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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

TERMS, SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

No. 50.

MIGNONETTE.

That low white wicket! As the sun went down, I bent above it, drawn by such a waft of sweet, soul-freshening fragrance, as is blown From you small grave. A single golden shaft, Thridding the dusky codars, touched a form Still, snowy-vestured, ghostly in the gloom. Pence, silence, fragrance! In the troubled storm Of such unrestful life as is my doon, Those hours at lenst were haloyon. Let me yet Steal solace from their memory, Mignonette!

That small soft hand, warm, white, the very dove Of ponce to me, how shyly forth it stole With its sweet burden. Ah! my little love. How shouldes thou know the value of thy dole? A bunch of brown sweet blossoms; and they turned The current of a life that set to death. Thou didst met guess the bitter fire that burned Within my becom, while thy peaceful breath Fanned the mp! fred hand those sweet dow-wet Brown blossoms made to tremble, Mignonotte!

Thou wert not lovely little one, thy face
Was but a simple face with soft brown eyes.
Thou wert but dowered with a bird-like grace,
A silver voice low-set to pure replies.
Yet sweet, yet stainless, yet serene and strong,
The sporit that informed theo. Thou to me
Art ever as thy flower: to thee belong
Sweetness, and solace, and sure constancy.
My little darling! Would these eyes, tear-wet.
Might see thee through the shadows, Mignonette!

Thou wert no April girl, whose smiles and tours
Were swift as sun and shadow on a plain
Wind-blown in gusty spring. Nor soulless fears,
Nor shallow pays were thine. So didst thou gain
Sweet empire o'er a soul that passion's wars
Had scarred and stained. Oh! durling, would
that I
Could lift my cyes to yonder stainless stars,
And feel no sting in their calm purity.
Swy. dost thou know this anguish of regret
That wrings the heart that loved thee, Mignonette?

And thou didst love me! Doth the bruised flower Love the black storm that breaks and beats it low? What had I worthy of that priceless dower? What brought me near thee? Sweet thy blossoms blow

And sweetly thou hadst grown, oh! flower of maids,
But for my '!-starred coming. Were these arms
A nest for the a? If those soft evening shades
Had hid :--e from me sweet, thy winsome charms
Full flowering now, though bud-like modest yet,
Had blessed a happier lover, Mignonette!

I leved thee, but the curse of early years
Clung to me. May he hope for any grace.
Who filled these tender eyes with patient tenrs,
Who stole the bloom from that pathetic face?
Leved thee and left thee! Not again to see
The wee brown blossom; let it fade and fall
Though its the sweet soul-healing purity
That might have won me from a cursed thrall.
Nay, my dead darling, thou shalt win me yet,
For dying thou hast conquered, Mignonette!

Wreath'd with the dun-nueu nowe.

Bleat at the heart of grief once more to have
The faint familiar fragrance round me blown.
Sweet, pure, so constant! Oh my darling, bend
From those blue heights and blees me ere, I go;
That dear dead hand shall hold mo to the ond.
Lo! love, I pluck one fragrant spray. I know
That when we twain shall neet, this fierce regret
Shall pass at thy sweet welcome. Mignonette.

All The Year Round.

DESMORO;

THE RED HAND.

FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," " THE HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., KTC.

CHAPTER VII.

A whole fortnight had passed away Ralph Thetford had communicated with the deceased Miss Tillysdale's lawyer at York, and her remains had been interred according to his di-

A few days after the funeral, the man of law called upon Mrs. Thetford, and informed her that she was the sole heir to all her late aunt's possessions : at the same time recommending Ralph to give up his profession, and look after the management of his young wife's affairs. So it was arranged that Ralph was to quit Manager Jellico's strolling company, and be-

come an independent gentleman; to live henceforth at his case, without the fear of poverty or scant ever visiting his domestic

"I)esmoro," said Ralph, a few hours before his departure from Freshfield, "my wanderings are now all over, and I am a wealthy man, pe sessed of a loving wife; for which worldly blessings I have to thank you, my friend."
"Me!" repeated the youth, in surprise

"To be sure! Had we not found you in the snow that night, we should never have called at Tillysdale Hall, and I should never have be-come acquainted with my Dinah. Now do you

see how much I owe you, Desmoro?"

"And how much do I not owe you, sir?" responded the other, in a grateful tone. "Have you not been very kind to me always?"

But now that I have the power, I wish to be still kinder to you, my lad," pursued Ralph, "I want you to abandon this erratic life, and come with me."

Desmoro shook his head, and turned a shade paler than his wont. He did not like to appear thankless, and knew not how to decline

"I am much obliged to you, sir," stammered he, in some embarrassment, "but I should not like to live a life of dependence. I would rather, for awhile, rough it, as the saying is, and strive to carve out my own fortunes, than be indebted to any one."



THE RECOGNITION INTTHE THEATRE

daughter; it was for her sake that he was thus refusing to accept Ralph Thetford's generous

offer. "Is it possible that you would rather lead

this wandering existence than enjoy one of respectability, peace, and rest?"

The word "respectability" grated on the youth's ear, and for a few seconds his mind wavered, and he felt quite at a loss how to re-

scene was passing in one of the dingy rooms of the theatre were Desmoro abided. A comfort-less apartment it was looking out

roofs of other buildings, and slowed full of stage furniture and stage properties.

Desmoro was sitting before the fire, his feet

Desmore was sitting before the fire, his feet upon a rude fender, across his knees a steel breast-plate, which he was polishing, rubbing at whils the thought.

The place had a desolate, ghostly appearance, that seemed to make Desmoro's heart sticken in his bosom. For here was a gilled chair, tarnished and broken; there, a sofa, with its cover all faded and torn, with rickety back and crippled levs in another place, a couple and crippled legs; in another place, a couple dilapidated banners on one of which painted a crucifix-on the second, a skull and cross-bones. Hanging on the walls were several tin shields, rusty swords, suits of armour, bat-tle-axes, chains, helmets, masks, gauntlets, belts, pistols, daggers, knives, soldiers' knap-sacks, guns, sabres, whips, caps, cowls, and ga-

Desmoro glanced around at all these articles: as he did so, a shudder passed through his frame. The youth had an eye for cleanliness, order, and comfort ; and there was nothing here but dust, confusion, and discomfort. It was a sad shelter for a proud-spirited boy; but it was

ful, were I to leave him, sir," he observed, his gaze slowly moving to the embers in the grate, and thence to his companion's face.

"Not at all," was the ready rejoinder. have already spoken to him upon this subject. and he will only be too happy to see you better your present condition."

" He is very good to me, and so are you, sir," Desmoro hesitatingly returned; "but— Just at this "but," the room-door was thrust open, and Shavings' head made itself visible.

Desmoro's mind was made up in a moment, now. The sight of the clown's face, which was soon followed by that of Comfort, had fixed his wavering resolution. He could not go hence, and see her no more—oh, no! He would ra-ther endure anything than lose the tones of her silvery voice, the soft glances of her eyes, and the gentle touch of her friendly hand. And Desmoro's visage brightened, his breast grew

lighter, as he replied to Ralph.
"I think, sir, I'd prefer staying where I am. ought to work for my bread, and here I shall have to do so.'

"Reflect, my lad—reflect?" said Ralph." Remember, there is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune !

Desmoro was thinking of the clown's lovely | room, followed by Comfort. "Ah, it's well for | admiring your good sense and charitable nature. you to beable to talk of fortune; I wish to gracious I could !"

"I'm advising Desmoro to quit this sort of life, and to come with me I" returned Ralph. "And very good advisin', truly, Thetford; although we shall be sorry enough to have him leave us," answered the clown.

Desmoro glanced at Comfort during the above speech, and remarked that she had suddenly

ford ?" queried Shavings. "He's jumpin' at it, of course ?"

Comfort's eyes were fixed upon Desmoro's hearted manner. lips, which she was watching in painful anxiety.

"No : he's preferring to stay where he is !" answered Ralph, in regretful accents.

"Ah, he's smelt the footlights! laughed

Shavings, slapping Desmoro on the shoulder as he spoke,—"he has smelt the footlights, and cannot leave 'em! Is that the fact, Desmoro?" "Perhaps so,' answered the youth, with an bashed air.

"Ah, I understand all about it, my lad! I once felt in the same way, exactly." "And I, also ;" chimed in Ralph Thetford.

But the stage has ceased to fascinate me, "And very naturally so," responded the

clown. "You have grown rich and are married to a woman whom you admire and love; but this lad is poor and ambitious, so we must have some consideration for him !

"I wish I had time to relate my own history to him." Ralph added, in serious accents. "Well, youth must have its fling !" exclaimed a shelter which he paid for by the labour of his Shavings, who did not relish the notion of part- such careful hands as yours," own hands, and the sweat of his brow; and the firend, Desmoro. "You therefore it was his own for those hours during which he desired to occupy it.

"Well, my lad?" interrogated Ralph Thetford, and one for daughter!" chi ped he, lect that a line, addressed to me at York, will be widely my lad the sweat of his brow; and one for daughter!" chi ped he, lect that a line, addressed to me at York, will die, is one of my mottos; and make yourself as

happy as you can, is another! That's your sort aren't it, Desmoro, my boy ?"

"Well, if you should ever stand in need of a friend, Desmoro, whether soon or far hence, send to me at York, and your application shall be instantly attended to. I am grieved that I cannot influence you as I could wish; but I rust that you will change your mind by-und-

by, and come to me!"

"Thank the gods I am in time to bid you farewell, Ralph ?" a sonorous voice exclaimed; and Mrs. Polderbrant, in one of her peculiar costumes, made he self apparent.

vy dear Mrs. Polderbrant, you are just the very person I am waiting to see, and speak to !"

returned Ralph.

"Is it possible, 1 am delighted to hear as much," rejoined she, significantly glancing at the clown and his daughter, who, taking her hint, at once left the room, followed by Des.

My dear Mrs. Polderbrant P commenced Ralph, as soon as they were left alone together; we are no strangers to one another ; we have known each other for some years !"

"Five years and ten weeks exactly, Mr. Thetford," was her matter-of-fact rejoinder. " Yes; I daresay it is that length of time "What's that you're saying about fortune, since you joined Jellico's company. Well, Thetford?" inquired Shavings, entering the knowing you all those many years, and always

I am emboldened to ask you to do me a real

"I'll do it, Mr. Thetford : I'll do it, whatever it may be?" was her ready and carnest answer.

"Thank you, thank you. I was quite sure

"Nonsense, nonsense P "But you are now a rich man, you must re-

every way you can. I place the fullest de-pendence on you, as you will find on examin-ing this by-and-by, when I am gone!" And so saying, Ralph produced his pocket-book, took thence several bank-notes, folded them, and put them in her hand.

asked, greatly bewildered by his donation. In the "Do not suffer Desmoro to want in any way; fast?"

You comprehend me now, Mrs. Polderbrant?"

"Yes: Lam to meeth "Yes; I am to use these, your gift, for the benefit of the boy?"

"Precisely so." way
"And I will do so, you may depend on't, Mr. ing Thetford. I will not rob the lad of one penny of the money lⁿ

"I am sure you won't, I'm sure you won't !" "What!" she exclai: 1; "can I believe returned Ralph. "Poor motherless fellow! I my eyes? Only bread and water, as I'm a sinfeel quite rejoiced to be able to commit him to

way to the stage, where all the members of the company had assembled in order to take leave of their favourite, Ralph Thetford Desmoro roused himself from his musings, clapping his hands, and then turning a piron-always meet with a response." And wringing that? "Mr. Jellico might think me ungrate-jette in the middle of the floor. "But never say ther hand, he left her, and quickly found his "Q

The women were in tears, and the men all looked sorrowful at this parting.
Italph kissed the former, and shook hands with the latter; then, waving his hat, he was gone, and over the threshold of the stage-door,

into the street, where a postchaise was await ing him. Just as Ralph's foot was on the step of the vehicle, some one touched his arm.

"Desmoro !" he exclaimed, turning and percerving the youth close to his elbow.

have you changed your mind?"
"No, sir!" "I'm sorry to hear you say so. What do you want, then?"

"To shake hands with you again, sir, and to beg you not to think me a thankless fellow. I didn't care to bid you good-bye just now before all the people, because I couldn't have told you as I wished to do how much I like

you, and how grieved-I am to say farewell to you."

Desmoro was almost choking as he thus de-livered himself, and the hand resting in Halph's "You're very good, ma'am !" stammered he, palm was icy cold.

"Continue to be a good lad, Desmore !" re- "And you turned his friend." And since you have chosen | eagerly cried.

your own path in life, let us hope that it may one day lead to fortune. Henven bless you!"

"And heaven bless you, also, sir," half-sobbed Desmoro, wringing Ralph's hand.

"Change your mind, my had jit's not too late

to do so, and come along with me," said Rulph, touched by the sadness of the youth's looks

and tones.
"I—I wish I could, sir!" faltered Desmoro;

"but I cannot, I feel chained here!"

Ralph was in the chaise, and its door was

"Carry my respectful regards to Mrs. Thetford!" added Desmoro. Ralph waved his land, gave the signal to the driver, and the equipage dashed quickly away, and Desmoro was left with tears in his

eyes, and sorrow in his heart, watching the vehicle recede from his view.

For several days after this, Desmoro was very silent and v-ry mournful. He missed Ralph exceedingly, and deeply regretted the loss of his character presents.

cheerful presence. Well, time progressed. The treaps had left Freshfield, and was now located at a fown cull-

rresident, and was now located at a town called Braymount, which had a neat little theatrestituated in its principal street.

Desmoro still continued to be industrious; and Jellico, seeing him so, was doubly kind to him, and matters proceeded smoothly enough between the manager and his pretige.

Despite the many disconforts he had to endure. Desmore contrival to, make himself to.

dure, Desmoro contrived to make himself tolerably happy in his position. His chief soluce was Comfo t, who was fast learning all the les-sons he had to t ach. Desmoro was very proud of his pupil, and robbed himself of many a meal in order that he might save pence enoug i to purchase certain second-hand books for her to

One day, Desmoro, seeing a ticketed volume in a bookseller's window, and longing to possess himself of that volume, began to pinch himself in every way he could, on purpose to scrape

together money enough to buy it.

The bookseller's shop was close by the theatre, so Desmoro had no difficulty in keeping a daily watch over the much-coveted prize, which had probably been in that same window for half a score of years or more. Never did a hungry man look upon a loaf of

bread with the longing eyes that Desmoro lookthat you would help me in this little matter."

"What is it, Ralph—pray pardon me, I forget that I ought not to take the liberty of addressing you by your christian name now "

however he scraped and pinched, his pence but slowly accumulated.

One dark morning, as Desmoro was sitting in "But you are now a rich man, you must remember, and, as such, ought to have some extra respect paid you."

"One cars morning, as Desmoro was sitting in his room, surrounded by stage properties and playbills, eating his breakfast, and dreaming of his old grandfather, of Comfort, and of the volume in the shop hard by, the door of the apartment opened, and Mrs. Polderbrant ent red.

"Now for the service of which you spoke?"

"Surprised to see me at such an early hour, and the tables a chair converted.

"Now for the service of which you spoke?"

"I want you to watch over that had Desmoro,
Mrs. Polderbrant—to be a friend to him in our hero. "Of course you are; I see amazement every way you can. I place the fullest dependence on you, as you will find on examin—usually exaggerated style of language. "Well, I will proceed to explain myself. You have been looking very poorly of late, very different from your former self, and I am come to inquire into the state of your bodily health, and to see if I can do anything to benear you in any way. In the first place, what are you taking for break-

> Desmore coloured deeply, and looked much confused, for he knew not how to tell her that his morning meal was only bread and water, But he was too honest to deceive her in any way, so he let his visitor satisfy herself concern-

Miss Polderbrant lifted . her hands in sur-

prise.
"What!" she exclair 1; "can I believe ner I Why, Desmoro, do you mean to tell me that Jellico does not allow you the means of "You flatter me, Mr. Thetford; but I will living in a Christian-like manner? Good gra Why, I'm horror-struck! Bre d and water! Oh, you may well be looking puny and haggard, thus feeding yourself on prison fare! How much do you get a week-tell me

Desmoro hesitated. He could not understand wherefore Mrs. Polderbrant was so particularly interesting herself respecting his affairs. He was aware of the actress's eccentricity of char-

acter, and he felt some reluctance at gratifying inquiries. Now Desmoro's nature, although proud in the main, was naturally confiding and affectionate; and his companion, knowing as much still pursued her theme, and in a manner which

she thought he would be quite unable to re-"Desmoro," she went on, in altered tones, her hands clasped in her lap, "I have not al-ways been the lone woman you behold me now. I one e had a son, who was handsome in person, and full of bright promise as well. But he is now no more! He is above, above!" she added, lifting up her eyes, which were filled with sud-dent cars. "And I have an empty heart LDesmoro, will you accept a corner in that heart? It is not all cold—there are warm pulses beating

at a loss how to reply to her.
"And you will confide in me, ch?" she



6 I have nothing to confide to you, malam."

He bit his lips, faltered out a few unintelli- it."

I've promised somebody - it doesn't matter whom—to bestow an eye on your doings, therefore I am only keeping my word as an apright woman should. Now look here, my boy, if you don't tell me all about this starvation process of yours, I'll go straight to the manager, and report it to him; ah, that I will, as sure as my name is t'atience Polderbrant!"

Desmoro's features worked spasmodically. He saw determination in all his companion's looks, and though he recoiled from revealing the gave the youth a draught of it, his boso as secrets to any living being, he felt. Then Desmoro looked up with compelled to do so now. am trying to save a little money, Mrs.

Polderbrant !" quivered he, in great embarass-

" Save?" repeated she, in amazement, " Good

gracious! Save, boy! For what?"
The colour, which had vanished from his face, capae back to it now in a scarlet flush. "I don't like to say, ma'am !" faltered poor ed with a cold dew. Desmoro, his eyes cast on the ground. "That book !" repe

Mrs. Polderbrant looked at him suspiciously. "Young man!" sac exclaimed, in solemn accents, "young man!"

"I am doing no wrong—indeed, I am not, Mos. Polderbrant," he uttered, in increasing

She shook her head, "I don't like secresy,

Desmoro!" she said, severely. "Neither do I. ma'am."

"Then why practise it?" "True," he rejoined.

Then there ensued a somewhat lengthy pause, during which Desmoro was sitting with his gaze on the floor, like one who had committed some guilty act.
"Whether we be old or young, there is no-

thing like having a clean bleast of our own," " I have a clean breast, ma'am," he answered,

book that I want," explained he.
"A book! Gracious! what book?"

"One that's in the bookseller's shop close by here, ma'am.' "How much is it?—and what's its title?"

" Hume's ' Treatise on Human Nature,' and other miscellaneous subjects."
"W at!" half-screamed the lady, in blank

amazement. "And what do you want with such " To study it, ma'am."

"Well, you are an odd youth!" she returned, with a twinkle of pleasure in her cold eyes. How much have you saved towards purchasing this vo ume?"
"As yet, only eighteenpence, ma'am."

" And how much is this treatise?"

" A bargain —only six shillings."

Go instantly and spend that eighteenpence in buying a comfortable meal, and let me hear no more about this pinching and killing yourself in order to get books on-heaven knows what. Now, make me no answer, Desmoro, but be off with you for some coffee and some butter. There—not another word!" added she, seeing him about to speak. "Maybe some good fairy or other will get you what you want besides. Go! Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once!" she commanded, starting up, and waving her hands in a tragic man-

Desmoro vanished at once, and went out to do her bidding, which he performed reluctantly, parting with his few pence, his garnered store,

treasure, which he now deemed further out of I am afraid I shall not be able to give him the his reach than ever. But judge of his surprise play he desires. Thetford's absence has cripwhen he discovered that the volume was gone out of its usual place, and was nowhere to be Desmoro's heart seemed to sink in his breast as his eyes scanned the several shelves | end—consequently you must be up in the chardisappointment.

"Some one has bought it at last!" sighed he " Well, it was such a rare bargain that I don't wonder at its being gone!" And with a deeper sigh than before, the youth proceeded onwards, his spirit full of sadness and sore regrets. Arrived at his dingy apartment, Desmoro was

astonished to find ho Mrs. Polderbrant there.

Mechanically he put down his recent purchases, and then, seating himself on a stool in chases, and then, seating himself on a stool in your youth, lad, if you can make anything of the part.

And as for people laughing! why, bers in the rusty grate, and silently lamented his hard fate.

He never once thought of the coffee and the butter he had just bought-of the comfortable reflections were all on a widely different sub-

Yet there was no atom of selfishness in these sorrowful repinings of his. If he wished to possess money, it was only that he might be able to procure books, procure pens, ink, and paper for Comfort's use-no more, as his own wants and desires were simple enough, and easily gratified.

While Desmoro was thus buried in his musings, the door of the room was opened, and Jellico entered.

The youth started up on the instant, and the warm blood flushed his face as he recognized the worthy manager.

" What is the matter with you, my lad? Are you not well?" queried Jellico.

Desmoro did not answer. His amazed eyes were fixed on a book—on the very volume

which was in his thoughts at this moment, now lying on the table before him. He could not move; he felt as if he were transfixed to the spot-as if some sort of enchantment were at

Presently he rubbed his evelids, doubting his waking senses, and then he lifted up the tome,

and tenderly examined it. 'It's all a dream, isn't it, sir ?" he breathed, looking at Jellico, who was standing in dumb wonderment, watching Desmoro's strange actions; "or is it by magic that this book

came here?" "Whatever is the matter with the lad?

gibe words, and then remained silent.

"" mass know the truth!" pursued she, perseveringly, and in her blunt but kindly tones, his wandering orbs round and round the room, turned he. fantastical forms,—with fairies and elves, gob-lins and sprites, who were all dancing about him, laughing and grinning at one another, and Shavings blinked, rubbed his hand and chuckpointing at him as if they were making him

Again Jellico shook the youth, who dropped into a cair in an almost powerless state.

At this, the manager began to be somewhat

taining cold water, being within Jellico's reach,

Then Desmoro looked up with a clearer countenance. "Whatever ails you, my lad?" inquired the

manager, curious to learn the cause of his pro-tige's strange behaviour. Desmoro once more examined the welcom

"Sir, did you bring hither this book ?" asked he, still in nervous trepidation, his brow cover-

"That book !" repeated Jellico. " No, lad. I brought no book here!"
" You did not, sir ?"

" Not I, indeed!" uttered the other "Then how came it here?" returned Desmoro,

in great perplexity.
" How came what here?"

" Hume's 'Treatise on Human Nature,' sir," was the simple reply. " Hame's botheration! I never in my life

heard of such a book!" " Is it possible, sir?" "What's the lad's brain rambling about,

" Ha!" exclaimed Desmoro, suddenly. "Mrs.

Polderbrant-'tis her work : I see it all now!" "What do you say you see?" said Jellico, holly bewildered. "I verily believe, Deswholly bewildered. more, you are taking leave of your reason! Here have I been questioning you this ever so on the instant, speaking in a proud tone, and long, without being able to get a sensible word with his head now raised.

long, without being able to get a sensible word with his head now raised.

long, without being able to get a sensible word with his head now raised. 6 I'm glad to h ar it, my boy—glad as if I beg that you'll change them as soon as you were your own mother."

"Pm only s ving my money to buy a certain "Please to pardon me, sir, and I'll at once

endeavour to explain myself."

"The sooner the better," responded the manager, very bluntly. "Go on!"

After a little hesitation, Desmoro obeyed; and Jellico was put in possession of most of these particulars with which you are already accuminted. acquainted.

Jellico, who had listened to Desmoro in amused surprise, laughed, saying that it was altogether a most mysterious incident, and that dressing the grim-visaged matron, who had he supposed some sort of magic had been at work in the affair. Mrs. Polderbrant looked like a witch, he thought, and he had no doubt but that she had been exercising her supernatural powers, and had removed the book from the hands admiringly. Oh! won't Juliet fall trail powers, and had removed the book from the hands admiringly. Oh! won't Juliet fall trail powers, and had removed the book from the hands admiringly. Oh! won't Juliet fall trail powers, window, and transported it into Desmoro's hands,

"I wouldn't have anything to do with the

thing, if I were you, Desmoro," said the manager, jocosely,—"I really wouldn't!"

But the lad, all heedless of his companion's words, hugged his treasure close to his breast, as if he feared its being rudely torn from him. "If Mrs. Polderbrant made you a present of that great tome, she has certainly spring a ' pursued Jellico, jestingly.

"It was to be had a great hargain, sir," re-marked Desmoro—" a very great bargain, sir." "There—there, that will do!" returned the manager. " Now to other and more important matters. Have you breakfasted?"

