Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [ ] Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- [ ] Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

- [ ] Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached / Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough / Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

THE HEARTHSTONE

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE &c.

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872. TERMS, $2.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. No. 31.

For the Hearthstone.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

A Lark sprang from her nest as th' day rose in the East,
And she shook the glancing dewdrop from her wing;
And as shrilly, clear and gay, rose her gladsome roundelay,
A Nightingale, enraptured, heard her sing.
"Come, Lark, and dwell with me," thus he sang melodiously,
"And nestle in the pink and perfumed thorn;
In the dim and shady brake, such melody we'll wake,
As will charm again to sleep the bold eye'd morn.

"And while in silver streams, down pour the pale moonbeams,
We'll chaunt to fairy revellers of the night:
The l[illegible]er's plaint we'll hear, fram'd for his mistress' ear,
And we'll mourn with the melancholy sprite.
The Naiad by the stream will hearken to our theme,
And strike her golden harp in sweet reply;
And the Zephyr on its way, round the night primrose to play,
Will bear us sweetest perfumes passing by!"

"Nay, nay, sweet Philomel," sang the Lark, "I love the well,
Yet I may not share thy perfumed thorn with thee;
Nor chaunt to airy fay, from its blossom laden spray,
When the pale moon-beams are flooding all the lea.
For me it is to rise, and pierce the gold-bar'd skies,
That part to let the blushing morning thro'.
Dart thro' the rosy cloud, and with Matin clear and loud,
Proclaim to man the Day is born anew.

"Thou lov'st the moonlit glade, and in evening's pensive shade,
Alone dost pour thy melancholy lay.
Thy mistress is the Moon, in her robes of silver'd gloom,
And I love the rosy glances of the Day!
So I bid thee farewell, melodious Philomel.
And let us each be constant to our fate;
Mine it is to usher in the Day with Matin hymn.
And thine upon the Queen of Night to wait!"

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

THE DEAD WITNESS;

OR,

LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER I.

LILLIAN TREMAINE'S RASH RESOLUTION.

Tremaine Court was a large, irregular, weather-stained building, situated in the western part of the County of Surrey, bounded on two sides by arid, stony hills, at the back by a dense pine wood, dark and cool even in the hottest months of summer, whilst in front broad, flat meadows stretched out in interminable sameness.

An antiquarian might have derived satisfaction from a study of the quaint, many-gabled mansion, the foundations of which had been built whilst the princely Plantagenets still sat on England's throne. True, moat and drawbridge and many other relics of bygone times had long since disappeared, but the heavy, oddly-carved portal and massive stone mullions still spoke eloquently of the past. A man of a thrifty and practical spirit, however, would have chafed at the countless indications of neglect and carelessness everywhere apparent. The east wing, parly in a ruinous condition, was evidently unoccupied, for doors and windows were closely nailed and boarded up. Wood-grown walks, gates broken off their hinges, fences and outbuildings deplorably out of repair, said little for the management of the master of Tremaine Court.

The interior delapidation corresponded with that which reigned outside. Damp-stained walls, mildewed tapestry and painting, with decaying wood-work, were its characteristics; whilst the few articles of old-fashioned, cumbrous furniture to be met with in the various rooms gave evidence of the same indifference to comfort and appearances. Everything, however, bore the stamp of scrupulous cleanliness.

In a small, octangular apartment facing the east, and lit up by a flood of sunlight that invested even the old high-backed chairs and carpetless floors with a halo of brightness, were two girls who, though dissimilar in expression and feature, were nevertheless sisters. The eldest was pale and of small stature, with a face indicative alike of sorrow and physical suffering, through which, however, shone the light of a patient meek spirit.

Her companion, evidently her junior by several years, presented a wonderful contrast to herself. Tall, exquisitely formed, with a countenance whose chiseled features would have been almost haughty in their regular beauty but for the soft splendour of her dark gray eyes and the waves of golden brown hair that rippled over her shoulders; she seemed the very incarnation of youth, health and beauty. Her bright young face, however, was clouded at the present moment and her crimson lips compressed; betokening that her mood was neither a pleasant nor a joyous one. The dress of both girls, though scrupulously clean and bearing marks of careful mending, was singularly poverty-stricken in appearance, and the thin, washed out calico worn by the younger sister, the sleeves and skirt of which were much too narrow and short, had evidently been made for her before she had attained her present queenly proportions. A basket of coarse sewing and mending rested on the oaken table at which they sat, and their fingers moved diligently for

A HUMAN SKELETON, PARTLY CLOTHED IN FRAGMENTS OF WHAT HAD APPARENTLY BEEN A WOMAN'S NIGHT-DRESS, EDGED WITH RICH LACES.

a time in silence. At length the youngest abruptly said, with a sharp ring of pain in her voice:

"I tell you, Margaret, life is becoming intolerable to me, and there are times I care not how soon or in what way it may end."

"Lillian, my darling sister, do not speak so wildly. Patience——"

"Ah! I have none left, nor hope either. Tell me," and with a sudden movement she turned more fully towards her sister, "Are these rags that barely shield us from exposure, for they do not protect us from cold; is the miserable, scanty nourishment furnished; are these bare, comfortless, wretched surroundings suitable to the daughters of Tremaine, in whose blood runs blood old and proud as any in England? Look!" and with a passionate movement she dragged back her sleeve revealing her arm in its faultless symmetry.

"See this skin, smooth white as satin, then contrast it with these hands, disfigured with the roughest household drudgery, drudgery wrought not only in kitchen, but in outhouse and garden. Think of the life we lead! Half-starved, overworked daily, outraged in every good and gentle feeling, tyrannized over by a heartless father and a menial upstart. Oh, Margaret! how can you still talk of patience?"

"My poor Lillian, what else remains for us? Friend or relative, save our father, we have none; means, resources we have none. Our only alternative is submission to our lot."

"Margaret, Margaret, we are as dissimilar in character as in everything else. You are gentle, patient, holy as an angel; I, well, I am entirely the reverse. There is a stubborn pride, an impatience of injustice, a vindictiveness in me that at times would surely terrify you, my meek sister, when it often alarms myself. But a week ago—I have kept this a secret from you till now—father, in one of his angry outbursts, threw a footstool at me. I stood my ground, only bending my head slightly to avoid it, staring unflinchingly at him all the time. Almost livid with rage, he shouted: 'Quick, Stukely, take that girl out of the room, or I cannot answer for what may happen. Curse her, she has her mother's hell-cat eyes!' Shaking off Madame Stukely's officious arm, I slowly left the room with open defiance in look and manner; but oh! Margaret, I felt that death would have been welcome to me then, even if it had been given by my father's hand. There must be more of my father's nature in me than of my poor, gentle mother's."

"Lillian, my love, my sister, what is this change that has come over you?" and flinging down her sewing the elder girl threw her arm round her companion's neck and lovingly drew the bright young head with its masses of silken hair down on her shoulder.

"Do you remember the lessons I have endeavoured, in my poor, humble way to inculcate, and the prayers I taught you even when you were a little child, as well as the promises of patience and forbearance you have so often made me?"

"Yes, Margaret," and the speaker sadly shook her head. "I was a child then, but I am a woman now."

"Ah, dearest, that should make you only the more patient. What is woman's chief study through life but to learn to suffer?"

"So it has generally been with the women of our house, sister, but such is not necessarily the case. Besides, there are things that can be endured meekly and patiently; others that can not. Our father's harsh severity and apparent want of affection for us, his alarming violence when under the influence of the fatal stimulants to which he occasionally resorts, is hard to bear, so also is the penury, want and squalidness that surround us in the midst of riches and plenty. Still all this could be borne; but what I find intolerable is the odious, insolent tyranny of the woman called our housekeeper, but who is in reality our task-mistress."

"My Lillian, do not at least quarrel with our inevitable poverty, nor talk so childishly of our possessing wealth and riches."

"But I say we do, Margaret! Think of the rolls of bank notes father gives that Mrs. Stukely at the beginning of every month. Is it not well known in the village of Brompton that she supports her married daughter in a style of ease to which we are strangers, though her son-in-law rarely does a day's work or earns a shilling? Then does she not pay for her other girl, poor witless Dorothy, in a private lunatic asylum, where the charges are exorbitantly high? See the comfortable manner in which her room is furnished—the soft, fine fabrics she wears, the dainties and rich wines that spread her solitary table in her own sitting room. Ah, a mystery there is about her which I will yet fathom! The unbounded influence she exerts over our father is not derived from friendship and regard for I have seen him time and time again look at her from under his bent brows in a manner that seemed clearly indicative of fear and dislike. I have walked through life till lately with my eyes closed as it were, but they are opened at length, and I will never rest till I find out the real meaning of many things that puzzle me now. Again I repeat that I have good grounds for believing that we are rich in actual wealth. You remember the old man that came here last winter to help in nursing father through his terrible attack of delirium? Well, under promise of strict secrecy he told me that many years ago, shortly after father had returned from abroad, he was working one day in the garden when Mrs. Stukely came out in a great fright and asked him to accompany her to the stone vault under the east wing as Mr. Tremaine, who had gone down there for some business papers, had been suddenly seized with a sort of fit, and she did not know but that he might die on the spot. Old Davy went with her and found father lying on the ground, in a sort of stupor, with staring eyes and white ghastly face. He helped the housekeeper to drag him into one of the outer cellars were a window grating admitted the fresh air, and after a time that brought him round. Now, you know, Margaret, that one of the traditions of Tremaine Court is that the founder of the race had a secure vault constructed under the east wing of the building for the express purpose of storing gold, through as far as I can judge from our annals, the said vault has proved quite a superfluous luxury, as no Tremaine seems ever to have had any gold to store, they wanting it all for actual use. We, ourselves, however, are favored exceptions I sincerely believe to this rule.

"Why do you think so Lillian? Did old Davy see any gold whilst he was down in the vault?"

"No but he saw a long, brass-found oak chest heavily padlocked, which he knew contained gold, silver, or valuable jewels. My old informant added that a spade stood in a corner as if for immediate use as he supposed Mr. Tremaine was about to bury some of his treasures. The truth of Davy's story I will yet ascertain. You shake your head, sister, as if this were impossible, but to a firm, daring nature rendered almost reckless by misery, few things are really so. Already I see my way to a certain extent clearly before me. Listen. Last week when Mrs. Stukely had gone to the village, probably to draw the money for father from the bank, I brought him up in pursuance with her parting commands, his evening meal. He was asleep and the decanter on the stand beside him, as well as the oppressive atmosphere of the room, heavy with spirituous fumes, announced that his sleep would probably be long and profound. Whilst hesitating whether to awake him, or else return with my tray, I rested it a moment on the bureau. The small top drawer of the latter was open, and therein lay a bunch of keys labelled 'east wing.' To a heavy, peculiar looking brass one was affixed a card, inscribed with the words: 'Oak chest in east vault.' Now, my quiet Margaret, model of listeners, what do you say to my discoveries?"

"They are worse than useless. Forbidden knowledge is always dangerous."

"What a dear gentle moralist you are!" rejoined the other, with a smile that lit up her face like sunshine, making it for the moment almost startling in its glowing, wonderful beauty. "Listen!" and she caught her sister in a playful embrace. "Forbidden knowledge, like forbidden pleasures, is popularly supposed to be sweet, and I will taste it. The next time Mrs. Stukely goes to Brompton to pass the night with her sick daughter, and father—well, goes to sleep soundly, we'll say—I shall bring in his supper, take the keys from the drawer, and thoroughly explore the east wing."

The eldest girl's cheek blanched. "For God's sake do not venture on so wild, so mad a step! What! venture at night into that lonely, ruinous place, shut out as it is from all human help or ken?"

"What would I have to fear except rats and beetles, of which I am less afraid than most women are?"

"But, Lillian, people have said that the place is haunted."

"What a speech for my wise, sensible Margaret to make, who is as free from superstition as it is possible for mortal to be. For myself, I could say with Madame de Staël, in speaking of ghosts: 'I do not believe in but I fear them.'* Nevertheless, at the risk of meeting the shadowy horrors, I will, on the first occasion, carry out my intention. Why, Margaret, are you going to cry over it?" she hastily added, as tears filled her companion's sorrowful eyes; "well, I will think twice before I risk my projected exploration, so we will change the subject for one less painful and exciting." A pause followed, and then Lillian, throwing down her sewing, drew from the bottom of the basket, where they had been concealed under coarse linen and cotton, a tiny slip of old lace and a pale blue ribbon, which she proceeded to stitch together.

As Margaret noted this a faint smile stole over her lip, and she softly said: "So my sister Lillian—I can no longer call her my 'little Lillian,' as I used to do not so very long ago—begins to listen to the promptings of feminine vanity, and to study self-adornment! I have noticed also that for a few weeks past you arrange your hair differently to the plain, neat manner in which you once braided it at the back of your head. Rippling down in a shining shower of curls, as it now is, is certainly very becoming, in fact picturesque, but I should also think rather uncomfortable, and, to be plain, untidy."

"Ah, sister, I have seen admiring looks more than once directed at it in its present flowing state."

"And by who?" was the wondering question. "Surely not Mrs. Stukely or father?"

"No certainly not by them."

"I again ask by who?" and this time a look of vague alarm stole over Margaret Tremaine's face.

Lillian's cheek hotly flushed.

"Sister, I ought to tell you, and twenty times I have been on the point of doing so, but fear of your sorrowful displeasure has always kept me silent."

"Lillian, dear, speak now. What is it?"

"I will. Do you remember, about three weeks ago, when Mrs. Stukely was at Brompton, I went out with my basket to gather mosses and ferns, which, you know, I prefer to the handsomest garden flowers, in the pine woods at the back of our place. Just as I had reached the densest part of it, where I have been in the habit of wandering for years without ever meeting a human being, the report of a gun fired off close at hand startled me, and my alarm was increased by the bounding out of a dog from among the bushes, barking furiously. Greatly terrified, for I am more afraid of dogs than of ghosts, I hastily retreated, endeavouring at the same time to ward him off with my basket, the sight of which appeared to goad him to frenzy. At this critical moment there was another entrance on the stage, and from the direction in which the dog had come stepped forth a tall, dark, military looking man, carrying a gun, and dressed in thorough sportsman style. In courteous terms he apologized for the fright he had unintentionally caused, and then, looking more closely at me, and seeing, I suppose, that my very lips were white with terror, he, in a softer and more deferential tone, asked permission to accompany me a little distance, to ensure me against any new alarm in the agitated state I then was. There came an expression of perplexity over his face as his eye rested for a moment on my miserable faded calico, coarse straw hat, and heavy leather shoes, so plainly revealed by my disgracefully short dress."

Very little poor Lillian prided herself on the rare beauty of a foot and ancle inwardly pronounced by the stranger the most perfect he had ever seen, or she might have chafed less at a circumstance that now dyed her cheek with the hot blush of mortification.

"To his offer I replied in the negative adding that Tremaine Court was near at hand. He started, re-echoing the words, Tremaine Court, and then hesitatingly said: "Are you—are you a member of the family?"

"Yes, the youngest daughter."

"With a quick glance at me he resumed, 'I might have known you, Miss Tremaine, from your strong resemblance to your mother whom I knew, though slightly, before I embarked with

* *Je n'y crois pas, mais je les crains.*

my regiment for India many long years ago.' Then without direct questioning he led me on to give him many harmless details such as that we led a most retired, quiet life—that in you, my eldest sister, I possessed a friend teacher, and mother, that we kept no servants—how else account for the state of my poor hands—finally, that he was the first stranger in my own rank to whom I had spoken for three years. As the word rank unthinkingly escaped my lips I involuntarily glanced down at my old dress with its hideous patches and felt as if I could have died from fairshame at the empty boast. 'Dear Miss Tremaine,' he said with an accent of inexpressible gentleness, 'though I am but a stranger you may safely confer on me the title of friend, which I will yet, if fate permit it, fully earn.' After a few more words we reached the edge of the wood where he left me divining, I suppose, from the alarmed glances I cast in the direction of the house that I feared being seen with him. Before parting he gave me his card on which was inscribed his name Col. Neville Atherton, late Madras Cavalry. Ill health consequent on a long sojourn in India had compelled him to leave the service. He had returned to his native land, settled down at Atherton Park his ancestral home, purchased some months ago a shooting lodge not very far from Tremaine Court, and comes down to it occasionally for a few days' sport. So there is a veracious account of the first chapter of my life's romance."

"Lillian, Lillian, my thoughtless sister, how imprudent of you to hold such long converse in a lonely wood with a perfect stranger!"

"And that is not all Margaret. I met him again another morning that, suffering from a severe headache, I had gone out for fresh air on the breezy flat; and we had a delightful walk together. He accosted me with the most cordial *friendliness, saying that his mother to* whom he had spoken about his meeting with myself, had told him that there existed a certain relationship between his family and ours, the Tremaines and Athertons having intermarried though it was many years ago. We also mentioned that old Mrs. Atherton had known our poor mother well and had liked and admired her exceedingly. Finally he asked leave to call on father and ourselves, but I quickly assured him such a thing was out of the question."

"God help us!" moaned the eldest sister as she pressed her hand to her forehead with a look of acute mental pain. "What evil fate has added this last difficulty to the many that surround us already?"

"Nonsense, dearest Margaret, every trifle alarms you; but to finish my story as frankly as I began it, I intend to meet him again as soon as fate will permit, and it is for his eye I am quilting this poor little bit of lace and ribbon together."

For a moment Miss Tremaine gazed at her sister in bewildered, dismayed silence, and then in a voice thrilling with pain, supplication and fear, whispered:

"Oh Lillian promise me you will not do this! For the sake of our dead mother, of the love and care with which I have watched over you from childhood, promise! Think, my sister, how I love—worship you. Earth holds naught else in the present, nor in the future, save that love; for to me, the sickly pain-worn invalid, no girlish dreams and hopes such as others of my age can indulge in, may ever come. Have pity on me then, my bright, beautiful sister, and promise you will not meet again this ungenerous stranger who takes advantage of your childish inexperience and youth to involve you in stolen meetings that may yet deprive you of the last jewel that belongs to the daughters of the Tremaines, that of a sportless reputation?"

"Ah Margaret," and the youngest girl's lips quivered, "if I did not love you with a love equal to your own, I would not sacrifice for your wish the only pleasant dream that has ever yet brightened my dreary existence. However, Heaven forbid I should voluntarily bring tears to those dear eyes that have already wept so much; so I promise to have done henceforth with Colonel Neville Atherton of the Madras Cavalry before I quite lose my heart to him; however, I warn you that I may possibly at no very distant date indemnify myself by seeking an interview with the ghosts of the east wing."

"Be it so," returned the eldest girl to whom all risks now seemed trifling when placed in the balance with the anxiety inspired by Colonel Atherton's attentions. Plainly she could tell from the artless acknowledgements a few questions drew from Lillian that this hackneyed man of the world, fresh from the inane listlessness and apathy of the daughters of Ind, had been charmed not only by the girl's rare patrician beauty, but by the untrammelled innocent frankness of a happy young nature united to the spell of a clear bright intellect such as she possessed.

"Thank God, my truthful, upright sister, that I can put perfect trust in your word. You have never deceived me yet, but hush, here comes Mrs. Stukely.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. STUKELY.

Slowly and widely the door was thrown open and a tall woman of rigid unbending presence with dark colourness skin, and cold light gray eyes gleaming suspiciously from 'neath thick jetty eye brows, entered the room. She was dressed in dark tints of gray and purple, but the material was rich and soft, whilst the cap that covered the smoothly braided, still abundant, hair though undecked with flower or ribbon, was trimmed with rich black lace.

"Well, young ladies, you seem to be forgetting in your interesting conversation that there is such a thing as dinner to be prepared to-day. Lillian, go at once to the garden and gather some lettuce and peas. Take care that you do not pick unripe worthless ones as you did yesterday."

Sullenly the girl commenced folding up her work, taking it must be acknowledged an unnecessary amount of time to the task. Mrs. Stukely stood watching her with an evil light in her sinister gray eyes, then added:

"Hurry, girl, or the dinner will be late, and your father's anger—no light matter thoroughly aroused. Has it no terrors for you?"

"Scarcely. I am so much accustomed to abuse and harshness that I begin to take them as matters of course."

"Lillian, hush, I implore you!" whispered Margaret.

"Ah, poor sister, such is always your cry, but what has your angelic patience won for you? Nothing, except that light and colour have been stolen from your face—hope and joy crushed out of your heart."

At this juncture Mrs. Stukely's eye caught sight of the lace frilling on which Lillian had been for some time working, and darting forward, she snatched it up, exclaiming:

"So it is on such silly frippery as this you spend time that should be devoted to useful household duties, you vain idler!"

"Please put down that lace Mrs. Stukely," rejoined the girl calmly, "unless indeed you covet and intend to appropriate it, as articles of more value belonging to my dead mother were appropriated years ago."

"Be silent for my sake, darling Lillian!" whispered the trembling Margaret in the speaker's ear. "Such scenes will kill me."

Pitying her evident terror Lillian after one parting glance of uncompromising defiance at her antagonist swept from the room with the port of an empress.

"What has come over that girl?" at length ejaculated the irate housekeeper. "Perverse and insolent she has always been from her cradle upwards, but at least there was measure in her arrogance, now there is none. There must be an end speedily put to this."

"Mrs. Stukely, pray remember that she is very young. Her character too, though generous and affectionate, is quick and impulsive—allowances must be made for her."

"None Margaret, none whatever. The evil spirit that is in her must be curbed, aye, and cast out, even if her heart be broken in the struggle."

"For the sake of that dead mother, Mrs. Stukely, whom you lived with so long—nursed in her dying hours, you must bear with the trivial imperfections of the child."

A shiver of strong emotion ran through the housekeeper's frame, and with a malicious compression of her lips, and a strange husky intonation in her voice she rejoined:

"Aye that is it! Like mother—like child. If ever pride and obstinacy dwelt under a calm quiet exterior it did in Lillian's mother, just as it dwells in Lillian now."

"Shame, Mrs. Stukely!" retorted the usually all enduring Margaret. "How can you malign my dead mother thus? I have spoken with the clergyman who so frequently visited her during her last illness, and who knew her intimately for long years previous, and he praised her as I have heard few women praised."

"Simple girl, he could not well do otherwise *when speaking of her to her own child.* Ask your father his opinion on the subject and he might enlighten you a little."

Margaret's lips quivered. "Ah! if her life," she murmured, "were anything like mine and Lillian's, what a relief death must have been to her—how she must have welcomed his approach."

"Enough of this idle gossip!" exclaimed Mrs. Stukely with strange abruptness. "See at once to making your father some of the wine jelly he likes so well, and remember, put in the flavoring essence carefully—counting the drops."

CHAPTER III.

THE EAST VAULT.

Lillian Tremaine faithfully observed the promise given to her sister of avoiding all farther interviews with Colonel Atherton, and more than once the latter had wandered with dog and gun through the woods in the unavailing hope of meeting the fair young being who had, without apparent effort on her part, thrown a spell around him such as his reserved and somewhat cold nature had rarely yet acknowledged. The incongruity of Lillian's dress and surroundings with her name and actual social rank, which might have chilled or repulsed a less deep and earnest nature, but interested him the more, adding to admiration for her beauty a feeling of sympathy and compassion, as well as a sentiment of strong indignation against the father who set such poor store on so rare a child.

Lillian resolutely endeavoured to forget him, substituting for the frequent remembrances of their two meetings, that recurred so often to her, the thought of her meditated exploration of the uninhabited portion of Tremaine Court.

Her opportunity at length came on one bleak rainy evening that Mrs. Stukely had gone to Brompton to spend the night with her sick daughter. After tenderly helping her sister Margaret—who was suffering from a severe attack of pain in her hip—to bed, and giving the anodyne potion prescribed for such occasions, she carried up her father's light supper at eight o'clock. He was wrapped in deep sleep, a heap of papers and periodicals beside his bed, and, though the full light of the lamp streamed on his face, it had no power to awake him from the heavy slumber of intoxication. Roger Tremaine had been a very handsome man in his youth, but his regular features had long years ago been robbed of their comeliness by indulgence in his favourite vice. They still retained, through all changes, the expression of relentless sternness that had distinguished even them in early boyhood.

