to B. 1st 26. R. takes B. 26. R. takes B. 27. Q. takes R. (ch) 27. K. to Kt. 1st 28. R. to K. 3rd

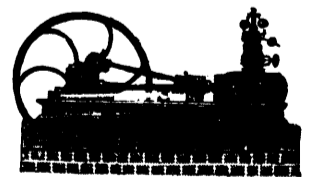
And White resigns.

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