"That's right! Now pay attention to what parting with his few pence, his garnered store, as if he were parting with his very life.

As he returned from spending his hoarded sum, he paused before the bookseller's window, in order to contemplate the much longed-for me some trouble, for, double the parts as I may, pled me. I have a Juliet, but no Ronco. Now I remember your once telling me that you knew all Shakspere's plays from beginning to

> "I know all the words, sir; but for all that, dared not undertake to act the part," answer ed Desmoro, in considerable dismay. sides, I am far too young to perform the lover; the people would laugh at me did I attempt to do so, and the whole tragedy would be spoiled through my youth, inexperience, and lack of

the part. And as for people laughing! why, let those laugh who win, say I. I'm sure you're a fine strapping fellow, looking far older than your years; the very figure for a lover Come, you must try the part; who know what you may achieve by doing so?"

"I have never yet spoken one long speech on the stage. I have only delivered lines and

"Then it's high time you strove to do some thing more," returned Jellico. have talents if you will exert them. You have industry in plenty-of that much I am assured —then have some courage as well, and the thing is at once accomplished."

Desmoro was confused, and quite at a loss what to say about the business. The proposed undertaking was one of great magnitude in his eyes, and he shrank at the mere idea of making such an arduous attempt.

But by dint of much persuasion, Jellico at length prevailed upon our hero to essay the character of the love-stricken Romco, and the tragedy was at once put in rehearsal, and Des more's whole attention was, for a time, com-pletely absorbed in practising his several scenes over and over again, and in struggling against all his rising fears of that evening which was

fast approaching—the evening of his debut.

"Never mind, my lad," said Shavings, one day, when Desmoro, who had been rehearsing his part to Comfort one day, was speaking of his apprehensions, of his terrors of the forthcoming ordeal through which he was about to pass, "Trackee o'clock must come! Think of that fact when the curtain first rises, when you feel your heart going pit-a-pat underneath your spangled doublet, and you don't know what a sight of consolation it will afford you."

"I want to know wherefore I see such a meal as that before you?" persisted she. "I want to be informed why I see you thus starving yourself to deat., Desmoro Desmoro?"

I want to know wherefore I see such a meal shouldes and shaking him. "Look me in the damsel," who was sitting on a stool in their humble lodgings, an open playbook on her scared manner. One would imagine that you had just seen a ghost, or something very like wonder of Desmoro's powers of declamation. "Now begin," said the maiden, her eyes still

" But you are not looking at the book," re-

"I'm not going to watch you dwindle down to mere skin and hone, and hold my peace all the white, just as if I had no feeling in my breast."

which, to his present disturbed imagination, and Because I have no occasion for so doing. I am as perfect in all the parts as you yourself white, just as if I had no feeling in my breast.

fundamental forms,—with fairies and elves, gob-" Because I have no occasion for so doing

> led mercily.
>
> "What do you think of that, Mr. Desmore Desmoro?" he exclaimed, in accents of triumph Comfort is for coming out strong, by-and-by, At this, the manager began to be somewhat I expect! When do you think you'll be able ahrmed. Desmoro was shivering all over, and to attempt Juliet, ch?" he added, his orbs twin-his fe stores were of a deathly hue. A cup, con-kling with delight, caused only by his own anticinations.

Comfort blushed very prettily, and nodded her head in a self-satisfied way, as much as to say, " Wait awhite, and you shall see!"

CHAPTER VIII.

At length the all-important night arrived,

of the poor tiddle being only heard to squeak

out at intervals, and somew at spismodically.

But the country folk listened to the music in rapt attention, and rapturously applauded the performers, beating time to the trumpet and the drain, which instrument evidently met with their warmest approbation.

All this while, Desmoro was in the room assigned to him and the various stage properties belonging to the establishment. The youth belonging to the establishment. The youth was under the skilful hands of Mrs. Polderbrant, who, herself attired as Lidy l'aputet, was painting his face, blackening his eyebrows, and darkening his upper lip, upon which a slight

darkening his upper lip, upon which darkening his upper lip, upon which down was just beginning to appear.

"Now you are as perfect as hands can possibly make you," spoke the theavy lady," adsibly make you," spoke the theavy lady," adsibly make you are at the spoke library and the spoke library library and the spoke library li insting the set of Desmoro's hat. "You are a very youthful Romeo, I'll admit; but if you act the part well, that's all you have to mind. You look quite eighteen, with that moustache," she

added, regarding him critically,
He did not answer a word; at that moment he was too full of auxiety and trepidation to command his voice.

At this instant there came a gentle tap at the door, which, being pushed open a little, showed the delicate face of Comfort Shavings. "May I come in and take a peep at him.
Mrs. Polderbrant?" queried the damsel. "O course, I knew you were here, else I shouldn't have made bold to come," she added, still ad-

nodded permission for her to enter.
" Oh, doesn't he look beautiful!" exclaimed

and do nothing of the sort," retorted Mrs. Pol-derbrant, irefully. Fall in love with Desmore! Why, Miss Ormand is thirty, if she's an hour! wonder, child, to hear you talk such nonsense!"

Comfort coloured at this rebuke, and turned aside to hide her confusion. She felt that she had made a foolish speech, and she was very sorry for it.

Desmoro, whose free had brightened, and heart had lightened at the first glimpse of her countenance, now drew near her, and whispered in her ear, "Keep near me, Comfort; I shall have courage while you are within my sight!"

"I am going to stand at the wing, and prompt you, should you need such assistance at any "Thank you does such assistance at any time," was the blushing reply.

"Thank you, Comfort; Pli do as much for you some day."

" You have already done plenty for me, more

than I shall ever be able to repay you for."

"What are you chattering there about, Desmoro?" authoritatively demanded Mrs. Polderbrant, who had been contemplating her physiognomy in a piece of looking-glass, you know that you ought to remain quite quiet, thinking only of your part, never for one instant permitting your mind to wander from it.

ng observations from heard the followin Mrs. Siddons—with which wondrons actress I have often had the honour of appearing in publie,- Few actors or actresses that talk much in the green-room will ever be heard with any extraordinary pleasure on the stage. Bear that piece of advice in your minds, young people, Hark! there's the bell, the curtain is going up.

Saying which, Mrs. Polderbrant linked her arm through that of Desmoro; and, without a word more, marched him off to the wings, there to remain until his entrance-cue would be given

Comfort Shavings was standing on the opposite side of the stage, trembling for the success of her kind young tutor, whom she perceived glancing at her from time to time, as if to take courage from her looks.

At length, the waited-for cue was given; and

our hero, by whose side Mrs. Polderbrant had sturdily remained, entered and stood before the

In a private box near the stage were lounging a lady and gentleman, both of whom were look ing very weary, as if they had come there only too look at others and yawn their time away. The gentleman was in the full-dress uniform of a military officer, and appeared to be some-

what pust forty years of age.

The lady glanced at Desmoro; and, being struck by his youthful appearance, and by the peculiar beauty of his face, referred to the playbill before her, in order to learn his name

" Most extraordinary !" exclaimed she, aloud, the bill in her hands. "Eh?" returned her companion, arousing himself, and opening his eyes, which had been closed. "What's extraordinary, Caroline?"

"Why, look here," she returned, giving him the programme, her finger on Desinoro's name. "Romeo, by Mr. Desmoro Desmoro," read the gentleman, in calm syllables. Then of a sudden there was a rush, like fever-heart, to his brain and heart, as a crowd of old memories came surging over him, and his eyes fixed themselves on the printed letters before him.

"Is it not strange to find in a play-bill your name—which is one so very singular?"

"Oh, Desmoro is an old Irish name—a name

queried the manager, laying hold of Desmoro's you, Comfort?" said the youth, spe king to that | under their own legitimate app llations. For, be they either Browns, or Joneses, or Smiths, as soon as ever they don the sock and buskin, they become Delorms, Be monts, and Aubreys

they become Deforms, be mones, and Autoreys
's Very absurd of them, I'm sure!"
And the lady shrugged her white shoulders,
and again lounged back in her chair, looking
languidly on the scene, as if it were a positive
trouble to her to have to keep her eyes wide

But her companion, who was fairly aroused out of his anuthy, was now leaning over the font of the box, narrowly watching all our hero's actions.

I have said that this box was close to the stage. Such being the case, the gentleman was near enough to observe Desmoro's every feature; the col air of his eyes, the shape of his mouth, his well-formed nose, his broad white brow, and his glossy hair of a rich auburn

And, powers of heaven, his red hand! A cry of amazement—almost of pain—rose to the stranger's lips, but it was stilled ere it burst forth, and ended in a deep sigh.

Twas he, sure enough, Desmoro Desmoro, the deserted son, the legitimate child of Desmore Symure and Anna, his late wife. Yes, yes; that red hand of his would proclaim

The mayor was in his ion, and the theatre was crowded in every available part.

The band, which consisted of a violin, a trumpet, and a drum, no v commenced to play "Gol save the King." of which the trumpet and the drum had decidedly the beet; the tones my part, I thoroughly abhor all Shakspere's his identity when every voice that could do so man. my part, I thoroughly abhor all Shakspere's

> none of them are worth listening toto me, else I shall fall asleep here as I sit." But her companion paid no heed whatever to her speech, but still kept his gaze fixed on the her out of the theatre; at the door of which even though the act-drop had just fallen,

attention to those mummers-I'm convinced

and shut out the mimic scene for his view "Well, I must say that you excel all others in gallantry." pursued the lady, very fretfully. Pray tak me away. I'd rather be moped at home than here, where I am compelled to sit on a hard chair, hearkening first to drawling, then to ranting speeches, and afterwards to these horrible, screeching instruments. Do take me away, my dear."

At these words the gentleman turned his were all far away at the moment. He did not speak—he felt as if he had no breath to do so, and his brain was reeling round and round.

The lady, looking quite out of temper, now rose and gathered her cashmere about her.

"Eh, are you cold, Caroline?" he asked, re-

calling his thoughts, at the same time rising and assisting her with her shawl. "I'm going home," pouted she.
"Not yet, surely? The first act of the play

is only just over."

"Well, and what of that, if I feel weary of the thing?" she rejoined, crossly.
"But you forget, Caroline, that the carriage

was not ordered until ten o'clock. "Provoking!" exclaimed she, throwing herself back again into her chair. "Why did you bring me to such a paltry place as this, where I can get no amusement of any kind?" she added, commencing picking her bouquet to pieces. "It's a positive infliction being forced to remain when you refuse to talk to me, and

won't even laugh at the people we see here!"

"I'm not in a humour of either talking or laughing to-night, Caroline," he answered, gloomily, passing his hand across his brow as

She looked at him in some surprise. "What " Does your head ails you?" she inquired. ache? If it does, it's th ache? If it does, it's the vile air of this stifling place. Phew! I shall have a headache

myself very soon; I feel one coming on."

"I am not in any pain whatever, Caroline,"
was his calm response. "I am simply in a
silent mood, that is all, my dear."

"Silent mood, that is all, my dear."

"Silent mood!" repeated she. "Disagreeable mood, you should have said," she haughtily "Probably so: I am sorry to be in such." he

answered, with an inward moan.

And shading his eyes with his hand, he fell into a train of sad, aching thoughts, which carried him back into the past—to a period when a sunny-haired maid had stood with him I at the altar, and solemnly plighted to him her

Then his imagination pictured to him a bright young head, reclining on his breast, and loving eyes gazing tenderly and trustfully into his, while gentle and musical syllables were being trilled into his enraptured cars. "Oh, Anna, Anna," he inwardly mouned,

my poor, dead darling! how I have lived to miss your sweet smiles, your affectionate accents, and all your fond caresses! And how I have wronged your memory, and the sacred trust which you left behind you!"

Of course you have recognised the man whose heart had uttered the above regretful words; you know that you are in company with the unprincipled Desmoro Symure, the father of our hero.

CHAPTER IX.

Sixteen years have gone by since last we saw Colonel Symurc. He was a young man then; now he is in the meridian of life the indiffe ent husband of an affected, mindless, shrewish selfish woman, who brought him wealth and unhappiness as well. He has no children: he has nothing under his roof save his frivolous wife, who is no companion to him, and wearies

his patience night and day.

Many and many a time has he regretted the loss of his child; but never once has he dared to dream of claiming it. 'The secret of his first marriage he must endeavour to conceal for ever. In order to preserve some little tranquility on his domestic hearth, he is compelled to pre-serve that secret inviolate.

He has groaned often to think of the mask which he is forced to wear, without ever hav-ing the courage to pluck that mask off. He is entirely under the thrall of his rich wife, with

whom he has no confidence whatever.

And he is now sitting here, in a paltry little theatre, belonging to an obscure country town, witnessing the performance of a troupe of strolling players, his own lawfully-begotten son being one of the principal members of that troupe.

rich in its practised modulations, rose and sank in impassioned declaration.

What was he to do? How could be snatch his own offspring son from such a humiliating

This son of his was handsome as Apollo, and had the bearing of a prince. Colonel Symure would be proud indeed to own him, and take him to his heart; for time had much softened this man's breast, which had nothing to fill it now-nothing, save sorrowful memories of, and

repinings for, the past
repinings for, the past
Every pulse in Colonel Symure's body was
throbbing fast and palafully, and he was longing to spring upon the stage, and fold the youth
to his boson that he but owned a different woman for his wife, he might, perhaps, have followed his inclinations, and reveated to her the existence of his son; as it was, he was almost distracted, and knew not how to act The hand of heaven seemed to have directed

him to this place, in order to show him the trust he had so cruelly neglected—the child he dared not claim as his.

Not a single doubt of the youth's identity intraded itself upon the colonel's mind. The name of Desmoro Desmoro, and the young stroller's red band, were facts which at once established his relationship to that gentle-

Never in all his life had C done! Symure suffered such mental anguish as he was now suffering. But the all-end would not be here ; he would probably be made to endure still more torture. Indeed, how could it possibly be plays, and wonder why we came hither, unless otherwise with him, seeing that he was not to kill the time, which hangs upon one heavier the master of his own actions, that he was than lead when one is living in any other place completely under the control of his vixenish than London or Paris. Do leave off paying wife.

Colonel Symure was truly thankful when the hour of ten arrived, and Mrs. Symure rose to depart. He helped her on with her shawl in

was their waiting carriage, into which he assisted her without speaking a word.

"Caroline," he said, pausing at the door of the vehicle, "I—I don't feel exactly myself tonight: I think I'd rather walk home, if you

have no objection to my doing so."

"No objection to your doing so, indeed!" repeated she. "And what's to become of me all the while you are from my side. Why, I'm to be moped in this close corriage, without a soul to exchange a syllable with. Not that you have head towards the speaker, upon whom he been at all communicative this evening — a looked with an abstracted air, as if his thoughts mouse could not have been more silent than yourself. I wonder what's the matter with

vou." 1—1 am not myself, Caroline."

"You said that before,"
"I know I did; and I say it again and

again ' "You're mysterious, Colonel Symure," she suspiciously rejoined, "You may well say you're not like yourself to-night."

"I shall be better after I've had a brisk walk, and a few mouthfuls of fresh air." "Whoever heard of night air doing a person any good? I'm certain I never did?"

But Colonel Symure was gone, and Mrs. Symure was compelled to return home wholly

The gentleman strode along to the end of the street, until the equipage containing his wife was quite out of sight; then he sauntered back again into the theatre, and resumed his

seat in the box he had just vacated. But the tragedy was over, and Desmoro Desmoro was no longer to be seen. Colonel Symure was very uneasy, and very

unhappy, likewise, and he was thankful to be alone for awhile with this thoughts, which were harassing him as thoughts had seldom harassed him before. Soon he left the theatre, and sauntered down a sort of alley, at the end of which was the stage-entrance, a dingy doorway guarded by a lame man, whom the townspeople called "Hop-

ping Pidgers," a singular character, whose aspect was repulsive in the extreme. Colonel Symure peeped through the open doorway into a murky room of narrow dimensions, and glanced at its sole occupant, a wiz-ened man,—apparently old, but in reality not so,—crooning over the dying embers in a rusty, battered grate There was a crazy table, on which a lamp was burning, and a pile of old playbills, disturbed by the draught from the

open door, was fluttering on the blackened and cobwebbed will opposite. That was all the gentleman could see. He drew his cloak around him, in order to hide his scarlet coat, pulled the military hat

deep over his brow, and still lingered on the threshold, unable to make his mind what to do; whether to enter there or to let it alone. The figure hanging over the fire coughed once or twice, and rubbed its skinny hands to-

Colonel Symure watched and watched, until he was weary of watching, then he passed through the doorway, and stood in the presence of the Cerberus of the place, Hopping Pidgers, who had started from his seat at the creaking

of the stranger's boots. The gentleman drew back and shuddered before the crooked form presented to his view.
"Weel, what dun yo want?" was the not over courteous interrogatory made by the Cer-

This question, so bluntly put, perplexed the gentleman for a second or two. Pidgers, whose little eyes looked in two separate directions, was narrowly scanning the appearance of the new-comer, examining him

from head to foot. "Can I do anythin' fur yo, sur?" he further demanded, in cracked and discordant accents, and with a strong Yorkshire dialect.
"I really don't know," stammered the Co-

lonel. "I want to be informed where Mr. Desmoro Desmoro lives," he added, his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth as he uttered "Oh, whereabouts Maister Desmoro Desmo-

ro lives, yo wants to know?" repeated Pidgers, with a cunning grin, all the while peering into the querist's face. "What can a soger-officer want wee a play-actor lad like him, um? Maybe, yo wants to him to goo an' list for a soger?" added he, eagerly.
"Perhaps I do?" half-laughed the Colonel.

"Such a fine fellow as he would be a credit to any regiment in the world !"
"Fine feller !" mumbled the man. "Theer it be; alus yer foin fellers! I'd bet a penny yo'd not tak' me fur a soger!"

"No, I don't think I should !" was the dry and haughty rejoinder.

en your near going interpret authentically on a construct a state of the construction of the construction





fur everybody to mak' game on, an' this lad, from your present erratic way of life up to high Desmore, so pratty that all that sees him mun fortune and the London boards!"
luv him so? Theer be Miss Cumfort Shavins The young man's cars tingled. But, I suppose, yo dunnot know her ?"

"Young gentlemon? echoed the man, with He would like to do seen full lines to the world? a scornful laugh. "Why, he sticks ub th' play- but for that of dear Comfort. bills on th' street walls, runs a arrands, clean

Desmoro was longing for the world's admirthe stage, lights the gas, an' does a sch or a ation and applicate, and that all tongues should other odd jobs! Gentlemon, indeed!! shouldn't speak of him But, although he was full of am-

take, be assured," answered the Colonel, reddening, and feeling inclined to knock the independent of the doubtedly was, was a threwdreader of character. The doubtedly was, was a threwdreader of character. solent Pidgers on the head.

and drawing forth a crown-piece, threw it on the table before him, saying. There, perhaps that n ay put a curb upon your too familiar tongue, and induce you to civilly answer my

man I have before alluded to,"

Pidgers snatched up the coin, and immediately thrust it into the depths of his patched

We never tells nobody's address here; it be agin Maister Jellico's orders," he said, coolly, limning back to the fireside, and resuming

The Colonel stamped his feet impatiently. " Has Mr. Desmoro left the theatre?" he next

demanded. "Maybe he hev, and maybe he hev'nt - it aint fur me to say.

" You won't tell me ?" "You don't want me to go agin my orders, an' so be shoved out on my place, do you?"

asked the man.

gooin' to mak' my porridge, so as yo mayn't like the small on it, yo'd better goo yer ways

Colonel Symure paused, not knowing what

this business. I want to see and speak to this time such that so, young man, and if you will but instruct me others similar to it.

where i may be likely to find him, I'll give you — "You don't like this book, Comfort," he said, a piece of gold."
Pidgers started at the mention of "gold :"

Pidgers started at the mention of "gold;" "If it had been history, I should have liked then, with his elbows on his knees, and his it immensely, Desmoro!" she replied, almost

"Dun you want him for a soger, say yes or

noa 7' he asked, suddenly jumping up.
"Well, honestly, no!' responded the Colonel
"I seek him only for his advantage, be assured "I forgot, Co on that point."

His advantage l' slowly repeated Pidgers, ! those of men." a dark frown puckering up his narrow brow. Weel, yo mun coom here agin to-morrow, at this hour, an' then, mayhap, I'll tell 'en summut

anger, now left the man, and found his way he inquired. into the alley, and thence into the street once

Slowly he proceeded homeward, his heart heavy and sad within his breast.

He was recalling the particulars of the scene which had just taken place between the stagewhich had just taken place between the stage—
it. We must not further impose upon Mrs.
door-keeper and himself, and bitterly reflecting
on all he had heard concerning Desmoro's hu—
solves, has nothing but what she works hard

miliating position.

Could it be possible that the lawfully-begotten son of a Symure was subjected to the degrading employment of a common billsticker?

The gentleman shuddered at the bare thought of such a disgrace being offered to one of his ancient and aristocratic name, and excitedly quickening his f otsteps, soon reached home, where he was received with a scowling brow, Mrs Symure's temper not being in its happiest vein.

tulate himself as well—to congratulate himself on his ordeal being over-over with much cre-

He became more like his old self as he mused; for he was reflecting that he had a treat in store for Comfort. He had a certain fresh volume to carry to her to-day-a volume which had come strangely into his possession, and which he had neglected until now-neglected because of the late, unexpected, and important task he had

had to perform.

While he was thus sitting, occupied with many thoughts, Mrs. Polderbrant burst in upon and disturbed his cogitations.

morning? Not bread and water again, I trust?" morning? Not bread and water again, I trust she continued, sitting down, and making herself quite at home. "You got through your part admirably last night. I day so; and as I've seen the first of acting in my day, I ought to seen the first of acting in my day, I ought to be a tolerable judge of that difficult art—able to know the difference 'twixt the good and the bad, at all events,"

"I'm very much obliged to you, ma'aun," stammered Desmoro; "not only for the kind assistance you rendered me last night, but for the possession of that book which I was coveting so much. I have neglected to thank for it till now, because I have not had any fitting op-portunity of so doing. I am very grateful to you, Mrs. Polderbrant."

"And you are really going to study Humc's 'Treatise on Human Nature ?" she laughingly asked. "Well, well, there's no accounting for

asked. "Well, well, there's no accounting for some people's taste. Are there any other books that you want 7" she slyly inquired.

"Ah, Mrs. Polderbrant," sighed the youth,
"I do not like to think of the many, many

"Books are expensive articles, Desmoro; yet I fancy I could find the means to buy you any you might desire. But never mind, Desmoro, only you continue as you've begun, and you'll soon be able to purchase a whole library for yourself. Think of that, my lad—think of that!
You have talents—rare and excellent talents—which, if properly used, will lead you away that I only wish to be informed of Mr. Desmo-

so? Theer be Miss Cumfort Shavins
I suppose, yo dunnot know ter?"

In suppose, yo dunnot know ter?"

The young man's cars ungreates them. should expect to learn concerning it," the gending and encouraging words entered them. should expect to learn concerning it," the gending and encouraging words entered them. should expect to learn concerning it," the gending and encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it," the gending and encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it," the gending and encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it," the gending and encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it," the gending and encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it," the gending and encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it, and the gending and encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it, and the gending encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it, and the gending encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it, and the gending encouraging words entered them. Should expect to learn concerning it, and the gending encouraging words entered them. where the young gentleman lives - nothing known to fame, and hold an honourable and

He would like to do so, not for his own sake,

other odd jobs! Gentlemon, indeed! I shouldn't speak of him But, attnough he was nin of amwoonder but what yo'll be fur callin' me a bitious vearnings, he had not an atom of selabitious vearnings, he had not an atom of selabitions vearnings.

She understood Desmoro's thoroughly, and un-Colonel Symure put his hand into his pocket, derstanding it, she could not help admiring and appreciating it. She had a rugged heart in he boson; but he, the parentless one, was fairly inside it, filling its every corner.

positive joy in watching She did not tell him that she was learning to love him with almost the same sort of tenderness as she had loved, fore he answered her own son-that son whose head the cold ca th had long since pillowed. No; she eared for him silently and well.

pupil pored over their newly-acquired treasure. The girl's face wore a puzzled, vexed expression, while that of her companion was filled with interest and gratification.

To speak the truth, Comfort was perplexed over the volume's contents, but she did not like to say so; she did not like to confess that they were as mysterious to her as the Greek alphabet; so she went on listening to Desmoro "No, no; certainly not."

"No, no; certainly not."