Lightly Lillian crossed the room, set down her tray, and then tried the tiny drawer, but it was locked. Determined not to be baffled, she looked around, and a small key attached to her father's watch chain, which was suspended on a hook near his bed, met her keen gaze. She tried the key, which fitted, opened the drawer, and then replaced the watch guard in its former position.

An hour after, lantern in hand, and shawl thrown over her head, she had let herself into the east wing, and was cautiously threading her way through long, narrow passages—vast re-echoing rooms, where every footstep set in motion clouds of the thick dust that covered walls, flooring and furniture alike. Decay and desolation were everywhere visible, and as a mass of plastering from the ceiling, disturbed probably by her footstep or the opening of the door, rattled down around her, she hesitated for a moment, fearing that the worm-eaten flooring might give way beneath her feet and precipitate her into some unknown gulf below. Yes, the ruinous condition of the east wing, the reason alleged by Mr. Tremaine for closing it up, was certainly a just one.

Of furniture there was not much, everything of worth or value having probably been removed years before. Old family portraits, grimy and blackened with dirt and age, hung on the walls, and stared blankly down on the intruder. Few of the doors on the first flat were locked, but on descending a staircase she found herself confronted by one that resisted all her efforts to open it. Putting her lantern on the floor, she tried her keys, and the fourth or fifth one fitted, but it required her utmost strength to overcome the stiffness of the lock. She at length succeeded, and panting with exhaustion, threw wide back the door; but just as she was about entering, it was clapped violently too as if by some unknown hand on the other side. For the first time Lillian faltered in her project, asking herself if this was not an omen sent to deter her from it, and the thought of return momentarily presented itself; but soon conquering her terror, she bravely pushed it open again and resolutely entered. A broken window, the strong draft from which had precipitately closed the door, explained the circumstance which had alarmed her, and, reassured, she pressed quickly on.

Suddenly a strange, unaccountable noise smote on her ear. She paused and breathlessly listened. It was not the scurrying of rats and mice in the wainscot, the moaning of the night winds through the broken casements, but a rustling, creeping sort of noise, now faint almost to extinction, then loud as if close beside her. The girl turned sick with fear. Was it human or supernatural? Ah! there it was close beside, just in a niche of the wall, buried in complete shadow. With the desperation of utter fear she sprang forward, and projected the light of her lantern full into the recess. The enigma was solved. Some strips of papering, detached in part from the wall, and trailing down on the floor, had produced, as they were swayed about by the wind, the noise that had so greatly alarmed her.

With a light heart she now went on, resolved to yield no more to fear, but to seek a natural cause for every unaccountable phenomenon that might present itself. No new source of alarm, however, offered; and she threaded corridors ante-rooms, and descended staircases till she arrived at the cellars. Damp, noisome and inexpressibly gloomy they were, and sluggish, crawling vermin beset her path on all sides.

But soon what she deemed to be her goal came in sight: a low-browed door, defended with massive bars and studded with nails, which she felt must open into the last vault, as it was called. The bolts were discouragingly immovable, but some hot tallow taken from the candle in her lantern after a time conquered the impediment, and she succeeded in slowly forcing them back. She then applied the brass key, labelled as that of the last vault, to the lock, and opened the ponderous door with comparative ease. The mephitic exhalations at first almost overpowered her, but fortunately the tide of life and health ran strong in her veins, and she soon overcame the sensation sufficiently to examine the place into which she had entered.

It was a low, square, stone apartment, without any aperture for admitting light or air. Cautiously raising her lantern, she projected its light around, and the first object her glance fell upon was the long, brass-bound chest, the principal object of her visit. A heap of mouldering, musty papers, letters and accounts they seemed, lay in a corner; and these, with a rusty spade, probably the one of which old Davy had spoken, were the only objects the vault contained. Placing her lantern so that its light might fall freely on her work, she inserted the key. It fitted well, but this lock was also hopelessly stiff. Would she ever succeed in turning it? Straining every nerve and muscle till perspiration beaded her forehead and her whole frame quivered with the intensity of her efforts, she returned again and again to the task. What! fail after all she had dared and braved? Surely such a thing was not to be thought of.

Pausing to recover breath, she examined the exterior of the mysterious object before her. What did it contain? Money. Well, she would touch none of it, but would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that their alleged poverty was a fiction. It might be silver—old plate—of which very few specimens were to be met with on the sideboards of Tremaine Court, or perhaps it was jewels, papers or personal effects belonging to her mother. What if it should contain nothing but old receipts, accounts or leases of the time when her father owned the rich manor of Hillingdon, brought him by his wife, and gambled away later at the *rouge et noir* tables of Baden-Baden? Well, whatever were the contents she was determined on seeing them. Again she addressed herself to the task, and the lock sullenly and reluctantly yielded. Yes, it was opened at last, and with a low exclamation of satisfaction she lifted the lid. Then taking up the lantern she looked within, and this is what Lillian Tremaine saw:

A human skeleton, partly clothed in fragments of what had evidently been a woman's night dress edged with rich laces. The teeth were singularly perfect and white as ivory, whilst long tresses of fair silky hair yet adhered to the dry skull.

What a sight for the pallid faced girl who stood there staring down with eyes full of stony horror at that awful spectacle.

Who or what had been the being whose mortal relics lay before her? What accident or crime had brought them here? Had her father anything to do with it?

As if fascinated by the terrible sight, or seeking something that might help to elucidate the mystery, she looked still more closely down into the chest. Suddenly a look of agonized intelligence flashed over her face—an expression of new and deeper horror looked from her eyes, and with a cry sharp, terrible as if a death blow had been suddenly dealt her, she fell unconscious to the earth, the lantern slipping from her hand and extinguishing the light in its fall, thus leaving her in darkness at that dead hour of night, in that dreary vault.

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS.

Life has its moments
Of beauty and bloom;
But they hang like sweet roses
On the edge of the tomb.
Blessings they bring us,
As lovely as brief:
They meet us when happy,
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
Tingeing the sky,
Come on the sunbeams,
And off with them fly.
Shadows of evening
Hang soft on the shore:
Darkness inwraps them—
We see them no more.

So life's better moments
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty,
Our journey to cheer,
Round us they linger,
Like shadows of even:
Would that we, like them,
Might melt into heaven!

Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(*Continued.*)

"O, Sir Francis is come home, is he?" said Richard listlessly, looking round the familiar room, with its heavily-timbered ceiling, and lattice windows looking out on a spacious stone yard, and tumble-down low-roofed outhouses, a pump, an empty dog-kennel, and half a dozen fowls scratching on a shrunken manure-heap. How well he remembered Grace flitting in and out of the old stone-flagged kitchen, pretending to help a little in the household work, sitting down by a sunny window to shell a great basket of peas, and running off before they were half done, and forgetting to come back!

"Sure to goodness, Mr. Redmayne, didn't you know about Sir Francis?" exclaimed Mrs. Bush, who evidently supposed that English newspapers would have made it their business to supply the colonies with the latest news of Clevedon Hall.

"How should I know?"

"Dearey me! He's been back going on for a year. Let me see, it was last August as he come, and you not to know anythink! He was married this morning to as sweet a young woman as you ever see—Colonel Davenant's daughter of the Wells. I went over to see the wedding, but it was as much as I could do to get inside the church-door. I don't suppose as Kingsbury church was ever so full since it was built."

Richard Redmayne seemed quite indifferent to Sir Francis Clevedon and his affairs. He left the kitchen, and roamed through the old house, unlocking the doors of the rooms, which had been kept carefully locked in his absence, and going into one after another, only to stand for a little while looking round him, with a slow half-wondering gaze, as if he could hardly believe he had ever lived there. The rooms were all faultlessly clean, but had a damp chilly atmosphere, and a certain dreariness of aspect, as if they had been thus shut and thus disused for the last fifty years. If Richard Redmayne had been a believer in ghosts, he might almost have expected to see one in those dusky chambers, where the half-opened shutters let in the afternoon light grudgingly, leaving obscure corners where a ghost might lurk. But for Rick Redmayne there was only one shadow, and that was with him always.

He had lived and been happy in those rooms once upon a time. His thoughts went back to the days of the early manhood, before his wife's death, to pleasant peaceful days, when his worst care had been a doubtful harvest or sickness among his cattle, and from that quiet time they went to the summer afternoon on which his young wife left him smoking his pipe in the garden, left him with a light word and a loving smile, a little look back at him which he remembered to this hour, and thus left him for ever.

Bitter memories! Can any life into which death has once entered ever again be perfectly happy? Rick Redmayne had outlived the sharpness of his, but not the grief itself. Ten years after that day of horror, with his fair young daughter by his side, loving her with all the force of his strong heart, the recollection of that loss was as fresh in his mind as it had been in the first week of bereavement. And now that Grace was gone, he forgot the tranquil years that had intervened between those two great sorrows. It seemed to him rather as if an angry Deity with one sweep of his hand had left him desolate, robbed him of all hope and comfort.

If he had any virtue, it was that of Job. He did not curse God, and die. He lived: but he lived to cherish a purpose which perhaps was worse than the suicide's desperate sin. He lived on in the hope that fate would give his child's false lover into his hands—a vague blind hope at the best, but strong enough to keep him alive.

Sorely had he changed since that day when, dashed a little by misfortune, but still daring and hopeful, he had asked the indulgence of his creditors before he sailed across the world to redeem his fortunes. In mind and body the man was alike altered: moody where he had been social—doubtful and suspicious where he had been open and trusting as a child—brooding alone over his injuries, angry with the very world for having held such a traitor, rebellious against his God for having permitted such a wrong. In his outward aspect even the change was striking. It was not so much that his dark brown hair was streaked with iron-gray, that there were deeper lines than his actual years would have warranted upon the handsome rugged face. The change of expression was a greater change than this. The face had hardened, the eyes and mouth had grown cruel. At its best now the expression was at once gloomy and reckless; at its best the face of Richard Redmayne was the face of a man to be feared.

He came back to his old home, but not to his old habits, or his old friends The friends had fallen away from him long ago, chilled and repelled by a change so obvious. Of the details of that sorrow which had changed him, the outer world, his small world, knew very little. People in Kingsbury knew that Grace Redmayne had gone away from home, and had died away from home, but when and where she had died had been told to none. This very silence was in itself mysterious, and to the minds of most people implied disgrace—some sad and shameful story which the girl's kindred kept hidden in their own hearts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"BUT O, THE HEAVY CHANGE NOW THOU ART GONE!"

Richard Redmayne sat in the old rooms, and paced the old garden, or lay smoking his pipe on the grass under the cedar day after day, and made no attempt to occupy himself, physically or mentally, but let the days drag themselves out how they would. They were very slow to pass, yet so empty, that when gone they seemed to have travelled swiftly, like the days in a workhouse or a jail, where there is no greater event to mark the passage of time than the monotonously recurring hours for meals. He shrank from being seen in his old haunts, and from being greeted by his old companions. If he had himself committed some unpardonable crime against society, he could hardly have avoided his fellow-men more persistently than he now avoided all the friends of his youth and manhood. He rarely went beyond his own garden and orchard in the daytime; but at night sometimes, when the rover's restlessness was strong upon him, he would set out long after dark, walk fifteen miles, or so, across country, in a reckless mood which took no heed of distance or direction, and come back to Brierwood in the dewy dawn, worn out and haggard.

"I try to walk the devil down, you see, Mrs. Bush," he said to his housekeeper, on returning from one of these rambles, a speech which filled the honest woman with consternation.

"There's something unked about Richard Redmayne," she told her husband. "I don't think he's ever been quite right in his head, poor soul, since he lost his daughter."

He was in England, and he had come back to find his child's destroyer, yet he did so little. He went up to Mr. Smoothey's office, made an appointment with Mr. Rendel, the private inquirer, and offered that gentleman any terms he chose to demand if he would only find the man who had called himself "Walgry" on one occasion, and "Walsh" on another.

He pressed the business with such a feverish eagerness, that Mr. Rendel, who did not by any means see his way to making the required discovery, affected a kind of hopefulness for very charity.

"It is rather a difficult matter," he said. "You see, I have positively no clue. The man takes a furnished house at Highgate, gives it up, pays every one in cash, no cheques or anything of that kind, and vanishes. I have no photograph of the man, no knowledge of his profession, antecedents, anything; and yet you ask me to pick him out from the entire population of this city, supposing him to be an inhabitant of this city, which we are by no means sure he is."

Richard Redmayne sat with his back to the dusty window of the dusty office, listening to these arguments with a gloomy countenance.

"Never mind the difficulty," he said abruptly; "it's your trade to get over that. If it was easy to find him, I should have found him long ago. Find him, Mr. Rendel, and I'll pay you what you like for your difficulty."

"But, my good Redmayne," said Mr. Smoothey, in his comfortable family-solicitor-like way, "supposing the man found, what then? You have no redress. The law which makes abduction a crime would not tell here, since your daughter was nineteen years of age. Nor can you prove that any wrong was done her, or that any wrong was intended. To what end, then, would you trace the offender?"

"Never mind what end. Find him for me, that's all I ask you to do. I may have my own manner of reckoning with him. I want to see him face to face. I want to be able to say, 'You killed my daughter.'"

"Upon my honour, Mr Redmayne, I think you look at this business from a very false and fatal point of view. Granted that a great wrong was done in tempting your poor child to leave her home; but remember that it is a kind of wrong committed almost every day, and a kind of temptation to which every good-looking young woman of the middle class is more or less subject. The fatal result was not a part of the wrong, not contemplated by the wrong-doer. Had your daughter lived, who knows that this gentleman might not have married her? Even if it were not his immediate intention to do so, he might have done so ultimately, prompted by conscience and affection."

"Don't try to humbug me by that see-saw kind of argument—if he didn't and if he did," cried Rick Redmayne roughly. "I only know that he stole my daughter away from her home, and that she died of that shame he brought upon her, and that I hold him her murderer."

There was no use in talking to such a man. The words of wisdom were wasted on this passionate undisciplined soul. Mr. Smoothey shut his spectacle-case with rather an impatient snap.

"You must do as you please, Mr. Redmayne," he said. "I have no doubt Rendel will do his best with your business, and of course any legal advice you may want from me is at your service; but I really cannot see your motive."

"That man's in a bad way," said the astute Rendel, when the farmer had left the office. "The sort of man who would scarcely surprise me if he did something desperate. I shan't help him to find the seducer. In the first place, I consider the thing beyond the limits of possibility; and in the second place, even if I could find the man, it would go against my conscience to have any hand in bringing those two together. Yet you know, Smoothey, that my conscience is rather elastic."

"Toughish, certainly," answered the lawyer; "and warranted to stretch. However, I quite agree with you about this poor fellow Redmayne. The man has brooded on this subject until it has become a monomania."

Richard Redmayne went back to Brierwood soon after this interview, believing that he had done his uttermost, but not till he had been to look at the cottage where his daughter died, and the grave in which she lay. The pretty little gothic bandbox on Highgate Hill was let. He could only prowl up and down by the railings for a little, screened by the laurel hedge, listening to the fresh voices of children in the tiny garden. There were guelder-roses in bloom, and a bed of standard roses in the centre of the miniature lawn, bird-cages in the open window, the whole aspect of the place bright and joyous. He looked up at the window of that room where they had laid her in the last solemn slumber, looked at it, and thought of the day when she had lain there, a dull November day, with the rain beating against the window-panes, perhaps, and all nature gloomy. It wounded him to see the house under this cloudless June sky, to hear happy voices from the room where she had died broken-hearted.

He walked all the way to Hetheridge—seven miles along the dusty north road; then away westward, by a quiet cross-road, to the quietest village within twenty miles of London. He passed the village green, and the pond where the ducks were floating lazily in the sunshine, and went on beneath the shelter of chesnut and lime to the churchyard where Grace was buried. This sixth of June was her birthday, and he had chosen this day of all others for his pilgrimage to her grave.

"I might have brought some flowers or something," he said to himself as he opened the low wooden gate. "What a hard-hearted wretch I must be not to have thought of it! Did I ever go to see her empty-handed when she was at school?"

The churchyard was not a particularly pretty one, only very solemn and tranquil, with a great yew-tree making a wide circle of shadow above the quiet green hillocks. There were no splendid monuments of modern date, but here and there a ponderous tomb within a rusty railing, a mouldering stone sarcophagus, with sinuous ivy creeping in and out among the cracks in the stone, and a dank moss thick upon the time-worn inscriptions. The charm of the scene was its utter tranquillity. A village churchyard on a hill, with a wide stretch of landscape below it, and only the faintest indication of a city in the far distance.

Richard Redmayne found his way to the gravestone. Was not every detail of the quiet scene burnt in upon his brain? The churchyard was empty of all human kind, yet on the granite slab there lay a wreath of waxen-petalled exotics, all purest white, and as fresh as if it had been that minute laid there.

Rick Redmayne went back to the gate, striding over the low graves recklessly. Who was there to bring votive wreaths to her grave—who, in all her little world—except the man who had destroyed her?

"He has been here," the farmer said to himself; "is here still, perhaps, loitering somewhere. O God, if I could only meet him, in this place, by her grave! It seems the fittest spot for us two to come face to face; and if we do meet here, I think I shall strangle him."

The muscular hand closed with a tighter grip upon the oak sapling which Mr. Redmayne carried as a walking-stick.

He planted himself by the churchyard-gate and waited, listening for a footstep on the gravel-path.

"I wonder that he can have the heart to stand beside her grave, knowing that he killed her."

He was not softened in any degree by this indication that his lost child was still held in loving remembrance. His only sentiment was wonder that her destroyer could presume to lay his wreath upon her grave—that he dared approach the scene which must needs remind him of his crime.

He waited an hour with a dogged patience, but no one came. Then he made a careful round of the churchyard, and meeting no one, knelt down and said a short prayer by his daughter's tombstone; not such a prayer as Christianity inspires—reverent, submissive, confiding; but tinctured rather with that fiery spirit which might have breathed in the supplications of some outraged father in the old Greek days, when men's gods were of the sternest mould; an appeal to the Eumenides—a blind wild cry for retribution.

He took the wreath in his strong hand when that prayer was ended—took it, intending to scatter those frail blossoms to the summer winds. The delicate petals seemed almost to shrink and shiver in his rough grasp; but after looking at it for a few moments with a moody countenance, he laid it gently on the stone where it had lain when he found it, encircling his daughter's name.

"She was so fond of flowers, and these white sweet-scented ones above all," he said to himself. "No; I won't spoil it, even though he put it there."

He rose at last and left the churchyard, meaning to make inquiries in the village as to the appearance of any stranger who might have been observed by the innkeeper or his gossips. In so small and primitive a place a stranger could hardly escape observation; but at the gate Richard Redmayne encountered the sexton, who had espied him from his cottage a few paces off, and had come out to see whether there might not be a sixpence to be earned in this direction.

"Would you like to see the church, sir?" he inquired.

"No; I don't care about churches. Have you been about here all the morning?"

"Yes, sir; in and out, on and off."

"There's been a man here; a man who brought some flowers to lay upon one of the graves."

"Like enough, sir. There's many as brings flowers; that's the beauty of this place; nobody ever interferes with 'em; the children never lays a finger on 'em."

"You haven't seen any stranger, then, this morning?"

"Well, yes; there was a gentleman I met, coming out of this here gate, like as I might meet you now this minute, above an hour ago?"

"You didn't know him?"

"Not to call to mind his name; but I know his face well enough. He's got somebody buried with us, I make no doubt."

"Does he come here often?"

"Not as I know of. I took the liberty to wish him good-morning; but he only made answer by a nod, and walked off before I could ask him if he'd like to see the church."

"Look here," said Richard Redmayne, with his hand in his pocket. "Here's half-a-crown for you. Tell me what the man was like, as close as you can, and I'll make it five shillings."

He tossed the coin to the sexton, whose shrivelled old countenance wrinkled into a rapturous grin.

"Lor a-mussy, sir, I wish I were a better hand at that sort o' work. The gentleman were tall and dark, with his eyebrows marked very strong, like, givin' him rather a fierce look. His face looked to me as if it were made of wrought iron; but he was a personable sort of a man for all that, and quite the gentleman."

"That will do," said Richard Redmayne, throwing him a second half-crown. "If ever that man comes this way again, you get some one to follow him, and if you find out where he goes, and where he lives, I'll give you a five-pound note. Remember that."

"Lor, sir, it's a thing as I never did in all my born days," cried the sexton, gazing at Rick Redmayne with an awe-stricken countenance; "you bain't one of these here perlice orciffers in plain clothes, be ye?"

"Never mind what I am; you do what I tell you, and earn a five-pound note. You can telegraph to me at this address when you find out what I want to know, and you shall have your money by return of post."

Rick Redmayne wrote his address on a page of his pocket-book and tore out the leaf, which he handed to the sexton.

"I am as willing as any one in Hetheridge to earn a honest penny, sir; but follerin' any one do seem so out o' the way and under-hand-like. Certingly, there's my grandson Thomas, as sharp a lad as ever any one need wish to see, and as fleet-footed, he might foller any gentleman afoot or a-horseback, and I don't believe as he'd be left behind; and a rare artful lad too, and an uncommon favourite with our parson! Lor, how he do give out the responses in the psalms; you might a'most hear him out here—that sharp and shrill!"

"Find out where this man lives, and earn your money," said Mr. Redmayne. "Don't lose that bit of paper with the address. Good-day."

He walked away rapidly, leaving the sexton pondering, and scratching his head with a puzzled air.

"As to artfulness," he muttered to himself with an inward chuckle; "if it comes to that, our Thomas might get his livin' by follerin'; but I don't know what parson would say to it. Howsumdever, there's no call for him to know."

(To be continued.)

Letter from the Rev. J. Salmon, M. D.

CHIPMAN, Queen's County, N. B.

Mr. James I. Fellows,

Sir,—In the practice of Medicine I have recommended your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and have found invariably the following results:

Greater freedom to the action of the Lungs, increased and more easy expectoration in cases indicated by dry cough, and decided augmentation of tone to the whole nervous system.

I can safely and consistently recommend your *invaluable* preparation in a variety of cases, especially for Chest diseases, having successfully prescribed it in Bronchitis, Asthma, Debility from Liver Complaint, Debility from Fevers, and Debility from Impoverished Blood. I am, sir, yours truly,

JAMES SALMON,
Practising Physician and Surgeon.

BENT and stiffened limbs, stiff Joints limbered and straightened by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.*

ON THE SHORE.

BY LIZZIE C. HARDY.

She stood upon the other shore,
And watched me as I launched my boat,
Her white robes gleaming in the sun,
Her bright hair on the breeze afloat;
And, as I cleft the rippling waves,
Her dear voice rang out sweet and clear,
"Dear love, I know you'll surely come,
And so I waited for you here."

Then as I moored my tiny craft,
And clasped my darling's snow-white hand,
The last rays of the sunset fell
Across the snowy, wave-kissed strand.
"Remember, love," she gaily cried,
"That ever, when the day is o'er,
And sunset crimsons o'er the tide,
I'll wait for you here on the shore."

* * * *

Ah me! the years creep on so slow,
And life has grown so blank and cold,
Since I have lost the rare, sweet smile,
And tender, loving words of old.
Around me falls the setting sun—
I know the day is almost o'er;
The mystic waves dash o'er my feet—
Love, are you waiting on the shore?

WIDOW WOOD.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I don't say that brother Ben.'s widow wasn't good looking, for her age and her size. Then, too, she had a pretty penny left her. Ben. was always lucky in business. And she might have married very well, if she wanted to change her condition; but, you see, Margaret Ann was a fool—she, a widow of forty, to set her cap at young Sam. Spencer, who was only twenty-four! If I *was* her brother-in-law, and if Ben. *had* said to me, as he did, "Richard, always be kind to Margaret Ann," I couldn't help seeing that. The fact of the matter is, that, as a general thing, widows do make fools of themselves oftener than girls.

In this case, I admit, age was the only obstacle. Sam. was a good young man—above selling himself to a woman old enough to be his mother, for her money-bags. Sam. was clerk in the store. I was poor Ben.'s partner. I'd tried to buy the widow out. I'd said, over and over again: "Margaret Ann, you have plenty, and to spare; why not retire?" But, you see, she wouldn't. Ben. had left his share of the business to her, and she wouldn't drop it. After a while I found out the reason. It was Sam. Spencer.

That was why she liked to sail about the store in her dead black silks; that was why she was always finding some excuse to hand down that part of the stock he had in hand, mixing everything up, and giving him no end of trouble.

You see, I couldn't help it. The concern paid, and the Widow Wood owned just as much of it as I did. If I'd said, "Margaret Ann, go home," she could have said, "I've a right here." That was it. She never waited on a customer. She never did anything but bother and pry. She had no children to occupy her, and she brought her pet white poodle along with her. "So lonesome," she said she was, "in the big house opposite, and that was why she had us come to tea so much, of course."

Well, this went on for nearly a year. Big eyes at Sam., sweet smiles, soft speeches! I used to wonder whether old Ben. knew how soon he had been forgotten. To be sure he was sixty when he died, and a bald-headed, stoop-shouldered man, with solemn ways about him; but she'd been his wife for twenty-three years, and though I'm a bachelor, I know what feelings ought to be. And Ben. was my brother too. I hope it wasn't wicked of me to make up my mind to put an end to her capers, as far as Sam. went, and to tell him that we wanted a young lady as a cashier, and what not, and that if Lilly Rathbone could leave Grigg and Grater, I'd give her the place. Sam. was in love with Lilly, I know that; but Margaret Ann had never seen her.

"Margaret Ann," says I, one day, "we'll have a new cashier to-day. We need one, and I've engaged one."

"Well," says Margaret Ann, "perhaps we do. I hope he's a nice young man, and good looking. Good looks attract custom."

"I'm glad you coincide with me," says I. And I laughed to myself, for I knew Margaret Ann was thinking of some one else to flirt with. But I said nothing.

It was fun to see her face change when she saw Lilly behind the counter next day. And she gave it to me in the private office, I can tell you. She hated females about a store, and she didn't like Lilly's looks. I could laugh at her, however, there, I had good references with Lilly, and I had signed a written agreement with her for six months. She was to be cashier, you see, as I told you. Margaret Ann couldn't help herself, and I suppose she knew it, for she said nothing after that, and Sam. and Lilly were as happy as young birds. I believe he proposed to her behind my counter; I know he did it somewhere, and I know he was accepted.

"Lord bless you," says I to myself, "and help you build your nest." I'm not crusty, if I am a bachelor.

A few days after, I found Margaret Ann walking the office in a towering rage, with her face flaming.

"Richard," says she, "a woman is always right about another woman. Men admire a pretty face so, that they are blinded by it. It always seems so with Mr. Wood. Many a time he's thought a woman everything that was splendid until I've proved that she wasn't, by telling him things. Now I've found out your Lilly Rathbone. She's exactly what I thought—exactly!"

"Well, what is it?" says I.

"No better than she should be," says Margaret Ann. "I saw her kiss Sam. Spencer behind the counter this blessed morning."

"And he didn't want her to, I suppose, and hollered for help?" says I.

"You know what men are," says she; "of course he kissed her back."

"Didn't he kiss her first?" says I.

"Well, she let him any how," says she.

"Well," says I, "I suppose you used to kiss Ben. after you were engaged, if not before."

"What has that to do with it?" says she. "Why, they—at least—Did *he* propose her coming here, Richard?"

"No," said I; "but they are engaged, Margaret Ann."

"Don't believe it," said she.

"It's gospel truth," said I.

And then—well, I didn't mind it; it didn't hurt me a bit—but then that woman turned around and slapped me in the face, she was so hopping mad.

"Such actions in a respectable store! You depraved brute!" says she; and marched out, and didn't come back for a week, for which I was truly thankful.

When she did come, it was all smiles and amiability; and she talked to Lilly, and she smiled at Sam., and she really did come out beautifully, considering. Lilly took a great notion to her.

"What a nice, pleasant lady Mrs. Wood is," she said, as we were folding things up that night; "and so pretty too, for her age, I think she's splendid."

"Glad you like her," said I.

"Dear me!" said she, with her head under the counter.

"Sister-in-law, you know," said I; "one of the family; it won't do to praise her too much."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of what you said, Mr. Wood," said she. "I'm so surprised about my key. I'm sure I hung it here. A little brass door key, with a nick in the handle and a piece of pink ribbon tied to it. I can't think where it is gone."

Well, we both looked everywhere. We unrolled packages and peeped into boxes, and poked down cracks in the floor. Lilly kept worrying about getting a locksmith to fit another before she could get in, and said that Rose was always so tired.

Rose was her sister. The two were orphans, and kept house together in one little room of a respectable tenement house.

"I've always had tea ready before Rose got in," said Lilly; "but to-night she'll have to wait."

It's odd how we remember little things sometimes. Perhaps the girl's pretty puzzled face, and her graceful motions as she ran about looking for the key, impressed this one on my mind. At all events we did not find the notched key tied with pink ribbon, and Lilly went home without it. I told Margaret Ann about it when I saw her next, and she inquired very politely of Lilly as to the end of the affair, when she next saw her. The key was never found, but Lilly said she had had two made, so that such a thing could never happen again. She *would keep one*, and Rose the other.

"And as I presume it was lost here, you must have the value of it from us," said Margaret Ann. "It's not much, but it's but just." And that I thought very kind of Widow Wood, considering.

Well, time passed on, and one day was about like the other. Winter went, and summer came. People began to go to the country, and trade was dull. And Sam. told me that Lilly and he were going to be married soon, God willing.

I had just left Sam. when Margaret Ann's colored girl stepped across the street, and told me that her mistress wanted to see me.

Of course I went over. And when I got into the back-parlor, I found Margaret Ann wrapped up in a shawl, her eyes red with crying.

"Anything happened?" says I.

"Yes," says she, "I'm afraid so. I'm so sorry."

"Dear me! Do mention the facts," says I.

"Well," says she," I can hardly bear to do it; but—who has a chance at the safe besides you and me?"

"Nobody but Lilly Rathbone," says I.

"You are sure?" says she.

"Why, of course," says I.

"Ah! Well," says she, "perhaps there's another way out of it. May be you've had occasion to use that money of mine. I mean the thousand-dollar bank-note that I put in there, in a red pocket-book, last week."

"No," said I. "Of course I'd have spoken of it. It was your private money."

"It's gone, Richard," said she. "You saw me look in the safe to-day?"

"Yes," says I.

"Well," says she, "it was gone then. I couldn't bring myself to speak of it. You see, a girl like that has so many temptations; going to marry, and all. Richard, promise me you won't have her arrested, or anything, if it is her."

"It is not," I cried. "Besides, it was your money. You would be the prosecutor of any thief."

"Dear me, yes," says she, "and I'll let her go; but I must get it back and she must leave the store."

"How can you think so ill of the girl?" said I. "Why don't you suspect me? I'm ever so much more doubtful a character than she is."

"You are my brother-in-law," said Margaret Ann. "Now listen to reason. Come to the store with me, and we'll search. If we don't find it, I shall charge Lilly with the theft to-morrow, and if she don't confess, get a search-warrant out for her rooms. I'll be very kind, but I can't lose a sum like that."

She cried again. I did really feel that she was in great trouble. We went to the store again, and searched the safe, but the money was gone. Margaret Ann had the number in her pocket-book. It was easy to identify it, and besides, a poor girl like Lilly did not have thousands lying about loose. I confessed to myself that the poor thing was in a suspicious position, and I said that if she should prove guilty, my faith in human nature was gone.

"Mine too," said Margaret Ann. "I've come to like her so. And then, poor Sam!"

I went home to tea with my sister-in-law, but we had not much appetite. She promised not to come to the store until closing hour, and to be very merciful, and give the girl every chance.

And so we parted. I arose to say good-night, and came around the table to shake hands with Margaret Ann, when, being but a clumsy old bachelor, not used to woman's fixings, my coat caught in a little wicker work sewing basket on long spider legs, and overset it. Out tumbled cotton and buttons and tape, and I stooped down to pick them up, when among the litter I saw a key—a brass door key, with a nick in it, and a long piece of pink ribbon tied to the handle. It was a very little thing, but it made my blood run cold.

If that was the key Lilly had lost, what was it doing there? I didn't dare to look at my sister-in-law. And I walked the floor all night, but by morning my mind was made up.

At nine o'clock I met that boy and girl at the store, and told them I should be gone all day. In ten minutes more I stole Lilly's key from under the counter, and went out. I went to her house—to her little room on the third floor, and entered it like a thief. It was very poor and very bare, but very neat and clean; and there was a closet in it, with a few dresses hanging up on pegs, and a bonnet box on a shelf.

Into that closet I went, and there I sat down on an old trunk and waited. I heard a queer old clock ticking in the room. I heard it count the hours, ten, eleven, twelve. And I kept saying to myself:

"If you are a wicked, suspicious old fool, Richard Wood, Lord forgive you!"

But I waited still, and just as the long black hands pointed at half past one, I heard a knock at the door—such a knock as ladies sometimes give with a parasol handle; such a knock as my sister-in-law always gave at the office door.

I drew my closet door tight shut, and put my eye to a crevice in it.

There was another knock—a pause; and then I heard the key turn in the lock, and saw the door open and my sister-in-law come in. She looked about her, shut the door, relocked it, and stole across the room. Then—God forgive the woman; I suppose she was mad with jealousy—she lifted up the mattress of the neat little bed in the corner, and taking a red pocket-book from her bosom, thrust it under, drawing the quilt well down about the bed afterward.

"I hardly think you'll marry Sam. Spencer after all, Miss Lilly," she said aloud, with a wicked toss of her head. "I've outwitted you."

"Not quite," said I. "Margaret Ann, there are two words to that matter."

I walked out of my closet, and stood with my back against the outer door. She knew she was trapped, but her wicked tongue had its way still.

"*So*, you're in the habit of coming here!" she said. "Nice young ladies, certainly!"

"I never came here before," said I, "and you know that; but I've been here all day, waiting for you. I saw Lilly's key in your basket last night, and I began to guess the truth. Bring me that pocket-book."

Margaret Ann did it. She was as pale as death, and almost as cold. I looked at her, and felt sorry for her, after all.

"You're my brother's widow," I said, "and a poor, foolish, jealous creature. I haven't told any one of my suspicion yet, and I never will, on two conditions."

"Name them," said she; "I can't help myself."

"You'll retire from the business," said I.

"Glad to do it," said she.

"And you'll give that thousand dollar note to Lilly as a wedding present."

She looked at me and gave a great gulp.

"Nasty little cat!" she said; "I won't!"

But she did, and only I ever knew why the Widow Wood was so generous to Lilly Rathbone on her wedding-day, or why she started for Europe on the very next steamer that sailed from New York, and still remains there.

BOYS.

Most people are much frightened of boys, and assume that they are very dangerous animals. It is alleged that the dreadful creatures delight in making a series of unearthly and complicated sounds and in committing unprovoked assaults. It is also urged that the menageries which they mostly inhabit during the daytime, and in which they are initiated into the mysteries of the rule of three and such-like puzzles, are places to be religiously avoided. Stray animals are constantly prowling about the precincts of these prisons seeking whom they may attack, at certain times the whole horde are let loose to ravage the neighbourhood. Single travellers have a small chance against them, and, as a rule, make no attempt at offensive tactics. They are content to hurry on quietly, with a host of extremely questionable compliments ringing in their ears, and, in a few exceptional cases, some miscellaneous missiles following closely in their wake, while the tormentors remain behind executing frantic dances of triumph, and indulging in victorious howls. Like all animals which subsist on fleshly food, boys are fond of fighting; and when unable to grapple with any one else, will do battle amongst themselves. They are not nearly so fond, however, of fighting as of witnessing others do so. They take infinite delight in arranging pugilistic encounters (for their friend), and this is a pastime at which they are very proficient, which is only natural, considering the amount of practice which they give themselves. They also deem it their privilege to destroy property—from street lamps and railings to the clothes they wear—in an open and barefaced manner. Nothing pleases them so much as to see a grand smash of anything. They are generally provided with knives by their keepers, by means of which their powers of destruction are greatly increased. Perhaps they cut their fingers as frequently as they cut anything else. They are also furnished with a certain amount of pocket-money, with which they purchase sweets, gingerbread, and catapultas, and are enabled by the last mentioned to aim at numerous small birds, which they rarely hit. They manage, however, to do irreparable damage to large numbers of glass windows, at which they are immensely gratified.

It is said that they can, to a certain extent at any rate, be tamed, and it is further alleged that the most potential method to adopt in dealing with them is a liberal application of a birch-rod or some such weapon. Like all wild animals, upon their feelings being appealed to in a forcible manner, they are apt to raise a great hullabaloo. Instead of licking the afflicted parts, however, they invariably rub, shake, or vigorously blow upon them—the process being varied according to the portion of the *corpus* operated upon. They are occasionally induced to yell defiance, but, as a rule, they deem it expedient to say nothing to those who so wantonly attack them. They ever after honour and pay respect to the man who treats them to a good thrashing. To see them at their tamest is to see them inside the menageries above alluded to. As a rule they are quiet enough, and humble enough there. Somehow or other, though, they are constantly coming to loggerheads with their keeper. The solution of this problem lies in the fact that they do not like work, and scheme by every possible means to do a minimum thereof. Naturally, they are found out, and made to take the consequences. They never get over their hatred of Lindley Murray, Cocker, and the various masters of the arts and sciences through which they are dragged. There are, in connection with many of these menageries, grand show days, when all the boys attend in best clothes, clean white collars, and have their neckties tied quite straight. They are made to sit altogether, and are confronted by the spectators. They looked very frightened and tame—quite unlike the savage things they appear in their natural element. Some pompous gentleman, who has been invited by the keeper, then gets up and talks to them. They would go to sleep, only they are afraid. When the pompous gentleman finishes, some of the tamest of the collection are made to recite pieces, which they do as if they did not like doing it, and without once looking at the audience. They very often forget their parts, and get a cross look from the keeper, which makes them still more forgetful. After they have concluded their entertainment, and are comfortably on their seats again, the pompous gentleman gets up once more, and says he is surprised to find that they are such good boys and such clever boys, and hopes that they will always be a credit to themselves and their keeper, who is so very kind to them. Then one or two more pompous gentlemen get up, and say the same thing. The animals gaze at their mentors with astonishment, and their looks of incredulity evidence that they do not believe a word about their being such patterns. After the speaking is concluded, the boys are taken away to another part of the menagerie, where they are provided with cake, buns, oranges, apples, dried fruits, and sundry non-intoxicating beverages. The gluttonous propensities of a number are made painfully apparent, and the proceedings terminate by their keeper bidding them farewell in such an affectionate manner as leads them to doubt the evidence of their senses. They try in vain to realize how it is that the grim tyrant who has been the terror and bugbear of their lives for so many weary months, has suddenly become transformed into a gentle and fatherly friend.

Boys profess to have a great contempt for girls and girls' games. Nevertheless, it is a fact of which the student of natural history must take notice, that they are extremely frightened of girls, and, in conjunction with this, must be taken the fact that girls are not much, if at all, afraid of them. The boys never look such abject things as they do when beside girls. It is then positively melancholy to regard them. They have not a single word to say, and are ever shyly looking round for opportunities to "bolt." Their keepers have been known, in a spirit of refined cruelty, to make a boy and girl link arms, and in that manner walk through a public street. The misery of the poor boy it is impossible to describe. The girl, of course, was contented enough, and disposed to grumble because the boy was not more sociable. Boys are almost, but not quite as much, frightened of women. But they like men, and are never tired of conversing with them.—*Liberal Review.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LEARNING.

A moderate-sized volume might be written on the learning and accomplishments of Queen Elizabeth. Her progress under her first instructors was marvellous. At eleven years of age she translated out of French verse into English prose "The Mirrour or Glass of the Sinful Soul." This she dedicated to Queen Catherine Parr in an epistle dated from Ashbridge, December 31, 1544. This dedication and epistle have been printed by Thomas Hearne. When she was but twelve years old she translated from the English into Latin, French, and Italian, "Prayers and Meditations collected out of certain pious writers by the most noble and religious Catherine, Queen of England." This she dedicated to her father, Henry VIII., in a Latin epistle dated from Hatfield, December 30, 1545. The M.S. is now in the British Museum. About the same time she translated from the French "The Meditations of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, concerning the Love of the Soul of Christ." This was published by Bale in 1548, and has been reprinted. Camden says: "Before she was seventeen years of age she very well understood the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and the Greek indifferently." Upon the death of her father and her tutor about the same time she was much encouraged by her brother Edward, who was exceedingly attached to her, and called her his *Lady Temper*. She now sent for Roger Ascham to supply the place of her tutor, and he left Cambridge for that purpose, and came to her at Cheshunt. Her diligence in the study of the Greek and Latin classics was great, and Ascham writes from Greenwich to his friend Sturmius "that he enjoyed at court as agreeable a freedom and retirement for his studies as he had ever done in the university; and that he was then reading over with the Princess Elizabeth the orations of Æschines and Demosthenes, *de Corona*, in Greek, and that she understood at first sight not only the force and propriety of the language, and the meaning of the orator, but the whole scheme of the cause, and the laws, customs, and manners of the Athenians." Her studies were interrupted by the accession of Mary, but upon succeeding to the crown herself, after the settlement of the perplexed affairs of the kingdom, she renewed them with great ardour. Ascham, in 1563, tells the young men of England that "it was their shame that one maid should go beyond them all in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Yea, he believed that besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she read there at Windsor more *Greek* every day than some prebendaries of that church did read *Latin* in a whole week." She employed also Sir Henry Saville and Sir John Fortescue to read to her. The latter (who was a most accomplished scholar) read Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, and the Greek tragedians to her. Ballard gives a wonderful account of her own personal studies. It would be tedious to recount her translations and other works. On August 5, 1564, her Majesty went to Cambridge, and stayed five days in King's College. She was entertained with tragedies, comedies, orations, and other academical exercises, and visited every college. Upon her departure she took leave of the university in a Latin oration, which has been preserved by Holinshed and Fuller.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine.*

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

UPHEAVAL OF THE SWEDISH COAST.—The rate of upheaval of the Swedish coast, a fact long known to geologists, is shown by a large block, ten feet high and fifteen feet broad, on the shore near Morup, which in September, 1816, was four feet above high-water mark, as is proved by an inscription to that effect. During the past summer this block was 120 feet from the shore, indicating a comparatively recent and rapid upheaval. The earliest records of this stone state that it was close to the water, but not in it; so that it would appear that the upheaval commenced in the present century.

TEETH IN YOUNG STURGEONS.—The discovery announced some months ago of the existence of teeth in the young sturgeons has been verified by another observer, who states that in the young of the sterlet there are ten teeth in the upper jaw and eight in the lower. This illustrates a very striking difference in habit between the young and the old. The latter, as is well known, have no teeth, and are believed to be somewhat herbivorous in character, or, at least, to feed only on sluggish invertebrates, while the former are quite voracious in their attack upon free-swimming animal prey. The precise period at which these teeth disappear has not been ascertained.

PERHAPS no group of stars is more generally known than the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters, as they are often called in the country. In this cluster there is a nebula or star-cloudlet invisible to the naked eye, but which can ordinarily be seen with the aid of a telescope. Mr. H. W. Hollis, however, a member of the Observing Astronomical Society of Bristol, England, says that he has searched for this nebula with his eight-inch telescope, but cannot now find it, and he adds, "There is something peculiar about all the brighter stars of this group, which for months past have appeared to me as if surrounded with nebulous light. Can the nebula have been distributed among them?"

HARMONIOUS COLOURS IN UPHOLSTERY.—All colours says the *Warehousemen and Draper's Trade Journal*, have their origin in light, and the tone of one colour may be heightened or subdued by the contrast of another, that when placed side by side in a room it may look different from what it really is. This effect is, however, subject to variations according to the position of the windows. Colours appear most different as to optical composition when the complementary of one is added to the colour of the other. For instance, if window hangings be green, and the prevailing colour in a carpet be orange, red, the complementary of green by adding to the orange, will make it appear redder; and in like manner if the cushions of sofas, chairs, &c., be blue, which is complementary to orange, be placed in a room covered with a carpet in which green predominates, the blue will appear more intense. Brown paper hangings for instance, contrast best with drab coloured carpets, and blue with orange.

COMPARISON OF ANTISEPTICS.—A series of experiments by Dr. Dougall upon the relative powers of substances to prevent the generation of animalculæ gives some interesting and suggestive results. The metallic salts, he finds, possess the highest preventive powers—sulphate of copper occupying the first place, and nitrate of silver the lowest. Of the organic acids, benzoic acid has the highest, and acetic acid the lowest power, carbolic acid occupying the fifth rank. Chloride of aluminium, among the salts of the alkaline earths, stands the highest. The inorganic salts have but little power, with the exception of bichromate of potash, which ranks very high. The poisonous vegetable extracts appear to be inert. The inference made from these observations is, that if carbolic acid prevents the growth of germs in wounds, etc., solutions of chromic acid, bichromate of potash, and the sulphate of copper have the same property to a still higher degree, and should have the preference, except their use would be attended with some positively injurious effect.

The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUG. 3, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

For $2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Presentation Plate.

For $3.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record.

For $10.00: 6 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872, and 6 Presentation Plates.

For $20.00: 12 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 12 Presentation Plates.

For $40.00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.

For $15.00: 6 copies Hearthstone 1871 and 1872, 6 Presentation Plates and 6 Family Records.

For $30.00: 12 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 12 Presentation Plates and 12 Family Records.

For $60.00: 25 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 25 Presentation Plates and 25 Family Records.

Every body sending a club of 5 will also receive one copy of the Family Record.

Let each Subscriber send us at least a club of 5, and secure his Paper and Presentation Plate FREE.

Young Ladies! young men! with very little exertion you can form a club of 25, get your paper and plate free, and pocket $8.00 for your trouble.

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

Address,
GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Publisher,
Montreal.

No. 31.

CONTENTS.

STORIES.

The Dead Witness. By Mrs. Leprohon. Chaps. I., II., III.
Brookdale. By Ernest Brent. Chaps. XXVIII., XXIX.
To the Bitter End. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Chaps. XXVII., XXVIII.
In After-Years. By Mrs. Alexander Ross. Chaps. XVI.
The Widow Wood. By Mary Kyle Dallas.
A True Story.

EDITORIAL.

Sensation Literature.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

Boys. *Liberal Review*—Queen Elizabeth's Learning. *Churchman's Shilling Magazine.*—An Embarrassing Predicament. *San Francisco Chronicle.*—Japanese Manners.—A Hint to Mothers.—Livingstone Interviewed. *Saturday Review.*

POETRY.

The Nightingale and the Lark. By Isabella Valancy Crawford.—Life's Better Moments.—On the Shore. By Lizzie C. Hardy.—Three Little Haymakers. By Emma Alice Browne.—Heavenward and Earthward. Max.—The Day is Gone. By H. W Longfellow.

NEWS ITEMS.
LITERARY ITEMS.
SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.
FARM ITEMS.
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.
HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.
GEMS OF THOUGHT.
WIT AND HUMOR.
HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.
MARKET REPORT.

SENSATION LITERATURE.

In nothing is the high pressure under which the present generation is living more noticeable than in the style of literature needed for the mass of the reading public. The style of writing has changed so completely that if some of the "bright particular lights" of the last generation could be brought to life again and given a modern novel to read, or a modern "sensational" newspaper to look over, they would start in amazement at the wonderful flights of fancy which are now indulged in, even in recording ordinary, every-day events, or horrible and atrocious crimes. The sensation reporter of the day is a genius after his own peculiar manner; he is an epitomical novel writer, and crowds into a report of a column, or a column and a half as much agony, as many adjectives, as much harrowing pathos, as many telling situations, and more exclamation points than would have sufficed to furnish material for an old fashioned three volume novel. How he glories in a murder; with what gusto he enters into all the horrible details, and gloats over the most barbarous and atrocious portions. He fairly howls with delight over an execution, and "does up" the unfortunate victim with "double heads" and "cross heads," and embellishes the effusion, if possible, with a miserable caricature which is misnamed a picture. The sensation reporter must write in the most florid style; he must be an adept at verbal ornamentation, must be prepared to go into ecstacies at a moment's notice, if given a ball or other pleasurable entertainment to "write up;" or must be gloomy, pathetic or witty if given a murder, or suicide, or elopement, or anything else out of which he can make, that which most editors are ever so anxious for, a good sensational article. He is no respecter of persons, and he will "do up" his bosom friend if he can only make a good article out of him. The sensation reporter is not a bad fellow, he generally enters into his work *con amore*, but he very seldom has any personal feeling with reference to the victims he holds up as "villains of the deepest dye," he simply fills a want in newspaper literature, a want which has grown out of the feverish, unhealthy appetite which has been engendered in the public mind by constant perusal of sensation novels. Our grandfathers were content to have facts recorded in the newspapers without any garnishing; but the present generation must have their facts highly spiced and served up with sauce *piquante*; therefore, the sensational reporter is a necessity growing out of the public taste. There are dozens of papers in the States which exist almost entirely on their "sensations;" and if any crime of more than ordinary interest is committed, the circulation of these papers is largely increased, because the public think they will get the horror served up rather more horribly in these papers than in tamer sheets.