"Then don't ax' me any moor on yer quesfeatures full of wonderment and awe, hearing such, he hastily indited the following words: tions," returned Pidgers, in the same rude man-1 every word he repeated, but failing to com-

ner as before. "It be 'leven o'clock, an' am prehend their proper meaning.

gooin' to mak' my porridge, so as yo mayn't Desmoro saw that he had brought a work far above the understanding of his pupil, and he resolved never to commit such a mistake again. He was disappointed certainly, for he do.

"Look here, don't be obstinate, my man!" he Comfort's mind, he had been hoping that she said, approaching the crosching figure. "Till would derive vast benefit in the perusal of such make it well worth your while to serve me in a learned and thought-fraught production, and this business. I want to see and speak to this that she, like hunself, would be yearning for

suddenly closing its pages,

chin supported in his palms, he sat reflecting a at a loss what to say, and fearful of offending few moments.

At a loss what to say, and fearful of offending him in any way. But I am not c ever enough to receive the menning of these treatises, which only make my head ache, and palm.

"I forgot, Comfort: I forgot that woman's tastes, in nine cases out of ten, differ from

" We cannot help our nature, Desmoro!" "No more than we can help ours

"I wonder whether they would take back about him. Good night, maister, I mun mak' the book, and give us another in lieu of it?' delivered according to my perrige now."

Colonel Symure, full of disappointment and of England, if I could get it, wouldn't you?'

At this Pidgers put

swered' being able to procure a peep at that work for many and many a year to come; so let us till his receding footsteps died away. The m make ourselves as contented as we can without ney and the missive were both in his hands. many and many a year to come; so let us

Desmoro shook his head sceptically.

"You think otherwise, ch?" queried she.
"I do. Comfort!" he replied. "I fancy she's quite rich "

" Rich, Desmoro f" exclaimed his companion. been a country actress; and report says that she had an idle husband, and an extravagant and worthless son, for both of whom she

unless she had had the means of keeping her

"I annot agree with you in that opinion, omfort. I adhere to my former idea, that she has some money, a secret board, somewher "Well, well, time will prove all things."

CHAPTER X.

It was near eleven o'clock at night, when Colonel Symure, no longer attired in military garments, entered the dingy alley leading to the stage-door of the theatre.

He had his large cloak wrapped about him, and his hat was pulled far over his brow. He proceeded along with nervous steps, and

"A good lad " she exclaimed, after her pe-quaking breast, the heavy sleet beating in his culiarly abrupt fashion—"a very good lad, in-deed! What are you having for breakfast this siderable trouble in getting away from home on this occasion—for Mrs. Symure, amongst her other unamiable weaknesses, reckoned that of jealousy—and he was auxious to return as soon as possible.

Arrived at the stage-door, the gentleman peered beyond it, into the dismal little room, in search of its usual occupant, Hopping Pidgers: who, hearing footsteps on the threshold, started up, and inquired, "Who was

there?"
"It is I," was the low-breathed reply And following these words, Colonel Symure's tall figure made itself visible before the

Cerberus's orooked vision. "What dun yo want?" "Don't you recognise me?"

"Yo aren't the soger-officer, are yo?" asked Pidgers, curiously peering into his visitor's

"I was here last night, you recollect?" ex-"Oh, ah, too be sure, yo war; I'd a'most forgotten yo," grinned the Cerberus.
"Well?" plained he

"Weel, I dunnot know what to say to yo,"
Pidgers answered, shaking his head. "If I
knowed yer bisness wee the yoong chap, I
maybe moight understan' how to help yo," he

ro's abiding-place, and that I will pay you well "Well, well, it's all right now?" returned twitched nervously.

She. 'There's the twopence I promised you. twitched nervously.

Don't spend it all at once. A plut of ale might "Caroline," he roask me any further of

showed is yellow teeth, and, turning his back upon the speaker, himped back to the fireplace, where he stood, the flickering light from the burning coals dancing over his repulsive visage, showing all its ugly lines, its red-rimmed eyes, its broad, that nose, its recoding chin, and

of which his steps were arrested by the Cer- I don't mean to tell hur, nor nobody else! Pse without her knowledge and entire approval.

berns' hourse tones,

"Look'ee 'ere, sur," he said; "as I told yo
afore, I can't go to risk the lesin' of my place by tellin' yer wheer a 'nybody lives; but if you'll she hev gotten anny moor o' thoose five-pun write a letter to the young had, i'll deliver it to notes? If I thought she hed, I'd mak' free to The Colonel reflected for a few moments be- like to know?"

more, requesting an interview with him, than the poker, began to stir the fire.

to break upon him unexpectedly

with a note for Mr. Desmoro."

And, so saying, the Colonel disappeared through the narrow doerway, and was lost in the darkness beyond, in the mist and vapour of the in some fresh corderoys the drizzline nuclit.

"Thursday night.

"A gentleman who knew Desmore Lesmoro's father, wishes to see and speak to his son. ed eyes on the delicate and dainty Co fort. At ten o'clock, to-morrow marnins, the writer. Shavings, and he had learned to hate one who of this will be in waiting at the first turnpike on the Manchester road.

The sheet containing these lines was then folded, scaled up, and directed to "Mr. Des-more Desmore." in order to destroy our here, Pidgers slept in the same dingy apartment

entrance, before its misshapen guardi n. be the "There's the letter," said the gentleman, hurricelly, "and there's a gainea for you," he ing. added, thrusting the missive and the coin into Pidgers' hand, "You'll be sure to deliver the Pidgers' hand, "You'l note to him to-night?"

his eyes fixed greedily on the golden piece, shining in the heiddle of his not over-cleanly

Colonel Symure, in a grateful voice.
"Good-heet, sur!" answered the man, as the

officer drew his cloak closer about him, and prepared to depart. "Mind!" added he, pausing in the doorway;

At this Pidgers pulled at one of his rough

"He won't coom back agin to-neet," muttered he, crushing his crooked fingers upon the con- not yet too late to repair that wrong, he did not tents of his palm, and secting himself before despair. He had been pleased with Desmoro's tents of his palm, and seeting himself before the fire, which he at once stirred up into a big "I wonder what be written here?" he went on, looking at his trust, and putting away the piece of gold. "I'll find out all about it afore I'm manny minutes oulder, or I beant his veins. "Rich, Desmorof" exclaimed his companion. Hoppin' Pidgers—darn'em for callin' me sichen "How can she possibly be so? She has always a name! I knows how to mak' out a good number o' letters, which I dessay I'll manage to nut together into words o' some soort or other. If I finds that the stuff be nout particlar, I'se Inboured night and day. I know that she paste the paper up agin, an' give it to the belongs to an excellent family, but I do not chap—to this besmore, whose so pratty-faced imagine the members of it ever assist her in as to mak' Comfort Shavins turn up her nose on the following morning, Desmoro awoke unrefreshed and languid. His slumbers had been much disturbed by dreams of terror, and he was somewhat feverish and nervous in conworld, an' of everythin' else besides."

heard in the passage communicating with the stage, and Mrs. Polderbrant became visible.

4 Pidgers," said she, now almost close by his an entirely new existence

side. "Parn the writin'! I's not bother my 'ed about any moor o' it !" he muttered, inaudibly, in search of him whom he expected.

at the same time throwing the sheet of paper in | But, far as is sight would reach, he could see at the same time throwing the sheet of paper in | the fire, where it was consumed at once. "Yes, marm," he continued, turning round to the speaker, and plucking at one of his locks of watch, and glanced at it; then sauntered about

hair in an humble manner. " I want you to do me a little favour."

"Yes, marm. "I'un into the inn close by, and ask the landlord or landlady to change you this five-pound note. I'll take charge of the door while you

are gone." "Vary weel, marm," he rejoined, staring at the unusual request.
Until then, Pidgers did not believe that any

member of Samuel Jellico's company had ever owned a five pound-note in all his life. But the bank-paper was in Pidgers' possession, and he felt bound to credit his own cycsight.

"I don't want any one to know of this little matter, Pidgers, so please do not mention it to any one either in or out of the theatre," said Mrs. Polderbrant.

"I'll take care o' that marm ' "And when you come back, I'll give you the price of a glass of ale for your trouble. Now, make haste, and, whatever you do, don't lose

"No, marm." And Pidgers vanished.

After the lanse of a very short time the man returned with the change of the bank-paper.

"At first, they'd hardly give it to me, marm."
he said, telling into her hand the crowns and half-crowns he had brought. "They said if they hadn't a know'd me for a honest c'racter, they'd a sent me back wee summut in my car.
They looked moighty s'picious at the note, an'
held it up to the light, an' did ever so much
besides, afore they'd tak' it."

make you tipsy,"
"Thank ye, marm—much obteged to ye,"

ly grateful air.
Then Mrs. Polderbrant left the theatre, and

giving vent to a shrill whistle, flung the pennies up in the air, caught them again, and

booked distainfully upon them.

The hesitated in some confusion. Hitherto, we have string thing? The exclaimed, mutter-Losing patience with the man, Colonel Sy- ingly. "As if I cared for hur pattry pence! under her government, and she could not ture now turned to the door, on the threshold. She dunno what I've gotten in my pocket, nor understand that he should ever do anything put off these oud clothes now, and buy mysel. Now, although he had felt her harsh control, some new ones—bran new ones. Not sichen and had often writhed under it he had never as they sells at the pawnshop. I wonders if once murmured to obey her will and pleasure, torgue, and induce you to civilly answer my question relative to the abode of the young fessions to the lad, over whom she now felt a him. I can't go fur to say anny fairer nor that, borror them on her; for what dun sichen a ould witch as hur want wee maney, I should

or him shortly and well.

Quite clated, Desmore sought Comfort's presence; and together the young teacher and his sought poted over their newly-acquired treasure.

Yes, yes, he would make up his mind to send him a letter—just a few carefully-penned lines — nothing more.

The girl's face were a puzzled, yexed express

"I will take your advice;" spoke the gentless the up of the composition of met. But 6 I've brunt the soger-officer's letter, an' theer "In a few minutes hence I will return note for Mr. Desmoro."

The hev some decent duds on my back by that to retort, to reply to her in her own language, time, an' I shall be a bit boulder than a war; to give bitter answers to her bitter questions. afore. Wait outil to-morrow, and comfort

And with his elbows on his knees, his chin Darting into an adjoining inn, he asked for supported in the palms of his hands, he mused dant accents vibrated through the room.

on, cunningly, maliciously, and darkly, His mind being equally as deformed as his bo y, he was ready for any sort of mischiefany sort of wrong-doing. He had east his wick- all your actions; so take heed of what you do ed eyes on the delicate and dainty Co afort for the future---for even the lifting of your finhe perceived had found favour in her sight. And more than once he had contemplated setting the theatre on fire during the dead of night,

Presently, the Colonel was again at the stage—that he daily occupied, for he was supposed to that he daily occupied, for he was supposed to word, that she would carry her menace into be the guardian of the stage-door both by night execution; and, knowing this much, he began and by day, and but rarely quitted the build-

Early on the following morning, Colonel his wite. Symme, whose regiment was quartered in this As you "Oh, yes, sartin sure, sur!" growled the man, town, left his home, and directed his steps to-s eyes fixed greedily on the golden piece, wards the Manel ester Road. The gentleman walked with uncertain steps, and looked pale and baggard, as if he had passed a sleepless roof Thank you, and good-night!" returned night, and was suffering some pain in consequence thereof.

Colonel Syncure had a loveless wife, and, as you may well imagine, his home was far from being an abode of happiness or comfort.

Woman can create either sunshine or storms "when I find that that commission has been 'neath (er husband's roof, Mrs. Symure created delivered according to its address, I will fur conly storms 'neath that of hers. This lack of all home allurements had cre-

At this Pidgers puned at one or as roaga ac inquired.

At this Pidgers puned at one or as roaga ac inquired.

At this Pidgers puned at one or as roaga ac inquired.

At this Pidgers puned at one or as roaga ac inquired.

Pidgers did not move for some seconds, but wered she. But we must not dream of kept his gaze fastened on the space through the being able to procure a peep at that work for which his visitor had just vanished, listening to fill up—to fill up the whole world.

face—which was a faithful reflexion of his own -with his voice and manners also, and he felt proud to reflect that the youth belonged to him, and that the blood of the Symures ran in

ther the spirit of his dead wife of the wife nor title, can make a true gentlewoman of her whom he had never acknowledged, and whose on whom Heaven has refused to set His beaumemory he had grievously ignored—could look tifying marks. down from her bright abode, and read his changed feelings-changed for the better, far?

pore overits contents,

"That's a a, I knows that much," he said,
commencing his self-imposed and dishonest
task.

And what a thrill was pervading his frame—
a thrill novel and ple surable as well! The
blood was tingling through all his veins and
blood was tingling through and seith according to the room as she spoke. task.

At this instant, approaching footsteps were arteries with accelerated speed, and with accel-

In short, Colonel Symure was experiencing an entirely new existence.

He reached the turnpike gate; and pausing there, looked wistfully up and down the road

nothing of Desmoro Desmoro.

The gentlen-an sauntered about, took out his again,

Yet no one appeared in sight. Half an hour went by, half an hour of anxicty to Colonel Symure, yet Desmoro did not

come. The gentleman began to wax impatient and uneasy, also. Wherefore did not Desmoro come? Surely had he suspected that a parent's

clinging arms were waiting to receive him, he would have lost no time in flying into them! Another, and another half hour passed away, and now the Colonel, wearied of waiting, was slowly retracing his way homeward, feeling most perplexed, disappointed, and unhappy.

Could be have made any mistake? Had be, in making this appointment, named a wrong hour? In the hurry and confusion of the moment he might have done so.

Perh ps the stage-door keeper had not yet had an opportunity of delivering the Colonel's letter or he had mislaid it, or forgotten it entirely. The man appeared quite ignorant, and

insolent enough for anything.

Colonel Symure attached no blame whatever

When the gentleman arrived at his own dwelling he was received by his wife with a whole torrent of inquiries.

Where had he been at that early hour, and what had been the business upon which he had been engaged? Mrs Symure demanded, asperity in all her tones. He hadn't been at the bar-rack, she knew, for she had sent thither to in-

The husband's face paled, and his lips

"Caroline," he replied, unsteadily, "don't ask me any further questions about this tritling absence of mine. I have told you before that he said, receiving the coppers with a seeming- a man cannot be completely tied to his wife's apron-string!"

"Oh, indeed, Colonel Symme?" sneered she, Then Mrs. Polderbrant left the theatre, and wended her way to her humble lodgings, which her eyes fastened upon his changing features, noticing their every passing shade. "I know were in the neighbourhood close by. Indicing their every passing shade "I know Scarcely was she out of sight, when Pidgers, that no sort of military business t ok you out, and knowing that much, I am desirons of being informed what you did,"

whatsoever such might happen to be, The case was diff rent, now; her queries, so full of authority, struck his car like

heavy blows, and his spirit rebelled against his usurped dominion over him. ne he answered

And as he spoke, he seated himself on the "Do you choose to answer me, or do you Perhips it would be better to write to Dessitod on the hearth, and mechanically taking up not, Colonel Symure" she sternly interrogated, her countenance growing purple with

suppressed rage.

Not a word returned he. He was standing before her, motionless and white, dreading to

give his curbed feelings vent. For the first time in his life he felt inclined

He felt weary of hearing that vixenish toague Sh vins 'Il not know me, spiced out as I shall; of hers; now, more than ever, was it hateful to his car, 6 Ob, for freedom from such a thrall I" he inwardly exclaimed, as her discor-

I here's some mystery at work, Colonel," she proceeded,—" some mystery, which I will soon fathom, never fear! I'll set a watch upon gers will be known to me !"

Colonel Symure's eyes thished at these words, Was be this woman's spaniel or her slave, that she should threaten him after this sort of

He knew that Caroline would keep her For his was a pacific nature, and he would submit to almost anything rather than run the risk of provoking an open rupture with

As you perceive, Colonel Symure did not own a very brave spirit. He might not have been a coward on the field of battle, but he was certainly such under his own domestic

He was earnestly wishing he could open his agitating it. Yes, he wished that he could do this, we say; but he was far from entertaining a notion of carrying those wishes into effect,

Surely, never before was man so trainineled 'as he-never was man in such a painful di-

lemma placed.
So, at least, he thought. But he made no demur-he suffered silently.

: She would have preferred a war of words be-He had done a grievous wrong; but as it was ; tween them, to have vented all her bitter malice

Caroline was what becode term a "born and bred hidy?-that is to say, her parents were rich, and came of an ancient race. But such weak facts as those had not been sufficient to render their eldest daughter amiable and good —for Nature's fashionings are beyond all The father looked upwards, wonder ng whe- human control; for neither birth, nor money,

The function hour arrived, and Colonel Svmure and his spouse sat down to the meal in Could she penetrate into the depths of his on, and view the flood of paternal emotions into a sullen frown, which seemed to forbid

his speech on any subject. After the luncheon was over, the gentleman inquired what letters the morning post had

He kindled his fire, set his little sooty kettle on the hob, performed his morning ablutions, then, feeling easier, he scatted himself before the grate, and began to think, and to congratuate himself as well—to concern that himself as well—to concern the door, and likewise down a passage leading to the stage, l'idgers upon was gilded with the beams of that surplement that fact the door, and likewise down a passage leading to the stage, l'idgers upon was gilded with the beams of that surplement as well—to concern the door, and likewise as spect in his eyes; every object he now looked on a passage leading to the stage, l'idgers upon was gilded with the beams of that surplement as well—to concern the door, and likewise as the morning ablutions, and began to have a brighter and fairer and fairer and fairer and fairer as well—to be sure, you went out before the now looked as a passage leading to the stage, l'idgers as a passage leading to the stage, l'i "Ah, to be sure, you went out before the

> The mention of his brother's name had drawn the Colonel's thoughts back to Desmoro,

> his son.
> He would summon Percy to his side, and beg him to assist in the deed of reparation he was contemplating.

He went to his desk, and taking up Percy's open communication—which Mrs. Symure had already perused—read as follows:—

6 Brightstone House, Wargrave,

" MY DEAR DES, "As Lucy is again in her tautrums, I mean to run away from home to-morrow, in order to

pay you a short visit.

"I've had a severe touch of the gont lately, which, together with Lucy's ill-humour, has nearly driven me out of my senses.

"I am beginning to wish there was not a woman in the whole world! "Yours affectionately,

"PERCY SYMURE."

"P.S.—Oh, by-the-by, don't forget to re-member me to Caroline. I shall endeavour to escape from my tormentor as soon as possible; and, by proceeding post-haste, I may probably be able to reach you at the end of the present week."

The Colonel uttered a thankful exclamation is he finished the perusal of his brother's brief and characteristic letter. Percy was coming to him just at the time when his presence would be doubly acceptable-just when he was long-

ing and praying to see him.

Truly nothing could have happened more opportunely than the approaching visit of Percy Symure.

[To be continued.]

Earl Russell is about to publish a volume of ty in all her tones. He hadn't been at the bar-rack, she knew, for she had sent thither to in-quire after him. Then where on earth had he been?



The Wearthstone.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 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 Records.

Every body sending a club of 5 will also re-

ceive one copy of the Family Record. Let each Subscriber send us at least a club of 5, and secure his Paper and Presentation Plate

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. DESHARATS,

RETURNING THANKS.

In resuming control of the paper, after an illness of five weeks, the Editor would take the opportunity of offering his most sincere thanks to Frank Krauss, Esq., Editor of the Committee Illustrated News, and to W. Topless, Esq., Sub-Editor of the Montreal Herald, for their valuable services in conducting the paper for him while he was unable to attend to it himself.

The Editor would also thank the competitors for prizes for their patience in waiting for a decision, and begs to assure them that now he is in his accustomed place once more, no time will be lost in completing the reading and making the awards.

PROBUBITION.

We have seen mention lately in a leading

temperance paper of an effort being made to induce the Local Legislature to pass an act prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor. Of course, such a law is the dream of all the ardent disciples of total abstainance, and they doubtless imagine that such a law would have the effect of checking the crime of drunkenness, and of abolishing the liquor trade. We anticipate no such results from a prohibitory law, should one ever be passed; prohibition has been tried in the States and has not succeeded, the only noticeable difference being that the liquor was sold on the sly and no tax was paid to the State or city. The total abstainers as compared with those who use intoxicating liquors are in a very small minority; we doubt whether in the whole of Canada tenper cent of those who have arrived at man's estate belong to any temperance organization | spread tent is most grateful to the traveller on or are total abstainers without being members of any Lodge; a law, therefore, so manifestly bolling under its branches. Birdline is prepared opposed to the bulk of public opinion must be inoperative. Do not misunderstand us, we are pigeons and paroquets, out the fruit greedily, one deprecates the crime more than we do, and no one can be more anxious and willing to do | tious. all in our power to lessen the evil toan we are; but, we do not think a prohibitory law is the way to do it. There is a law which we need, and need sadly, and if our temperance friends would busy themselves to get it passed, we think they would confer a more lasting boon on the country than by all the prohibitory laws that could ever be passed. The law we mean is one providing for the proper inspection of all liquor exposed for sale, and the destruction of all adulterated or impure spirits. A standard should be set for each kind of liquor, and inspectors appointed to visit all taverus, or other places where liquor is sold, and test the quality of the articles offered for sale; this should be done by analysis by competent officers appointed by the Government; in the event of the liquor being adulterated or impure it should be thrown in the gutter, and for a second offence the vendor should also be fined; with reference to imported liquors they should be inspected on landing, and if not up to standard the importer may be given the option of re-shipment or destruction. We venture to say that such a law, properly enforced, would very seriously decrease the number of drunkards, for in many, many cases it is not the quantity but the quality of the liquor which causes intoxication. It is not in "low groggeries" alone that adulterated liquor is found—altho' it is most common there —but in some of our gilded saloons, resplendent with plate glass and marble, and glittering in floods of gaslight, adulterated liquors are sold across the counter which is little else than pure poison. We have inspectors of flour, pork

article which is daily consumed in great quantities by a large majority of our citizens. Let us have inspectors of liquor at once; we cannot have them too soon.

IMPROVED CABS.

We have always been led to believe that ondon was one of the most favoured cities in the world as rejoicing in the possession of excellent cabs and a thoroughly good cab system. Certainly we thought the comforts and conveniences of a "Hansom" were sufficient for the wants of mortal man, and the glories of a "Four-wheeler" enough to make glad the heart of the cab-using public. But London is not satisfied, and is crying out for improved cabs. Some of the defects complained of in the present cabs are: Want of room in both Hansoms" and "Four-wheelers;" too high seats in the "Four-wheelers," and the failure to utilize the space beneath the seats; too high steps on the "Hansoms," making it difficult to enter or leave them; imperfect arrangements for opening and closing the window; want of ventilation, &c. It will thus be seen that the faults of the London cabs are numerous, and the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce," of which the Prince of Wales is President, has offered a series of five prizes ranging from £10 to £60 each for improved cabs of any description exhibited at ; the International Exhibition in South Kensington in 1873. These cabs must be in regular compete. Now why cannot some of our enterprising cab manufacturers send over half a dozen of our Montreal cabs to compete; they combine roominess, strength, case and elegance of appearance, and are in all respects fully equal-and in some superior-to the London "Four-wheeler." That they would obtain a prize-if not the first-we feel convinced, and even if they did not, the appearance of these strange vehicles, so different from the ordinary London cab, in the streets of London, would attract more attention and cause more inquiry about Canada than fifty costly emigration are the "Cameronians." agents. We want to show the people of the Old World that Canada does not consist entirely of back-woods; that the country produces something besides ice, lumber, and furs; that we are a manufacturing people and are growing more and more so. Lately we advocated a large representation of Canadian munufactures at the Vienna Exhibition; not a mere show of wood, coal and ores, but a fair sample of the manufacturing industries of the Dominion, and we hope to see some of our carriage manufacturers take up this matter of improved cabs for London and enter into the competition with spirit; it is only by pitting ourselves against the manufacturers of the Old World that we can judge of our short-comings or our successes and foster that spirit of chutlation which is the very life of all manufacturing enterprises.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

BANYAN-TREES.—The most colebrated of these trees is on an island in the Nerbudda; its stems occupy a circumference of 2,000 feet, the area covered by its branches being much greater. The shade from the sun afforded by this large and with souirrels and monkeys, which also delight to resort to the deep shade, make the old tree seem alive with their lively and rapid mo-At night it is often lit up with myriads of fire-tiles. The banyan-tree, as well as its congener the poepul (F. religiosa), is regarded of Are-ties with veneration by the Buddhists in Ceylon, and by the Hindoos in India, and these tree are often found giving shelter to their temples The following notice of a well-known specimen of this remarkable tree is recorded by the director of the Royal Gardens at Kew :—In the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta, the great banyantree, which is still the pride and ornament of the garden, Dr. Falconer satisfactorily ascer-tained to be only seventy-five years old. Aumuni rings, size, etc., afford no evidence in such tese, but people were alive a few Years ag who remember well its site being occupied in 1782 by a kujoor (date palm) out of whose crown the bunyan sprouted, and beneath which a fakir It is a remarkable fact that the banyan hardly over vegetates on the ground; but its figs are eaten by birds, and the seeds deposited in the crowns of palms, where they grow, sending down roots that embrace and eventually kill the palm, which decays away. This tree is now eighty feet high, and throws an area 300 feet in diameter into a dark, cool shade. Had this tree been growing in 1848 over the great palm-stove at Kow, only thirty feet of that vast structure would have been uncovered; its increase was proceeding so rapidly, that by this time it could probably cover the whole. Larger banyans are common in India; but few are so symmetrical in shape and height. panyan-tree gets old, and breaks up into sepa the props becoming separate trunks of the different portions.