Sensation novels antidate the sensation reporter, and indeed it is the former which has occasioned the necessity for the latter. Novel writers began early to drift from the path of mere story-tellers, and commenced embellishing their narratives with striking situations, wonderful escapes, &c.; but it was not until serial stories came into fashion, and the cheap weeklies began to make their appearance, that the sensation writers commenced to come out in full force. With the penny magazines, and their weekly instalments of stories, came the necessity for more spice in the intellectual food; it was found that more thrilling incidents, more diabolical plots, more mysterious circumstances and other ingenious devices must be introduced to keep up the interest from week to week. A climax must be reached, not at the end of the novel, but every week, and when the imagination of the author could conceive no more "telling situations," then the story could be finished in any quiet humdrum style. But gradually the straining for sensation became greater and greater, until now the story serves simply as a thread on which to hang any quantity of impossibilities; murders, seductions, forgeries, burglaries, suicides, arsons, and every variety of crime chase each other with kaleidoscopic rapidity through the pages of the sensation novel, and the story either ends at last in a sort of general firework display, or meekly and quietly fizzles out like a burnt out pin wheel; it makes a few revolutions in darkness and then is taken from its peg, and the reader is ready for another string of impossible circumstances. The main objections to purely sensational novels are that they unfit the mind for good wholesome literature—just as constant dieting on highly seasoned French dishes and fancy sweetmeats causes the stomach, metaphorically speaking, to turn up its nose at plain roast beef and plum-pudding,—and also that they compel good writers to abandon, to a certain extent, the plan of their story to accommodate the public taste by introducing some startling incidents. In the sensation novel little or no attempt is made at character sketching, there is no effort at teaching a moral lesson; it is simply an endeavour to introduce a few personages, make them go through a series of wonderful adventures and hair-breath escapes, and then march them off the scene again, just as a troupe of acrobats, bound on the stage, go through a series of unnatural contortions, make their bows and disappear. These books can have no good effect, indeed their effect is highly injurious to the mind, for they leave nothing to think over with pleasure; we never get on intimate terms with the characters in a sensation novel; we never feel as if we know them well, and looked on them as friends; we simply gaze at them and their marvellous performances in wonder and astonishment, and when they are gone we scarcely regret them, for we were never really interested in them, but only in their wonderful gyrations. We can feel as if we had known Mr. Pickwick personally; Little Nell is to us a sweet little angel whose loss we mourn; but whoever felt, after he had finished a sensation novel, that he had known the people he had been reading about, or had any desire to know them. We by no means wish to entirely expunge the sensational element from our novels; all our best writers of fiction are to some extent sensational writers, it is necessary to a limited degree to sustain the interest in three or four hundred pages of printed matter; but with them sensation is a secondary consideration, and introduced merely to assist the pleasant progress of the story. With the genuine sensation writer the story, morality, character sketching, and even good English, are all minor considerations scarcely worth a thought, and the only aim is to crowd as many horrible incidents and marvellous circumstances as possible into the smallest space. Sensation literature is undoubtedly the taste of the day, and is hourly gaining popularity; and it is well worth our while to reflect for a moment on the effect which it will have on the coming generation. Already it is an old and well worn saying that "there are no children now," and there are not; not in the sense that we know children when we were young; they are simply little men and women. There is no doubt that a great deal of this quick aging of children is due to the class of literature on which their minds are fed; watch any group of boys or girls of ten or twelve years of age who happen to be studious and see what they are reading; Indian tales, which must make Fennimore Cooper shiver in his grave; love stories, which ought to bring a blush to the cheek of mature womanhood; romances, where under a thin film of so-called morality, subjects of the most delicate—or indelicate—nature are handled without gloves. Look at this and cease to wonder that our boys and girls are getting to be only little men and women. It is often asked, "What will the 'coming man' be like?" we are not prepared to say what he will be like, but whatever he is, depend on it that the formation of his character will to a great extent have been influenced by the present deluge of sensation literature.

LIVINGSTONE INTERVIEWED.

The *Saturday Review* thus humorously treats of the meeting of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, the correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald:*

The expedition of the *New York Herald* into the interior of Africa marks the beginning of a new phase in the development of the Special Correspondent. Mr. Stanley's letters, of which a summary has just been published, possess no geographical value, and there is no proof that he saw Dr. Livingstone except his own assertion, which may be taken for what it is worth. It is interesting, however, to read the adventures of a Special Correspondent who went out to Africa and got up battles in order to describe them. This is a new field of newspaper enterprise. We have often reflected with profound commisseration on the condition of a "Special" who has distinguished himself during war, when peace comes, and there is no more carnage for him to chronicle in his brilliant and tasteful way; when his convivial evenings with Moltke, his walks with Bismarck, and his talks with the dear old Kaiser suddenly come to an end, and he subsides once more from the intimate society of great warriors and princes into the obscurity of private life. This fitful greatness is hard to bear; and it is all the harder inasmuch as the "Special" cannot, when his hours of greatness are over, coil himself up like a boa constrictor after a full meal, or a bear in the winter, and sleep till there is another war and he is wanted again. Special Correspondents must live like other men, and in order to live they must get a living. We have some recollection of once reading in a French paper an account of the way in which the literary department of the *Times* is managed. The Editor spends a considerable part of his time in meditating on what are likely to be the great questions of the hour five or ten years hence. He then selects a number of competent writers, endows them with a handsome salary, and allotting to each a subject, instructs them to proceed with their investigations until the moment arrives when they will be called upon to put the result into writing. The consequence is that the *Times* is never taken by surprise. Whatever question may turn up, the Editor has always somebody within reach who has been making it the business of his life to master in every aspect and in all its details, and who is ready to be tapped of his accumulated information whenever it is required. The French journalist to whom we were indebted for this information added that at every hour of the day and night there was always at least one Special Correspondent on duty in the office, fully equipped for a journey, with his portmanteau in a fleet Hanson waiting at the door, and ready to start for the ends of the earth at a moment's notice. Possibly the other newspapers have not yet followed the example of the *Times* in this respect; at least, they seem to find more constant employment for their Correspondents, who are not allowed to eat their heads off in idleness or in the preparation of great articles for publication at some distant period. The consequence is, that when there are no wars going on, the unfortunate Correspondents are expected to spin their weary yarns all the same, and to make as much as they can of a little Volunteer Inspection, or a charity tea-fight, or gudgeon fishing in the Thames, as if it were a great historical event of the first importance. Dirt, it has been said, is only matter in a wrong place, and we must confess that it has sometimes struck us that the activity of the indefatigable Correspondent might be more usefully employed than in magnifying little things into great things, and investing the most trivial incidents of every-day life with the glorified hues of his vivid and highly cultivated imagination. The revolting sensationalism of some of the letters from Sandringham during the Prince of Wales's illness has perhaps not been forgotten; and we fancy that poor Hodge, who lately found himself illuminated in a sudden and unexpected manner, simply because Parliament was up and the papers wanted padding, has no reason to be grateful to the "Specials" who did their best to excite extravagant expectations, and to make bad blood between him and his employers. The success which has attended the *New York Herald's* African expedition will perhaps suggest a similar expedient to some of our contemporaries. It is obvious that there is a fine field for a "Special" in Africa, and we shall be neither sorry nor surprised to hear that there has been a general rush of "Our Owns" in that direction.

Mr. Stanley, the Special Correspondent of the *Herald*, deserves credit for the brilliant idea of at once making and recording history. Mr. Disraeli is said to have remarked in early life that when he wanted to read a book he wrote one; and Mr. Stanley when he is at a loss for a subject for a letter sets to work to do something worth writing about. It may be said that it is an important homage to historical truth that a Correspondent of the *New York Herald* should think it necessary that an event should actually happen in order that he may describe it; but the process is not unknown in India. When a Hindoo wants to get up an elaborate course of false swearing, he always takes care to have a rehearsal with his associates of all the circumstances which are to be alleged to have occurred. In this way an air of exactness and reality is given to the narrative which could not otherwise have occurred. It appears from the summary of Mr. Stanley's despatches which has just been published in this country, that he left Zanzibar on the 23rd of January last year, at the head of a large caravan, the numbers of which were reduced by sickness before he reached Unyanyembe. He was pushing on for Ujiji when he found that Mirambo, the King of Ujowa, had announced that no carnvan should pass that way except over his body. We do not know what opportunity His Majesty may have had of studying British melodrama, but his language is exactly that of villains or heroes on the stage. Mr. Stanley, no doubt seeing his way to a thrilling letter on the subject, at once accepted the challenge, and resolved to conduct his caravan over Mirambo's body. In forming this resolution prudence was mingled with valour. The Arabs had declared war against Mirambo, and "as they appeared to be confident of victory, and determined to fight well, Mr. Stanley judged that the better course was for him to combine with them in attacking the King of Ujowa." Accordingly he joined forces with them, and the first day all went well for the allies, who succeeded in surprising three of Mirambo's villages, and captured, killed, and drove away the inhabitants. Next day Mr. Stanley caught a fever, and was carried back to Unyanyembe, and the Arabs, in a rash attack on Mirambo, were drawn into an ambush, and routed with great slaughter. On the fourth day the Arabs scattered in all directions, and Mr. Stanley's own body-guard joined in the *sauve qui peut.* Having somewhat recovered from the fever, and hearing that Mirambo meditated an aggressive movement, the courageous Correspondent collected all the fugitives he could find, to the number of one hundred and fifty, barricaded the town, hoisted the American flag, and awaited events. But nothing happened. Mirambo took another road, and left Unyanyembe unmolested, under the protection of the stars and stripes. It now occurred to the Correspondent that he had better leave the Arabs to fight their own battles, and try to reach Ujiji by a more northerly route—in fact, to dodge Mirambo instead of going over the despot's body. To this the Arabs demurred, "doubtless from selfish motives," and as they could not intimidate Mr. Stanley, they tried the effect of "extraordinary tales" on his followers. Of these the Correspondent has no doubt made a collection for the benefit of his readers in New York, but at present all we know of them is that the tales produced a strong effect on those who heard them, and Mr. Stanley, deserted by his only European companion, an Englishman, who was perhaps a rival Correspondent in disguise and anxious to be first home with the "extraordinary tales," had great difficulty in obtaining bearers for his luggage or an escort. After a long and perilous journey through an unknown desert, where he was seriously threatened by the rapacious chiefs of hostile tribes, he at length reached Ujiji in the beginning of November. He was anxious, he says, to enter the African town with as much *éclat* as possible, and he therefore disposed his little band in such a manner as to form "a somewhat imposing procession." At the head was borne the American flag; next came the armed escort, firing their muskets as rapidly as possible; then the baggage men, horses, and asses; and last, not least, the great Correspondent himself. The discharge of fire-arms naturally aroused the inhabitants, and it is perhaps a wonder that they did not fall into some misapprehension as to the object of a visit heralded in this warlike manner. As it happened, they took it all in good part, "filling the air with deafening shouts, and beating violently on their rude musical instruments."

We now approach the most affecting and impressive incident in the narrative—the meeting of the Correspondent and Livingstone. Mr. Stanley's bearing on this occasion proves the high conception he had formed of his duty as the representative, not only of the *New York Herald*, but of Western civilization. As the procession entered the town he observed among a group of Arabs "a pale-looking, gray-bearded, white man, clad in a red woollen jacket, with a naval cap with a faded gilt band round it." He recognized Livingstone at once, and his first impulse was to rush forward and fling himself into the arms of the great traveller. But he checked himself with the reflection that the Arabs, being accustomed to conceal their feelings, would think meanly of a man who showed he had any. So he resolved to exhibit no symptom of rejoicing or excitement. Slowly advancing towards the Doctor, he bowed and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" To this the Doctor, "fully equal to the occasion," simply smiled and replied "Yes." After this no one can say that the heroism of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race is extinct. Nothing can be finer than this spectacle of two great men saluting each other in the heart of Africa with the elegant composure and cautious civility of the best circles at home. It is said that a well-known general who lived for some years in the backwoods of Canada used to make a point of dressing every day for dinner in his log-hut lest he should cease to appreciate the refinements of civilization. It does not appear that Dr. Livingstone invariably dines in a white tie and dress-coat, but it is satisfactory to know that in his meeting with Mr. Stanley he was "fully equal to the occasion." Here is indeed a bond of international brotherhood between the two great nations which speak a common tongue, and all the rest of it, and we may expect that some of our gushing journalists will not fail to do justice to the event, and to suggest that after this all differences between the United States and Great Britain should be buried in oblivion. Mr. Stanley reports that Livingstone looked strong and well, and has satisfied himself that the Chambezi (not to be confounded with the Portugese Zambesi) is the head-quarters of the Nile, but there is a gap of some hundred and eighty miles between the point on the Chambezi at which, on account of a mutiny among his men and want of stores, he had to suspend his exploration of that river, and the part of the Nile already traced. Until he has completed this exploration, which may take from sixteen to eighteen months, but Mr. Stanley thinks more, he does not mean to quit Africa.

There seems to be a general disposition to accept Mr. Stanley's story as true; but it will be prudent to wait until Dr. Livingstone's own letters, which are said to be on the way, arrive, before placing implicit confidence in this remarkable narrative. It is possible Mr. Stanley may have seen Livingstone; but it is odd that he should have found it so easy to get to and from Ujiji and to send on letters, and that Livingstone himself should have found no means of communicating with his friends for several years. If he actually saw Livingstone, it would appear that Livingstone had no confidence in him, and told him as little as possible, and did not allow him to read the letters with which he entrusted him. It will be observed that the greater part of his account of Livingstone's adventures in the interior is only a confused and blundering reproduction of the Doctor's own despatches to the Geographical Society before he disappeared. Mr. Stanley's geographical information is a hopeless muddle, which it would be a waste of time to analyse. For our own part, we see no reason at present either to believe or disbelieve the story. There is nothing improbable in the meeting between Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone; but unless Mr. Stanley is very different from the run of Correspondents for the *Herald*, it is quite conceivable that he may have made up the whole thing out of his own head. It is unfortunate that the *Herald* should have acquired such a reputation for itself, but it is its own fault.—

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—Tenders for the new Prince Edward Island debentures are now advertised. They are for two hundred pounds sterling, thirty years, or payable after ten years interest at six per cent.——A new weekly journal, called the *Irish Citizen*, is to be published in Quebec.——Small-pox is reported at Port Hood, N.B. A man who was engaged to bury the only patient who died there, and to burn his clothes, retained a coat, which he took home, and four of his family have taken the disease.——The harvest this year, with the exception of the hay crop, is the largest ever seen in the Ottawa Valley.——The department of Public Works is about to make several improvements in Rideau Hall. Among them will be the erection of a grand reception room.——Capt. Cameron, of the Royal Artillery, who has been appointed Commissioner to determine the boundary line between the United States and Canada, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, has arrived in Ottawa.——The Chaudiere Piling Grounds never presented a more crowded appearance than at present.——The master barbers of Halifax, N. S., have formed a combination to raise the prices of hair-cutting and shaving immediately.——The Montreal Cricket Club have appointed a committee to make arrangements and raise the necessary funds for the match between the Gentlemen Eleven of England and twenty-two Montrealers. The English eleven will arrive about 20th August, and the match will be played some time between that date and the 24th. The names of the eleven are: Messrs. R. A. Fitzgerald, W. G. Grace, R. A. Mitchell, W. H. Hadow, A. Lubback, A. N. Hornby, W. Yardley, A. Appleby, V. E. Walker, R. D. Walker, and C. J. Thornton. Messrs. G. F. Grace and A. H. Hornby have been substituted for Hon. G. Harris and R. D. Balfour.——A young man named Gilbert Laurion, 31 years old, was killed in Montreal on 20 ult. by falling from the roof of Mr. Bouthillier's house on Notre Dame street, where he was doing some repairs.——Miss Hanora Moore died suddenly of heart disease while on the cars between St. Lambert's and Montreal, on 23rd ult.

FRANCE.—The National Assembly, by a vote of 317 to 233, has adopted the first chapter of the bill taxing raw material. The chapter provides for taxing silk, cotton, flax and hemp.——All the Powers have accepted the invitation of the French Government to send representatives to the Congress in Paris to consider the metrical system.——The coal miners in the Department of the Nord and Pas de Calais are on a strike.——The Government authorities have seized a quantity of arms near the Spanish frontier, which, it is believed, were intended for use against the Goverment of Amadeus.——The new French loan is issued at the official price of 85f. 50c.——A resolution has been introduced in the Assembly providing for an adjournment from the 4th August to 15th November.

UNITED STATES.—A destructive fire at Nebraska city, on 22nd ult., destroyed Morton's block, with the post-office, Midland Pacific Railroad, Great Western Telegraph office, and other offices.——A despatch from Victoria, V. I., says that a report has reached this place to the effect that white sealers at the forks of Skena River, in British Columbia, have been murdered by Indians.——Mrs. McKenny, a young married woman, who shot W. Cummings dead, in San Francisco, for slander, has been admitted to bail in $20,000.——The Brooklyn dry goods dealers have agreed to close their stores at 7 o'clock.——A London letter says the direct claims of the United States against Great Britain have been cut down to eight millions of dollars.

RUSSIA.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* publishes an Imperial decree dismissing from the diplomatic service of the empire Catacazy, formerly Russian Minister to the United States, and lately stationed at Paris. The *Journal* states that the publication by Catacazy of his pamphlet in relation to his embroglio with Secretary Fish was entirely without the knowledge and against the will of the Government.——Accounts from various portions of Russia show that cholera is abating in violence throughout the Empire, a considerable decrease in the rate of mortality being reported. The numbers of deaths occurring from this cause in St. Petersburg during the past week 125; in Moscow, 32, and in Odessa 84.

MEXICO.—President Juarez died on the night of the 18th ult., from an attack of apoplexy which seized him at 5 p. m. of that day.——The Presidency of the Republic will devolve on Lerdo de Tejada, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and until recently, Secretary of Foreign Affairs in the Juarez Cabinet, but lately in opposition to Government, and regarded as sympathizing with the revolutionists, although he remained in the City of Mexico and took no active part with the insurgents. Tejada will act as President until Congress shall order an election to fill the vacancy.

ENGLAND.—The grave-diggers of Woolwich Cemetery, in the eastern suburbs of London, are on strike.——The railway porters in Liverpool are on strike, and business is seriously interfered with.——The price of coal is advancing, and ocean steamers have raised their fares. Everything connected with the coal trade is higher. The importation of the article from Belgium has commenced.——It is understood that before Parliament takes its vacation Government will send in a communication relative to the proceedings before the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration.

CUBA.—Gen. Riguelma telegraphs the report of an engagement of the Government troops with 19 remaining members of the Fannie expedition. Ten of the fillibusters were killed and four captured, who were subsequently executed. Five who escaped are likely to die of hunger. Several stand of arms and a flag were captured.——Importations of Chinamen continue.

AUSTRIA.—The Trade Mark Convention between Austria and the United States went into effect on 25th ult. Pesth journals express their gratification that President Grant's proclamation, declaring the treaty in force was officially promulgated in Hungarian as well as in the English and German languages, regarding the incident as a tribute to their nationality.

SPAIN.—Three of the would-be assassins of the King and twenty-seven alleged accomplices have been arrested.——Admiral Topete warned the authorities against dangerous demonstrations.——The escape of the King was narrow; one of the horses attached to the royal carriage received seven pistol shots.

BRAZIL.—Rio Janeiro advices say the three iron clads for which the Argentine Congress voted $260,000, have been ordered from the United States. Large quantities of arms are arriving, and the Argentines are making other preparations for the threatening war.

PORTUGAL.—The fortieth anniversary of the Liberation of Portugal was celebrated at Lisbon on the 25th ult. Business was suspended, and the day was given up to festivities of every description.

LITERARY ITEMS.

A REPORT is current that the New York *Herald* establishment is to be shortly sold. Young Mr. Bennett, it is said has decided to discontinue his connection with journalistic life at an early day, and the paper will be sold either at private sale or at auction.

SCRIBNER'S FOR AUGUST.—Two very seasonable articles in *Scribner's* for August are—the entertaining paper by Mr. Shanks on "Yachts and Yachting," with pictures of celebrated yachts, ocean races, etc., and a pleasant and practical illustrated essay on "The Canoe: How to Build and how to Manage it." There are also three sterling articles by well-known writers on three vital questions—Prof. Comfort's "Should the Study of the Modern precede that of the Ancient Languages?" Amasa Walker's "Labor and Capital in Manufactures," and Charles Dudley Warner's "What is your Culture to me?" Among the illustrated articles are an interesting account of "The Graphic Art," by Benson J. Lossing, and "The Island of Corfu," by Charles K. Tuckerman, late United States Consul to Greece. Hans Christian Andersen tells the suggestive story of "The Gardener and the Manor," and Miss Annan relates in a very fresh and striking way that of "Hebe's Jumbles." There is poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary J. Serrano and Charles S. Gage. Dr. Holland writes about the recent strikes, and discusses "The Wine Question in Society," and "Novel-Reading." In "The Old Cabinet" we find "A Hard Time for Some of Us," "Photographs and Looking-glasses," "A Glimpse of One's self," "Wrecked on a Resemblance," and "Lost Opportunities." The Department of "Nature and Science" is very entertaining as well as instructive. "Home and Society," among other papers, has a very sensible one on "Domestic Ethics." In "Culture and Progress" the "Jubilee" is mentioned, there is something about "Two Modes of Prison Discipline," and a long review of Lamon's Lincoln; the number closing with a quaint page of Etchings by the Misses Ledyard.

THREE things to love: courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire: intellect, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends and a contented spirit. Three things to like: cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends and good humor. Three things to contend for: honor, country and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue and conduct. Three things to think about: life, death and eternity.

THREE LITTLE HAY-MAKERS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Out in the summer sunshine
We tossed the fragrant hay,
Three careless, happy children,
And work was sweet as play;
Sweet for the blossoming clover,
And the red of the cardinal's crest—
Sweet for the hedge-lark's curdling song,
And hints of her hidden nest.

Now, in the shadowy coolness
Of the bowery haunts of June,
We wiled away, with song and play,
The golden afternoon;
And now, in the wake of the mowers,
We raked the green winrow,
Till over the upland's woody crest
The sun dipt red and low.

In the edge of the tangled covert,
Where the lush blackberries hung,
Like a jewelled pendulum to and fro
A meadow spider swung;
And climbing out of the shadow,
At the feet of the spicy ferns,
A wild rose held to the sunshine
The dew in her crimson urns.

And low in a tuft of daisies,
With grasses woven round,
In a nest of cunning fashion,
Three speckled eggs we found,
Translucent spheres of Beryl,
Freaked with purple and brown,
And we laughed aloud in thoughtless glee,
And we bent the tall grass down.

But ere, in our boyish mischief,
A sun-burnt hand had stirred
To grasp the tempting treasure—
"Boys, think of the mother bird,"
Said Ruth, our little sister,
Upbraiding in sad surprise,
Her red lips all a-tremble,
And tears in her big blue eyes—

"Boys, think of the mother birdie,
And the pang in her tender breast,
When she finds in the trampled daisies
A rifled and broken nest."
And busily digging our bare toes
Deep in the balmy grass,
We cowered, with downcast faces,
Before our little lass.

The springs have bloomed and faded,
The summers waned away,
Since out in the happy sunshine
We tossed the fragrant hay;
And under the silver daisies,
And the clover white and red,
Our little sister lieth,
At peace in her narrow bed:
But the tender truth she taught me,
Beside the ground bird's nest,
Still blooms like a flower, amid the cares
And crimes of a world-worn breast.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MENTAL PICTURE.

It was hard to listen patiently to such words from the lips of Mr. Grantley; but Laurence did not lose his patience. He was as quiet and as dignified in his way as Everard; but he had a different kind of dignity. Mr. Grantley's manner always betrayed a consciousness of his own superiority—a lofty pride and power of character that made him cynical and haughty in his bearing towards his fellow men; and, well-bred as he was, his intense silent hatred of the journalist would show itself in spite of him.

"Miss Temple's visit to me is a question on which we need not exchange opinions," said Drayton, tranquil in his impenetrable strength of nerve, "and I do not want to see your letter, Mr. Grantley. When Eugene chooses any guardian for his sister other than myself, he will let me know, I am sure; and till then you will permit me to consider her free to make her own selection. As for the word you used just now, it was, to say the least, ill-advised and in bad taste. Whether it was unworthy of you, I am not prepared to say."

Julia placed her hand timidly upon his arm, and looked reproachfully at her cousin Everard. Her instinct made her aware what a deep and bitter antagonism there was between these two men. She saw Laurence quite unmoved, and she saw Grantley wince fiercely under some subtle implication in her lover's last words; but Everard did not reply to them. Skilful as he was in the swordsmanship of language, he lost ground in a single-handed contest with the imperturbable journalist.

"Perhaps it was ill-advised, and I withdraw it," he said, bending his stately head, after a slow pause. "Will you read Eugene's letter, Julia? I should like to hear what he has to say."

Miss Temple read it with a feeling of unmixed regretful astonishment. Her brother had left England.

"It would take too long, my darling Julia, to explain in full the reasons that have prompted me to take this step," he wrote, "for the Osprey, in which I have taken passage for New York, sails to-day, and I must go on board at once. I will write to you from America as soon as I have settled on some course of life—not an easy thing to do for a man who never contemplated the possibility of doing anything in the way of work. My friends would help me, but I do not like taking favours from them.

"I went to Brookdale full of suspicion, as you know, and looking back even from this short time, I wonder I could ever have been so absurd. Edward is simply a princely fellow—a little bit undisturbed, perhaps; but what is there in that to weigh against a heart of gold? He insisted upon my returning to Brookdale—before Margaret and Everard this was, mind—returning to resume my old position; and he said all he wanted was a welcome. I shall always look upon him as a brother now.

"As for Mr. Darrill, whom I had pictured as a diabolically placid villain, capable of anything, he is an overdressed, middle-aged dandy, who perfumes his dress and wears ball-room boots in the middle of the day—a harmless, contemptible personage, with an undercurrent of the rascal in him—the kind of person who could never exert himself to steal a ten-pound note if he could beg or borrow one instead. I caught a glimpse of his wife—a magnificent woman. Uncle Clarence might be forgiven for much of his infatuation for her. Edward does not know there is any slur upon her past life. The circumstances under which the poor lad who died was born were explained to him in their gentlest light by Everard, and he is very willing to give them a home at Brookdale. There is plenty of room, as he puts it in his simple way, and plenty of money. He would make the estate a kind of commonwealth if he had his wish. He does not and will not understand why one portion of the family should have more than another.

"When I left Brookdale, it was with the intention of going to Laurence, and telling him how kindly I had been received. I was more than half-inclined to fetch you at once, as Edward wished; but I thought I had better first see whether Drayton would think it consistent with our dignity to accept such a position. Everard and Margaret seem to thing it the right thing, and so it would not be very odd if he did the same. But while I was in the train I took a different view of the matter. I had been master there, and if I went back I could be nothing less than master. No matter how thoughtful Edward may have been, there would still have remained the fact: Brookdale belonged to him, and not to me. My position, put it in no matter what light, would have been that of a dependent.

"So I did some quiet thinking during those long two hours and a quarter, and came to a resolution to begin life on my own account. If I fail, I can but come back to Vale Cottage, and accept Mr. Wyatt's offer of a secretaryship, which one of his friends would give me. Or Everard might help me to some way of making money. He seems to have found a talisman lately. It is something to do with public companies, and appears to be a kind of 'Open, sesame' to a gold mine. When I mention 'Open, sesame,' I have really no intention of suggesting any other application of Ali Baba and the celebrated forty to the public companies and Everard's system of getting money. I may fail—there are so few things I am fit for; but I shall be better satisfied when I have tried my best, and if I do have to come back beaten I must throw myself on the mercy of my friends.

"For you, my dear Julia, there is a chance that you ought not to throw away without much consideration. Brookdale is lost to me, but it need not be to you. I should like you to make it your home while I am away. You would be in Margaret's care, and under Everard's guardianship, and Edward is sure to fall in love with you. Much as I like dear old Laurence, it is more in accordance with my sympathies to think of you as Edward's wife. He is nearer your own age, and has a happier disposition than our grave, reserved friend, who, I am afraid, would play the schoolmaster to so young a girl as you. Apart from that, you would be indisputably the mistress of Brookdale, and if I had to return I could come with better grace.

"I have drawn the balance of my money, and bought a small outfit, and made my arrangements while the resolution was upon me. If I had come back to say good-bye, I should never have had the courage to start again. I shall write to Edith from the other side of the Atlantic, and I owe Laurence a letter. He has such a habit of taking me to task that I had not the courage to see him and tell him my intention. He would have persuaded me out of it, as sure as fate, and I did not mean to be persuaded out of it.

"Remember me kindly to him if you correspond, and see that he is made welcome at Brookdale, should he ever come. I have written to the same effect to Everard; but in our altered circumstances, I do not think it would be wise to consider your engagement to him serious or binding. Had Brookdale been always mine, I would have given you to him gladly, and a fortune with you; but now his income and yours together would only make a bare six hundred a year—hardly enough for a bachelor to live on decently. True, he has his literature; but that is precarious at best. Unless a man is a Dickens or a Thackeray, writing books does not pay much better than a trade. He may be as great a genius as either; but that is no use unless the publishers find it out, and make the public believe it.

"You will go to Brookdale, my darling sister, for my sake, and I will be happy in knowing you are safe with those who love you. As for me, please don't think of me as a wretched exile, going to seek my fortune in the midst of peril and adventure. I am not going to do anything of the kind. I have nearly three hundred pounds with me, and if something worth having does not turn up by the time that is spent, you will see me back at Brookdale with the least possible delay. You will be its mistress then, I trust. Laurence, I am sure, would not be selfish enough to stand in the way of an arrangement so manifestly to your advantage. His philosophy would enable him to look at it in the proper light.

"I did not intend to make this letter a quarter of the length it has run to; but I am glad now, for you know everything, and I shall not have to write again till I have something worth telling. I hope we shall have a good passage, for I am not provided with a stoical digestion, and the pitching of a ship is apt to disarrange my dietic system. Good-bye, my darling sister, but not, I have a presentiment, for very long.

"EUGENE."

That was his letter, written in small, almost lithographically careful, penmanship, the envelope sealed with the Brookdale crest, from his minute signet-ring, and bearing the postmark of Southampton.

As Laurence had said, the explanation, when it came, would be so simple as to make them wonder they had not thought of it, and here it was. There was sufficient of Eugene's tone and style to identify it as his own, had it not borne the external proofs—his handwriting and his signet. It was dated from the Queen's Hotel.

Julia read it over to herself, and then went through it aloud, in a clear, low voice, standing by Laurence Drayton's side the while. When she came to the part which referred to him, she put her hand in his, and looked at him in pained surprise. He only smiled gently, and told her to read it to the end.

She put it down with a sigh when it was finished. She knew what faults there were in her brother's character. He was impulsive, and wanted decision. Impulsive people are always selfish, more or less, but never deliberately so, and surely there was much deliberate selfishness in his advice concerning her cousin Edward. A man of the world, or, worse still, a woman of the world, could not have given her more coldly-selfish counsel.

At the same time, she was for a moment struck by its weight, and her heart shrank from the thought of making such a sacrifice even for him. Had he left himself entirely out of the question, it might have impressed her more; but that her brother should suggest to her that she should win Brookdale, so that he might have luxurious shelter if he required it, made her almost despise him.

"He is safe," she said at length. "Thank heaven for that; but I am sorry he ever wrote me such a letter."

"It seems to me a thoughtful, brotherly epistle," said Everard. "There is more wisdom in it than I ever expected from Eugene. Even Mr. Drayton will admit that the arguments are reasonable."

"All arguments are reasonable, Mr. Grantley. A man's opinion may be just and perfectly erroneous at one and the same time. So much depends upon the point from which he looks at his subject."

"I am afraid you are too accomplished a logician for me, Mr. Drayton. I have no cultivated language as a fine art or a profession, and can only clothe my simple thoughts in simple words. Miss Temple, I know, attaches some importance to your opinion, and so I ask, with all respect, if you think the step Eugene has taken is a wise one."

"I do not, except that he will have the experience of six months' travel, and settle at once and for ever his dream of picking up a fortune without first making out a definite way of making one. His journey will be simply purposeless, and he will come back when he has spent his money."

"For once, at least, Mr. Drayton, I agree with you. And you think, with him, that Brookdale is Julia's best place?"

"That is as Julia herself may think."

"I shall never go to Brookdale," said Julia, with simple resolution, "except to see my cousin Margaret. I appreciate and thank Mr. Edward Temple for his kind intention; but for my own part, I decline the offer of his hospitality at once and for ever. I am quite content with my little income, and the cottage that will be my home till I am married."

"It is a foregone conclusion, then," said Grantley, with a sleepy glitter in his eyes, "that you are to be married?"

Julia looked at Laurence. Her simple faith in him was sublime; and since he had said they were to be married she looked it as the most natural thing in the world. She saw nothing out of the way in talking of it freely to anyone.

"In rather less than six months, from to-day," said Drayton, quietly, "Julia will be my wife."

"Well, Mr. Drayton," said Everard, with a tinge of sadness in his tone, "you will permit me to congratulate you sincerely. I have the very highest respect for you personally — the most implicit confidence in your character. When the time comes, and I resign my guardianship, my regret will be lessened by the knowledge that her future happiness, at least, will be secure."

The genuine, graceful courtesy of tone and manner took Laurence by surprise. Then was Mr. Grantley's hand offered him, and it felt like the hand of an honest man. Drayton would rather it had been otherwise.

"I suppose you will be prepared to return to-morrow," Grantley said. "I go back in the afternoon."

"Now that we know Eugene is safe," said Julia, "I shall stay for a few days with Mrs. Lucas. There is a little opera season, and Laurence is going to take me to hear the 'Huguenots'—isn't it the 'Huguenots'?"

"That was last night," said Mr. Drayton. "The 'Favorita' is the one I promised you. We shall have Giuglini, Santley, and Mademoiselle Borghi-Mamo. Then there is a new play, and one or two minor dissipations. I do not see very well how you can return till next Tuesday, if we carry out our programme."

"Tuesday will be time enough for me," said Julia, heedless of Everard's ominous frown. "It is so long since I had a holiday, and I shall be dull by myself."

"Who is Mrs. Lucas?" inquired Everard.

"The lady of this house. Such a dear old creature. She makes me so comfortable that I have a great mind to shut up the cottage, and take apartments here."

In the independence of her perfect innocence she was quite capable of doing it, and she wondered why the two gentlemen exchanged a smile. It was impossible to tell her how she would have outraged the proprieties and compromised herself by such a course.

"Miss Temple will return on Tuesday," said Laurence. "I myself will bring her to Brookdale."

Julia looked at him.

"To Brookdale, Laurence?"

"Yes, little one. You cannot stay at the cottage alone through the dull winter; and there are reasons which Miss Grantley will, doubtless, explain to you why I can come and see you more frequently at Brookdale than there."

Miss Temple thought it strange and unkind of him but she raised no protest. She had accepted him as her lord and master, and was willing to do whatever might seem best in his eyes.

"I can offer you a room here," Drayton said to Mr. Grantley.

"Thanks; but I must make the most of my flying visit. You will bring Julia home on Tuesday, and stay with us a few days. Edward will make you welcome, I know, for Eugene's sake, and we ourselves shall, I hope be better friends than we have been," returned Grantley.

Laurence bowed.

"I see they brought in a verdict of wilful murder at the inquest on that poor fellow who was thrown over the cliff," he said; "but they seem to have no clue."

"It is impossible that they should have. The verdict was senseless, for it leaves the case open. The man fell, there is no doubt. He missed his way in the uncertain light, and lost his footing. The path is so irregular as to be unsafe at night."

"It may be so. Still, if he were thrown over, the verdict must have an unpleasant effect on the criminal. It gives his life a background, made up of a wondering crowd—a scaffold in front of Lewes gaol, and a thing like himself, pinioned, and covered with a cap, swinging in the air."

EVERARD'S UNEXPECTED RETURN.

"Laurence!" said Julia, with a shudder.

"He was treating you to a bit of literary realism," said Mr. Grantley, with an involuntary hush in his voice, which his smiling irony could not subdue. "You will grow accustomed to that, Julia, when you are an author's wife."

He was always pale, but he was paler than usual when he said good night to them, and went into the dimly-lighted street. He loosened the linen collar round his powerful throat with an angry wrench, and drew a heavy breath.

"A wondering crowd—a scaffold in front of Lewes gaol—a something human pinioned, and covered with a cap, swinging in the air!" What a trickery there is in words," he said, "when the fellow in a single sentence can make a picture that would haunt some men with horror."

He took a cab and drove to Pall mall. The man put him down at White's, where he met Captain Brakenbury Wyatt, Edith's brother, and the two went forth to spend an hour or two in one of the gentlemanly pandemoniums that flourish elegantly, in spite of the police prohibitions; but Everard Grantley was not himself. There was nothing in the wines of the Rhine, the sparkle of champagne, or the liquid life in brandy, which could rouse him from a singular depression. He said he must have taken cold in the train, and perhaps he had, for a shiver crept through him now and then during the evening.

They talked of Eugene and his letter in the old Chelsea drawing-room when Everard was gone. Laurence read it through again with reluctant scrutiny, as if wished it were possible to doubt its authorship; but the clear, unblotted, carefully-written lines were Eugene's, every one.

"I never thought he could grow so wordly," said Julia. "I wonder how he had the heart to write such a letter to me. "It seems so spiritless of him to ask me to marry a man I do not care for, so that I may give him the idle luxury of a home, and save him the exertion of finding one for himself."

"He cannot have started yet?" said Laurence. "At least the probabilities are in favour of his not having started yet. The Osprey is advertised to sail to-day; but ships are rarely punctual."

"Then, you think there would be time to see him, and keep him from going?"

"To see him before he goes. It would not be wise to keep him from going, Julia. Let him have his trial, and he will have the satisfaction of having tried; but if we dissuade him from it, he might reproach us in the future. I will go early in the morning, and take my chance of seeing him before the Osprey sails."

"May I come with you?"

"There would be the disappointment if he had gone," said Mr. Drayton, "and there would be the pain of a separation at the last moment if he had not. What do you think? You know he is safe, and after the fatigue you have had—"

Julia saw he did not wish her to go, and tried to think what motive he had. It was no consideration of trouble or expense. He had held something in reserve all through.

"Perhaps you had better go alone," she said. "As Eugene has chosen to go in that way, he might be angry if I said anything which would induce him to change his mind; and I should, for I know I could not bear to part with him."

Mr. Drayton went next morning. He had Eugene's letter to Julia with him, and Eugene's photograph, which had, as it happened, been taken in the identical overcoat with the fur collar and cuffs which Julia had persuaded him to wear when he went to Brookdale.

"He might have chosen a better time for a sea voyage," Laurence thought, as the searching wind crept through the railway-carriage, and reminded him that winter was not far distant, in spite of travelling-cap and rugs. "Eugene Temple must have changed greatly before he could find courage for the journey in such weather as this."

When the train arrived, Laurence went first of all to the docks, and made inquiries concerning the Osprey. It had set sail late on the previous afternoon.

"Was it foreseen that I might come here to find him?" Laurence asked himself, as he glanced moodily over the waters. "Everything which has taken place as yet serves to strengthen my suspicion. Yet everything seems so perfectly natural, that even my friend Ringers would think me a lunatic if I told him what I suspected. But, then, the men who were capable of substituting Theodore Darrill for Edward Danvers Temple are capable of substituting some one else for Eugene."

Mr. Drayton made his way to the Queen's Hotel, and went into the coffee-room. There were no customers in it at that early hour of the day, so Laurence had a little brandy-and-water by the fire undisturbed, and beguiled the waiter into conversation.

"You have had a gentleman named Temple staying here for the last few days?" he said. "Mr. Eugene Temple."

"I will see, sir. His name would be in the book if he stayed here; but there's so many coming and going that we never remember all their names."

"My friend was a fair young man, about two and twenty, and wore, I think, a dark blue overcoat, with *a fur collar and cuffs*."

"Yes, sir. Then he was here. Came here on Monday, and went yesterday morning. He sent me to pay a passage for him in the Osprey. He bought his outfit in the town, and had it taken straight on board."

"Would you recognize him by his photograph if you saw one?"

"I think so, sir."

Laurence showed him the one he had brought, and the waiter looked at it attentively.

"It is like him and it ain't like him," he said, after a pause. "But these here *cartes de visite* are not always like them they are meant for. That's the coat, sure enough, and it ain't unlike him altogether. But he seems stouter here, and quieter looking."

"Are you sure that he went in the Osprey?" asked Drayton. "Do you know whether he received a telegram asking him to delay his journey? I want to know particularly, and I thought you, or some one belonging to the establishment, might have gone with him the docks."

"We do generally, sir; but Mr. Temple went in the morning; and as he had sent his luggage straight on board, there was nothing to be taken from here. I receipted his bill, and he paid me out of a green velvet *portemonnaie*; and I noticed, when he took the change, that there was a scar in the palm of his hand."

"What make you noticed that?"

"Because I know an underwaiter who got just such another through a bottle breaking when he was drawing the cork—a nasty, jagged, three-cornered tear that he feels even to this day in the cold weather."

"My friend had no such scar," said Laurence, slowly; "there must be some mistake. Will you let me see his name?"

"Certainly, sir."

The waiter took him into the hall, and opened the visitors' book. There was the name unmistakably written in Eugene's peculiarly distinct hand. Laurence Drayton was too accustomed to his signature to mistake it.

"Yes, that is his," he said, giving the civil attendant half a crown for his trouble.

He left the hotel with a perturbed mind, not knowing which way to turn for the broken clue.

"I do not thing he is dead," he said to himself; "I cling to that hope. But, then, what can have become of him? If he is not dead he is held captive somewhere. He never wrote this letter, he never signed his name in that visitors' book, he did not wear the coat which the waiter recognized, and he has not sailed in the Osprey. They have taken every step I anticipated. They knew that when I discovered he was missing I should have a long and patient search for him. They think they have thrown me off the scent; but I will keep my oath to find him if living, or hunt his murderers to the scaffold."

So that he might be secure on every point, Mr. Drayton went to the head police station, and gave instructions to have the Osprey watched when it arrived in America.

"Let them answer through the Atlantic cable," he said, "and tell me whether Eugene Temple, or any one replying to his name and description, really did sail in the Osprey. I know he paid his passage, and I have been told he sent his luggage on board, but I doubt the truth of that. And I do not think he ever set foot inside the cabin which was paid for in his name."

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

When Mr. Drayton returned from Southampton it was late in the afternoon, and he went to his chambers direct. He wanted to take counsel with his friend the editor on some points upon which he could not confer with Linchmore. Not that Laurence distrusted the detective, but he was proud, and shrank from taking a man of Linchmore's class into his confidence when delicate matters were involved.

"For a gentleman keeps a secret to himself," Mr. Drayton said; "or at most has one friend whom he can trust thoroughly, and with whom he exchanges confidence. A detective keeps a secret to his profession, and though it would never be made public, it is not pleasant to reflect that the hidden chapters in the history of a noble family are talked over and mentioned as ordinary bits of professional experience by several hundred men, to whom crime is crime simply, no matter by whom committed."

As it was Friday, Mr. Ringers was not so deeply engaged with gum and penknife. He was quietly busy, and had been working hard, and was not sorry for Drayton's arrival. It was a fair pretext for a rest.

"I suppose you have not the faintest notion of literature to-day," he said, as Laurence took the largest easy chair, and looked at him thoughtfully.

"Not the faintest. It is as far from me as if I had never written a line, and the work I did last week would be as strange to me as to a stranger."

"A bad sign. Your mind is occupied with something else, and the sooner you get rid of it the better."

"I want to get rid of it, Ringers, and that is chiefly why I came here. You remember that I told you of my missing friend?"

"Yes. Have you found him?"

"Not yet. I have put a detective on the track, and I myself have begun a search which must, I think, result in full discovery. I am only following out a theory, I may tell you, and

I should like to tell you on what it is based. I know you have plenty of inductive capacity, and I want you to set it to work for me."

"Then I am at your service," said Ringers, quietly, "I need not say—you know it already."

"Well, then, will you let me give you a brief *résumé* of the incidents that led up to Eugene's disappearance," said Laurence, and he did so, while the editor listened attentively.

He made some little careful notes of the main points, and seemed at the outset to connect Mr. Grantley with the mystery.

"It was through Everard Grantley, though not at his suggestion, then, that Eugene Temple caused the search to be made for Clarence Temple's son?" he said. "Mr. Grantley chose the agents, had the entire management, and whatever he did was accepted by Eugene in good faith?"

"Unhappily it was so."

"And so, as a matter of course, if he chose to be a villain, he had the whole game in his hands."

"Yes; Eugene has drifted into that idle, helpless way of trusting him in everything—the habit became too strong to break. You cannot, after taking a man into your confidence and trust, deny him either without showing a fair reason."

"No," said the editor; "especially when the man is, like Mr. Grantley, cool, resolute and far-seeing. He has literally been master of Brookdale from the first, and I think you are right in supposing this to be a deeply-laid plot of his to remain so."

"I think so too. It is clear to me that he brought young Danvers over—Clarence Temple's genuine and legitimate son—and placed him at the Invulnerable in order that he might have him under his own immediate observation at all times, while he passed off that young adventurer—the son of the actress—as the real heir. He never anticipated the *contretemps* which took place when the lad was recognized by poor Hawkins."

"That placed him at bay," said Ringers, "and you associate him with the poor fellow's death. I should, too, if I could see its purpose. There was no further secrecy to be obtained, as the man had said his say."

"I have thought of that," said Laurence. "Some of the points must necessarily remain obscure till the whole is revealed. It may have been a coincidence, merely; but it has a double significance, preceding, as it did, Eugene's disappearance. My theory is that he has Eugene safely locked up somewhere."

Mr. Ringers shook his head.

"It would serve no purpose, give him no lasting safety, and the man who could do so much would not hesitate at worse."

Laurence looked grave.

"I do not give him up," said Mr. Ringers, unwilling to leave so solemn an impression on his friend. "He may be safe and living, and that letter may be genuine. But if that letter is not genuine, I fear that to look upon him as hidden away and living is a delusion."

"I should fear the same if it were not for this: Everard Grantley is fond of his cousin. He would not, I believe, injure a hair of his head, except when driven to desperation."

"But where could Eugene be hidden? There are no private madhouses where he might be placed, as he might have been fifty years ago. He would not submit to a voluntary captivity, and Grantley could not keep him shut up without the assistance of accomplices."

"I once heard Grantley say," said Laurence, "that it is easier and safer to hide a living person than a dead one, and he may have acted on that idea. At all events, it was not Eugene who went to the Queen's Hotel; it is that same young man who has been trained to take the place of Edward Danvers Temple. The cut upon his hand, and the slight resemblance he bore to Eugene, prove it."

"Then it must have been Eugene's coat he wore?"

"Or one made exactly like it—its *facsimile*, in fact. Grantley knew that, as soon as I heard of Eugene's absence, I should begin to seek for him, and he has taken these steps to lull my suspicions. He knew it would be no use to attempt to deceive me with an incomplete imposture. The scheme must be perfect—carried out, in every detail, as if the impostor were the real man. All that has taken place is exactly what I thought would take place, and I have never let him see I have the remotest suspicion."

"Therein you have been wise. Lull him into a sense of security, and seem to be his friend, that you may the better watch him. Go to Brookdale, should you be invited."

"I am invited, and I am going. I shall be in the heart of the enemy's camp there; and amongst the many in complicity there must be a few incautious moments, when something will be done or said while they are off their guard. I cling to my hope that he is not dead; but if he never reached London bridge, where can he be?"