FAMILY BIBLES.-The New York " Weekly Trade Circular says:—" Speaking of Bibles, did you over know how many big quarto 'Family Bibles ' our l'biladelphia subscription publishers sell? Nearly every house has from one to a dozen Bibles as part of its regular stock, and some of them sell enormous quantities. W W. Harding estimates his sales at an average of 2,000 a month. John E. Potter & Co. say their books show an average of 1,040 a month for the ast month and a half. Who says we are not a religious people? I sought for an explanation of this vast Bible trade—to me astonishing—and

people are married every day, and they all want a family Bible when they go to housekeeping.' The I saw the point." On pointing out the above paragraph to a young member of the trade he remarked that it was the same here; family Bibles are regarded as piecess of furniture and the "correct" thing to give. He himself has recently married, and has had four Bibles presented by as many friends, each unaware of the other's intention. This was to some extent accounted for by the fact that both he and his wife were members of the same Wesleyan Chanel.

Some time last summer one Coffin, a contractor on the line of the New York and Boston Railroad left several cans of nitro-glycerine or the railroad about two miles east of Yonkers. The cans were in wooden boxes, with the necks projecting. Around these cans was a heart fence, with notices as follows: "Danger! Danger!! Let nothing tompt you to touch, or even go near the contents of the inclosure. It is nitro-glycerine." Four young men of Yonkers, John Donnelly, age 19; Wm Terry, age 21; Michael Callagee and George Hill, age 19, went gunning on Monday. Coming to the inclosure, Donnelly and Terry got behind trees, while the others, thinking, it is the railroad about two miles east of Yonkers behind trees, while the others, thinking, it is supposed that they were at a safe distance, threw stones at the cans to test the explosive power of their contents. As a consequence, they were blown to atoms. At last accounts not a remnant of Hill's body could be found, though fragments of his clothes had lodged in neighbouring trees, and only fragments of Callagee's body had been recovered. Donnelly and Terry were badly mangled, but the trees saved their lives. Terry will probably lose the sight of one of his eyes.

STAMP COLLECTING .- The mania for collecting rare postage stamps still continues, and we suppose we may safely put stamp collecting on a pur with coin collecting, and expect that it will continue to be a prensurance pursuit to the wealthy, for only the wealthy can afford to in-dulge their taste in rare stamps, judging from the prices obtained at a late sale in London by Messrs, Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. The will continue to be a pleasurable pursuit to the use in the streets of some city for three months following were the rarest specimens:—A 20-previous to the exhibition to entitle them to variety of the same, only one other in existence variety of the same, only one other in existence -£8 12s. A Jefferson Market Post-office stamp, pink, unique—£5. Boyd's City Express Post, large oval, unique; this is struck over a Pomeroy large oval, unique; this is struck over a Pomeroy stamp... 27–15s. A 13-cents Sandwich Isles stamp, figure in fancy border; a very line specimen of this rare stamp... L6 10s. A 5-cents Confederate States' Nashville stamp, slate, unused, very scarce... L5. A 3-cents Marion stamp, black, written figure, unused; believed to be unique... 5 guineas. A 10-cents ditto, extremely rare, nused—6 gaineas. A 2-cents Memphis stamp, light blue, unused—£5. The whole, consisting of 275 specimens, produced £252 17s. 6d.

CAMERONS AND THE CAMERONIANS .-- The 79th Regiment is often erroneously described as "The Cameron Highlanders." The 26th Footare the "Cameronians." The latter first conare the "Cameronians." The latter first consisted of Scotch Covenanters, who formed themselves into an armed body in 1688. They defended Dunkeld, after the battle of Killicerankle, against the Highlanders, among whom were the Camerons, under their chief, Cameron of Localiel. The 79th Regiment, or "Cameron Highlanders," ware, not ambedied until the regime of locare." were not embodied until the reign of George III, when they were raised by the Cameron of Lochiel of that time, a pardoned Highland chief, whose ancestors had fought against the Hanoverlan dynasty, and in favor of the Stuarts. The Cameronians, on the other hand, had always been the bitterest opponents of the Stuarts

DIAMOND SHOW A SERVA .- The diamond known as "the Star of South Africa," the dis-covery of which at the Cape and subsequent purchase by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of New Bond Street, were mentioned some time ago has been sold by that firm to the Earl of Dudley and mounted by them as the centre of a coronel which, with other of the counters's jewels, is now at the International Exhibition at South Kensington. The present weight of this remark-able stone is 46; carats; it is of the purest wate-and brilliancy, and is singular in being the first and only due stone of any size which has been sent home from the new mines. sent home from the new mines.

THE fact of there being no dlamonds or other precious stones in Arizona is now officially an-nounced. "The San Francisco and New York Commercial and Mining Company" sent some commercial and Mining Company" sent some time ago a surveying party to Arizona, under command of Mr. Clarence King, a geologist of well-known skill and ability. Mr. King has made his report, and says there are no diamonds in the district except the rough stones which have been brought there and placed in crevices of rocks and in the surface soil. In the cold of rocks and in the surface soil. In the gold mining districts they call this "satting a claim," but we describe it by another name and call it an attempt toswindle.

ACRES OF FLOWERS.-Thousands of norms of soil are annually planted with flowers in France for making perfume alone. A single grower in Southern France sells annually 60,000 matters undit for the ears, much more for the pounds each of Jasmine and tuberose, 40,000 intervention, of the female sex. They could not, pounds of violet blossoms, besides thousands of then, be lawyers. How could they be physipounds of mint, thyme, rosemary, etc., and he is but one of hundreds engaged in this branch of horticulture. The atmosphere of some of these towns is so filled with fragrance that a person is made aware of his approach to them contrary to the reserve and retirement which person is made aware of his approach to them by the olours that greet him miles away.

GRANITE is fast taking the place of marble in the cemeteries of the United States, on account of its cheapness and superior durability. best is obtained from the Blue Mountains in

LITERARY ITEMS.

A SUMMER'S ROMANCE, By Mary Healy, Hoston: Roberts Brothers, Montreal : Dawson Brothers, Cloth. \$1,50,

A very well written story of a summer in Capri. The plot is simple; Lady Thurlow, a rich Englishwoman seeking health in Capri, dies there and leaves her companion Louis Farland a legacy of £750 to have a summer's vacation This Louis determines to enjoy by remain ing in Capri and studying drawing with the idea of supporting horself in future by the brush in-stead of tolling as a governess, or companion. With this view she leaves the hotel and takes up her residence with the priest of the village Hore she meets Harry Lester, a poor artist, and of course they fall in love. About this time there appears on the scene a friend of Lester's, Mr. Carryl Crittenden, who endeavours to prevent his friend committing the folly of marrying a poor girl, and in order to save him makes love to Louie himself: he is rejected, and Lester and Louis become engaged. The next day Lester receives a letter informing him that he is the heir of lady Thurlow, her entire fortune, some £12,000 per ann. being left him on the condition that he married one of his own rank and station. Louis is a foundling and he has to choose between his fortune and his love. Crittenden advises him and at last proposes a compromise which Lester, after much besitation, agrees to. It is this: Louie is a Catholic, Loster : tant, Crittenden proposes that he should marry not comply with the forms necessary under English law to render the marriage legal, so that while Louis should think she was his wife she would in reality be only his mistress. Louis overhears this and it breaks his heart, and she dies in the cottage of a peasant girl who has been attentive to her, and so ends Louis's Sumer's Romance. The tale is rather sad, but is well told and the three principal characters, Louis, Lester and Crittendon, are excellently and powerfully design. and powerfully drawn.

OLD AND NEW .- The late fire in Boston destroyed the entire edition of this magazine for December, which was lying in the establish-ment of Messrs. Rand, Avery & Co. ready for distribution. Messrs. Roberts Bros., the enter-prising publishers, at once went vigorously to work, and in a little more than two weeks reproduced the salire number. The December number contains further instalments of Mr. Hale's story "Ups and Downs" and Mrs. Greenengh's idealist romance of "Pythonia." Both of them are fully maintaining the interest of their singularly different narratives. There are three editorials in the number; the Introduction, which makes some sensible suggestions about the business duties of the new Administration; the Examiner Introduction, which advocates what may be called a missionary theory of literary criticism; and the introduction to the Record of Progress, which sums up the doings of the recent Unitarian National Conference in Boston. Besides the critical and record depart-ments, which are full and instructive, there are in this number, a sonnet to George MacDonald, the Novelist, and some very sweet verses "To I. A."; a curious paper recommending the taxation of church real estate, which, we fancy, will be rather unpopular; and another curious paper with a Swedenborgian version of the beginning of Genesis, showing what Mr. Swedenborg supposed the "internal meaning" of the Bible to be; a queer little satisfical sketch translated from Hacklaender, the German story-writer; a lively story called "A Day's Journey;" and other good

THE MARBLE PROPHECY, and other poems. By Dr. J. G. Holland, New York: Seribner, Armstrong & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth. \$1.50.

The Marble Prophecy, a poem of about 350 lines in blank verse will not we, think, add much to the reputation of the author of "Bitter Sweet" and "Katrina," it falling far short of either of those works. Some of the minor poems are exquisite, especially "Words," "Where shall the baby's dimple be," and "The old clock at Prague." "Gradatine" is a perfect gem ; we quote one verse :

Heaven is not reached at a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly carrie to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round."

PRAYELS IN SOUTH AFRICA. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Montreal: Daw-son Bros. Cloth. \$1.50.

This is a well condensed and graphic account of the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope, and of the various explorations by Moffatt, Ander-son, Livingstone and others in South Africa. For those who want a succinet account of the discoveries in this interesting region we know no better book to recommend than Mr. Taylor's.

THE EUSTACHE DIAMONDS. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth, \$1.75.

An interesting novel in Mr. Trollope's usual yein, and one which will doubtless prove inter-

THE following observations on "the rights of woman" appeared in the October number of Cotburn's New Monthly Magazine:—"When people talk of the 'rights of women' to perform all the functions of civil life which men per-form, they forget that those rights' would involve duties which women cannot discharge. and labours which they cannot undergo. They might as well talk of the erights' of women to break stones on the road, or to serve in the police, or in the army or havy, or to go out on the whale-fisheries! They forget that women have duties of their own, which would be neglected if they attempted to discharge the duties of men also. Women simply have not the re-quisite physical strength and capabilities for doing the work of men. A lady-advocate, for instance, would be more likely to be broken down by the fatigue of professional business than an advocate of the stronger sex. She would hardly be able to endure seven or eight hours of legal work day after day in a crowded and noisy court. The nerves and frame of most women would be unequal to such exertions as men are able to undergo in public life. And in litigation (for we will, for argument's sake and to bring the question to a practical test, adhere to the supposed case of female law-practitioners), there would obviously arise a multitude of Intervention, of the female sex. They could not, then, be lawyers. How could they be physi-claus, except in the case of their own sex, and of children? They could not be divines, if the bent the sex, and which nature itself prompts them to maintain. Law, therefore, medicine (with the exception above stated), and divinity re closed against them. As to their interven are cossid against them. As to their therefore tion in political affairs, these require reasoning and women are not famous as reasoners, though their intuition be quick and acute. The trights of women' are, as all rights must be, limited by the duties and capabilities of the claimants."

THE Echo says: "Among the many interesting phenomena depleted in the "hicroglyphics of the astrological almonacks for next year, we turning her back towards the beholder, and enraged apparently in coaxing a large black cat, which, in its turn, is taking no notice of any-thing. The unassisted imagination might interpret this in various ways without hitting upon the true meaning of it; but, happily, the prophet himself explains. He says: The female figure, placed prominently in the foreground, indicates the position which woman is destined to occupy in the immediate future, while the fact of he face being turned away from us, and the attention she is bestowing upon the cat, would seem to imply that she will still retain that unobtrusiveness and domesticity which are reatest charms of her character.' So then both sides are to be satisfied, if compromise can satisfy either. But we greatly fear that this vision will be found unsatisfactory all round. The advocates of 'prominence' will hardly agree to have that prominence merely consist in prominent domesticity, a sort of turning the family life inside out; while their opponents will assuredly object to the couxing of a black cat being taken as the type of that life in the home which they always speak of us the 'sphere' of woman. While, then, the compromise is a fallure, the uncompromising part of the plature is even worse. The young lady has a chignon at least twice the size of her head. The presence of such a monstrosity in a vision of the the answer was ready: 'Just see how many her according to the rites of her own church, but future is enough to appeal the stoutest heart."

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The formal opening of a branch of the Canada Central Railway from Renfrew to Pembroke, took place on Wednesday week.—Hon. Alex. Morris, Intely Chief Justice of Manitoba, has been appointed Lt-Governor of that Province and of the North West Territories. The appointment meets with universal approbation.—Samuel ilume Blake, Q. C., succeeds Mr. Mowatas Vice-Chancellor of Ontario, and Mr. Isaac F. Jones, of Goderich, is named Deputy Judge for the County of Huron.—It is stated that Miss Mye is to receive a subsidy for each child brought out and apprenticed in Ontario.—Mr. George R. Kingsmill of Teronto, received his instructions as immigration commissioner to the nidland counties of England, and sailed last Saturday.—The Bay Verte canal survey, between Monoton and Shedina, was finished on the 25th ult. Ten miles of the ground are reported to be at an elevation of 125 feet, and in comparison with the more easterly routes especially the Laplance long lake and Tulnish route, are said to be out of the question altegether.—The Ontario Gazzite contains a proclamation from Lt.-Governor Howland further protogning the Ontario Legislature from 7th December to January 8th.—The Department of Public Works is about to provide an illuminated clock for the grand tower of the Parliament Buildings.—Archbishop Tuschereau of Quebee has letered selfences of the State Actions, counsels the

Document to January 8th. —The Department of Public Works is about to provide an illuminated clock for the grand tower of the Parliament Buildings. —Archbishop Tuschoroau of Quebee has lott for Rome.

Universe States.—The N. Y. Tribune, commels the electoral colleges of the States which cost their votes for its late editor, to give their sufference President the 2nd. There was an unusually full attendance. —Mr. John Cochrano. Chairman of the State National Committees, writes lotters advising the domocratic electors to vote for Grant. On the other hand Mr. Schell, Chairman of the National Domocratic electors to vote for Grant. On the other hand Mr. Schell, Chairman of the National Domocratic electors to vote for Grant. On the other hand Mr. Schell, Chairman, of the National Domocratic electors to vote for Grant. On the other hand Mr. Schell, Chairman of the National Domocratic electors to vote for Grant. On the other hand Mr. Schell, Chairman of the National Domocratic electors to vote for Grant. On the other hand the secretary of State on contingent exponses within the scope of their authority. —The report of the Secretary of State on contingent exponses shows that during the fiscal year, ending with June last, the contingent exponditors for foreign intercourse and missions amounted to mearly \$30,000. \$325,000 were paid to statisfy the Itudeon Bay and Pugel Sound indemnity, \$22 was paid to B. D. Davis at the bearer to England of the Alubana Troaty. The Treaty case cost \$55,200 and the freight in it was \$5,000. — The first through train over the new Milwankou & St. Louis R. R., arrived in Chicago on the 2nd. — The Chicago load of the Alubana Troaty. The Treaty case cost \$55,200 and the freight in it was \$5,000. — The first through train over the new Milwankou & St. Louis R. R., arrived in Chicago on the 2nd. — The Chicago has a special from Port Gibson, Indian territory, which says that a bill has passed the Chicago of the owners and special from Port Gibson, Indian territory, which says that a bill has passed th

Vice-President returned to Washington were present.

England.—A large republican meeting was hold in Hydo Park on the let. Mosers, Odger and Bradlaugh were the principal speakers. A resolution condemning the Public Parks regulations bill was adopted, and a petition drawn up asking for the resignation of Commissioner Ayrton.—The Grystal Palace will soon be Highted by gas manufactured from petroloum.—The number of emigrants that left Liverpool during November exceeded that of the operators were instantly killed, and a large number injured, some fatally.—Hans Christian Andersen, the wolk known Danish pool and novelist, is seriously ill. He is now in his 67th year.—All the stokers employed by four or five of the largest gas companies in London struck work last week. Seteral petals were unjustly discharged. Five hundred of them have been summoned to appear before the Police Court, under the Masters and Servants' Act. The summonses of several of the strikers charge them with compiracy. The companies show no disposition to concede the domand of the strikers and the latter amounce that they are determined not to resume work until their companies show no disposition to concede the domand of the strikers and the latter amounce that they are determined not to resume work until their companions are taken back. Meanwhile the absence of gas is severely fett throughout London. At night the city is in a state of partial darkness, and several of the hories were compelled to omit their performances. The inhabitants are filled with consternation and dread, and the irritation against the striking stokers is very great.—The announcement has been made that subscription books for a Spanish loan of £10,000,000 will be opened in the London market on the 12th.

France.—Two Cabinet councils, each of long duration, was hold on Sunday week.

will be opened in the London market on the 12th.

France.—Two Cabinet councils, each of long duration, was hold on Stunday week. After a full deliberation upon the situation. M. Thiers finally agreed to remain in the Presidency if the Ministers who tendered their resignations withdrew them, and the latter consented to the proposal of the President.

—The Assembly has elected the members of the Committee of Thirty proposed by Minister Dufaure. The committee is from the Right, representing 351 vites, and eleven deputies from the Left, representing 333 votes.—The tombs of Gunarias Cavaignne and Baudin, in Montmartre cometory, were decorated on the 2nd in the presence of 300 persons. The coremony was quietly conducted, and there was no interference on the part of the police.

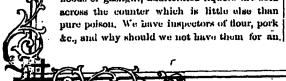
Spain.—A Royal decree fixes the emission of a new loan to the amount of 250,000,000 posetus for the 12th inst.——A despatch from Bayonne, in the Department of the Basses Pyrenees, says 250 Carlists entered Spain from France on the 3rd.——President Thiors has sent a despatch to King Amadeus, of Spain, congratulating him upon his convalescence.—There is much excitement in Malaga over the approhension of a Carlist demonstration in that city. Many families are leaving, and troops are being quartered in the Caston House and Cathedral.

ITALY.—The waters of the River Po have again overflowed their embankments and inundated the country around Turin. At last advices the flood was spreading.——Sir Bartle Frore has arrived in Home on his way to Aden to Join the British expedition for the suppression of the slave trade on the African coast. He was received by the King, who gave him a gold medal bearing the Royal effigy, and asked him to present it to Livingstone as a pledge of his esteom.

SWITZERLAND.—The Session of the Federal Assembly of Switzerland opened on the 2nd. M. Requin, of Lausanne, was closted President, and M. Kopp, of Lucerne, Vice-President of the Republic.

Australia.—A confingration in Auckland, New Zoaland, destroyed buildings and other property to the value of \$100,000.

GERMANY.—Nearly all the newly-elected Peer neve taken their seats in the Upper House of the



AN INTRUDER.

BY HIRAM BICH.

Baby has been here, it seems
Baby Annie on the wing—
In my little library,
Plundering and reveling.

Annie dear, the darling witch— See how innecent she looks— But she has a world of wiles When she gets among my books.

Haif the time I own she seems Less a being than a star; Then again I ory, "My books; Annie, what a rogue you are!"

" No, no—" papa cries in vain : Down the dainty volumes come : Papa, here you are no king, I am queen in baby-dom.

Stately Johnson lies in grief Under laughing Rabelais; Emerson is flat for once; Heine's thumbing Thackeray. :

Whittier, O poet rare! Thou hast many pages less; But if all where gone but one, That would hold and charm or bless,

Baby with the double crown, And the laughter-haunted eyes, Papa's mactum, volume-strewn. Is to thee a Paradise!

I forgive thee when I feel Breath and lips upon me pressod, Sweet as any allen air, Blown from harbors of the blest.

"Pana." something whispers me,
"Better every laden shelf
Emptied by her taby hands
Than the house all to thyself."

THE VISIT.

I was admired and envied by my acquaintance. I was handsome, sprightly, quick-wit-ted; and though I did not paint in water-colors, was tolerably accomplished, nineteen years old, and of one of the best families in Kingsford. My family was all that it should be; but notwith-standing its prosperity and power, I was much dissatisfied with my condition at this time. To me Kingsford was a desert. My inner life was a desert, a waste, a solitude, where, figuratively speaking, there was no castles in the air, no palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Of course I did not value the inestimable privilege of health, youth, and the enjoyment of solid worldly com-forts. My mind was empty; in fact, it was wasting for every possible experience and its result. The mysterious oracle which proclaims the power and solare of nature was doubt and family was all that it should be; but notwiththe power and solace of nature was dumb, and the instinctive sympathies which give us an insight into the individualities of others had not been roused. Without dreaming the truth con-cerning myself—and there was no one to tell me of it-this was the statement of my case. There was no social stimulant in Kingsford, no society; there was not a delightful man in the range of my acquaintance; the whole male population of Kingsford might have been marshaled before me dally, and rank and file would not have given my heart one extra bent. Months passed in this way, and no gleam of relief ap-peared beyond my horizon. Nobody visited us, no letters came to me, not even from my dear school friends, from whom I had been absent a year. What a sellish world—and me perishing! lying with hunger and thirst, which no one suspected. My mother, whose vocabulary of reproof was choice, bestowed it upon me in a mechanical way, but she did not discover the oot of the evil. Do mothers ever discover the wants and needs of their daughters? should they, in the fullness of their own co tent with husbands, children, and the absolute queenship of home created for them?

One summer day, when, more than usual, i perceived there was no philosophy in heaven or earth to dream of, I went to mother, who was in her sitting-room. My appearance must have struck her disagreeably, she frowned so, and

said, irritably,
"Go away, Anne Capel."

But I would not go; I planted myself in a chair by the window, and stared out. The clouds rose in snowy masses up the blue sky, dipping and breaking into each other; the nelds, with their boundary walls, stretched away till they met the dismal pine woods. I never see those fundamental clouds, white and solid. towering into the blue ether, without seeing the image of my fair mother, as she sat with a re-

'Have you finished your novels, Anne?" she

Yes, every novel in this old town. I am not famishing for books, though I am starving for human beings, and there ain't any in these parts."

"Oh, Anne, Anne, what a wicked girl! You are spoiled by indulgence. You are too idle for anything. I have an errand or two for you to Will you do them, and turn yourself to a little account?

"Yes; anything to break the monotony,"
"Widow Clapp must have some ten, and I want you to go to Homon's and ask him to save to go to Homon's, you know, Anne,"

And so I did. In a few minutes I was on the

road which skirted the upper part of our village; it was steeped in sunshine, and perfumed with the wild flowers in the thicket. Mrs. Chapp's gratitude detained me, and the sun was when I started for Homon's, a little way up the same road. Homon's was a farm where some of our supplies were obtained. It was a cheerful old place, one building tumbling into another, mixed with a delightful familiarity of weeds, flowers, poultry, "creatures," and peo-ple. I walked over the short turf of the front ped across the threshold. The doors were all open; the rooms were occupied; a parrot squal-led in emulation of Homon's laugh, who sat against the wall. Mrs. Homon was flying about

with the supper utensils. "Glad you've come, Miss Anne," Homon wled; "for some folks have come who know you. Saves me taking 'em along to your house

Come in, come in."
"Sartinly she's going to stay," added Mrs.
Homon. "They've come upon me unawares, and here they are; and go right in unto them,

[7] looked across the passage, and, to my sur-prise, looked on an old friend and schoolmate, Olive Vernon, from whom I had received no tidings since her wedding-card six months ago. She was calmly surveying me through her eye

glass, and wore a refreshing smile.
"Olive! Olive!" I cried, "ghost i
gray, and here! What does it mean?
"I am here because my aunt has

"I am here because my aunt has busines with this bovine man; I was going to you after ward. Are you ready to make me a visit at once? My purpose holds good for that fact."