"You must look for him nearer home," said Mr. Ringers. "If it was his substitute who wrote that letter from Southampton, why should it not have been his substitute who went up by the train last Thursday? If they would be so careful in points of detail as to put his name in the visitors' book at the hotel, why should they not make use of his coat and the resemblance, and have a little conversation at the station, to deceive you at the very outset? I think, Drayton, you must look for him nearer home."

"By heaven!" said Laurence, rising, "that is the very thought which I have been struggling to shape; but it escaped me. I thank you for it, Ringers. You have touched the core of the mystery. I will look for him nearer home."

During Mr. Drayton's absence that day, Julia amused herself as best she might; but she was dull in her lover's absence, in spite of Mrs. Lucas, and that lady's quaint attempt at kindness. Her music and her books could not suffice to keep her from the demon of *ennui* the whole of the day.

Towards evening she went into the conservatory. It was, thanks to Mr. Drayton's love of horticulture, better stocked, and built with more finish, than might have been expected at Chelsea. She was bending over a winter rose tree, when the firm footstep of a man came towards the door, and to her surprise Mr. Grantley entered.

"Alone!" he said. "You see I have returned, Julia. Where is Mr. Drayton?"

"Gone to Southampton."

Everard's countenance changed, and his eyes lowered with a strange smile. It was just what he had expected and prepared for.

(To be continued.)

The Maelstrom.—A late traveller says that the terrible maelstrom of the coast of Norway has unaccountably disappeared. There is no such whirlpool, and it is only when the tide, current and wind are at loggerheads in the narrow straits between Moskenæssor and the isolated rock of Mosken that any agitation is visible at all. He is therefore of the opinion that some such phenomenon as this, seen from the shore and exaggerated by the horror of the beholder, gave rise to all the marvellous legends of the maelstrom. It is sad to part with an old friend, but really there is no help for it. Science is inexorable, and that magnificent old myth of the sea, that has been swallowing ships in the school geography for generations, must come out of that truthful text book as Scylla and Charybdis and as a good many other myths have done before.

HEAVENWARD AND EARTHWARD.

BY MAX.

The odour of the rose went up.
The glory of the sun came down;
At noon he kissed her lily face,
When not a cloud presumed to frown;
The lark ascended to the skies,
And sang in Heaven his sweetest strain;
The summer winds descended low,
And brought to earth his notes again.

It may be nature's music wakes
Within the heart a purer love;
I know that noon I knelt and prayed,
And lifted all my soul above.
Night came—a million golden stars
Were clustered in earth's royal crown;
And in the peaceful blessed calm,
The answer to my prayer came down.

[Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XVI.—*Continued.*

Lady Morton sat with closed eyes for a few minutes after her sister's departure from the room, thinking of the long ago, and of all the bitter trials that dear sister had suffered and borne in silence and alone with such patience and fortitude; so unselfishly bearing her own sorrows, and so willing to weep with those who weep;—her gallant young husband lying in an ocean grave; her beautiful child, so full of life and grace, to go from her sight one half hour in all his infant loveliness; the next, to search for him in wild affright for days and weeks and months and years,—in vain, in vain!

Her beautiful Margaret, the pride of all the country round, the poor man's hope and stay, the glory and the darling of the old Castle ——Lady Morton rose from her chair, and, throwing open the window, sought for some object which would change the current of thoughts that were too painful to be dwelt upon.

She saw, with pleasure, Ernest De Vere coming up the path in the middle of the Square.

"Dear boy," said she, almost aloud, "you always seem to come when most needed. I will find it as hard to part with you as if you were my own son. I can easily understand what Isabel feels for those beautiful twins by that which I feel for you."

As she turned from the open window her eye fell on the parcel containing the books she had purchased in the morning, and untying the cord, she saw the newspaper folded over the books, the black cross directing attention to the article entitled:

"*Sad exposure in high life.*"

She lifted the paper, and, sitting down, read an account of Sir Richard Cuninghame's incarceration by his own son in an iron cage under the roof of the eastern tower, above the armoury of his Castle of H——n, for a period of eighteen years; of the sufferings he endured in fasting and thirst, in cold and loneliness; of the grandchildren, A——s and M——t C——hame, who were his jailors, making his sufferings the subject of their mockery, and, for their amusement, poking him with long poles, given them for the purpose by their wicked father; of the time when the wicked son, Sir R——rt C——hame, died, and these gentle-looking girls became his jailors, more cruel a hundred fold than the son had been; of their leaving him almost to perish, and then feeding him with raw potatoes, thrown one by one into the cage! of his escape in the dark midnight, his creeping in silence and in fear from his own Castle, and of his return, confronting his girl-jailors and seeing their faces pale beneath his well known glance; their flight from his home, where they ever seemed in terror lest they should be made to expiate their heinous crime by a residence in the iron cage, so long the silent witness of their hardness of heart; and last of all, the marriage of the eldest, A——s, to Colonel L——y, of Her Majesty's Guards.

Lady Morton read the paragraph over and over with burning eyes and fluttering heart. It was the most horrible thing she had ever read or heard of, and she would at once have denounced it as a base calumny; but, alas, her memory brought her back to what she had seen and heard in Haddon Castle, forcing upon her strong conviction of its truth.

The resolute refusal of the girls to leave their lonely, desolate home, until suddenly one morning, without the subject being broached, Agnes declared her intention of going to Inchdrewer within the hour, then as anxious to be gone as before she had been averse to it; the strange scene she had seen the night of Sir Richard's arrival, when the sisters became pale with fear at being told a visitor was expected, and when that visitor was announced by Adam as one all others had believed an occupant of the tomb before these girls were born, *they* evinced no *surprise*, only shrinking under his glance as one they had terrible cause to dread; and, last of all the until now inexplicable words of Agnes:

"I know too much of his evil deeds. The last words we heard our dear father speak were words of warning, bidding us beware of this awful man." And again, "I loathed and dreaded him before ever I saw his face. I could not let my eyes rest on his, were it to make me Queen of England."

These words of hers were to Lady Morton's mind confirmation as strong of that appalling newspaper story as if it had been written in the Evangel.

She sat as if she were paralized, both in mind and body. She dreaded speaking on the subject to Lady Hamilton, knowing, as she did, how both these girls were beloved by her sister; and yet she felt that if this story was truth it must be known some day. Was the shock the knowledge of it would occasion not likely to be less felt now than at a time when her affection for them had become stronger, which it really was becoming day by day?

Ernest De Vere had a son's license in entering Lady Morton's boudoir. As she sat thus thinking what course she should pursue, the click of the door-lock, a firm step entering, told her he was in the room. She welcomed his entrance. Whether she spoke on the subject to Lady Hamilton might be a matter of consideration; with Ernest De Vere it was otherwise. He was standing on the crater of a volcano, amid roses and lilies, sipping nectar from one, the pure dew of heaven from the other. He must be aroused from his pleasant dream, and the sooner the better.

"Come, Ernest," said her Ladyship, holding out her hand, "I wish to have a long chat with you."

"I am all attention," said the lad, seating himself near her. He was flushed from walking in the lovely autumn afternoon, and as Lady Morton looked on his tall, graceful figure and finely cut features, the large deep grey eye and chiselled mouth, speaking in a language understood by all, the pure mind, the true and generous heart, from which the emotions giving character to the handsome face emanated, she sighed in her very heart of hearts as she thought what a mate he would have made for the Margaret Cuninghame of yesterday.

"I am oppressed with trouble, Ernest, for your sake as well as for what we must all feel by the disclosure of circumstances I have just learned; but before I speak of it, I must put some questions to you; you have yourself given me a right to speak as I am going to do."

"Dear Lady Morton, you cannot ask of me the knowledge of anything concerning myself which I will withhold from you."

"I need not ask you if you love beautiful Margaret Cuninghame; I know you do."

"I do, most truly."

"Have you told her so?"

"There is no need for telling her."

"Then she does not know it?"

"As well as she will when she is my wife."

"Ernest, she can never be your wife."

He smiled, a merry, happy smile.

"I do not fear that; Margaret Cuninghame could no more marry another than I could."

"How are you sure of that if you have never talked to her on the subject?"

"Words are unnecessary to the knowledge of such things. I do not like the form of speech that takes, 'I love thee; I love thee.' Margaret knows more than my tongue could ever tell of the love I bear her. I, on my part, am satisfied that her heart is mine. At the same time, I am aware that I must ask her to marry me, as well as ask Colonel Lindsay to give her to me. These are formalities which must be gone through."

"Ernest, read this," said Lady Morton, as she handed to him the newspaper, marked as it was to draw attention to the obnoxious article.

He took it from her hand without speaking, read it once over, and then returned it without making any remark.

Both sat looking at each other for several moments without speaking. At last her Ladyship said:

"That is a terrible revelation."

"It is no revelation," said the young man, his eyes sparkling in their grey depths with a light his listener had never seen in them before; "it is simply false, and so base is its falsehood as to be below contempt. When Margaret Cuninghame is Margaret De Vere, I will tell her of it, and ask her if she knows what it means; perhaps she may be able to point to the calumniator, and thus enable me to punish him. I will give myself a legal right to do so as soon as possible."

"My dear boy, you do not know what you say. Alas, alas, it is but too true. We all know that Sir Richard was for eighteen years of his life gone no one knows whither. His son said he was dead, but subsequent events proved this to be untrue. When Lady Hamilton persuaded me to go to Haddon I found it impossible to induce the two girls to accompany me to Inchdrewer, although they seemed to have little love for their own home as a home, a restless anxiety being the chief expression ever on their faces. All at once, one morning when we were not talking of Inchdrewer, and when I began to think I would have to go without them, Mrs. Lindsay proposed that they should pay their visit to Lady Hamilton that forenoon, and when they came they remained many weeks, each day, on Adam's coming to see them, asking him if he had not seen a stranger in the grounds—an old man with a grey beard. When I returned with them to Haddon, we were told that Mr. Waddel, the lawyer in Aberdeen, had ordered the carriage to be sent to meet the night mail, to bring a visitor to the Castle. When they were told of this, both girls became so deathly pale that I feared they would have fainted, nor could they give their attention to anything that was said during the evening.

"When at last the sound of carriage wheels without, and then a stranger's voice was heard in the hall, the emotion they both displayed was painful to behold; so much so, that I was on the point of asking them what cause they had for such, what they had to dread, when Adam announced 'Sir Richard Cuninghame.'

"At first I fancied there must be some mistake, but on looking at the stately old man, I knew he was a Cuninghame, far more like the old knights, whose pictures adorned the walls, than ever Sir Robert or his daughters were.

"Adam repeated the name a second time He spoke, and I knew I was in the presence of one whom we all believed to have lain in in his grave for eighteen years, one who had passed from death to life. Yet the presence which acted like an electric shock on Arthur Lindsay and myself produced not the slightest emotion of surprise in either of these girls Their countenances certainly showed great dread of their grandfather, but evinced no wonder at his resurrection from the dead. They received him as a guest they expected, but feared and disliked in no ordinary degree. He sat looking at them with a searching eye, as if he would read their very souls; that he knew who they were was beyond doubt. After a few minutes' close scrutiny he turned his face from them, a glance of hate in his eye I shall never forget. The two girls never once looked in his face or spoke a word. The conduct of themselves and their grandfather filled me with astonishment then; it is all explained now.

"I left half an hour after Sir Richard's return, and while arranging my dress for the journey both girls entreated me to take them with me to Inchdrewer; indeed, I had to resort to argument to induce them to remain.

"I tried to persuade them to endeavour to give the love and affection due from grandchildren to a parent to Sir Richard, using every argument which I thought likely to influence them. With Margaret I certainly succeeded in some measure; poor child, she seemed willing to try and conciliate him at the expense of her own feelings; but Agnes used words which now are as strong against her as proof of Holy Writ: 'I know too much of his evil deeds. The last words we ever heard our dear father speak were words of warning, bidding us beware of this awful man. I loathed and dreaded him before ever I saw his face; I could not let my eyes rest on his were it to make me Queen of England.'"

Lady Morton stopped. She expected Ernest De Vere to speak, but he was silent. After a few minutes she said, speaking interrogatively:

"The knowledge of all this makes you very sad, Ernest?"

"Not in the least," replied he, in his usual manner; "I look upon it as one of those circumstances which are constantly occurring, which we cannot understand until we have the key. I have not much curiosity upon the subject, as far as I myself am concerned; it might, for anything I care, remain one of the mysteries of life for all time; but I see the effect it has upon your mind, and it is probable it may have the same on others; for that reason, when I have the right to do so, I will tell Margaret of this false tale."

"But, Ernest, you cannot marry Margaret Cuninghame with a stain like that on her name. Alas, it is not unlikely that you may one day be the head of one of the proudest families in England, one whose daughters have ever been *without reproach*." As her Ladyship spoke her lip trembled, and the unbidden tears came to her eyes.

Her son, Lord Cranstoun, born a British Peer, with lands and tenantry which had owned his forefathers their Lords for eight hundred years, a wealth of gold almost fabulous, and more, far more, what neither lands nor gold could buy, one of God's noblemen, had been an invalid from his birth, and Ernest De Vere was next in the line of entail.

Ernest De Vere saw and knew well what caused the emotion Lady Morton could not suppress, and going up to her who was all the mother he had ever known, he lifted her hand to his lips in a loving, quiet way, saying as he did so:

"Dear Lady Morton, do you remember General De Vere and his two sons, and my own young father? I have no wish to become head of the house, and cousin Charles is stronger and heartier now than he has ever been in my recollection."

"Dear boy, you are always ready with comfort; yes, Charles both looks and feels better than he has done for years, but Sir James Clarke has always warned me he would never outlast his thirtieth birthday. I have strong consolation which many have not—he knows in whom he hath believed, and that when he lays down an earthly coronet, which must rust and decay, the Lord whom he serves will give unto him a crown eternal in the Heavens. If I ever reach the paradise of God, which, through the blood of the Lord Christ, I hope to win, I will surely meet my darling son there."

Ernest De Vere had given his own young heart to God. He knew that God Himself would comfort this mourning mother in her sorrowful anticipation of her noble son's untimely end, and he held his peace. He moved as if he would go, but Lady Morton put up her hand to stay his steps, and he sat down by her side, turning over the leaves of a fine library which lay on the sofa.

After a pause Lady Morton spoke, laying her hand on the youth's shoulder, and looking thoughtfully in his face, she said:

"I am sorry to see you so unwilling to give up Margaret Cuninghame, but, dearest Ernest, it must be. You cannot marry without Lord Cranstoun's permission until you are twenty-six years of age. Such you know are the terms of your father's will; and that he never will give his permission to this alliance I am certain."

"I cannot give her up, Lady Morton; I would not *now* even if it cost me no pang to do so. But as it is, the hope of one day calling Margaret Cuninghame by my name is next to my hopes of Heaven."

As he spoke Lady Morton's face was turned towards his with a sad and serious air.

"I have myself to blame for much of this," said she, "and I fear Margaret Cuninghame will feel the parting as deeply as you do. As to your asking her to wait six years, it would be ridiculous as well as unjust, and Arthur Lindsay would never consent to such a disadvantageous arrangement."

"There will be no need for asking permission; there is no necessity for such an arrangement. Margaret knows my faith in her to be as strong as her own in me. We may never speak to each other on the subject, but neither will ever marry another. If I believed that story it would be otherwise, but I *know* it to be false; oh no," said he, and as he pronounced the word no, the expression of his face turned to one of withering contempt, "it is not worthy a second thought, it is simply impossible."

He stopped: Lady Morton had enough of worldly wisdom to know that if his marriage with Margaret Cuninghame was only to take place at the end of six years, during which time he was to be in India with his regiment, and there was to be no formal engagement between them, in all probability it would never take place at all; she saw her advantage and determined to follow it up by being silent and seeming to acquiesce in the present proposition, trusting that his cadet ship or some other Indian appointment might be got for him immediately, through Lady Hamilton's influence with the great Duke, and hence he would be obliged to go to India at once instead of going to the continent with Colonel Lindsay's party as had been proposed.

Ernest De Vere was wrapped in his own train of thoughts as Lady Morton was in hers; he spoke more as if he were thinking aloud than aught else.

"Did you know Margaret Cuninghame as I do, you would see how impossible it would be for me ever to resign the place I have in her heart. We first met as you know in the drawing rooms of this house, amid a crowd of Court beauties, yet to me her innocent face was perfect beauty, she was the loveliest of the lovely there. In the balcony of the green drawing room where I brought her to enjoy the cool night air, we stood looking up into the starry skies; she spoke to me of that Great Power who reigned over all; He who controls alike the heart of man, and the mighty waves of the boundless ocean as with an adamantine chain, of Him who stands sublime, the everlasting rock who ruleth in the Heavens, unmoved amid the flood of time, and charmed me as she spoke; when I next saw her she knelt beside the sick bed of her old servant Adam, I saw her as she knelt and heard her words through the window of his room which opens over the flower beds—she knelt beside that old man's bed with all a daughter' love—to me she seemed as a glorious angel waiting to convey his soul to the mansions of eternal rest; the old man was weak and low he uttered only a few words of blessing on her whom he fittingly called the handmaid of the Lord, he blessed her and asked of God to bless her too, yea and she shall be blessed; then I loved her as I love her now in her divine beauty, for I knew the heart that warms her breast was worthy of the shrine in which it dwells."

Immediately upon Ernest De Vere's departure Lady Morton sought her sister's boudoir, and at once shewing her the newspaper repeated all she herself had heard and seen while at Haddon, dwelling particularly on the sudden determination of Agnes to visit Inchdrewer: which was now explained by the flight of the old man having just then been discovered.

Lady Hamilton was of a most undemonstrative nature, but she shed sad tears over the startling tale her sister told. That it was the truth she had not the shadow of a doubt, she had seen all she now heard, dimly as in a glass, wrapt in a misty shrowd it is true, yet everything foreshadowed but too surely on the night her daughter died the captive whom she knew not lying in his dungeon, again leaving it and the law of retribution coming down in rain, in *lightning and hail, on the heads of those yet unborn girls.*

Robert Cuninghame had not taken the warning she was sent to give, he had taught them to walk in his own ways; to her Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame abhorrent as the crime of which they stood accused was, were more sinned against than sinning, taught while mere children to make merry in seeing the poor captive leap in his cage, their hearts were deadened to his suffering, taught too, by a father whom they loved with an undying affection, one whom even now they could not talk of without emotion, a father who in all else, deserved and had won their purest love and best esteem.

"Poor Agnes, poor Margaret" were the first words she uttered in reply to Lady Morton.

"Isabel, I am sorry for you, you loved these girls so dearly; it seems hard they should be taken from you."

"It is hard to bear, yet my chief concern is for the poor girls, not for myself. I see a long sad future of silent suffering before them as clearly as I see the bright shadow of the window panes which the sun is throwing on the floor; for myself I am accustomed to disappointment and sorrow; as a child I never treasured a ring dove to love and pet, but it was sure to die; in my girlhood, year after year when the bed of roses, I so loved were glowing in all their fragrant beauty the biting east wind or the cruel hail storm were sure to come and beat my poor crushed roses to the earth; and in my early womanhood my glorious boy, my gallant husband, the brave and beautiful, and last and worst of all because it was the last, Margaret Hamilton struck down in her young beauty. It is ever thus with all that is best on this green earth since the blight of sin came to mar all happiness, the glory of the garden, the pine that crowns the rock, the purest, best, and loveliest are always first to go; but thank God it will not be always so, there is a land we hope to win, where the river flows, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, and by that river side under the many cloured leaves of the tree of life, I will yet walk and press the hands and look into the eyes of those who are waiting for me there, and then there will be no more sorrow."

As she pronounced the last word her eyes took that dreamy far off look they ever wore when her thoughts carried her to the lone grave she had never seen, far down under the waves of the stormy ocean.

"Ernest De Vere must not be allowed to continue his attention to Margaret" said Lady Morton anxious to attract Lady Hamilton's attention from her own sorrow, and at the same time desirous of getting her aid in weaning her son's heir from a connection which she now considered would be disgrace."

"No," replied her sister, "it cannot be, that will be a bitter cup for poor Margaret, whom I love the best, and it is possible she will have to drain it to the dregs; alas, alas——"

"But Ernest, Isabel? he too will suffer and the sooner he is removed from England the better."

"Yes, Ernest, of course as Lord Cranstoun's heir, his ancient name must not be mixed with the shade of crime. I will speak to the Duke and through his influence he will be sent abroad at once, he will soon forget all about Margaret as he walks with another love and listens to the song of the lory under the broad leaved palm trees; but she sitting alone on the bare mountain side where the fierce north wind blows amid the shadow and the rain under the pine, will never forget him."

"Isabel, will you tell Charles of this? I would rather not do so myself."

"I will."

"I have made up my mind not to go abroad."

"It is best you should not."

"Poor Arthur Lindsay!"

"It is possible he may never hear of this terrible story, you say the paper is of old date."

Lady Morton looked at the date.

"Yes six months back, four days after Arthur's marriage."

"A Scottish paper I think you said?"

"Yes," said Lady Morton, looking again at the paper lying in her lap, "The Rottenburg Herald."

"The Rottenburg Herald" how could they have heard of the story there? in such an obscure little place and so far away from Haddon."

"It is strange is it not?"

"It is, and that nothing should have been said on the subject by the Aberdeen papers, we could not have missed seeing it there."

"But Isabel, the Aberdeen papers would never have published such a story about the Haddon family."

"You are probably right, yet I cannot understand why it should appear only in "The Rottenburg Herald," in any of the leading papers we would have seen it. The Edinburg papers would not have any reason for its non publication."

"Perhaps Sir Richard published it himself in order to injure his grandchildren whom he hates, you remember young Cox told Charles

he never saw him in that shocking Catchem's office after the day of Colonel Lindsay's marriage."

Lady Hamilton smiled.

"You are no student of human nature Olivia, if you were you would know that a man like Sir Richard with his intense pride, would never permit his name to be bandied about among all the low people who read such prints as "The Rottenburg Herald," but that he going home as he probably did on the day of the marriage, may have seen it on its first appearance and taken measures to stop its being copied into other papers, is very likely. It he could have injured the two girls without dragging his own name before the public there would be nothing astonishing in his doing so, but that he would lower his own pride in the dust; no never."

"I think I shall write to the Editor of 'The Rottenburg Herald'," continued Lady Hamilton, "and ask who they got their information from."

"You will tell Charles?"

"Yes, you asked me to do so already, but is it really necessary to annoy him by telling him?"

"Only that he might prevent Ernest De Vere from doing anything rash."

"That will be done in another way, Ernest De Vere will not be many more days in London, you may trust that to me."

"In that case it will be best not to tell Charles; the less he is troubled the better."

(*To be continued.*)

AN EMBARRASSING PREDICAMENT.

A good story came in with the overland train on Monday night. Among the passengers was a young man possessed of a judicious spirit of economy and a pardonable share of vanity. The judicious economy was made manifest to the other occupants of the car by the fact that the young man wore plain clothing and a single Cheviot shirt all the way from Chicago; and for the pardonable vanity, well, how that became apparent is where the joke comes in. He had only been to the East on a visit, and the girl he left behind him had been notified in advance of his approach, and, in company with a few other friends, was to meet him at Niles' station. Visions of rapture floated through his brain, and, seating himself in a secluded corner of the car, he poured forth his spirit's gladness in a gush of melody, somewhat as thus:

"Home again, home again,
From a foh-bob-reign shore;
And oh! it fills my so-o-oul with joy
To me-he-eat my friends once more."

Suddenly he hushed his notes of joy and reached for his carpet-bag.

The appalling idea flashed across his mind that the shirt which had done him such good service—which had clung to him during the toilsome journey across 2,000 miles of mountain, plain and desert—was not exactly the thing to appear in, when one wished to intensify an already good impression. It certainly wouldn't be the clean thing, he said to himself—it wouldn't be justice to the shirt. So he resolved to change it. But how? The car contained several lady passengers, and they watched everything that was going on around the car with an assiduity that did honor to the sex. "Ah, ha? str-r-r-rategy, my boy!" said this resolute young man unto himself. "The tunnel—we are approaching the tunnel. I can do the deed in the long tunnel just beyond Sunol;" and with a heavenly smile on his manly features, he gracefully lifted his carpet-bag from the floor, unlocked it, and drew forth a snowy shirt with nice frilled bosom. Then from another recess drew he a little packet containing a pair of sleeve-buttons and a set of studs, which were quickly adjusted in their proper places. Casting a careful glance from the window he saw the train was not far from the tunnel where the metamorphosis was to take place, and so he turned his back upon the other passengers and began to loosen sundry buttons—in short, prepared to "shuck himself."

Presently the eventful moment came. The iron horse plunged into the dark recesses of the tunnel, and the car was shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Presently a ray of light gleamed in fantastic shapes along the rugged wall of the tunnel, and by its faint glimmer a struggling figure was discernible in the direction of the young man's seat. As the light became stronger its gyrations grew more frantic. Its great long arms, encased in white, thrashed wildly about as though in the agony of despair, and finally when with a shriek of joy the engine dashed into the dazzling sun-light, it shrank into its seat apparently crushed with mortification and chagrin.

The ladies screamed with terror and hid their blushes at the unusual apparition. Strong men crushed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and nearly choked with emotion. The figure reclined motionless on the cushion, until some one with more courage than the rest, advanced to ascertain who and what it was. Finally, the terrible truth was revealed. The white covering was lifted, and from beneath appears the features of our young friend, clothed with curvature's richest hue. The mystery was soon explained. He had gotten the Cheviot off, but alas! in his hurry and excitement he had forgotten to undo the collar fastening of the white frilled front. Horror! it would not go over his head!—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

FARM ITEMS.

Killing Grasshoppers.—An Australian newspaper says that practice has been very successfully adopted, in gardens, of sowing common larkspur, the leaves of which attract grasshoppers at once and when eaten is certain death to them, and that thousands of grasshoppers have been thus seen lying dead.

Fancy Poultry.—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." There is no rural pastime that pays better than keeping fancy fowls. The satisfaction derived from the pursuit by those whose taste lead that way is immense. It takes long enough to incubate eggs and rear the delicate little creatures they bring forth till the full plumage is reached, to stimulate a good amount of patience, and continuous effort, but we do not have to wait so long for the object of our care to reach maturity as in the case of quadrupeds, and as the generations of fowls succeed each other with such rapidity, experiments in breeding can be carried out, and the results reached without waiting a life time, which is a great advantage. The cultivation of fancy poultry is gaining a wonderful impetus in this country.

Balky Horses.—It is rarely well to whip, or kick, or scold a balky horse, as is the common practice. One of the best modes is to feed him where he stands, with any accessible food, such as oats, ears of corn, or even grass by the wayside, or hay from the wagon which can be provided for the emergency. Forgetting his whim, he will generally start without trouble. Another good way is to do something not harmful, but new; as filling his mouth with loose dirt, which a desire to get rid of will divert his thoughts, and before he knows he will be jogging unconsciously along. We have often seen this done with most satisfactory results. Sometimes, if one can spare the day, it is best to wait till, from weariness and hunger, the animal submits to your will, and the triumph in this instance is generally complete.

Adopting a Colt.—The *Kansas Farmer* directs attention to what it calls "a curious motherly instinct," lately developed upon the breeding farm of Messrs. Sprague & Akers, in that State: "Mambrino Cragie, a blind mare, once noted upon the turf, gave birth this spring to a fine colt. Another mare has for some time been noticed as paying particular attention to her blind sister, staying with her all the time, and guiding her away from dangerous places in the pasture. Recently Cragie, while alone in the pasture, fell into a well being dug for stock purposes, and was killed. What to do with the colt, became a question of some importance. The other mare settled the question without aid, by adopting the motherless colt, and even fighting away her own off spring until the orphan was supplied with the lacteal fluid, and still continues to watch over and care for both colts as if her own."

Short Horns.—When farmers wish a Short-Horn bull, and find prices beyond their reach, they should buy a bull calf and raise it. They will not feel the cost of its keep, and its care will involve very little additional labour. Breeders will sell young calves proportionally cheaper than they will mature animals. They do not know what sort of an animal the calf will make, and will generally let it go, when they are offered a fair price for it, rather than raise it. If they keep it until a year old or more, and it promises well, they will demand a much higher price in proportion than if they had sold it earlier.

And whether it develops into an uncommonly fine animal or not, it is sure to possess excellence enough to work a grand improvement in the produce of a herd of common cows. The general farmers—all of them—should make a commencement towards the improvement of their stock; and by building up a herd of high grades, using thorough-bred bulls, and sorting out each year for market the most inferior animals, they will soon find their stock operations bringing more satisfactory returns.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Our Beet-Sugar Business.—*The Scientific American* makes an interesting epitome of current facts *relating to this important industry, the success of* which is slowly but surely coming. The pioneer experiment at Chatsworth, Ill., failed disastrously; yet at Freeport, in the same State, the lessons of that failure are being turned to good account. At Black Hawk, Wis., a co-operative beet-sugar manufactory is pushed with great vigour, and gives large promise of good results. But the most decided success has been met with in California, where two companies are in full operation, the California Beet-Sugar Company at Alvarado, having produced over 1,000,000 pounds of sugar in the second year of its operation. Success is also reported from the Sacramento Valley Beet-Sugar Company. A third company is delayed from the difficulty of obtaining seed. The percentage of sugar obtained from Silesian beets raised in California is quite extraordinary. The Superintendent of the Sacramento Valley Beet-Sugar Company, Mr. S. Ehrenstein, states that an average shows a yield of from 13 to 14 per cent is obtained, a much larger yield than ever was obtained in Europe. It would seem from these facts that the sugar-producing region of the West is to be California, that land of wonderful resources and unprecedented development. Though the beginnings are comparatively small, there is little doubt that they will prove the foundation of a gigantic interest. The struggles of the pioneers in this field have been severe, but those who have held out will be ultimately rewarded.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Potatoes.—Always add salt to the water while potatoes are boiling; boil moderately, not violently, and let them be only well covered with water.

Doughnuts.—Seven eggs well beaten, three cups of milk, one teaspoonful of pearlash, as much flour as will rub easily; cinnamon to taste, fry in boiling lard.

To Extract Grease from Papered Walls.—Dip a piece of flannel in spirits of wine, rub the greasy spots gently once or twice, and the grease will disappear.

Railroad Cake.—Pint of flour, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar; bake the batter in a square pan 20 minutes.

Potato Pie.—Have ready a rich crust, lay in a slice of boiled sweet potato and thin slices of a mellow apple, then spread thickly sugar and butter, cover with a crust and bake nicely.

Frying.—The true philosophy of frying is to have the fat at a boiling heat before anything is put into it. Warm, it penetrates, and the food is greasy; "hot," it is the perfection of cooking.

Frizzled Beef, or Liver Dried as Beef.—Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a skillet; sliver up some beef and put in, turning nearly all the time, till done. Put the meat to one side of the skillet, and put in a little cream, milk or water, for gravy.

Chicken Cheese.—Boil two chickens till tender, take out all the bones and chop the meat fine, season to your taste with salt, pepper, and butter, pour in enough of the liquor they were boiled in to make it moist, put into whatever mould you wish, and when cold turn out and cut into slices.

To Polish Granite.—Scour with sand and water, by rubbing with a smooth-faced piece of iron. After the surface has been reduced as smooth as possible with this, substitute fine emery for the sand. When the limit of smoothness with this abrading material is reached, finish with a felt pad and putty-powder.

Velvet Cream.—One coffee cup of wine, half a box of gelatine, the juice and grated peel of one lemon, one and a half pint of milk and one coffee cup of white sugar. Dissolve the gelatine in the wine over the fire, grate in the peel and the juice of the lemon; after it has dissolved, add the sugar; let it simmer, strain it, then add the milk; stir till cool and put in a mould.

Jam Pudding.—Make a good, light piecrust, and roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch; spread it over the same thickness with any fruit jam, leaving a margin of crust at each side. Roll this up, and press the sides closely together. Scald and flour a pudding-cloth, tie the pudding in it, leaving room to swell, put in boiling water, and boil two hours.

Lobster Ragout.—Remove all the meat of a boiled lobster from the shell, and cut it in small pieces. Pound the spawn to a smooth paste, with two ounces of butter, salt, pepper, and a little mace. Put one gill of water in a saucepan, thicken with two eggs, well beaten, add the spawn, and stir it over the fire briskly for ten minutes. Add the pieces of lobster, boil up once, and serve very hot.

Cocoa-nut Candy.—Grate up fine the meat of two cocoa-nuts. Put in a kettle, with four pounds of pulverized white sugar, the beaten whites of two eggs, and the milk contained in both nuts. Stir together over the fire until you discern an appearance of the candy turning back to sugar. Take off immediately, and pour into a buttered dish, little moulds, or make it into pound cakes, as you prefer. If you like a part to be pink, just stir in the least bit of pokeberry jelly after you remove the candy from the fire.

To Boil a Ham.—This is ordinarily esteemed so simple a process that most housekeepers will esteem such a recipe superfluous; but in our judgment half the bacon eaten is underdone, and therefore salty, tough, and, in a word, unpalatable. It is always best to wash a ham the evening before the day you wish to have it cooked, and let it soak in water all night. If you wish it for a two o'clock dinner, put it on the fire by five o'clock in the morning, in an abundance of water to cover it well. Keep it slowly boiling until you are ready to dish up your dinner. You may ascertain if it is sufficiently done by the readiness with which the bone on the under side may be removed. If it comes out easily, the ham is done. You may remove the outside skin or not, as you choose. Some epicures think a ham ruined if either skinned or cut until perfectly cold, esteeming it so desirable to retain all the juices. If time allows, the prettiest way of serving up ham is to take off the skin after being thoroughly boiled, to grate bread-crumbs thickly over the top, and brush the whole over with the yolks of eggs. Now put in an oven and brown nicely.—*Remark:* If during the process of boiling it be found necessary to add more water, be sure that it is boiling, for cold water will inevitably render the meat tough.

A Contemporary says: "Buffalo has one smart woman. She has this year raised $2500 worth of strawberries from two acres of ground. The Buffalo *Express* copies the item, and adds, "we don't believe it; there isn't so much money in Buffalo."

THE DAY IS GONE.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

The day is done and the darkness
Falls upon the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time;

For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet,
Whose words gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who through long days of sadness,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet,
The restless pulse of care
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And to the rhyme of the poet
Lend the music of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with gladness,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Florida judge, the other day, fined a lawyer ten dollars for laughing at him.

A Detroit man has got out a new supply of Chicago fire relics, fresh from his factory.

It takes six hundred dollars' worth of gold leaf to decorate a first-class sleeping car.

Five miles of the Erie Canal, between Albany and West Troy, have been set apart for experiments for the towage of canal boats by road steam engines.

Long Branch is now called the Summer Capital. It has seventeen hotels, and is lighted by gas. Some of the hotels charge only eight dollars a day for board!

"Cottage" trunks is the appropriate term now applied to the huge affairs which convey a lady's wardrobe to and from the fashionable watering-places of our country. A few days ago twenty of these mammoth vehicles were counted *in transitu*, all directed to a New York lady who is spending the season at Newport. No wonder summer recreation is fatiguing!

Toothpicks.—The business of manufacturing these little articles is beginning to assume some importance. The toothpick-factory in Canton, Me., furnishes more work than any other business in town. Over 100 cords of poplar have been hauled for its use this season, and converted into toothpicks. Each of the machines used will, it is said, make 5,000 toothpicks in a minute.

Consumption of Spirits.—The quantity of home-made spirits on which duty was paid in 1871 for consumption in the United Kingdom, as beverage only, was 24,163,644 gallons, being 1,550,154 gallons more than in 1870—in England 12,874,732, in Scotland 5,671,477, in Ireland 5,617,435 gallons. The quantity of foreign spirits entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom in 1871 amounted to 8,895,885 proof gallons, an increase of 490,031 gallons over 1870.

What Some Men Drink.—Here is a gratifying item for our moderate drinkers and bar-room frequenters. Distillers now have a way of making spirits from street garbage. This repulsive matter is placed in water-tight vats and boiled for several hours; the grease is then carefully skimmed off for soap making purposes, and the remaining mass is fermented and distilled. The refuse is used as manure. It is stated that a barrel of garbage yields 3lbs of soap grease and four gallons of proof spirits.

Should Mr. Greeley be elected President of the United States the duty of hostess of the executive mansion would devolve upon his eldest daughter, Ida, Mrs. Greeley being a confirmed invalid. Miss Ida Greeley is a young lady of about eighteen, of medium height, handsome, with soft dark eyes, shapely features and the fine complexion of her father. A mass of dark brown hair is done up in becoming folds about her head. Her manners are affable and cordial, her conversation is ready and sprightly, and she would doubtless preside over the domestic and social concerns of the White House with marked dignity and grace.

Emigration from Ireland.—The number of emigrants who left the Irish ports in 1871 was 72,001, being 3,476 fewer than in 1870. 26,006 were from Ulster, 15,850 from Leinster, 13,199 from Munster, 9,049 from Connaught; 764 were persons belonging to other countries; 5,075 are not in this respect described. 41,924 were males, and 30,080 females. 47-7 per cent. of the whole number were 15 but under 25 years of age, and 28-7 per cent. were 25 but under 35; so that rather more than three-fourths of the emigrants were 15 and under 35 years of age. 12 per cent. were under 15; 11 per cent. were 35 years old or upwards. 22,568 embarked at Queenstown, 18,959 at Belfast, 10,439 at Londonderry and Moville, 9,592 at Dublin, 3,246 at Dundalk, 2,259 at Drogheda, 2,154 at Cork, 951 at Wexford.

A New Weapon for the German Cavalry.—It is stated that the cavalry of the German Empire are likely to be soon provided with new arms, and that there will be other changes in their equipment. For the cuirassiers of the first rank lances are recommended similar to those in use in Russia, and the Uhlans will bear the same weapon. It is also intimated that the whole of the cavalry will be supplied with fire-arms of long range, because the sword has been found insufficient, and the cavalry ought, it is thought, to be made capable of fighting on foot as, for instance, when they are destined to capture a village. Of course the opinion of the Cavalry Commission must pass through several further phases before they are carried out. In the end everything of this kind is determined by the Emperor; so that mere projects cannot be counted upon as even probable facts.

The Rich Man's Entrance Door.—That passage from the New Testament which reads, "It is easier for a camel," etc., is familiar to all readers, and has perplexed many good men who have read it literally. Yet the explanation of its precise meaning is very simple. In Oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needles' eye," just as we talk of windows on ship board as "bulls' eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through in the ordinary manner even if unloaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees; he must kneel, and bow his head, to go through the "eye of a needle," that is, the low, arched door of an inclosure; and thus the rich man must humble himself when he enters the gates of heaven.

A Novel Racing Boat.—A noticeable and most interesting invention of recent date is a novel kind of racing boat, or, strictly speaking, a paper-covered boat, although they are popularly known by the former designation. The paper used in the manufacture of boats is prepared from either linen or manila. When made from the former material, the skin is formed of several thicknesses or layers, glued together; but if manila paper is employed, a single sheet only is used. In either case the paper is moulded when damp on a wooden pattern of the form and dimensions of the proposed boat, and assumes the desired form by drying—a process which completely effaces all seams or wrinkles. Those parts of the wooden frame which are attached to the skin, viz., the kelson and deadwoods, are adjusted to the pattern so as to form part of it, and when the covering dries adheres to it. The application of waterproof varnish, the finishing of the frame and decks, with the usual brass and iron trimmings as in an ordinary boat, complete the building.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A Water Pitcher—A fire-engine.

A Shaky Business—Making jellies.

The Best Thing Out—An aching tooth.

Miss-constructions—Whalebone, wadding, powder and paint.

Can you liken a bad hat to a puppy-dog because its nap's awful?

It is the gentlemen at "large" who go home at the "small hours."

The Mouth from which no Naughty Words issue—The mouth of a river.

What table is used though it has no legs?—The multiplication table.

If a Sailor has been travelling on horseback, can it be said that he *cruised*?

Why are all shoekeepers hosiers?—Because they all have a stock-in-trade.

Curious.—The existence of a fish is actually *one* before it even comes to life!

Why does a freight car need no locomotive?—Because the freight itself makes the cargo.

A Drunkard is generally a bad arguer, for the oftener he comes *past*, the more incoherent he is.

An Iowa paper says the grass-hoppers and potato-bugs met in joint convention at Council Bluffs the other day. They decided to reject the one-term principle.

What is the quickest way to get a glass of half and half at a railway station?—Why, to call the porter, to be sure.

Many lackadaisical young ladies would be ashamed to talk of their long stockings, but you hear plenty of their blue.

"Come into the Varden, Maud," is the way in which musical mammas give their daughters to try on their new calico dresses.

Fresh from School.—Emily (little sister): "What are spinsters?"—Frances (elder sister): "Oh, you *little stupid! Bachelor ladies, of course!*"

What relation is a loaf of bread to a steam engine? It's mother, because a steam engine is an invention, and bread a necessity; therefore Necessity is the mother of Invention.

Sphinks is not going to do any more in conundrums. He said his wife was he was like a donkey, and she said because he was born so, and he says that the answer is very different from that.

A Kalamazoo judge fined a reporter for appearing with him, for he was in his shirt sleeves, the reporter, however, proved to the satisfaction of the court that he had no coat, and the fine was remitted.

A Candidate for a situation as school-teacher in Florida, being asked the shape of the earth, replied, "Well, some folks likes it round and some likes it flat, and I've jinnerly teached it both ways."

A Man on being received into the small-pox hospital at Bedford, was asked if he had been vaccinated. "Yes," he replied, "when a child, and I was christened at the same time, but neither of them took."

How long a man can Hang.—"Doctor," exclaimed a waggish Son of Temperance to a well-known doctor, who was hurriedly passing out of the post-office, "doctor, how long will it take hanging to produce death?"

A noted wag in a Western college one morning read a theme of unusual merit. The President, being suspicious, asked pointedly if it was original. "Why, yes, sir," was the reply, "it had Original over it in the paper I took it from."

The Ruling Passion.—*Fashionable Patroness (to Charity Girl who has been away for a Holiday)*: "Well, Betsy Jane, and what did you do when you went to see your Friends?"—*Betsy Jane*: "Please, M'm, *I wore a Panier!*"

A Distinction with a Difference.—Peter: "Mornin', Squire! You be up early!"—Squire: "Good morning, Peter: I'm obliged to be up and out early to get an appetite for my breakfast. But what brings *you* out?"—Peter: "Well, I be tryin' to get a breakfus for my appetite!"

A negro who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbors' fruit, being caught in a garden by a neighbor, ... "Good Lord! dis yere darkey can't go nowheres to pray any more without being 'sturbed."

Service.—"Mr. Jones," said a clergyman on a pastoral visit, "I don't see you and Mrs. Jones at church on Sunday evenings."—"Well, no," replied Mr. Jones; "my wife has to stay at home to take care of the children, and, as it comes rather hard on her, I stay to keep her company."—"Why, how is that? Don't you keep any servants?"—"Oh, yes, we keep two; but they don't allow us any privileges."

The other day a lady fell off the Brooklyn (New York) boat into the East River. A poor Irishman dived and rescued her. When she was safe on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a quarter. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the money, "Don't blame the jintleman—he knows best; maybe if I hadn't saved her, he'd have given me a dollar!"

"Twenty, or at most thirty minutes, replied the doctor, pausing; "but why do you ask?"

"O, because last night I saw a man hanging for two mortal hours, and he is not dead yet."

"You did!" exclaimed the doctor, emphatically. "I haven't heard a word of this yet." "Where was the man hanging?"

"He was hanging around an ale shop on North street," replied the wag.

The doctor gave utterance to something that sounded very much like a blasphemous expression, and passed on.

A Puzzled Somnambulist.—Belshazzar Smith had a very bad and very dangerous habit of walking in his sleep. His family feared that, during some one of his somnambulistic saunterings, he would change out of the window and kill himself; so he persuaded him to sleep with his little brother William, and to tie one end of a rope around his body and the other end around the waist of little William. The very first night after this arrangement was made Belshazzar dreamed that a burglar was pursuing him with a dagger. So he crept over to William's side of the bed, stepped over William's sleeping form, jumped out on the floor, and slid under the bed. He stayed there awhile, fast asleep; and then the burglar having changed, he emerged upon the other side of the bed, and got the covers in his old place. The rope it will be observed, was beneath the bed; Belshazzar, about half awake, scrambled over against William. To his surprise the movement jerked William clear out of bed. Belshazzar leaped out to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, and at the same time his brother disappeared under the bed. Belshazzar, hardly yet awake, was scared, and he dived beneath the bedstead; as he did so he heard William skirmishing across the blankets, above his head. Once more he rushed out, just in time to secure William slide over the other side. Belshazzar just then became sufficiently conscious to feel the rope pulling him. He comprehended the situation at once, and disengaged himself.

BLOOD FOOD.

Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya, the Celebrated Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic. This elegant and agreeable preparation owes its remarkable efficacy and reliability to its action in curing Dyspepsia, and restoring the Blood to a healthy condition. It immediately creates a vigorous appetite, perfects digestion, and enables the stomach to dissolve sufficient food to nourish and build up the vital organs. It never fails to remove all impurities of the blood of a Scrofulous or Consumptive nature, rapidly restoring healthy action of the Lungs. Where there is shortness of breathing, cough, expectoration, night sweats, with prostration and general debility, this remedy acts like a charm, a few bottles frequently eradicating all traces of disease. In delicate women suffering from irregularities, suppression and exhausting discharges, it is positively certain to relieve, and pale, feeble children, of debilitated constitutions, speedily develope a strong vitality. Neuralgia and rheumatism, sick headache and constipation, with bilious attack, yield to this extraordinary medicine at once, and all the organs of the body are energized and vitalized. Sold at $1.00.

There are three kinds of men in the world—the "Wills, the Won'ts and the Can'ts." The former effect everything; the others oppose everything. "I Will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "Won't" doesn't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I Can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of bankruptcy.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We should not retain the remembrance of faults we have once forgiven.

There is nothing honorable that is not innocent; and nothing mean but what attaches guilt.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

Zealots men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

Follow after justice and duty: such a life is the path to heaven and into the assembly of those who have ever lived, and now, released from the body, dwell there for evermore.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck; yet are they often only like the stone used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize, and to rise enriched.

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please. True; for he whom no one can please nobody must be with, and it is nobody could please, and the fault in that case rests not with him.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a heart-place, and home is a heart place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

Whoever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

"Waste not, want not," is a good old proverb. "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much." A person who takes no care of the materials committed to his hands by his employer will never fully husband his own property. Economy and wastefulness are habits that will influence us in all things, both when we are engaged about our own interests or that of another. To waste another's goods is the same as to rob him. The loss in both cases is equal, and the principle whence they spring very much alike. The man who takes care of his employer's goods is sure to look after his own, and thus is on the road to prosperity.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

188. ANAGRAM.

Backwards and forwards, both the same,
The sex's blame and shame and name.

Anon.

189. ENIGMA.

My *first* and my *second* are creatures most stupid;
My *third* you will find is a letter from Cupid;
My *fourth* will apply to a people or state,
And my *whole* is a crime that deserves the worst fate.

To aid you a little, perhaps this much is needed,—
My first two, though dull, are really long headed;
And think not, from what I have stated above,
My *third* is intended a letter of love;
My *fourth* is a people; my *whole*, it is clear,
Is a thing that come riders may very well fear.

John Reeves.

190. CHARADE.

One day, long ago, we three little boys,
In play with my *first* made a terrible noise;
But my *second* and my *third* so loud in the face,
That all said to us we must not so find and race;
My *whole*, to a man, is unpleasant to see,
So I trust, my dear friends, that you it'll not be.

George.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., in No. 29.

179. Square Words.—

1.	2.	3.
LASSA	BREAD	XEBEC
ATTAR	READE	EVERY
STALE	EASEL	BENIN
SALON	ADEPT	ERMIT
ARENA	DELTA	CYNIC

180. Enigma.—Wheel.

181. Numerical Charade.—*Nugget; jug; nut; tune; net; eug.*—Juggernaut.

182. Rebus.—*Rocket*; *OtterA*; *BunkuM*; *EbbtO*; *RhadamanthuS*; *TamworrH*; *HawkwoodA*; *DaisY*; *RobinT*; *NomuraE*; *SandhiR*.—Robert Burns, Tam O'Shanter.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

July 25th, 1872.