"Yos; we are housekeeping in Moreham. My husband is a doctor, you know, and is try-ing to establish a practice. Now will you come?

Doctor knows all about you, and he told me to invite you sure.'

"It is like a dream, seeing you here."
"Now, really," interrupted Mrs. Homon, "it is right nice to see you young ladies together, and I knew your mas when they were your age. Won't you go in the garden and see my holly hocks? Supper ain't quite ready."

The garden, with the rows of boy and althea

bushes, I had seen a hundred times, but it looked new to me new, with the refreshing Olive added.

Olive added.

"We might play grand dames in this pleached alloy," said Olive. "Aune, I want you in my house, so maybe, we can revive our old litusions. Never a dream comes true, though. Life shapes itself; we don't shape it. I am curious for you to see somebody."

"You are happy, Olive, with him?"

"Hiff corpse! the as humpy as I always was

"Of course; just as happy as I always was, and always shall be, you sentimental goose with or without hims." "I am so glad to see you, Olive! To tell the

truth, I am just bored to death, and long for a change. Will you beg mother to let me go?" And so it was settled. Offive passed the next day with us, and in a week from that time I was ready for Morehum. I happened to go alone, and arrived at the Moreham station late in the afternoon, finding no one waiting for me. I inquired the way to Dr. Denbigh's, and a boy about the premises offered his ser-

vices as guide. "I know 'em all." he said: "fust-rate-and-ahalf folks. I hold Captain Wilson's horse some-times, and black Mr. Denbigh's boots. The

house is above the bridge yonder."

The bridge be spoke of spanned a lovely little stream; willows waved over it, like a delicate green vell, and I stopped to admire it.

"Them weepin'-willows is often remarked," good fortune after you left school? I am an said my guide. "I've seen Captain Wilson wipe heiress." his eyes when he tooked at them, but Mr. Den. "Dear, dear me!" and she sighed, thought.

bigh stumps by; he's lame, you know. Going to stay a spell?"
I answered satisfactority, and he left me at Olivo's gate with a flourish. She ran to meet me, olive's gate with a flourish. She ran to meet me, full of apologies for the absence of all the gentlemen. She appeared fidgety, and I felt constrained. The house was large, dlingy, and chilly. We sat in a partor a few minutes to exchange remarks, and then she took me to my room up-stairs, an apartment with two long whodows, which opened upon a plazza covered who down that evening, it being hright moscilleht, and warm; lamps stood on the tables

with vines. I expressed my liking for the room and for the view from it, "Howglad I am, and howanxious I feel about your opinion of our gentlemen!"
"Gentlemen, Olive?"

"Yes, the doctor consented to take for the season, Captain Wilson, a widower, his little girl, and nurse. The other gentleman is George Denbigh, the doctor's brother, who spends much of his time here. Yes, I am exy enrious to shrepty I was vexed and weary; this was or his time here. Yes, I am *evry* curious to know what you will think of him; he is a puzzle. We shall meet at tea, soon to be ready. Look your best, miss. I'll leave you now. Come down when you hear the bell. The train is nearly due."

I tossed over my wardrobe with some apprehension, but at last selected a plain dress, and decorated it with blue ribbons. Just as the last knot was arranged, I heard a masculine voice call "Olive," then a little run, then a bell, which I concluded was my summons, and descended. I walked slowly down the broad stairs, and saw in the parlor, on my right hand, a handsome, red-haired, portly gentleman tossing a beautiful little girl in his arms; and as I entered the parlor on the left I encountered a pale, dark-haired gentleman, limping to and fro, who was reading man, her husband, who rose, and, with her introduction, gave me a polite welcome. Mr. George Denbigh was also introduced; he bowed, and sald,

"Now, Olive, give Miss Capel her tea; she needs it, 1 am sure."
We filed into a large room, sparsely furnished,

and took our seats at a table, which was comfort-less, to my ideas. We did not proceed; Office looked at the tea-pot as if she were saying grace; the doctor's eyes were fixed; George Denbigh scrutinized the cake-basket. A door opened, and Captain Wilson entered, leading his child. To him I was introduced, and our meal began. At once I was profoundly interested in all persons present and every passing fact. I was hungry, I was glad, I was grateful. We were not a noisy party, but Capitain Wilson ap-peared to be the one in authority; he ordered dishes that were not prepared, and lumillated Olive with reference to the weak tea and the burned toast. His fastidiousness was provoking; but as it was with this meal it proved with all. Captain Wilson was a very imperfect man, especially where his dinner was concerned. I thought his manners pompous; and when he asked me about my journey, I replied haughtily; when he recommended any thing, I refused. Olive seemed afraid of him. She blushed at his office seemed afraid of him. She blushed at his implied reproaches, and for that reason 1 felt inclined to be saucy with him.

He was very handsome. I was compelled to admit the fact, even when I inventoried his red hair, freekles, stoutness, forty years, and widow-hood. What a contrast was George Denbigh! Pale, thin, sinister-looking, with closely curling black hair, nervous, lithe, and with artificial I was soon at home with Olive Days went as months—there seemed so much in them. The old duliness oppressing me so at home disappeared. Olive and I were alone for the most part during the mornings, while the doctor was on his rounds, Captain Wilson in town or elsewhere, and George Denbigh confined at his office. Olive was satisfied to see that I was suited with my surroundings. Little Alice, the first child I ever loved, was fond of me, and clung to me so that George Denbigh more than once succred, "Love me, love my dog." At first Captain Wilson was inclined to talk

with me. All at once he grew so rigidly formal that I got up a chronic anger against him; but no chance was given me to express my anger. I know, however, that he was a constant and intense observer of me, my every movement and act; and George Denbigh was also.

One day, of course thinking, as usual, that One day, of course tuning, as usual, that, I captain Wilson was away, to please Alica, I played hide-and-seek with her. We ran round the hall, hiding here and there, seizing each other with kisses and laughter. The door of his parlor was open—a place I had never entered. Now I bilindly rushed in, and darted behind the sofa. Somebody was near. In an instant Cap-tain Wilson was beading over me, his face aglow, his eyes lit with fire. I was so assonished

I could not move, and making no attempt to rise, I simply stared at him. "I should like to join in this play," he said. "You are too old," I answered, stupidly.

"I suppose so-too old for any thing," he replied, with a bitter voice, turning so pale that I was frightened. I did not stir, but looked at him, mute as if I had lost the power of speech. At this moment Alice burst into the room, ex-

chaining.

"Miss, I have found you! Oh, pupa, she does not play fair !"

He made a cross gesture, then turned, and looked into my eyes. His look taught me something—that I was fond of him! Red hair, forty years, forty centuries, went for nothing before

that beseeching, searching look. My face that beseeting, searching look. All like burned; I feared my eyes were betraying me. As my head sank, I saw a sudden, Joyous sparkle flash into his eyes. Some impulse stirred him; his lips half opened, and he hid his face against Alice, who had climbed into his lap. What Alice, who had climbed into his lap. What made him doubtful? I was glad to escape. As I went I caught a glimpse of a portrait over the

mantel-piece—that of a severe-looking lady, whose forbidding eyes drove me from that sacred spot as an intruder. I went at once to Olive with my adventure, and spoke of the por-

"It his that of his wife," she said. "Before you came he spoke of her frequently. Her will was the law of his life. He is still afraid of her influence. She must have been an awful mar-tinet, because he seems so shocked when my doctor chucks me under the chin. What do you think of such a chap for a lover," she added, mallelously—"one who so abandon himself to the arders of emotion? Yet George Doubligh insists that he is head over ears in love with you, but is afraid of you. George may judge by himself, so I am not so sure."
"What do you mean, Olive?"

"Let me place you on rapport with George a little. By profession he is a lady-killer. He is so plaued by your indifference that he is con-fused as to the state of his or any body clse's feelings. He believes all is fair in love, and is disposed to practice any amount of chicanery. He can not comprehend what it is to be singlebearted, straightforward. Emotion with him is a complex machine, and he delights to set its cogs and move its springs. You might fancy his Byronic self, if you were not diverted by Captain Wilson. Then he knows, too, that he is poor, while the other is rich."

"I am rich too. Did you not hear of my

fully. "I never knew it."

To the credit of human nature, Dr. benbigh was more respectful in his manner that eventhe plazza and lawn that evening, it being bright mounlight, and warm; lamps stood on the tables lustle. It was a pretty scene—one to be recalled as a picture. George Penbigh sat sometimes on the step, by a vine-clad pillar, his pale face and dark hatr looking very well against the leaves. Captain Wilson occupied an easy-chair; be smoked thoosently, and only said o Vos!" shrubbery. I was vexed and weary; this was my least happy evening, and I thought of home wholesome, simple, hearty old home! Dr. — wholesome, simple, and heart was a good place. — I am utterly weary; let me go in. I have the simple of the property of t Kingsford, and asked me If it was a good place for a professional man, and whether it would be pleasant to me to have the Denbighs there.

" 'My face is my fortune, Sir.' she said,"

ang Olive, down by the gate, her thoughts still harping on my unexpected revelation of wealth. "dust so," remarked the doctor, with a grat-ing laugh. "Money is the god, Miss Anne, not love, after all."

"I have never felt its value," I replied, "till

but George Denbigh stretched binself across the window-sill where I was, brought his face

close to mine, took my fun, and twirled it before my face,

"When so much is perfect, why can not the

crown be added," he said—" the crown of true passion? Ah!"—ending with a sigh, "What is perfect here?" I asked, crossly, " I

feel mosquitoes,"

"You are. You are too beautiful to-night, and
you mean to make us feel it. Won't you end I could not decide whether Captain Wilson

heard this. He rose suddenly, tossed his clear into a flower bed, and walked off:

"Old Truepenny has started," muttered George Denbigh, "What is your opinion of our fat friend? He serves for a foil." I was watching the flery end of the cigar, and

stility saying, for a test, "He loves me a little, he loves me not at all, he—" It expired, "There! it has gone out," I cried. "The moon is hid." The doctor began to prose again, and George Denbigh slipped back to his pillar, Looking round for Captain Wilson, he said, loodly.

"How easy to climb this pillar! The vines mark. are tough as a rope-ladder. A cavaller might easily seronade you, Miss Anne, directly before your window."

"Suppose we have one now," said Olive.
"Captain Wilson, where is your guntar?"
"I made no mention of the disturbance;
"Its strings are broken." His voice sounded wished afterward that I had.

close to my car. He was standing behind me.
"Miss Capel," he said, hurriedly, "the moon
is at its full; will you permit me to drive with you after ten to-morrow, and show you More-ham Lake?"

"Good-night, then; pleasant dreams, and no

erenade, I trust, jackanapes."
And he glided away. All at once my vexation vanished; the beauty of the evening struck me foreibly, and I strolled down to the gate where

Olive was again.

"Witch-clms, really," she said, with her face
"Witch-clms, really," the long boughs wave to us, in obelsauce to us superior creatures; but they can never go away with their trunks! What have you been doing? Crossing elements? pitting those men against each

Olive, you are absurd, and wrong.

" Perhaps you can not account for your mere presence. You say little, do less, effect much, You are like the cluss—seemingly pliant, yield-ing; in reality in crowable in the ground of your

"Nonsense. I have no purpose,"

"You must have. Doctor says so."
"People construct me into a remarkable or erratic being, because my appearance favors some theory. But I am going to my room. Continue your moonshine, Heavens?"—I grasped her arm...... I see a circle round the moon. If should rain to-morrow!"

"Mercy, Anne! what alls you? Suppose it

should?

"If so, I shall have to build me a little bark of hope again; that's all. Good-night."

She soon followed me, and we were dispersed about the house, I lingered in the hall, and heard the halling step of George Denbigh behind me; he touched my hand, and gave me a chill.

Return with me to the piazza." he urged We are alone at last, and I have a word to

His face made me uneasy: it was agituted, and full of contradictory express
"It is too late, Mr. Denbigh." "Do not put me off with coquettish excuses

Do not forever deny yourself. Iknow you. We Somehow, in spite of my contrary intention, I did go back, and sat beside him. I heard Olivo

the zenith. There was a hitch in George Denbigh's volubility; he hemmed as if his voice troubled him. "You have a cold," I said, crossly; "we had

better go in. "Won't you really speak to me, Miss Capel ?" "I did not come to talk myself, but to oblige

Oblige me! Why do I wish you here ?" "You will have to tell me; I never guessed

He was too self-involved now to heed me. A torrent of words burst from his lips, a little elo-quent, but more foolish. I had inspired him, he, the invulnerable of heart, with an overwhelming passion, which he should resist, till I was conquered by my own as irresistible—a passion for him—was the substance of his remarks. I pitted him, hated him, and allowed him to talk on. I was naturally struck with the dramatic—whatever it might be.

"There is but one question to answer in life," he continued. "Whether it can be answered to not we describe to Te to the continued.

or not, we eternally ask it. To its solution every thing comes. I know this by experience, you by intuition. Four intuitions are all alive. You can not deceive me. You have a burning soil. To be near you is to breathe the atmosphere of a being who intoxicates, bewilders, de-There is no other heaven, you convince Well, I seek no other. Let me enter me. Well, I seek no other. Let me enter paradise with you. In hestowing happiness I can be your mate."

I was dumb outwardly, and as cold inwardly as if in the midst of an aurora borealis, so far as he was concerned, but stirred for myself. 1 peeped into the dark trees, and listened to the far-off sounds of night. What mystery ap-proached me that I was prepared to recognize?

"I am rich too. Did you act hear of my good fortune after you left school? I am an have known," commencing again his mono-, smoking.

helpess."

"You are not the only beautiful woman I not returned; but he was there on the plazza, have known," commencing again his mono-, smoking.

helpess."

"You are not the only beautiful woman I not returned; but he was there on the plazza, have known," commencing again his mono-, smoking. worship beauty; it consumes me, but it shall as I sprang to the ground. "Are you not afraid feed me too. Need I come a beggar to you? of the rheumatism, captain?"

Am I to be played with? Perhaps my mis"Awfully; got it all over me, Denhigh. feed me too. Need I come a beggar to you? Am I to be played with? Perhaps my mis-forture makes you despise me." Here his voice trembled humanly, and I discovered what a mortal torment his lameness was, "1 despise a blemish too; curse lt! But why not an ob-vious one, as well as one hidden? We are all deformed secretly. Even your perfect self will

mean! A dreadful loneliness fell on my spirit; I must escape his dark influence. A forlorn I must escape his dark influence. A forform wind mouned through the trees, and a sad sound rushed through all the air. Black clouds gathered and parted from the moon, which hung in mid-heaven; the awful pictures of that forsaken and ruined orb, as revealed by the telescope, came into my mind, and it seemed the kind of world for soils like this before me, lost in the dregs of sense. I started to my feet, "Poor Mr. Denbigh, look at the moon-sdark,

miserable mistake of a universe."

"What are you possessed with ?" he insisted,

done with the subject you have brought up, i understand; our me you do not, never can understand; nor would I have you. To be in any bouldage to you—and I perceive that there is one in which I might be—would prove a moved death. Let make I. moral death. Let me go,"

"Anne, never! You are a fool-blind. You of somebody else-the idiat snoring in . his bed yonder."

I struck down his hands and passed blue. "I nave never left its Value," I replied, "till I struck down its hands and passed him, women. I have no patience with him. How just now."

"You are so young; but you will appreciate it immensely."

"You are so young; but you will appreciate it immensely."

"How theyone he was! I wanted to run away, have the will be the will be the will be a saving by wild animal's. An ugly determination was expressed in every feature. I reached the haven of my room. In my bed lay little Alice, a fresh rose-bud; she had crept away from her nurse, to come and sleep with me. Delighted, I caught her up and kissed her, so that she woke up and eried. I rocked her to sleep again. Then I put my lamp out and undressed, leaving off a hatebut in the future, troubled me. What danger could come to me, though? I must be nervous. I listened long, but no noise earne; and after a while I made a suddon run for the bed, and in

its security fell sound asleep.

"Papa," said Alice, at the breakfast-table,
"I cried in the night, and my Anne rocked

Her father pinched her cheek and colored strangely, clattered his spoon, but made no re-

George Denbigh said, presently What makes little girls cry in the night? : Strange noises?

"Well," remarked George Denbigh, "I hate to go into town this morning: I had rather stay here with you helles. Miss Anne, would you read to me to-day?" And he came to the back of my chair, and leaned over it, as meant to speak confidentially to me. Captain Wilson looked at him intently. His expressive eyes showed wonder and annoyance. He glanced at me, too, with a little sadness, I thought. What was that creature doing behind thought. What was that creature doing it me? I looked to Olive for help, and she sur-

mised that I was vexed.

"George," she said, suddenly, "you look more soney and confident than usual this morning. Provided you have any enpacity for mischief, I believe you are proud of it.

"Must have power somehow," he laughed, picking up his but, and swinging it in adjou. To my great Joy, he was definited in town, and did not arrive till Captain Wilson and I had long been gone. When we struck the long level road, bordered by beautiful tree

Wilson turned to me with a happy smile, "Do you not feel free away from the shadow of that house? I do: I am Joyous.

So was I. We grow harmy and elected every moment. A little way on he told me that he had an errand to do at the station, and that he must leave me an instant in the chaise; the horse, his pet, was safe. Of course I made no objection. It was dark when we came to the station on the Moreham River, at the head of station on the Moreham River, at the head of station on the Moreham River, at the lead of station on the Moreham River, at the head of station on the Moreham River, at the lead of the station on the Moreham River and the station of t the little bridge, which we crossed to ride to the door. Beyond the bridge the railway lay, exactly ahead of the horse. Captain Wilson gave and the content and and disappeared. me the reins, jumped out, and disappeared. Five minutes passed, then ten; the horse turn ed his head back first to the right, then to the left, pounded his fore-leg, and began to champ his bit. I felt impatient, and bent forward, suddenly the horse frembled and shock the chalse; he snorted, and I rattled the reins softly, saying "old boy," and "old fellow." chance, looking to the right, I saw an awful red eye bearing down upon me—the locomotive! The horse swerved aside, wheeled, and thundered upon the bridge. I held at the reins, tugging at them with a mad strength to keep him from springing over the parapet. Then I saw Captain Wilson hanging on his fore-shoulder. He assumption of politeness, and we heard him declared afterward that he jumped from the stamble, station platform clear across the road. But the dog he where he falls; but now horse was stopped by a word from his master, shall I punish myself Anne?" close her blind, and saw the moon slide from

with a blow added between the eyes, and I was when a new anded between the eyes, and I was saved from a terrible accident. Neither of us spoke for a moment; Captain Wilson could not speak, for he was gasping. At last he said, "Oh, my darling, I am so glad?"

I cried a little, and shivered a good deal, and tried to get hold of his hunds,
"Are you frightness to you gar?"

"Are you frightened, my dear?"
And I was soothed till my agitation grew into delight and peace. The horse trotted on meekly through the wooded read; and it was well, for we forgot him. He came to a standstill finally. Perceiving this fact, we laughed as lovers generally laugh. • Am I right, Anne, in thinking that you may

love me?"

"Yes, wholly right,"
"What shall I say, then? Tell the story of my life?"

"Not now-only of that which makes me And so only the old story was repeated—told always when men are honest and women are in carnest. We passed the beautiful lake sliver-ed by the moon, shuled by the silent woods. 1 never saw that lovely lake again. It could never look the same again, for there never was such a night for me. Is there but one such ever? On the way home we talked of a hundred things, hand clasped in hand, I closely folded from the night air, my head against his

nounter,
"I dread reaching the house," he said, as we muc in sight of the white walls. "We have came in sight of the white walls. "We have been riding through the Elysian fields to-night." "I will dread nothing from the place where I have found you," I answered, with one or two more frank absurdities. But I did, for I thought of George Deubligh, I hoped he had

, smoking, — Have you had a pleasant drive?" he asked,

Never was worse in my life." There was betrayal in every accent, joy in every word, and George Denligh felt it. He pulled my sleeve as I went in.

"Every night a lover," he whispered, men-

acingly,

I passed him without speaking, but, after I And this was love! As he presented it, how near! A dreadful loneliness fell on my spirit; must escape his dark influence. A fordorn wind mouned through the trees, and a sad sound concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded the concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded the concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded the concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded the concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded they remained together together the concl eigar. I retired, but was too excited to sleep I could not keep myself from listening to the marmur below. One voice tose above the other at intervals with a strange vehemence. At last it died away, and I heard divided foot-

steps.
It is not strange, perhaps, that I was kept in bot the next day with heatache. Olive was assiduous in her attentions, coming in often; but, to my surprise, she brought me no word from Captain Wilson,

o Are the gentlemen home yet?" I asked her, in the afterneon, o Captain Wilson has been immured in his

room all day. He was dum at dinner. Per-haps madam, his ghost, has beekoned him with her spiritual finger; he dare not be natural. Was he pleasant last night? If so, he may be doing penance before the portrait, and you will get an extra dose of formality. I have heard him talk with George about free manners in women. I have no patience with him. How woe-begone you look, Anne!" "Oh, Ohye! dear Olive!" and the tears ran

I recalled every word and incident of our interview of the evening before. Nothing after all, had passed between us but a few words of love; there was no bond. And had I been too frank? Did be to-day think me unwomanty? I must see him once more; I had that right with one who avowed love for me, even if merely for the sake of passing an agreeable evening. I could not rise, however, being still dizzy with pain. The doctor compelled me to ful thought with every pin. The windows came evening. I could not rise, however, being still to the floor, and opened like a door on the upper piazza. I heard a quick snap there, which startled me. Like lightning I recalled what die hours wore away. I heard the clock in the George Denbigh had said about climbing the half strike ten, eleven, midnight: the house piazza; a foreboding of danger, not immediate, was still. I fell asleep at last, and woke, as I had the future troubled no. supposed, by a dream of a grating noise. But it was real. I saw by the light of the night-lamp which three had placed in the closer that my blind moved. An arm in a shirt-sheave appeared, then a head was thrust inside; a body followed. It was George bendights. He put one foot inside the window, and with his head hent low, remained so an instant, and with-drew. My hearing became acute. He writed on the piazza outside. I waited too; the truth was breaking in many true. was breaking in upon me. Some minutes passed, and I heard a ristling of leaves; he was slipping down the pillar.—His plan was evident. I rose, put on my shoes, and remembering that my water-proof cloak hung on the boluster out-side, found it, wrapped myself in it, and went down to meet what I expected to meet. Captain Wilson stood in his open doorway. His hands were twisted; the sweat poured from his forehead; his face was drawn with distress, and

jedousy fortured him. "Your friend will be here presently," I said; I will confront the bound!"

George Denbigh shot in then by the frontdoor, and closed it as if he were pursued, still in his shirt sleeves, achist with his scramble in the vines, and, Heaven forgive him! in an affeeted disorder. He turned frightfully pale when his eyes fell on me; his jaw dropped; and if I ever saw the picture of shame, I saw it then in Captain Wilson, when he beheld me

dragging George Deublgh into his own parlor o'l will not shame and hurt Olive," I sa why exposing you. God pity her for the hands she has fallen into! But here you shall own all your fraud, meanness, and vanity. You have pretended that I have received you at night more than once,"

o And see," he answered, a how easy it was for your clear-sighted lover to believe it; he is a

tool work enough for a woman even."

"Oh, Anne!" cried Captain Wilson, "you can never forgive me. But, my love, pray do. Remember that I am a jealous idiot, and that this creature has known it from the first."

"I vowed you should feel the meaning of my

expect. Anne, my shame punishes me enough, And he showed me your picture."

"Ah! a root left--a joulous thorn," sneered George Denbigh. "What safety he warrants in the way of faith!" "Stolen from Olive," I said; wa cheap trick. Yet it sufficed,"

"The play may end for all me," said George Denbigh; "I have done...beaten by sheer ac-Now let us suppose years to clapse. You and I, Miss Anne, may totter on the stage;

but look at our valiant captain," With this shot he backed out, with a poor





Ho approached me with repentance, as a peace-offering; but his many confidence did not chime with my mood. I swept by him, and went up stairs, and he shut his door with a bang and a groan.

I made ready for home at once. Olive and i

becoming; it was easy to pardon him. I be-came the mother-in-law of Alice—the last per-son eligible for that situation, all Kingsford thought—and her father sometimes pretended, on the strength of this opinion, that he was vastly disappointed.

TWILIGHT.

Drift, little snow dakes, 'mid the shells, Break, little waves, among the pubbles, Rise, little notes, in dufect swells, And faint again in silver trebles,

The hot sun stoops, and dips, and dips. His barning brow to drowey numbers: Then kisses red the ocean's lips.
And sinks away to golden slumbers.