Market firmer. Wheat has advanced 2s to 4s per bushel in the Western markets since last evening. Liverpool prices are without change. The following were the latest telegrams from Liverpool:—

	July 25th. 1.30 p. m.		July 24th. 1.30 p. m.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Flour	27 0	@ 00 0	27 0	@ 00 0
Red Wheat	10 10	@ 11 1	10 10	@ 11 1
Red Winter	12 0	@ 00 0	12 0	@ 00 0
White	11 9	@ 12 0	11 9	@ 12 0
Corn	26 6	@ 26 9	26 6	@ 26 9
Barley	3 8	@ 00 0	3 8	@ 00 0
Oats	2 9	@ 00 0	2 9	@ 00 0
Peas	35 6	@ 00 0	35 6	@ 00 0
Pork	47 6	@ 00 0	47 6	@ 00 0
Lard	38 0	@ 00 0	38 6	@ 00 0

Flour.—The sudden advance of wheat in Chicago and Milwaukee this morning caused a firmer feeling here, and Superfines are quoted 5c per barrel dearer; 1,000 barrels of a city brand of Superfine were taken at $5.95, and 500 barrels of Superfine at $5.97½; 500 barrels of a city brand of Strong Bakers' Superfine at $6.25. Extra was taken in small lots at $6.75 to $6.80, and Fancy at $6.55. Strong Bakers' sold at $6.82½. Ordinary Canada in parcels at $6.00, and Medium at $6.10, $6.25 and $6.35. No. 2 brought $5.65; Fine $4.75, a choice sample bringing $5.00, and Middlings $3.90. Bag Flour steady at $2.95 to $3.00. Receipts reported by G. T. R., 700 barrels; by Lachine Canal, 87 do.

Flour.—Per barrel of 196 lbs.—Superior Extra, nominal. Extra, $6.75 to $6.85; Fancy, $6.50 to $6.70; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary Supers, (Canada Wheat) $5.95 to $6.00; Strong Bakers' $6.50 to $7.00; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) $5.95 to $6.00; Supers, City brands (from Western Wheat), $5.95 to $6.00. Canada Supers, No 2, $5.55 to $5.65. Western States, No 2, $0.00 to $0.00. Fine, $4.75 to $4.80; Middlings, $3.90 to $4.00; Pollards, $3.50 to $3.75; Upper Canada Bag Flour, ₽ 100 lbs. $2.75 to $2.85; City bags, (delivered) $2.95 to $3.00.

Wheat.—Market firmer; prices a shade higher. A cargo of No. 2 Western in store was taken out on p.t.

Oatmeal, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Quotations are $4.50 for Lower Canada, and $4.70 to $4.80 for Upper Canada brands.

Pease, ₽ bush of 66 lbs.—Quiet at 82½c.

Oats, ₽ bush of 32 lbs.—Market nominal at 27c to 28c.

Corn.—A cargo was taken yesterday p.m. at 54c.

Barley, ₽ bush of 48 lbs.—Nominal rates are 45c to 50c, according to quality.

Butter, per lb.—Unlimited demand at 14c for new, and 7c for old.

Cheese, ₽ lb.—Quiet at 9c to 9½c, according to quality.

Pork, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet. Quotations are: New Mess, $15.00 to $15.25; Thin Mess, $15.00.

Lard.—Steady at 10c to 10½c per lb.

Ashes, ₽ 100 lbs.—Pots quiet. Firsts, $6.75 to $6.80. Pearls quiet. Firsts, $9.80; Seconds, 8.50 to $9.00.

A TRUE STORY.

I thought that few watering-places were more amusing than Ryde when I visited it in the summer of 1854 for the first time. True, it is not as aristocratic as Cowes, for the snob of either sex riots in the wildest luxuriance on that long pier which extends so far into the sea. Without a doubt, the wealthy tradesman feels himself at home as he walks the pier-head, and complacently surveys his yacht riding at anchor hard by. The sea breeze which flutters out the gaudy petticoat of his wife or daughter, appears to blow from his memory his mushroom origin and intense vulgarity. But in spite of this Margate and Ramsgate division, Ryde laid claim, and I suppose does so now, to being considered a fashionable seaside place. At any rate, during the time I was there, there were a number of people to whom the existence of a grandfather was a fact, and the proper pronunciation of the letter "h" not an impossibility.

Among that number none shone to more advantage than a little blonde, whose real patronymic of course I cannot tell, but whom I will call Adele (her Christian name) instead of hiding her under the cosmopolitan appellation of Jones or Smith.

Adele was quite young, and had made her debut into fashionable society that season, having wheedled her husband into breaking through old habits by coming up to town for the spring. She was very pretty, and possessed manners so agreeable that before the month of May clasped she had been quite able to dispense with the kind offices of the great lady under whose patronage she had been launched into fashionable society. Indeed, her success was so great that nine out of ten of her male acquaintances voted her charming, and, as a natural consequence, exactly that proportion of her own sex were envious of her.

Her husband was a great many years older than herself; an old man who had married so late in life as to drive a nephew, in the entail, out of his seven senses, and whom the prospect of their being no son and heir was slowly bringing back to sanity. It had been a *marriage de convenance* on her side, for she had not a sixpence, and he was very rich. In these practical days Adele did what any girl of the period would have done under similar circumstances.

If she ever had any scruples on that score, the spectacle of her mother, cursed with a large family and an attenuated income, had long driven them out of her head, especially as that worthy lady had never lost an opportunity of dinning into her child's comprehension that matrimony without money was worthy of a life-long residence in Bedlam.

Adele, when I first met her in society, looked happy enough, in spite of the ill-natured remarks of her best friends, who accused her of having sold herself for pounds, shillings and pence, and in all human probability would have continued so to the end of the chapter had she not met with a misfortune.

The entretemps was making the acquaintance of Arthur S——; for in spite of all the worthy teaching she had been subjected to, her heart had taken the bit between her teeth and bolted.

Few men could have known Arthur S—— and not have agreed that he was a real good fellow. Handsome, and always made much of, he possessed the rare attribute of being natural and unaffected. I was fortunate enough to share his friendship largely, and his being appointed first lieutenant of a ship lying at Spithead was the reason of my going to Ryde, instead of turning my face northwards for the Moors.

I can recollect as well as if it were but yesterday landing from the Portsmouth steamboat within an ace of being seasick, and clambering up some steps the receding tide had left very slippery, suddenly to encounter S——talking so earnestly to a lady as not to notice my arrival. As they turned, I recognized Adele, whom I had always thought pretty when jaded and worn by being out night after night, but at that moment, listening with pleasure to something her companion was saying, she looked quite lovely. The fresh breeze which helped to show to much advantage the neatest pair of feet, had brought back to her cheeks the color that hot rooms and late hours had driven away.

I felt confident S——was very fond of me, but I saw at a glance, when I accosted him, that he wished me anywhere else. I do not mean to say at the bottom of the sea, but on it, and far away too. He introduced me to Adele as a great friend, and on that recommendation I met with a cordial reception; but, on the plea of securing rooms at the Pier Hotel, I relieved them of my presence, which I felt was a little out of place.

S——and myself dined together that evening, and to my surprise, from the jolly fellow I had hitherto found him, he had become as stupid and preoccupied a companion as I had ever sat down to a table with.

"Hit at last," I thought to myself, as I surveyed my friend; and I found before many days had passed that this conclusion was not erroneous. So much so that the flirtation between S——and Adele marched so rapidly, that it soon reached the phase when friends began to wonder why the husband was so blind as not to see it, or such an ass as not to mind it. To give the devil his due—and by the devil I mean this wicked world—there were a few that believed there was really nothing in it—a limited number who knew how often a weak woman tarnishes her good name foolishly but not culpably, whilst on the other hand a cleverer sister by far more erring, whose virtue is a thing of by-gone days, is valued as spotless by the people she hoodwinks.

Poor Adele had found out that money and position, advantageous as they are, could not fill up the dreary blank her new position had stretched before her, or still the pulse that would beat quicker when S——approached. She soon perceived that many of her friends began to look shyly at her; but instead of taking this as a warning, like a thorough woman, she became defiant, rebelling against the world which she felt was judging her too harshly.

Why is it that the back of a poor, feeble woman should bear all the weight? Why should not the stronger animal carry his share? S—— was envied by his male acquaintances for being *aux mieux* with so pretty a woman, as they good naturedly imagined; and what is still more sad, their wives and daughters did not consider him one whit the worse for it; their anger was vented upon her, and not upon him.

There lived in those days—she is dead now—a certain old lady D——, who owned a very pretty villa in the neighborhood, and was very fond of giving balls, and to one of them both myself and S——were invited. Lady D——had the character of being a most selfish individual, but whether that was the case or not, she had the happy knack of making her parties go off most pleasantly. On that night there were several pretty women in her rooms; nevertheless Adele, in spite of an anxious look, distanced them all far and away. S——danced with and spoke to her but little, for he knew well that their names had been coupled together, and being a gentleman, was above that vulgar, selfish vanity that leads a man to flaunt his success before the world, regardless of the cost the woman incurs. And, after all, there is more in one glance than in a long string of words.

It was a lovely night, and not being what is termed a dancing man, though I can go through a waltz creditably enough, particularly if my partner does not want to go too fast, I strolled out into the gardens, and, gaining the sea wall, sat myself down to gaze at the long silvery beam a summer moon so often lays across the ocean. There was not a breath of wind, as I watched, to move the fishing boat that lay in this ray of light so stationary as to attract my attention.

I was leaning against the trunk of a tree, so that any one walking along the path from behind could not possibly detect my presence, and the two people I had heard approaching stopped close to where I was sitting. There are occasions when events happen so suddenly, that unless endued with great presence of mind, one does not know how to act for the best; and thus it fared with me, for I was unable to decide whether to cough or keep quiet.

"Will you or will you not fly with me?" I heard S——say.

"Oh, do not ask me to do that," pleaded Adele, in tremulous tones.

"As you like," he replied angrily; "but I will not be made a fool of any longer."

She clung to his arm, and murmured,—

"Oh, I cannot part with you."

"Then when will you come?" asked S——.

FEEDING POLLY.

"I cannot think now, but will write to-morrow," she sobbed.

As an excuse—a feeble one, I fear, for my subsequent conduct—I must relate, before proceeding with my story, that I had received much hospitality from Adele's husband during my stay at Ryde. I was, therefore, heartily sorry for him, and my pity was enhanced by having remarked how utterly unconscious he was of the calamity so near his threshold.

The next morning I was awakened by S—— entering my room at an early hour, and informing me that he was going over to Portsmouth to arrange about getting a month's leave.

"This is a sudden resolution of yours," I said, keeping my face half hid by the bedclothes.

"Yes, it is," he replied, as he left the room, and added, shutting the door, "don't forget to forward my letters."

Later in the day I was sitting staring out of the window of my sitting-room, when the waiter brought a letter in and laid it on the table. I took it up and read S——'s name on the envelope, penned by Adele's hand. With a heavy heart I re-directed it, for I could not help feeling for the man she was so cruelly taking in. I rose from the table, to place the note in the mantel-piece, when, all of a sudden, in an ungovernable impulse, I tore it into little bits.

In less than twenty-five seconds I would have given all my worldly goods and chattels to have been able to recall that action. From that hour I began to imagine that every one I met guessed I had been up to some blackguardly act. To make matters worse, I heard from S—— inquiring if any letter had arrived for him. I answered in the negative, and my hand trembled when I did so.

I was on the point of leaving Ryde, for it was quite out of the question my meeting my friend again, when the welcome news arrived that his ship had been ordered to sail at once. No reprieve to an inmate of a condemned cell could be more grateful than the sight of that frigate vanishing in the distance was to me.

Many months elapsed before we met again, and when we did, the place of meeting was many a weary mile from dear old England. We shook hands, standing up to our ankles in mud in that long track which led from Balaklava to the "front."

"Nice, this, isn't it?" he remarked, laughing at my disconsolate appearance. "But you must rough it here."

I replied that I had spent a week in a tent on a slope of a hill overlooking Balaklava harbor; and that as regarding "roughing" it, I considered I was on the high road to it, for the bell tent, which let in the rain in a dozen places, held myself, two ensigns, and a pen of fowls which had accompanied us from on board ship. Poor things, I remember well how emaciated they were, and how few the feathers were that covered them.

On hearing that we were to join the Third Division, he told me we should be able to see a great deal of each other, as the Naval Brigade, with which he was doing duty, was quartered in the same camp. S——appeared in such good spirits that I congratulated myself on his having quite forgotten poor Adele and her blue eyes; but I soon discovered that I had reckoned without my host, for beneath the wild, rollicking spirits that made him so agreeable a companion during those long winter evenings, I could discern some thought, some memory ever at work, ever restless. I was never on duty with him, being employed on another "attack," but his brother officers assured me that there was no one in the brigade so reckless of his life as he was. Again, from being abstemious, S——had become a hard and habitual drinker, and that pernicious habit had begun to tell upon his health.

One evening—it was the 10th of March, 1855, I recollect—I was sitting in my tent, having just returned from the advanced trench, watching hungrily my servant preparing the usual dinner of cold pork and potted beef, when the flap of my tent was pushed back, and S——'s handsome face peeped in.

"Hullo, old man, is that you? Come in," I exclaimed.

He did so, and on taking the hand held out to him, I perceived with surprise that he was very pale. He sat himself down at the foot of my bed, and did not speak till my servant had left the tent.

"What has happened?" I asked, with more fear than curiosity, for my conscience began to prick me.

"Do you believe in presentiments, Fred?" he began.

"Well, I have never given the matter a thought," I replied.

"Neither did I till last night," he said; and added, in a husky voice, "but now I do, and firmly believe that my end is very near."

"What on earth has put this nonsense into your head?" I remarked.

"I can't tell you," he replied, "but so convinced am I that my death is at hand, that I have written these two letters, one to my poor mother, the other to Adele."

On mentioning her name he hid his face in his hands, and I am glad he did so, for I had turned as red as a turkey-cock.

"Take them," S——continued, after a time; "the one for my mother you can send, but the other you must give yourself to Adele, and I have told my cousin that you had such a letter, in case anything should happen to you, old fellow."

I solemnly declare that I would then and there have confessed everything to him, had not a brother officer entered the tent that minute.

S——rose and wished me good-by, wringing my hand with warmth; and as he went out I remarked he was going into the trenches, for from beneath his pea-jacket peeped the leathern case of his revolver.

Two days later I was strolling about the camp, when a staff officer rode up and asked me the way to my own tent.

"I am Captain F——," I replied.

"Then why on earth were you not at the funeral this morning?" he demanded hotly.

"Whose funeral?" I asked, as my heart began to sink within me, for it dawned upon me that S——'s cousin was on the staff.

"Why, poor Arthur's. He was buried this morning."

"When was he killed?" I exclaimed, staggering as if from a blow.

"Just as he was entering the trenches on Monday night," replied his cousin.

He had fallen within an hour of leaving my tent.

I wrote to break the sad intelligence to his mother, and inclosed his letter, and the last thing I did before leaving the Crimea was to pay a farewell visit to his grave. I am sure neither Russ no Tartar would injure that white marble cross that marks the spot, if they only knew what a good fellow was placed beneath it.

On my return to England, after peace was declared, I got leave and ran up to town, and was lucky enough to find Adele at home on her way through, for it was in autumn, and Grosvenor Square looked desolate. As I walked up the staircase my heart beat quicker than it did when I went in at the Creek Battery with the light company of my regiment, for I had determined to confess the whole truth, how basely I had acted with regard to her letter.

Adele was sitting by the fire when I was announced, and the color fled from her cheeks as she rose to greet me.

"I have brought a letter which I promised the writer I would myself place in your hands," I said.

She did not ask from whom it came, but I saw by the firelight that tears were glistening in her eyes.

"Tell me all about his sad end," she said, laying first her small hand upon my arm, and then pointing to a chair, towards which she drew her own.

I did poor S—— justice, for I told her how changed he had grown, how reckless he had become, and how certain I was that this was all owing to the love he had borne her.

"Then why did he not answer my letter?" she sobbed, more to herself than to me, as I finished speaking.

"Will you ever forgive me? Will you not always look upon me as the basest of men?" I exclaimed, passionately.

"I do not understand you," she replied, opening her large blue eyes.

"He never got your letter. I tore it up," I continued, my ears tingling with shame.

"You tore it up?" she repeated, with increasing surprise.

"Yes, I tore it up into atoms, in a moment of pity for your husband. Your letter arrived after Arthur had gone."

She sank back into her chair; and, seizing my hat I rushed from the room. I reached the hall, but she had followed me to the head of the stairs, and called me back.

"Captain F——, one word before you go," she cried, and when I returned she added, holding my hand, "I not only forgive you, but thank you most heartily, and so does poor Arthur now."

I have seen often since her bright, happy face, and the sight of it softens not a little my remorse.

JAPANESE MANNERS.—Just at this time much interest is felt in the customs of the Japanese, and the more we learn of them the more we find to admire. They never smoke opium. They have small pipes that will hold three good whiffs, and of the mildest Turkish tobacco. They have a club-house in Yokohama, of which the high officials are members. They have none at Yeddo, the capital. They have the games of chess, cards and dominoes. Their cards are different from ours, but the essential principles of the game are the same. Latterly they have become importers of billiard tables, and the game is fast assuming there high rank. They are great wrestlers, and every year the champion wrestler wins the embroidered apron, which he is allowed to wear one year. No Japanese is allowed to cut down a tree unless he plants another. Under the law, the mother is held responsible for the good conduct of her children. If a trouble occurs in the street the parties living opposite are held responsible for it. Their idea is that citizens must be their own policemen. How would that plan do with us? We call ourselves enlightened, and should be equal to the task of self-government. All married women have their eyebrows shaved. Married men have no distinctive mark—which is a pity. The Japanese have their illustrated "Punch;" besides that, sixteen newspapers, with three English—"the "Herald," the "Mail," and the News"—published in Yokohama. The present Emperor is the one hundred and twenty-fourth in regular line. In these generations there have been eight females. The present emperor, Moutsouhito, is six feet high, twenty-two years of age, and a fine specimen of a man.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.—How many times one hears a mother coax and urge her baby to say words when somehow he has made up his mind he won't, or, if he has not made up his mind, the coaxing causes him to! Ordinarily the baby says the one word of his vocabulary with readiness; but this time the company before whom he is being displayed makes him bashful or diffident, and he does not say it when first asked. This is the time for the mother to stop. If she urges him in such a case, when he is not inclined to talk, it will only induce a habit of setting his will in opposition to hers; a habit that will "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength," and will become obstinacy.

Now, of course, she cannot reason with him; and there is no more moral wrong in his refusal than in refusing his milk when he is not hungry. But this, like all childhood, is seed-time. Much may be done almost from earliest infancy, by inducing, unconsciously to the child, habits of obedience, and preventing their opposites—thus making the afterway far easier for both child and mother. A contest with a child can generally be prevented, and ought to be. Temporal and external obedience may be obtained by it, in some cases—though not always even that—but at what a fearful cost! Not only of suffering, but affection and confidence between child and parent, are never the same as without it, and "breaking the will," as it is called, instead of training it, is a dire mistake. There can be no self-governing force, no stability of character, without a resolute, well-directed will. The young tree, you know, must be pruned—never broken. The colt must be trained by gentle firmness, not severity. And immortal souls and human hearts need no less care and watchfulness.

THE HARP OF CANAAN.

Second Edition Revised and Improved.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST POETS ON BIBLICAL SUBJECTS AND HISTORICAL INCIDENTS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

COMPILED BY THE REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK, AUTHOR OF Cyclopedia of History and Geography, The British American Reader, The Battles of the World, &c., &c., &c.

SELECTION OF CONTENTS.—Historical Incidents of the Old Testament, The Creation, The First Sabbath, Adam's First Sensations, The Garden of Eden, Eve's Recollections; Adam, where art Thou? Cain, where is thy Brother Abel? The Deluge, The Subsiding of the Waters, Jacob wrestling with the Angel, The Seventh Plague of Egypt, The Passage of the Red Sea, Samson's Lament for the Loss of his Sight, David's Lamentations over his Sick Child, Absalom, Choral Hymn of the Jewish Maidens, The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

The whole containing over One Hundred and Fifty Choice Poems.

No Library complete without one.

Single Copy, 75 Cents; by Post, 10 Cents extra.

Liberal reduction to Societies, Libraries, Schools, &c., &c.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher.

1 & 3, PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL, Q. 15tf

"THE HEARTHSTONE" IS SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING STORES IN MONTREAL:

Name	Address
Adams	141 Main Street.
Adams	163 " "
Bell	601 Ste. Marie.
Boucher	278 Main
Bennett	192 St. Antoine.
Brennan	19 " "
Chapleau	174 Notre Dame.
Clarke	222 St. James.
Clarke	17 St. Antoine.
Chisholm	Bonaventure Depot.
Cockburn	119 Wellington.
Cooke	10 Radegonde.
Collins	503 St. Catherine.
Carvallo	626 " "
Carvallo	418 " "
Carslake	192 Bonaventure.
Dawson & Brothers	St. James.
Dawes	Place D'Armes Sq.
Dorion	456 Ste. Marie.
Dawes	394 " "
Doutre	200 Notre Dame.
Dansereau	280 Ste. Catherine.
Elliott	625 St. Joseph.
Elliott	226 " "
Galt	107 St. Peters Hill
Holland	512 Ste. Marie.
Hills Library	666 Dorchester.
Humphreys	861 Ste. Catherine.
Kelly	697 Craig.
Kirby	380 Not. e Dame.
Lavoll	Chaboillez Square.
Lawlor	451 Ste. Marie.
Marc	156 St. Antoine.
McIntosh	619 Craig.
Murray	388 Ste. Catherine
Oppenheimer	489 St. Joseph.
O'Meales	Public Market 912 Ste. Catherine.
O'Meales	873 " "
Perry	Cor. Main and Craig.
Payette	141 Notre Dame.
Pickup	Francois Xavier.
Pauze	84 Bonaventure.
Proux	584 Ste. Catherine.
Reay	654 Dorchester.
Rae	390 St. Joseph.
Stafford	612 " "
Slack	644 " "
Smith	416 Wellington.
Thibeaudeau	394 Ste. Marie.

EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL

GEORGE BRUSH, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED, 1823.

Manufacturers of Steam Engine, Steam Boilers and machinery generally.

Agent for JUDSON'S PATENT GOVERNOR.

3-28 m.

TELESCOPES.

The $3.00 *Lord Brougham Telescope* will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a flag staff ten, landscapes twenty miles distant; and will define the Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c., &c. This extraordinary cheap and powerful glass is of the best make and possesses achromatic lenses, and is equal to one costing $20.00. No Tourist or Rifleman should be without it. Sent free by Post to any part of the Dominion of Canada on receipt of $3.50.

MICROSCOPES.

The new Microscope. This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animalculæ in water, eels in paste &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test object Forceps, Spare Glasses, &c., &c. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, price $3.00 sent free.

H. SANDERS,

Optician, &c. 120 St. James Street, Montreal.

(Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.)

C.—C.—C.

CHILDREN'S CARMINATIVE CORDIAL

THE MOST APPROVED REMEDY FOR TEETHING PAINS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CONVULSIONS, LOSS OF SLEEP, RESTLESSNESS, &c.

For Sale by all Druggists.

DEVINS & BOLTON, Chemists, Montreal.

2-30-zz.

Marquis and Princess of Lorne's Baking Powder

FOR EASILY MAKING Bread, Biscuit, Fried, Griddle & Johnny Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c.

Infinitely Better, Sweeter, Whiter, Lighter, Healthier, and Quicker than can be made by the old or any other process.

Prepared by McLEAN & Co., Lancaster, Ont.

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

Our Stock of MEDICAL, PERFUME and LIQUOR Labels are now very complete.

GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS,

AND ALL AT

VERY MODERATE PRICE.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO LARGE DEALERS.

Orders can be promptly sent by parcel post to all parts of the Dominion.

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS &c.

319 ST. ANTOINE STREET AND 1 & 2 Place d'Armes Hill, MONTREAL.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs. The virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solution.

For sale at all Drug Stores. Price 25 cents per bottle, and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

3-25z.

THE HEARTHSTONE is printed and published by GEO. E. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.