Come twilight, with thy purple breath. And freshen all thy drooping willows. The waterfilies faint to death. The bending reeds, the severed billows

And beckon forth the timid stars To tread the cold dew-dropping heaven. And quickly let the burning bars. That bind the impatient sea, by riven.

And bring thy breeze with soothing wine, Around my heated brows to flutter. Around my heated brows to flutte And teach the waves sad to sing. More yearning mysteries to atter.

More yearming my control of the cast, Come sliding softly from the east, Come breathing over distant eities. And crown the hills with holy rest. And fill the winds with plaintive ditties. The Month.

THE OLD PUMP.

It was an old pump. 4, with my grey hairs, could not remember its being put there, and I have heard my mother say the same; but then she was not born in the village; yet she married early, and I was the youngest child, so that showed it to be a very old primp. It wasn't like the marble fountains you see in market towns, with marble backs and benevolent-looking flous' heads with open mouths ready to pour out abundance of water with the slightest pour out abundance of water with the slightest trouble. Nor was it one of those smart dapper-looking iron pillars that have come out of late years; at the time it was set up, fountains and iron pillars had not been brought into tashion. Its wooden sides were cracked, the lead work was curling up at the corners like the deg's-cars of a book, the spent was so were that the reterof a book, the spout was so worn that the water, of a book, the spout was so worn that the water, unless at full force, ran down the front instead of into the bucket, and so the date, placed below I had gradually been washed away. It was continually getting out of repair; the only part of it that booked in good health was the handle, and that was as bright as sliver with constant use. The parish got tired of mending it, and said it must come down, it was such a very old pump. They said this.—I mean the parish ofpump. They said this—I mean the parish of-decrs—every time they met to consider the rates. There was scarce ever a meeting witn-out such an item as this in the accounts: "To John Williams, for painting of the pump," or "To John Williams, for mending sucker of pump," or in mere general terms, thus: "To altering and repairing of pump," They declared every time, "they were sick of the pump," and one said he would see about a new one, and another said he would seem to a Canad in T

one said he would see about a new one, and another said he would speak to a friend in Loron estimates of prices, and all agreed while talking of it that it should come down.

Poor old pump! I didn't expect to see it again when I left home to live in London; and I nodded a friendly good-by as I passed it, for I had a sort of feeling for it. Many a game had I enjoyed around it of "eateh who can;" we generally made it the starting-post for races; it was in the evening, too, a favourite lounging was in the evening, too, a favourite lounging spot for those whose work was over, and when my father wanted our boy Tim, and he couldn't be found, I always knew where to have him hearing the news of the day (whose seeds were carried, whose hay was down, how the corn promised, and so on) from the worthies round the old nump. the old nump.

When I came back after many years' aband of course among other things the pump would now surely be attended to

There were numerous workmen at the Hall, and the fate of my old friend was now surely signed and scaled. But they were not workmen who did twenty-four hours' work in twelve, like your job workmen; they did things in a regular like philosophers—worked a little thought about it, or about something else; and, from old habit, met round the pump to talk over the business, when it would have been nearer completion if they had been at the Hull. However, the squire had desired his steward to employ the people of the place (which had been the home of his childhood), and if no one cise (except themselves) was benefited, the pump certainly was, as we shall see.

News came that the squire would arrive next day. There was a great stir—the steward scold-ed, the men grew puzzled, things were barely fnished and cleared away. As to the village, there were several important things yet to be done. The sign of the village inn was to have been changed from the "Rose and Crown" the "Wingate Arms;" some gravel was to have been laid down in the road before the church, etc., etc. Alas! there was no time now, neither

for them nor for the pump.

All the flowers that could be mustered were made into garlands and postes to ornament the place, and give the squire an honourable recep-tion. It seemed almost like a mockery, I thought, when they placed a wreath of roses on the top of the old pump; but they did it, and it was almost comical to see its wizer old form standing so dismally upright, with its long arm stretched out, wearing a chaplet fit for a bride.

Squire Wingate was pleased with his recep-He had spent many years in India, and wished to close his life among his own people. He strolled through the village, accompanied by his steward, who apologised for all that had not been done. When he came to the pump, he was told that an iron one was ordered, but there had been no time to put it up.
"What! take down the old pump?" said the

squire; "not for the world. It was in the little pools it made that I used to swim nutshells when I was a little one; and I remember to this day how pleased my nurse was when I could reach the nump-handle."

"Then you will have it remain as it is ?"asked

"Yes, certainly, certainly," said the squire going up and examining it. "Do you see this cut in the lead? I did it just before I left home

last time." Then he looked at it all round. The eracks were wider, the spout much worn; "but on the whole it's not so much changed as I am,"

said the squire.

And very shortly it was so thoroughly and carefully repaired, that while it was made sound it was not changed much in appearance, and there was a railing added to the beach bemaintained a discrete silence. I reached home sound it was not changed much in appearance, and there was a railing added to the bench besibilities of life had been revealed.

But it was not long before Captain Wilson stormed Kingsford. He, too, was changed. I but you must hear the moral.

Indised his arrogance, and thought his humility becoming: It was now, to preserve he from being leant against. Reader, are you treat of our old pump? Well, all you must hear the moral.

and infirmities it lived to see such honour and prosperity? There were two reasons. One was, it stood on an excellent unfailing spring; the other, that though it was shabby enough outside, and the sucker did sometimes want looking to yet on the whole it was a steady good worker, and however it got abused at vestry meetings, those who came with their buckets to always went away satisfied.

Now, you may depend on it, though you may

often meet with contempt and be reminded un-pleasantly of your deficiencies, yet If you are tlanted on a good spring, and always willing and ready to prove it by what you do, you will live down contempt and come to honour at

If the spring had failed, or become unwholesome, or if the works of the old pump had falled, and its handle had swing backwards and forwards without bringing water, do you think it would have fived through so many hairbreadth (scapes? No. Mind this, then. Let your principle be right, and your practice ear-nest and steady, and you may hold your ground. As for me, I confess I always feel much encour-aged as I pass the old pump.

GROWING OLD.

Not like a tiger at a bound, nor yet like a con fessed for met honestly in the open, and con-quering by fair means in a fair fight; but like a thlef in the night, silent, stenithy, unperceived, creeping on by unmarked degrees, and at each step carrying a point and gaining an advantage, comes old Age, that dreadful enemy to men that pittless harbinger of disease and death. And, however gallant our resistance may be, however resolute our intention of withstanding to the last, and dying victorious over age if con-querest by death, we are overcome in the end, Year by year we lose ground steadily when once the Rubicon is passed and the war between our youth and time has begun; and we never get it back. The first grey bair is the first flag of back. The first grey out is see most one triumph which the enemy unturk; the first undentable wrinkle in the breach made in the outworks, irreparable and ever widening; and nething can bring down the first or build up the second again. Crafty appliances may conceat the damage done, but they do not change the fact. Not a fortune spent in the costlest bair dyes ever made by chemist and barber in con-cert, can restore the lost gold, or turn those silver true. Underneath the glossy flattery of the dye are the silver streaks from which age has ban-ished the colour of youth; underneath the fair surface of paint and powder lies the reality of seams and puckers, which are the finger-marks of time—of crow's feet trodden thick about the eyes, of furrows ploughed deep across the brow, and channels cut and scored round about the flps. Age can afford to laugh at my lady's clever devices for the disguise. They arrest nothing, if they seem to stop all, and only dolay the moment of public surrender by a few months at the best. Those rouge pots and crystal vials of blane de perle do not constitute the bloom of youth, though they say they do; and what is more, they soon show that they are of art, not nature. They are like the crossed straws laid across the road to arrest the progress of the witch, and which never did arrest it. They only make a feint of holding the way, while the witch steals on quietly and irresistibly, as a mist steals over the mountain side, as dark-ness creeps across the face of the earth when the sun has gone down. As time goes on, the enemy becomes too strong even for the bravest pre-tences of art and science to mask his works. Dye becomes patent: rouge and blane de perie When I came back after many years' absence, after other inquiries I asked, "And how's the old pump?" "Coming down this week," was the answer. I haughed, and asked how it had managed to last so long. Nobody could tell; but Squire Wingate was coming to live at the Hall, and the village was heing brushed and brightened up in honour of him, and of course monong other things the pump. cheeks does not give the lost lustre of youth to the dim and swollen eyes; enamel, though laid on with a trowel, does not brace up the loose desh nor give back the soft roundness of the young throat, nor pere off the superfluity of skin that hangs from the broadening jowl. No artificial support can bring swiftness to the tottering steps or straightness to the failing knees Year by year the enemy waxes stronger, and prefence work grows more transparent; till at last the supreme moment comes, when only made—when the former belle, the old time beau, has perforce to confess to the march of time, and the rayages committed on the way

Some, however, fight on to the end, and never surrender, even when beaten on all points. They go to the grave, trodden down by Old Age, only dyl g because the machine is fairly worn out, but convinced that their useful disguise was never seen through and that the enemy has been held at bay to the last—in appearance. But what miserable creatures those are who go on with their pretence work to the end! They are more like marioneties than human beings, and foreg the beauty of the other. Neither young in fact nor old in dignity, they are nowhere in the ranks of humanity. The youthful laugh at them, and will have none of them; and they will not join in the corps of the aged, where they belong. They put themselves to absolute tor-ture to keep up the semblance of the state they have lost, but they do not keep it up; and the torture goes for nothing, save to the increase the ridicule they cultivate so diligently. meets them about the world, and one shudders involuntarily as one watches them. Living lessons are they to the young who, however, think, in the pienitude of their strength and the pride of their beauty, that they can never come to be as old as these miserable antedituvians! Or, if such a miracle could be worked, then that they will be wiser, not to speak of brighter and better preserved; and that they will be always more beautiful, become more natural, not even when they begin with just that dash not even when they begin with just that dash of white and red for night wear to conceal the traces of the day's fatigue, with just that trial-bottle of auricomus fluid to brighten up the duiling gold—not even then will they be persunded that they have enlisted in the army of the make-believes, that they are bent on folling the forces of time by pretence works—that they will be of those who refuse to grow old even at the command of half a century of decadence.

But it is not in the loss of mere physical beauty that the ravages of time and the approach of age are most felt and bewaited. It eyes lose their brightness they also lose their sharpness, and blink and wink in the twilight, as the grandmother's used to blink and wink so ought, in deference to one's nervous physiology, many years are. They cannot see to read small as the grandmother's used to blink and wink so many years ago. They cannot see to read small print as they used, nor to mend pens, nor to thread needles, nor to do fine work of any kind. To be sure, it is all the fault of the printers and the needle-makers, and all the rest of them. the needle-makers, and all the rest of them. They are all in a conspiracy not to make things so good and clear as they used to be in the days when the poor blinking orbs were fresh and bright. And voices are changed too. No one speaks as of old. What has come to the present generation that it mutters and mumbles as it does? Why cannot it speak out as distinctly as we spoke when we were young? Our father used to scold us, we remember, for mumbling. We did not mumble, and he was deaf. But that is quite different from things as they are now. We are not deaf; and the present race of talkers do mumble. And surely bills are steeper and miles longer than tormerly. They never scemed to be so difficult. Or have we become strangely delicate in these latter times? We used to be strong and active a few years ago. We cannot understand the change that is ago. We cannot understand the change that is down into a state of dire disease. So we are; the most dire disease of all, the most unconquerable; that for which no remedy has yet been found—the disease of growing old. We are faint often; wenry always; our nights are sleepless; our days hang heavily on our with-ered hands; our food has lost its flavour, and the daintiest dishes that our cordon bleu can prepare are tasteless, while the rough meats of our youth—oh, how delicious they were! All pleayouth—on, now denicious they were: An pica-sures pall on us; we have seen everything be-fore, and nothing is as good now as it used to be; our emotions will not come at our blidding, our funcy is dead, and our imagination is half in the same grave. We do not love as we used; and the present passes by us like a dream.

NERVOUS HEALTH AND MORAL HEALTH.

An able article in the Times some weeks ago on "Brainwork and Longeyity," which has since been discussed and re-discussed in all sections of the press, was remarkable for several characteristics, especially for a curious thesis apparently endorsed by the Lancet of a subsequent week, that overwork of the brain through late bours and the like is a physiological impossibility. The argument was something of this kind:—All brain-work means the destruction of nervous tissue or brain tissue; all such tissue when destroyed must be repaired by food and sleep before it can be drawn upon again; there-fore over-work is impossible. A man may try to steal hours from sleep, but if he does, he will only find how hopeless the attempt is the mo-ment he passes the bounds of what the existing amount of tissue permits. He will struggle feebly against sleep, drop astrep, find he is doing no good, and be compelled, in the inter-ests of his work, to shorten the hours of his work. The argument is full of fallacies, as any one might tell who applied a parallel argu-ment to prove the impossibility of over-working; and we are astonished at the sort of sanction given to it by the Lancet. It is quite as easy to prove that no man can overwalk himself. He cannot walk except by the destruction of muscular tissue, and when as much has been destroyed as makes blin weary, he ought to drop down and go to sleep in the high-road, if the argument be worth much! As a matter of fact, of course, a man may destroy a great deal more of the supply of either brain or muscular tissue than he ought to destroy before the pro-cess of reparation begins, just as he may live for days of comparative starvation on a great deal less food than he needs to keep his system in health, or even on the flesh he has made in past days. The brain-work done under such conditions may not be only as sound but yet conditions may not be quite as sound, but yet it may draw a certain heetle fire from the glow of anxiety which to many a taste would more than replace the defective soundness of thought. Indeed, the writer of the Times article admits anxiety as one of the causes of Ill-health, through its effect in preventing sleep and proper nutrition; and why, if it prevents sleep, should it not prevent the sleepiness which alone pre-vents the destruction of more nervous tissue than is desirable at any one time? The writer is hardly consistent with himself, but we men-tion his argument not for his own sake, but because his able paper represents the rise of a physiological school of ethics which is, as we believe, gaining rapid ground and doing a great deal to supplant a true ethical doctrine. The real drift of all this skilful argument, partly endorsed by the Lancet, against the possibility of over-working the brain, is to strike a blow at the root of all ethies,—the limited freedom of the human will. The physiologists want to identify moral action so completely with the physiological conditions of moral action, as to represent all life as the mere result of the growth and destruction of tissue, and as containing no provision for any real alternative choice at all. If a man can't over-work, as this writer says, but can very easily ander-work, and can be over-worried by any involuninry spring of eare, the untural inference would seem to be that the secret of what looks like "will" in life is really not "will" at all, but some involuntary emotion which plays our ac tions as we play chessmen; and hence the rules of right action will have more and more to be sought in the manipulation of the influ ences to which our bodies and tastes are sub-jected, rather than in useless appeals to the will to do what the will has no power to do.

What would be the kind of ethics which rould spring out of such a theory? We find traces of it in plenty of medical journals, and pretty distinct traces in the able paper on "Brain-work and Longevity" itself. "One who is insuited or offended," said the writer "feols an instanteneous impulse to attack the offender. A mere brute, whether human or bestlal, acts upon the impulse without reflection. A man may either act upon it after reflection or restrain himself, and perhaps go peacefully away. If so, he will probably bang the door after him; and will feel better for doing it. A child or a woman will obtain the same relief from a gush of tears. In either case the im-prisoned force is discharged, is gone out from the system. Whatever may be the nature of an emotion, its repression is hurtful; but the repression of the depressing emotions is far more hurtful than that of the pleasurable, Grief, disappointment, or envy, when restrained from external display, have a marked tendency to exert a very hurtful influence upon the nervous system of organic life, which governs the processes of secretion and of re-Now, if we take this doctrine alone with the other, which denies to man all power over the physiological conditions of life, most men will infer that physiology is a far better source of guidance than any considerations of right and wrong. If the will has no power over the physiological conditions of life, while the physiological conditions of life have great power over the will, naturally we shall seek the guidance of the latter, and not try to find rules for the guidance of the former. Here, for in-

to go and bung the door of some empty room at least, or include in a flood of tears with the women and children. Or if envy—one of the most depressing of passions, as the exponent of the physiological rules for long life justly re-marks—preys upon an ambitions or vain spirit, the depressing effect ought, we suppose, to be guarded against by inventing some similar safety—valve. If the sufferer from that passion be litterary or artistic, an anonymous saftre or bitter carlestage, would become a personal day be literary or artistic, an anonymous sature or bitter carleature would become a personal duty, in order to avoid the injurious gnawing of a "depressing emotion." If there be no access to literature and art, to secure a confident to whom backbiting speeches can be safely made without danger of their being retailed, would seem not so much an ignoble indulgence as a medical precaution. Where is this doctrine, that the computer restraint of the "depressing that the complete restraint of the "depressing emotions" is injurious to the nervous system, to lead us to, in the absence of any code of right or wrong that assumes the freedom of the will, and the power of obeying or infringing on divine moral law? It would suggest a perfectly new law of conduct, according to which we should shape our inward life, not with relation to any spiritual ideal within us, but in relation to the expediency of letting off dangerous physiological steam by expressing whatever it might be injurious to repress. Quilp's device of keeping a wooden ciligy on which to let loose his cyll passions might become a serious sug-gestion in this physiological school of cililes; and what it might lead to in the direction of template. - Spectator.

THE NATIVE PRESS OF INDIA.

The native press is only one among many manifestations of a newly-born, many-sided intellectual energy which is making itself felt over the whole of India, and which contrasts curiously with ordinary notions of Oriental Its tone and rapid development are a apathy. Its tone and rapid development are a sign of that new era about which the rulers themselves are becoming as eloquent as any of those whom the Hindoo editors love to call "the children of the soil." Four years after the Mutiny there were in all Bergal only five verna-cular papers—one published weekly, one bi-weely, one tri-weekly, and one daily. In eight years the number reached thirty-eight. On the Bombay side there were, according to a recent estimate, no less than between fifty and sixty publications of the sort, more or less successfully maintaining the struggle for existence. uncortain what the increase may have been for the last year or two; but almost every new number of an Indian journal makes brief an-nouncement of a fresh cultion. The price of many of these periodicals is only one "pie," or half-a-farthing. Evidently India is rapidly attaining the glory of what Mr. Carlyle would call her writing era. Our fellow-subjects are actu-ally dreaming of establishing a Hindoo Punch. ally dreaming of establishing a Hindoo Punch. A Parsec Punch already exists, but it appears that its editor is too exclusive in his attention to his own particular enemies. The Hindoos have a rich vein of humour in them, and it happens that just at present Bengal is in a condition uncommonly suggestive of subjects for cartoons. One can faincy the zest with which a dusky Leech or Tenniel would carlicature His Honour the Lieutemant-Governor in the act of lecturing the puzzled natives on the "Advantages of Compulsory Self-Government," or amusing the Compulsory Self-Government," or amusing the Calcutta University Syndicate by challenging it to declare "what is the vermediar language of the country."

We must confine the present notice to the most prominent representatives of the Anglo-Hindoo portion of the native press. These are for Calcutta, the Ilindoo Patriot and the Bengall, both English; for Bombay, and half in English, Native Opinion, the Mitrodaya—now merged in the Ilindoo Reformer—and the Indu Prakash, or the Hindoo Reformer—and the Indu Pricent, or Moonlight. These newspapers which a great and rapidly increasing power in the country. This is true especially of the Calcutta papers. What-ever may be one's estimate of the character and value of this Hindoo "fourth estate," it must be allowed that it would be difficult to discover any other cheap press which to an equal degree makes it the great object of its existence to teach and enlighten the people. As yet, it is not civilized enough to subordinate what it deems instructive and wholesome to what will "go down." And so far it contrasts invourably with much of the cheap literature of more ad-

The native Journalists sometimes convey their instruction with a savage vigour, and an last two months a new statesman of the most amusing minuteness of detail, that contrast promising antecedents has landed in the contrast oddly with their professional dignity. The Bengail itself makes a grave announcement of a velocipede it has invented, which can be used without damage by the ungainliest performer, will serve admirably for letter-carriers, and may be inspected on the editorial premise Moonlight lectures schoolboys on the use of gymnastics, for want of which, it says, "some of them are really skeletons, and present a ghostly appearance." An aged gentleman who is about to marry a young girl, "fresh with divine bloom," is described as a "decrept old buffoon," and it adds that "the only remedy for this wide spread evil is to hold it up to the scorn and derision of the world." The Hindoe press is forming public opinion, and it has many mutually repellant classes to preach to—young India, fresh from college, and inclined to vaunt its smattering of learning: old India, stubbornly adhering by the old paths; and the foreigner within the gate. Some of its bitterest utterances are directed against certain evil effects of contact with this superior race—notably that of intemperance. The Bengall, objecting that a rise in the lariff would interfere with " John Bull's drunken pastimes," writes:—

"The missionary and the brandy-bottle are held to be the pioneers of a certain kind of civilization, and our country has had enough of thes precious commodities. The desire to be lik precious commodities. The desire to be like our betters is so strongly implanted in the human mind that we feel almost inclined to overlook the beastly conduct of several of our educated countrymen, on whom wine and spirits have been fatal poisons."

Not unfrequently, however, the quiet sareasm and delicate side-hits of the native journalist contrast instructively with the coarse hammerstrokes of his Anglo-Indian brothren. journalists write in the best English of their "masters." Of the fact that the writers are "masters." Of the fact that the writers are not Englishmen the reader is reminded only by the occasional introduction of an hyperbole full of Oriental extravagance; or, more rarely, by such expressions as "too infant," or "evolving an idea from the bowels of his own conscious ness." Forstyle, variety, and scope of subjects for culture and general ability, the *Hindoo Pa* triot unquestionably stands first. It would be difficult to overpraise the calmass, patient good-nature, and thoroughness with which it discusses matters in which native interests are vitally concerned. Next comes the Bengali. with its occasionally characteristic outbursts of Oriental English, and its special leaning towards philosophic subjects-especially the system of

Auguste Comte. Its lively little contemporary, the *Mitrodaya*, has a like tendency, and has lately been publishing articles on "Christianity as Compared with other Religions." This, indeed, is one of the favourite topics of the native press, and missionaries could hardly do better than include the Hindon Journals in their carrithan include the Hindoo journals in their curri-culum of study. A shock might perhaps be given to some of their steres, yped notions about the conversion of India. Native Opinion, a very well-written paper, expresses the basy, commer-cial spirit of Bombay. The Moonlight, its dreamy name notwithstanding, is highly prac-ticul. Nothing, for example, could exceed the conscientious painstaking of the recent analysis and summary of questions on the land revenue conscientions painstaking of the recent analysis and summary of questions on the land revenue which it had prepared for the consideration of any possible native delegate to the Finance Committee sitting in London. Hasty work, however, would be inexcusable in the case of native journalists. The publications are weekly. The Bengali and Native Opinion appear on Sundays; the Patriotand Monalish on Monday; and

The Bengali and Native Opinion appear on Sundays; the Patriot and Monlight on Monday; and the Mitrodaya on Friday.

The mative press of India has sometimes been accused of disloyalty, and it certainly writes with a freedom and boldness undreamed of ten years ago. It indeed enjoys far more liberty than in these days has fallen to the lot of the French press. It there is any disloyalty, howover, it is rather hinted than expressed. The Patriot asserts that the importance of England to India is "axiomatic." In its loftler style the new Viceroy is described as "he to whom the people look up as to their earthly Providence under the Queen's benign sway." Native Opinion declares that "all classes of the natives of India pray with one heart that the sun of the British raj may continue to shine on their land." These journals profess to be fully alive the British ray may continue to snine on their land." These journals profess to be fully alive to the great blessings of British rule—security of life and property, and, on the whole, impartial justice. But throughout this pleasant harmony there runs a plaintive discord significant of the unrest of national aspirations, and of a conviction that "the two civilizations of England and India with never confess." History land and India will never conlesce." Hindoo journalists are quite caudid on the point. "Western science" and "the British Raj" are valuable, they admit, as stepping-stones towards that grand result of the future when, in the words of the Bengali, India shall have "elbowwords of the Bragat, fining sint in the words of the Bragat, fining sint in the words of the particular from the "bonestent pupilings" of the conqueror determines the tone assumed by the native press on every prominent question of the day—admission to the public service, education, and the various griovances that may be summed up in the word of the public service, and the summed up in the word of the public services and the summed up in the word of the summer summer than the summer summer than the summer than the summer s over-legislation. It is also revealed in such minor points as the *Reformer's* suggestion of national biographies, to be written by natives Instead of by Englishmen, and to be substituted for the borrowed school-jargon about Cromwell and Pyrrhus. It also explains the poculiarly mournful tone of such productions as the Moonlight's mourning for the Rajah of Kolapore; a chief who had not been "annexed" death would not perhaps have so "filled our heart with inexpressible sadness." We have no space to dwell on the native view of the no space to dwell on the native view of the questions referred to above; but it may perhaps be worth while so show what is thought of "the curse of over-legislation." In an article headed "Utopia," in the Rengalt of May 4, the Government is described as "working the legislative mill with a rapidity hitherto unparalleled in the history of the world." Mr. Campbell is a marvellous man, with a brain like the witches' cauldron, boiling and fermenting for ever, and chimeras instead of witches dancing around it." The article thus concludes:— The article thus concludes :-

"If ever a statue be voted for the ruler (Mr. Campbell), I advise you Vioplans to have it of the following description:—A rider with a wheel in one hand and an arrow in the other. The arrow will be the symbol of haste, and the wheel of incessant activity, whereas the horse will be a fit representative of bis hobby."

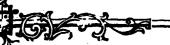
In a similar strain writes the Hindoo leading journal of June 24. Ever since 1858 peace ha

"bellicose, not a calm, screnely sweet beauty, but a horrible shrew afflicted with restlessness, . . . Oh the Mill of Misery! it has broken . . . Oh the Mill of Misery! it has broken down the backbone, muddled the brain, crushed the comforts, annihilated the peace of the mation. . . It almost looks like a pastime, the way the mill works. But the pastime is the Master Miller's. It has proved very near the death of the others. . . What power shall stop the infernal machine even for a season 22.

And then it breaks into a rhapsody over the

"At last there is a ray of hope. Within the and assumed the helm of affairs. All eyes are turned towards him, all picture him as the sav-iour of society . . . and the messenger of truth four of society . . . and the messenger of truth to the campaign of the great modern disturber

It ends by likening India to "a poor patient" whose case is one of "negative treatment, active treatment having brought the patient to this pass—this miserable and pitiable pass."
This "curse of over-legislation" is attributed to the Englishman's want of sympathy with, or ignorance of, native character. "Want of sym-"want of understanding," this is the great grievance of the native press, the special charge which the natives bring against "our masters," for whose valuable qualities they profess the most genuine admiration, and than whom, they are ever eager to acknowledge, no better masters are possible. It would be curious to inquire how far, if at all, this want of "sympathy" is owing to the system of open competition; but it may stir the blood of old Angle-Indians to hear members of "the Compuny Bahadoor" described as "the great souls." As it is, a "note" of submissive, despairing protest against the cold dead weight of unintelligence is present in almost every column of every fresh number of a Hindeo Journal, and can escape no reader but a dull one. It may be that what may be generally described as the Manchester aspect of English character has been too exclusively presented to native contemplation. The traditional Manchester man his cars "stuffed with his cotton," and his vulgar ethics of money-making, is to the Oriental the most unlovely phenomenon in creation; and he is especially ridiculous when, with his and he is especially ridiculous when, with eye on his ledger, he talks philauthropically of 'England's sacred mission in India." point, as on others, the nutive press is a faithful reflex of the native feeling. The Patriot preaches against that Manchesterism which means by activity, restlessness; by progress, railways, cotton, and the income-tax. We are assured that, in spite of our railway sleepers, telegraph wires, and steam engines, we are as remote from India as ever, and that we have yet to ac-complish her "moral conquest." A study of complish her "moral conquest." A study of Hindoo journalism would be useful and interesting in many ways. Meanwhile what it behoves the "dominant race" to consider most attentively is the assertion that to Englishmen native life is a scaled book, which they may bind, rebind, and gild according to the newest pat-terns from Europe—with, for result to them-selves, a bookbinder's insight into its contents.



Your cosey crib is in the corner yet; i sit and watch it, just us day is dead. You cannot press again, my vanished pet, Its pillow with your drowsy golden head.

You cannot reach plump arms to get my kiss, Or dart about with rosy, maked feet, Babbling soft syllables of that and this, A tiny night-gowned fairy, blithe and sweet.

Once and for all you have lain down to rest,

Not to rise up because of birds or beams,—
Once and for all, with white flowers on your breast
To slumber coldly and to dream no dreams.

Empty the home where, froliesome and fair, Your precious presence made so bright a part; Empty your little crib, your clothes, your chair, But emptiest of all your mother's heart!

BEATEN PATHS.

I suppose there are few people accustomed to think stall who have not been occasionally struck with the remarkable tendency to uniformity which seems to pervade in a manner the whole domain of human action, and not of action only, but of human thought. Things are being constantly done for no other earthly reas in than because they have been done before; things are constantly said simply because other people have said them before. Not that the mind is inactive, or that its natural inventiveness is not on the alert—the contrary is emphatically the case just now and in truth it is the very activity and resilience of new thought in our day which throws into special prominence the tendency to uniformity 6. which complaint is made. Men design and bring forward novelties continualnew theories of all kinds are floating in the atmosphere of our time, and crowds of men whose highest faculty is that of ready receptivity, catch and consolidate them and offer them for acceptance. But of such movelties, for the most part, we are doomed never to know whether they are good or bad, because they lack the strength stand against our preconceptions, and get crushed under the tyrannous weight of cus-The new method or the new thought may be good-may be the very best; but the old method and the old thought are in possession, and refuse to budge or be elbowed out of the way. It is not strange and somewhat anomalous that the individual and the general mind are so opposed in respect to innovation? that singly we are each and all so broad and large-minded, so open to the force of argument and ready to accept conviction, but that corporately we are so narrow, and resent the most logical reasoning, and stick like limpets on the rock to old conclusions? Is it that, although the new idea is true, we have an inner and unflattering consciousness that the truth of life, or what is so to us, is so closely entwined with the old idea, that we have not the will or the heart to dissover them? It

may possibly be so.

The world runs in ruts, under the weight of habit, the habit which has ground the ruts so deep; and men fear to quit the rut and get on the rail of new discovery in whatever department of thought or action. Ordinary men—and it is they get through most of the world's work — have faith in the ordinary course of events. They like to let things have their way, and to ride complacently on the current of circumstances; and, being ordinary men, they are right—right, inasmuch as not being able to make circumstances to suit their limited power of action they are their so deep; and men fear to quit the rut and get their limited power of action, they suit their action to the existing circumstances, and so compass their own ends, because things will have their way. This has been the manner of the mass of men throughout the generations, and so it will continue to be. The son, as a rule, lives the life of the father, does the deeds of the father, practises the father's virtues or his vices, is a prey to the father's fears and feebleness, or is strong in the father's strength, and dies the death the father died. Look at biographics and the annals of families, or re-call your own domestic traditions, and say if exceptional man comes there is another era inaugurated, another history begun. Things will have their way with him also — that is, they will stand as long as they can; but if the new strong man bring a new thought or a new thing better and stronger than the old, the old will have to go down before it some time or other. But the victory will not be won in a hurry, for the prophet of action is rarely welcomed even by those whose work he does We do not relish the idea of being superseded and laid on the shelf, and we bristle up instinctively against the innovator, in-novating though he be for our personal welfare. The new-comer, glowing with his en-thusiastic aims, looks to introduce new ideas and principles into the direction of affairs, and he launches his new scheme into the waters we have navigated so long, and we are not we have invigited so long, and we are not sorry to see him borne along with the current in spite of his lusty opposition. We are trou-bled only when he makes head against the stream and beats back the opposing waters, turning the tide of affairs into the channel he has prepared for them.

Things have their way from year to year from generation to generation, and from century to century; and the record of uniformity is such a monotone that the irrepressible doggedness of routine seems to have put on the aspect of fate, though that is a delusion. It is true that in a sense routine and custom are fate to the timid, the irresolute, the sluggish, the unstable, and the simple; but what is fate to them is fortune to the bold, the enterprising, and the wise. That things do have their way is not from any decree of destiny in the form of law, but simply because the gravitation of circum-stance is stronger than the hesitating semi-torpid volition of average mankind. The

have their way. When the hour comes the man is never far distant. The Luthers, the Cranmers, the Napoleons, Washingtons, Tous-saints, Hofers, the Bruces, the Napiers, the Kossutes-the hearts that stirred the world to action—are all dead, you say; but it is not so, they have only stepped aside for a while. Let the human agitations revive, and the excited people clamour for leaders, and they shall revive too—the hour shall bring the man may, it shall create the man.

This clinging to the old ruts —

passionate adherence to prescription and the things that have had their day—what is it? Surely it is as much an entity and a fact in the moral world as anything that can be named—even the hugest mountain—in the world of sense. Therefore it can be looked at on all sides, and weighed in balances of ex-pediency. Let us look at its good side—for it has a good side—and see what advantage we derive from it. In the first place, it is an excellent drag, saving us from rash and hasty judgments-from giving undue force to mere opinion, and from neglect of precedent and experience. It acts as a dead weight at the heels of speculation, and compels us to pause ere committing ourselves irrevocably to novel enterprises, however fascinating. It is an autidote to vaulting ambition, saving it from o'erleaping itself and falling on the other side. It says to the eager man making haste to get rich, "Wait a bit—consult your nightcap—sleep upon it—don't thrust your arm farther than you can draw it back again—look before you leap." It is full of such wise saws, and has a whole chapter of proverbs to quote against hurry and precipitation. In this respect it is like ballast in the hold of a ship, which keeps the vessel from toppling over; or it may be regarded as the centripetal force which restrains the world of action within its due and healthy orbit, and prevents its flying off out of its legitimate sphere. To the mass of men it is a providence and a guardian angel, restricting their function to what they under-strict, compelling them both to do what they can do and to leave unattempted what they cannot do. It is one of the cohesive force in mundane affilirs, binding man to matter and matter to man—and it is a conservative force, keeping human action in constant trains of sequence and consequence. It is at the ground of every man's consciousness, and, like the balance-wheel of the chronometer, gives measure and rhythm to his movements. Without it things would not have their way, but half the business of the world which conducts itself would cease to do so, and all things and all men would get out of their course into confusion and wreck and social ruin. So much for the credit side of dogged routine. Let us now post up the debit side and strike a balance if we can.

The bad side of prescription or routine is no less obvious than the good. It renders men less obvious than the good. It renders men slaves to custom and precedent; it fosters prejudice and a blind confidence in the wisdom of the past; it is the dry-nurse of what writers have called the bucolic mind—the mind which will not be goaded out of the rut of ancient use and wont—which delights in letting things have their own way, and quarrels with all attempts to alter the old course of things—the slumberous mind of the course of things-the slumberous mind of the rustic clod incapable of anything higher than a kind of sensuous animalism, and whose wor-ship is at the noblest a dreamy acquiescence in the dispensations of Providence, so long, things pleasant and comfortable. To say that dogged routine strangles thought and fetters action, is but to utter a common place; it does more and worse than that—it emasculates the mind, and fills the world with the fools of circumstance—it substitutes a silly cunning for the spirit of invention, greed for generosity, meanness for manliness, and suthat is, as Providence does not forget to make generosity, meanness for manliness, and su-perstition for religion.

If there be the lights and shadows, the

debtor and creditor aspects of old use and wont it is clear that some discrimination may be needed to strike a balance between them, and, to put it plainly, that it is not an easy thing to do. Well, the problems of life are not easy to solve—were never intend-ed to be easy—and this is one of them, demanding frequent, almot daily solution When to go willingly with the current, and t is not so with ordinary men. But when the when to strive against it; when to let things there is not so with ordinary men. But when the bave their way, and when to seduce or compel have their way, and when to seduce or compel them to take our way; these are the tests and touchstones of a man's wisdom to elect his part and his capacity to perform it well. Happy the man who, amidst the tangles and manifold confusions of things new and old has the wit it to draw the threads of fair and fit," and out of the mingled mass to cull the materials for building up a true life.—Leisure

> GRATIFYING SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION,-If there is anything that we like in a scientific work it is clearness. When, therefore, we read recently, in medical volume, that "the thalamaoptici are the essentials of the senstry tracts, as the corpora stariata are of the motor," we felt completely happy, because we perceived at once, with sterooscopic distinctness, precisely what the author meant. What he means is, or what the author meant. What he means is, of course, that the thalmioptical are the essentials of the senstry tracts, as the corporastariata are of the motor. The information is especially gratifying, because we must all be impressed with the conviction that if the thalmioptical had not been essentials of the enstry tracts, existence would at once have become a disgusting and unendurable burden, and woman's love a hollow mockery. As it is we are filled with a holy and satisfying calm.

> PRESONS APPLIOTED, however slightly, with any weakness of the Chester Threat, involving either the Larynx, Trachea, Bronchial Tubes, or the Lungs themselves, should, on the first symptom, commence with Rellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, as by its use diseases of those organs (even Consumption in its primary stage) are speedily cured and more alarming symptoms prevented.

simply because the gravitation of circumstance is stronger than the hesitating semitorpid volition of average mankind. The man of energy and practical wit is not borne down by it—he converts the dreary dogged routine into his ally and drudge, transforms inertia into momentum, so that the necessity which clogs and fetters the fool crowns him with glory and honour.

When the nations of the earth are ripe for rupture and revolution—when old things have had their way too long—when changes, political, social, national, begin to ring out their fiftful peals of alarm—these also are destined to semigroup for the place on sale as a family Medicine.

We say they are Good.—The Shoshonees Pills are manufactured with the utmost care, scrutiny, and exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choicest romedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choices tromedia exactness, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choices, from the very active principles, doubly reflied and purified, of such of the choices and purified, of such of the choices are such of the Shockon active a

SOIENTIFIC IT MS.

The use of red light in photography has been found to hasten impressions, and increase their

M. Henous proposes the introduction of a plati-num-broaze for the manufacture of soking atomsils. It is said to be entirely inoxidizable. The propor-tions are, nickel low, tin 10, platinum, 1.

To Protect Wood proof Plain and Sieberger says this may be done as follows: Paint the wood a few times from a hot solution of glue, and the very thin portion of the glue remains on the surface; then paint with a thicker solution of glue; a mixture of one part of sulphur, one part of ochro or pipo-clay, and six parts of sulphate of iron, is afterwards applied with a dredger, the incredibuts having been first separately pulverized and thoroughly mixed.

first separately pulverized and thoroughly mixed.

A FRENCH chemist has discovered a new useful art—that of permanently staining wood. The process consists simply in plunging the natterial into two boths, the first consisting of fedate of potassium, and the second of bichlorde of mercary. The wood is left in the first both for several hours, and then placed in the second, where it receives a beautiful rose-color. When dried in the air the substance is varmished. The baths may be used a great manifor of times without renewal, thus reinfering the process one of peculiar economy.

Experiments were recently made in Berlin to ascertain the effect of gas on the rosts of trees. The

EXPERIMENTS were recently made hallering to asserting the offect of gas on the roots of trees. The cas from the street mains was delivered into the soil in which two lime-trees and in maple were planted. After the lapse of two months the roots were examined, and it was found that all the fibres were dead. The bark of the strongest roots was decayed, and even the woody part altered. The gas was then cut off to see it the trees would recover; one of the limes produced a sigkly erop of layers, but the other trees should no signs of life.

CUSENERS STREEY —M. Layen being in above of

other trees showed no signs of life.

CAUSE OF SUPELY.—M. Loven, bring in charge of one of the hospitals of Paris during the siege, made a study of serrey, and concludes that it is not produced by a want of vegetables, mor are vegetables indispensable for its enre, but that it is the result of had hygicinic conditions in those who contract it. Cold. dampness, excessive work, meral depression and insufficient admentation, he thinks, are the principal causes of searcy. He believes it to be a littly degeneration of the muscular system, beginning and the heart, and those muscles which are not accurate, when the degeneration appears in the liver, kidneys and other organs. A great number of cures were obtained by the use of raw meat without vegetables.—Northney's.

ETHEOLOGY IN MADE.—The form and substance of

kidneys and other organs. A great number of cures were obtained by the use of raw meat without vegetables.—Seribare's.

Ethnology in Hair.—The form and substance of human hair is different in different races, and may be described, in its structure, as cylindrical oral and be described, in its structure, as cylindrical oral and be described, in its structure, as cylindrical oral and eccentrically elliptical. The hair of the North American Indian is cylindrical; that of the white race is oval, and that of the negre (which is really not hair but wool) is eccentrically elliptical. When the hair is exiliated in all sides of the dianent, and this condition gives to it the lank, straight appearance of that of the pure blood Indian. The oval hair displays a greater number of fibres upon the flattened side than elsewhere,—and this condition gives the hair a tendency to earl or curve in that direction. When eccentrically elliptical, it not only always curls but often assumes a spiral shape, as on the head of the nourn. The hair of the Chinese is nearly cylindrical, and hence it is that curled hair is almost unknown among that people. I have passed the hair of the North American Indian, and also that of a Chinese, between rollers, so as to flatten the pile, and each instantly curled. We may, therefore, easily determine the shape of the flaments of hair from its appearance. The cylindrical hair (and consequently lanks) of the North American Indian is a type of all natives of the continent of American Indian is a probably, I think, of the same race as the mound-hailders of North American in Pora, in South America, belonged to one of the ancient inhabitants of that country, who were possibly, and probably, I think, of the same race as the mound-hailders of North America, was cylindrical, and consequently straight. When the mound-bailders of North America, was cylindrical, and consequently straight. When the mound-bailders of probably, I think, of the same race as the mound-hailders of North America, was cylindrical hair, ano

FARM ITEMS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Ohio. Farmer writes that the result of twenty years experience in keeping apples may all be summed up in a few words, viz.; keep them dry, cool, and entirely shielded from the external air.

BARRLE & Co., of Worms, recommend the use of soluble glass in washing wool. The operation is conducted as follows: Forty parts of water are mixed with one of soluble glass at a temperature of 50° to 57° Cent. The wool is then plunged into the mixture and stirred about for a few minutes: it is then rinsed in topid water and is found to be clean, white, and devoid of odor. After the operation the wool is said to be perfectly soft, and not to have lost any of the properties that fit it for the purposes to which it is applied.

it is applied.

A SERIES of experiments instituted to test the average loss in weight by drying, show that corn loses one-fifth and wheat one-fourteenth by the process. From this the statement is made that farmers will make more by solling unshelled corn in the fall at seventy-five conts than the following summer at \$1 a bushel, and that wheat at \$1.22 in December is equal to \$1.50 for the same wheat in June following. This estimate is made on the basis of interest at seven per cent, and takes no account of loss from vermin. These facts are worthy of consideration.

facts are worthy of consideration.

SPREES FOR AGRICULTURISTS.—A correspondent of the Rural New York's suggests that the name Agricultural Fairs be changed to "Agricultural Sprees." and that all attempts on the part of farmers and gardeners to exhibit their products therent be discontinued, since fairs are little more than days of recreation and amusement—and no andusement whatover to exhibitors, who, at large expense and at the cost of much discomfort, take their products to those of much discomfort, take their products to those Fairs for exhibition. We fully sympathize with our friend. The spirit which once begat Agricultural Fairs has departed, and we doubt if it over returns. Time and the tastes and the progress (?) of the people have modified most of their features.—Exchange.

Filtering Ciper.—We have never found it neces-

This and the theres and the progress(Tyot he people have modified most of their features.—Exchange.

Filtering Cider.—We have never found it necessary to use other than the common straw filter, in use at eider mills: but we have seen it recommended to pass eider, before fermentation, through a filter of sand and charcoal made as follows: Ciderriver sand, rather coarse, is best; put the sand and charcoal into a tub or vat for the purpose, in alternate layers, having the coal reduced to pieces from half an inch to an inch square: lay a piece of flannel over the top, and as fast as the eider comes from the press pass it through the filter, whereby all the pomace and other impurities are removed. If the flannel becomes so louded with pounce as to impode the passage of the cider, it may be removed and washed and a new piece substituted. If this filtration is well done, as the cider passes from the sand it will appear to be perfectly pure, and should immediately be put into casks and placed in the collar.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Prince Ilassan, eldest son of the Khedive of Egypl, who has finished his Oxford career, will soon depart on a three years' tour round the world.

Inasmuch as idleness is a vice, and productive of great unhappiness to those indulging in it, the Fronch Scotety for the Protection of Animals has suggested the propriety and humanity of requiring dogs lowerk. There is some difference of opinion on the subject; but generally the members are disposed to regard laxiness as bad for dogs as for men.

If has happened not unfrequently that winesses (sometimes in very important cases) have been disqualified from giving their evidence by reason of their belief upon matters pertaining to religion. An important case upon this point has just been decided in Maryland. A witness was objected to on the ground that he did not believe in the existence of a God, and a system of future rewards and punishments. It was shown upon the trial, that while the witness did not believe in a personal God, he did believe in a Supreme Spirit pervading nature. The court held that a belief in a personal God was not necessary, and that the witness, by acknowledging merely the existence of a Supreme Being or Power, established his competency to testify.

A specimen of the way in which the money secured

A SPECIMEN of the way in which the money secured

for philanthropic and charitable purposes is frequently applied, is farmished by recent proceedings of the London School Board. That body, it appears, was given extraordinary powers in putting into operation a compulsory system of education. The task was entered upon with a marked degree of energy. Two years have clapsed since the system was inaugurated, and the Board have expended Limmon; but it turns out that the precise portion of this sum realized by the schools, was lifteen pounds sixteen shillings and sevenpone, the remaining Limmon states, printing, advortising, etc. It would seem that this School Board have graduated in Boards of Foreign Missions.

have graduated in Boards of Foreign Missions.

A Good loca.—In a recent sermon the Rey, Henry Ward Beecher suggested that every house should be fitted with a fire extinguishing apparatus. A communication received by an exchange enters into the details of the idea, and explains that a water pipe might be carried up inside the rain spout to the roof, around which it would be continued, the latter lengths to be perforated, so that on turning a tap near the ground the roof would be specific blooked—a plug and chain being attached to the rain spout, so that the water would back up and overflow: thus, in case of a fire being in a neighbouring house, protecting both roof and walls from the heat and flames. The idea, though not new, commends itself to property owners and insurance companies. It has been applied to many of the theatres in London, and we believe the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, are also fitted with a similar apparatus.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

HASHED MUTTON: "Fry in sauceman three sandlone ions and three small slices of bacon or ham until they are brown; themadd a little more than half a part of water, and thicken it with hour; then strain it, and add it to the meat, with a little Harvey's sairs; repper and salt to taste. It will take about up hour to hush.

to high.

PEAS PUDDING.—Pet a pint of split peas into a cloth; do not tie it up too light, but leave room for the peast of swell; boil slowly till tender, if good peast they will be boiled enough in three hours; take them up, and rub through a hair sieve; bear the pulp in a basin with an egg, an onnee of butter, a little cream, pepper, and salt to taste, and when the whole is well mixed tie it up in the cloth again and boil half an hour. The probling would be improved by being boiled in the same sancepan with salt pork or beg!.

APPLESTORY CAKE.—To one number of silted flow.

or beof.

APPLE SHORT CAKE, "To one quart of silted flour add two tenspoonful of cream tartar and one of sola, half a tenspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter, sweet milk or cream enough to max it. Have the dough rather stiff, roll and bake in a sheet. As soon as baked, split open the whole cake, stread one piece quickly with butter, cover with well-awectened apple sauce, pour over some thick sweet cream, grate one untineg; place the other half on this crust side down), spread with butter, cover with apple sauce, cream and nuture. eream and natmeg.

eream and natineg.

FARMERS FRUIT CAME.—Three cups of dried apples wash and cut each piece into three pieces, then boil in a syrup made of two caps of sugar. It if a cap of water, two tablespoonfuls of essence of lemon, until proserved through and tender. He very carreful not to let it burn. When cooked sufficiently, take off and cool; then add one cup of dried cherries, three cups of raisins, two cups of sugar, half a cap of brandy, one cap of butter, is east, one tenspoonful of cloves, nutneg and cinnamon, polyerized and mixed, flour to make a stiff batter; bake one hour.

To Bout Chickey, "Plain acress, batter is an and to

to make a stiff batter; bake one hour.

To Bott CHICKEN,—Plain arthess boiling is and to produce a yellowish, slimy-booking chicken. Before cooking, the bird should always be well washed in tepid water and temon joice, and, to insure white-most, delicacy, and succulence, should be holled in a paste made of flower and water, and, after being put into the boiling water, should be allowed to simmer slowly. This method is very effectual in preserving all the juices of the flow, and the result is a far more toothsome and nonrishing morsel than the backless bird which has been "calloped to death" in plain boiling water. Mutton is also much better for being boiled in paste.

Cup PUDDINGS.—The following is an excellent re-

boiled in pasic.

Cir Puddings.—The following is an excellent recipe for cup puddings. The weight of two eggs in the shell of lump sugar, of butter, and of thour. Place the butter before the fire till half melted, then boat it to a cream; pound the sugar well, hear the eggs, mix the ingredients together with a little grated lemon peed; butter your cups (tins are best, but teacupy will do), half fill thom, and place them in a cool oven for half an hour. Serve them either hot, with wine and melted-butter sauce, or cold with jam. Uniting thom up with the jam butween and a little custard poured overthem, and with brandy, they make a dish equal to tipsy cake.

Apple Devil.—The following is not a new, but it

poured overthem, and with brandy, they make a dish equal to these cake.

Appear Devit.—The following is not a now, but it is a vory delicious way of dressing apples, and is not very well known: Peel and core about thirty good baking apples, and slice them inton little cold water; add equal weight of lump sugar, the juice and peel of two lemons out very thin, 20x, very finely-grated ginger, and one teappoonful of cayenne pepper. Boil all together till the apples look quite clear. The quantity of cayenne can be diminished to suit the taste. This will keep good for two or three years, and is to be enten as a preserve. If required for a dish for dimer, bent up the whites of four eags till very stiff sprinkle with a little crushed sugar whilst boating. When very firm pile it on some of the preserve previously placed in a dish, and put in the oven till alcely browned. It may be served either hot or cold.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.

GENUINE is the gold in the mine : talent is the miner

There is nobody who has not some cherished ro-mance which gives a tinge of fancy to his life. Ir thy conscience smite thee once, it is an ad-position; if it smite thee twice, it is a condemna-

Our repentance is not so much a regret for the evil we have done, as a fear of what may be the con-

OLD men delight in uttering good precepts to con-sole themselves for being no longer in a condition to set bad examples.

INVOLABLE fidelity, good humor, and complacency of tempor outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

IF every word mon utterfell to the ground and grew up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be worth tentimes as much as they new are. Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neek: yet are they often only like the stone used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.

A HOUSE without pictures is like a stem shorn of its fair flowers. If you would make a room look neat, cheerful, and homelike, first, and above all clee, rob it of its staring, naked walls, by covering them up with modest and refined pictures.

them up with modest and remain preserves.

What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakspore's shepherd.

"Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I wear; I owe no man hate; oney no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm !"

other men's good; content with my farm!"

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiofly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor mency, but make the best use of both. Without industry and trugality nothing will do; and with them everything.

Togain a name of worth, a man must have an alin, a purpose for which he lives; not merely a bubble upon the stream, tossed to and fro by each succeeding wave; not merely the plaything of fate, but a being of determination, who looks to some harbor where he wills his beat shall anchor, and in willing conquers circumstances, and is not their slave.

conquers circumstances, and is not their slave.

I.L.-NATURED deeds are very rare when compared with ill-natured words; in short, the proportion of the deeds to the words is as Falstaff's pennyworth of broad to his monstrous quantity of sack. It would be a shrewdly good bargain for the world to agree that ill-natured words wore to be diminished by one-half; for though the deed may be a much larger and more potent thing than the word, it often does not give nearly as much pain. Dependents would gain very much by this bargain, for they soldom suffer much from deeds, but a great deal from words. Many a man goes through life scattering ill-natured remarks in all directions, who has never done, to knowledge, an ill-natured deed, and who probably considers himself a very good-natured fellow, but one, however, who takes a knowing view of all human being, and of all human affairs, and is not to be imposed upon by anything or anybody.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Westfax paper says: "The favorite fan at Kun-sus City is made of a tumbler and two straws." As Alabama editor mildly alludas to his rival as a "reservoir of fashion and an aquedact of menda-city."

The following prophetic warning is pasted over a huckster's table in stantord, Ky,: "Any Man or Boy that take: One Apel Without Leafe is a lift Rogo in his harte."

Mr. Leagrewas recently bailed out of the Danville, Kentneky, jail, and has restmed his old occupation of stealing horses. The authorities say when they give Legge bail again he'll know it.

A Dernote politician, who was a candidate for of-tice at the late election, is about to publish a book containing a last of the various propositions that were made to him during his time of candidature.

HOBSIN has a young lady who is grantisting preparatory to making her debut as a vocalist. The Norspeak speaks of the circumstance, and adds "Those who live in her neighborhood have put weather-strips around their doors and windows to keep out the ine-lody."

lody."

As absent-minded man entered a Troy shoe store the other day, and wanted his logy measured for a pair of shoes. "But where's the logy?" said the dealer. "Thunder!" said the man, "I've left the logy at home. I'll go and bring him," and off he started for his house, six blocks away. LEGISLATION IN LOADO.—Some vory amusing things writes a correspondent at Stockton. California Jhapouned during the session of the Idaho Logislature held in the winter of 1870-71. Among them this is worthy of preservation:

worthy of preservation:

A certain lady having become weary of the companionship of a fraudow hurshand, thought she might obtain a divorce in a shorter and cheaper way through a polying to the courts. Some friends of hers, members of the Legislature, accordingly drafted a bill, and presented it to the consideration of the effects, "It may with a favorable reception, and was put upon its first, second, and third randings, and passed without even the formality of sending it to a committee. One of the members, who was a little disgusted with this summary way of usurping the proper duty of a court, and who had voted against the bill, arose and said:

"Mr. Sogaker, I vice to a mint of order. I are

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order, I am summoned to attend a meeting of one of the committees of this honor dde body, of which I amehairman. I have a wife at home, of whom I am very fond. I beg the House not to discuse me lease her during any observed "Enriques Brywen," in Hospiel, Magazing for Berember.

HEARTHSPONE SPHINK.

286, 80UARE WORDS.

The following four words will form a square: My west is a tumble: my second is superficial contents; my third is thun; and my court is a narrow road.

287, DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A King, whose army in one night thof's worth haid low
 A judge, who e'er would to the right His nid bestow.
 A heresy, whose power of old, Through Europe spread.
 A nonner drink, by chemists sold, To cool the head.
 A tree, whose pith is much esteemed As children's final.
 A hyann to those th' Athenians deemed In buttle good.
 She, who doft grace an emperor's throne, In queenly state.
 A Boman, well in story known, Of early date.
 The gardon, where our parents dwelt

Of early date.

The nardon, where our parents dwelt Ere pain was known:
And the foul serpent's trail was felt,
Ere sin was sown.
Read this aright. I pray, and you will find Two faithful painters of the human mind.

W. J. G.

288. CHARADE,

In the cropuscule of even, Came my last across the wave. From a green-haired maind singing,— '' Haste thee where the waters lave: Youder pataces' foundations.

Yonder palness' foundations,
Everlasting crystal greem.
And I'll show thee untold wonders,
Morthl eye hath never seen:
Where the blazing light of jewels,
Shines through many a lofty dome.
And a thousand sparkling pillars
Lift the ceiling of my home.
There, beside the perfumed fountains—
Fountains, enterald, fountains red.
Fountains of the rainbow glory,
Falling from their sculptured head
Sits my whole in kingly glory
High upon his coral throne
The gold-fish round him roving,
Threading o'er the dulse-dock'd hwn
Then go toll the world the secrets—
Threading o'er the dulse-dock'd hwn
Then go toll the world the secrets— In its richest, rarest paintings Of my whole's bright coral cell.

The friend of man, the fee of beasts, My days an earth I spend; My life from ann's own hand I take, Though oft he dreads my ond.

289. ENIGMA.

Sometimes I'm much admired.

sometimes an ugly gnome, ometimes I hiss, and rour, and fright A family from their home.

What this earth would be without me. No man can ever tell; For the use of man I'm all in all, And an attribute of hell.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., in No. 47.

288.—Charabes.—1. Sunshine: 2. Court-house; 3. Gentlemon: 4. Law-suit.

28.—Word Pezzues.—1. An understanding and over-towering mind judges between man and man.

2. There is an overwhelming difference between vice and virtue.

270. -- ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES. -

Take the middle one in the numerals XIX away, and it leaves XX (twenty.) II.



III. C#100. XIX:::19:::XUIX:::90.

The difference is 2, thus: $\begin{array}{c} X1+X = X1X, \\ X+X1 = XXI. \end{array}$

271.—Riphle-Ma-Res.—The one is askew, the other a skower.

272.—The letter L.

273.—DECAPITATIONS.—1. Clamp-lamp-map. 2. Frail-rail-ail. 3. Score-core-core. 4. Trite-rite-tire. 5. Sword-word-rod. 6. Scent-cent-ten. 274.—Classical Anagramatical Rebus.—1. Socrates—thus:—1. Sarpadon; 2. Orontes; 3. Calphurnia; 4. Rabirius; 5. Alcibiades; 5. Tigranes; 7. Epicures; 8. Semiramis.



CONTRAST.

The exquisite charm of spring's first ringing laughter, We measure only by the winter's gloom; The wailing winds, the whirling snows, make

The waiting winds, the waiting snows, and room.

In our half-frezen hearts for sunshine after! if every morn were fair and all days golden. And only emerald turf our footsteps trod. Our sated souls would tire of velvet sod. Our eyes in spells of snow-capped peaks beholde We gauge the flow'ret's beauty by the mould That lies so long and dark its sweetness over; As absence makes his rapture for the lover, Who sees no light till he fond eyes behold. So God be praised for wintry blasts and snows. That end their lessons when the violet blows!

A MARRIAGE NOTICE

At her father's death, everything devolved on Margaret. Her mother was perfectly over-come by the shock; and, far from affording the young girl the least support, was but another burden on her hands. The boys, hastily summoned from school, looked in their lawilderment and grief to her. In the their bewilderment and grief to her. In the midst of her own sorrow, she scothed, as far as she might, the bitterness of theirs. The funeral over, came the inevitable dis-

cussion of affairs. Mr. Leighton's income had been good, but the greater part of it died with him; very little property had been accumulat-ed on which the family could rely. As this became evident, one cherished plan after another was given up. Edmund must leave school, it was plain, and devote himself to some remunerative pursuit. Margaret felt this almost as much as did the youth himself, for she had great pride in his talent and faith or such and great price in his tations and larger went down. She had studies this future. She tried, but in vain, to discover some feasible method of continuing him at his studies. Robert was willing Perhaps it was for the best, she told herself; Perhaps it was for the best, she told herself; enough to give up school and accept a situa-tion in the counting-house of a friend in

But then there were her mother; the care for themselves. The means for doing it were utterly inadequate, and as Margaret re-cognized this fact, her own part in the sacrifices of the time became painfully ap-

It was just six months since she had enment. Through all the sorrow of these weeks what solace she had found in his affection! And now to give it all up! How could she? She racked her brain for an alternative, and found none. If it were in any way possible, the little capital must be kept intact; and to de it, some means of cking out the income it produced must be contrived. The boys had, for the present, enough on their hands—upon her the responsibility devolved. She could not forsuke them and seek happiness in her own way; it was a selfishness of which she was incapable. And to take the all with her to a new home—to impose such a burden on a husband; that, too, was impossible. One simple solution of the difficulty appeared—to sacrifico herself Then she could stay at home, could care for them all: husband, to the utmost, their scanty means, and earn what she could to add to them.

She had not expected that Philip would ac-She had not expected that Philip would acquiesce, quietly, in this arrangement, but she was hardly prepared for such determined opposition. How much it cost her to argue against him, and herself! He urged, first, their immediate marriage; finding her unyielding on that point, he took another tone.

"I will wait, then," he said; "and you yourself shall fix the limit. How long will it be before you are at liberty?—before your sisters can take charge of the house and of your mother?"

your mother ?" Margaret shook her head sadly. " Too long

for you to wait," she said.
"That is not an answer to my question," he

returned.
"Helen is eight, and Gracie ten; you can

see it is hopeless.' " Not at all. Six or seven years will surely

be sufficient; and I will wait ten, if you say I must. Anything, rather than give you up."

Margaret's eyes thanked him, though her lips still refused assent. unconsidered all the you leave

fortunate chances," he continued. "Your mother may regain her health, and be able to guide her own house and the children. The boys may so prosper that no efforts will be necessary. Wait and see. I ask nothing of necessary. Wa

It was hard for Margaret to resist the temp. tation. But, no! she would not hold him, all through his youth, to an engagement that promised so little to his advantage. If he should see any whom he could prefer, he should not feel himself fettered, and give up his wishes for her sake—should not come back, when the ten years were over, to keep faith with a dowerless and faded bride. She was firm in her decision. I'hilip, not unnaturally, was indignant; he accused her of self-will and of indifference. Self will I when she would have given the world to yield. Indifference! when her heart-cried out, every moment against her reason

He went away—not tenderly; and Margaret was left to find what consolation she could in the belief that she had acted for the best.

Occupation is said to be the surest remedy for grief. If so, Margaret's should soon have been allayed. But, busy as she was, she found time to remember and to suffer.

"Philip Hearn has not been here for a long time, it seems to me," Mrs. Leighton observ-

"No, mamma."
"It is very strange that he should choose

such a time to neglect you, Margaret."

"It is not neglect, mamma; it is by my own wish that he has ceased to come. I have not liked to trouble you with it, or you should

And she briefly explained the new aspect which their relations had assumed. Mrs. Leighton's mind was divided, as she listened.

Philip was a promising young man, and it was a pity that Margaret should give up her prospects; still, the convenience of the arrangement struck her very acceptably, Margaret could now devote herself to her own family, who had certainly the best claim upon her; and there would be no outside considera-

ons of interest to interfere. "I must have been mistaken, though," she thought, "in fancying her so attached to and helpful. The boys, in their separate ways,

Philip. If she had been, she could not have given him up so readily. I never could have done it; but then, Margaret isn't like me. Well, these cold-hearted people have the most comfortable time of it, after all."

"I hope, mamma, you do not disapprove what I have done?" said Margaret auxiously. "Disapprove? Oh, no, dear! I think it was all for the best, if you could do it. I am

sure we shall be glad to have you to ourselves again. But you might have left him a little hope, Maggie; you might have said that, in case of any fortunate circumstance occurring. or some unlooked-for turn in our affairs, you would renew the engagement "

"But don't you see, mamma, that it would be only another way of binding him? He

would have been very glad of such an op-portunity, and would have considered him-self still pledged and waiting for better times."
"Very well, dear; you know best what suits you. I must speak to the doctor about my drops, the next time he comes. They are affecting my appetite; and yet I don't know how I am to rest without them. There is the how I am to rest without them. There is the difficulty—what helps in one direction, hurts in another. Be thankful, Margaret, that you keep your health, at any rate.'

"I am, mamma," she answered, kissing the pale, pretty cheek.

Mrs. Leighton had been beautiful in youth, and still retained many traces of her charms. Perhaps she had never a fonder admirer than her daughter.

"I believe I could sleep now," she said.

"Draw down the blind, please, and throw a shawl over my feet. I'll not keep you any longer; and don't trouble yourself to come up.

I will ring if I need anything."

Margaret went down. She had told her

perhaps any warmer expression might have vercome her-unfitted her for all she had to do. Poor mamma! She had been ill so long that anything outside her own room seemed children, who were still to be educated, strange and foreign to her; probably to any brought forward to an age when they could one who suffered much bodily pain, mere one who suffered much bodlly pain, mere matters of feeling did not look very important. Her thoughts flew back, how sadly, how fondly, to that last happy evening with the dear father—the evening before that dreadful day which had seen him cut down in the midst of health and strength. Could it be gaged herself to Philip Hearn. How entirely that all love had vanished utterly from the happy had been the first days of that engage-world? That he, safe in the serene heavens. world? That he, safe in the serene heavens, cared no longer for the sorrow of those he had left behind? Oh! to see him just once more! To feel once more the rest and protection of his presence!

Margaret's life soon assumed its routine. With the aid of her little sisters she performed the labors of the household, and found or took, time to give lessons in music to a few pupils. With the means thus saved and carned, she hoped to get through the year

without trenching on their slender capital.

The invalid's room was in the centre of the family; everything was arranged with refamily; everything was arranged with the ference to it, that mamma might not feel the discomforts of their altered fortune. Margaret could no longer devote her time to the work

of nursing! but Grace and Helen were trained to fill her place.

From her brothers she heard often. Robert had taking kindly to the change in his prospects, and wrote in buoyant strain of all he meant to do, ere long, to advance his own and the family fortunes. Edmund, less confident, still hoped another year, to lighten his sister's

burdens. Both wrote affectionately; to both, home was still the chief place, the most to be desired; and in that home she was supreme. It was she who plauned, provided, decided all; to whom the rest looked as their authority and protection. There was comfort in this, surely; it was much to be so useful, so important. But was it enough? Could it quite fill a young heart and content it utterly? Perhaps it would not have done so but for a secret half-acknowledged hope. Philip had left her, as has been said, in some displeasure, but a little reflection made him do her justice. wrote then a long, earnest letter, saying that she could not, at any rate, prevent his constancy. He should wait, and watch for the first ray of hope. Meanwhile, he kept up a correspondence with Robert, through whom he learned and

Margaret had read the letter a hundred times more or less; and every time she said to herself, "He thinks so now, but will he in six or seven years? He may have seen many who are a great deal more attractive than Iand those who have fortune and connectionsto marry whom would aid and advance him. Not that he would ever marry for such reasons; but he might like such a person. And I shall be getting older; when he sees me, he may find me changed. No; it would be most unwise to depend upon it. It is only reasonable to suppose that he may get tired of waiting. Dear Philip!"

importance.

And then she thought how good he was how constant, and how generous; and, spite of all these prudent resolutions, kept her faith

He came to Guildford (where they lived) within a year, visiting an old friend of his

"I shall not lose sight of you." he said. to Margaret, "though you are such a despot. I suppose you will hardly forbid me the town."
"No," she answered, smiling. "I have not

"No," she answered, smiling. "I have not the least desire to do so."
"I don't trust you. I believe you would like to pass a sort of five mile act, forbidding me to come near any city, village, or fortified town that contained you. Oh, Margaret!" he added, more seriously, "how cold and discreet you are! Can't you bestow just a crumb of encouragement? I give you everything — not much, perhaps, but all I have, and get nothing in return. Do you call that generous?" in return. Do you call that generous?

Margaret trembled. It was easier to be firm in Philip's absence than when his voice sounded in her ears, and her own wishes all the time seconded his pleading. This time, how-ever, circumstances decided for her; some one came in, and the conversation was interrupt-When they next met, she had resolved

clared, at length. "I am engaged to you; and all you gain is to deprive us of the pleasure we should have in belonging openly to each other."

Four years went by. The children grew tall

were prospering-with a modest prosperity, it is true, but such as they were eager to share at Margaret's efforts sufficed, as she had home. hoped to meetinevitable wants, and the means which her brothers contributed, served to add to the comforts of the household, and give the girls the adventages which their increasing years demanded. Economies, though strict, were no longer so grinding as at first. Margaret had become accustomed to her position, and a hundred things, once difficult and perplexing, were now met with perfect ease. In Mrs. Leighton's health there had been some slight improvement, and the daughters were left more at liberty than for years previous.'Altogether, the world was brighter, the prospect more cheerful than at any time since their great calamity. Margaret sometimes allowed herself to think that in another year or two, if all went on well, and Philip still wished it, there need be no serious obstacle to their mar-

She sat, oneafternoon, busy with her needlework, her thoughts straying involuntary to-ward the future, when Helen came in. There

was something peculiar in her manner.
"Why do you look at me so mysteriously?"

Margaret asked, half smiling.

Helen was troubled. "I don't like to tell you," she said; "and still, perhaps, you ought to know. "I have been at the Seymour's this afternoon, and Julia has just come home from spending a week at Ashford, with Emily Deane. Emily has been at Canterbury for two or three months past and she heard a good deal about Philip. She did not see him, for she never knew him here, and her friends were not acquainted with him-

She paused. Very well," said Margaret ; "go on." "But she heard—oh, Margaret! I hope it isn't true; I don't believe it can be—that he was attentive to a young lady there, and peo-ple thought they would be married very

Margaret turned deadly pale, but controlled herself. "Did you hear any more?" she

"Only a little - about the girl. That she was very pretty and accomplished, and very young; only just left school. I shouldn't think Philip would want any one like that." " Why not ?" said Margaret, trying to smile.

"There is no harm in being young, surely?"
"No; but—no matter. Her father is very well off, it seems, and she is the only daughter; so that people said it would be a good thing for Philip Oh, Maggie, I hope it is not true!" "There is no reason why it should not be

true," said Margaret, slowly, balancing the probabilities in her own mind.

She had told herself, many a time, that this was what she had to expect And yet — oh, how foolish she had been! she had hoped on, trusting in Philip's love for her. It was her own fault. She would not allow him to bind himself, and he had only used his freedom. Yet the very last time they met—but it would not do to think of that. He might have told them, though; they were old friends; they should them auch a thing from common rumor. The next moment she owned in candor that it was not a topic he could well broach to them. Such a young girl, too! Ah, yes! there was a charm in that first freshness of youth, and she, with her twenty-five years, had lost it for ever. Then sudden incredulity came over her. It is not so; it cannot be so, she thought. There was some

mistake; reports were so little to be trusted. If she could but know the truth! And she looked with anxiety for Robert's next letter, which must, she thought, throw some light upon the question. It came at last—a news-

paper with it.

I wonder what he has sent this for?" claimed Grace, opening it, as Margaret read the letter. "It must be something especial. On, here is a marked paragraph?" She laid down the journal with a look of

dismay, Margaret had no need to ask. She had learned already from her letter why the paper

was sent, and what it contained.

"My dearest sister," Robert wrote, "I don't know how this will affect you. Without talking much of the matter, Philip always gave me to much of the matter, Philip always gave me to understand that he considered himself engaged to you, and should urge you to marry him as soon as home-cares left you more at liberty. as soon as home-cares left you more at liberty. skirt. This sash is so puffed out and I own I never supposed that he would urge in vain, and looked upon the affair as settled. Black velvet bodice, opening over a turquoise-Perhaps I was mistaken; I am sure, I hope so. I cannot but think he has behaved ill to us—very ill. His last letter, dated not a week ago, contained not the slightest intimation of anything of the kind. I had not answered it, and shall never do so now. If he could leave us to learn this event from the newspapers, our correspondence cannot be very valuable to

Grace and Helen echoed the exclamation They looked again and again at the little paragraph, as if something new could be elicited from it, but found nothing save the one un-compromising fact, that Philip Hearne, of Canterbury, had been married on a certain

dav. by a certain clergyman, to Mary, &c., &c. Margaret made no comment. Suspense, was now ended, indeed; but till this moment she had not known how her whole future had been identified with Philip; this moment, which forced her to relinquish even his friendship; to feel that she had no longer right to any in-terest in him. She was devoid of neither pride nor courage; she made no moan over her sor-row, even to those who felt for and with her. After the first shock, she gathered up her strength, and went resolutely about her duties. Nothing was omitted-nothing slighted; but the heart pas gone out of all; the world looked so weary and hard.

Thus a week or two went by—long, dreary Then, as she sat one day in her room, trying to fix her thoughts on the letter she was writing. Helun came in, greatly excited.

"Oh, Margaret!" she exclaimed, "do you now what has happened? Philip is down stairs i " Margaret sank 'into a seat, almost fainting.

How was she to meet him? Why couldn't he stay away and spare her this, at any rate? Yet, since he was here, it would be best to see him, not to appear to dread the meeting; best, too, to have it over as soon as possible He came forward to greet her, just as of

old. He seemed the same Philip she had known and loved all these years. She wished to show no coldness—nothing that should lead him to think she felt a right to complain; but it was impossible that the con-straint should not be visible in her manner.

l'hilip speedily observed it.
"Are you quite well?" he asked.

"Quite well," she replied, trying to be natural and at case. "Have you been in

"Only an hour or two, as you might have guessed," he said smiling. "I am never guessed," he said smiling. "I am never here very long without making you aware of

And he could speak thus as if nothing had happened! It was quite time, Margaret thought, to remind him of their altered re-

"Mrs. Hearn is with you, I suppose?" she asked, in a voice which she strove to render perfectly calm and steady "Excuse me," said Philip, perplexed; "I don't understand."

"Margaret!" he cricd, excitedly, rising and standing before her; "what do mean?"
"We saw it in the newspaper," she explained, rather confusedly, "and I thought

She repeated the question.

you would not be here alone."

Philip put his hands behind him, and looked at her with a bitter smile.

"Yes, you saw it in the newspaper! and

that was enough, of course. If you had seen that I committed forgery, or murder, it would never have occurred to you to doubt it. Being printed, it must be true!"

"Oh, Philip, you know we would not! But this was so different."

"Different? Yes! But you ought to have felt the impossibility even more. Is this all your faith in me, Margaret? all I deserved of you after these years of con-

"Don't be angry," she entreated. "Then it isn't true?"

"It is true that a Philip Hearn was married in Canterbury. I don't know him, but he is a very good fellow, I believe. Once or twice we have received each other's letters. I read the notice myself, and thought that by-and-by——. Certainly, I could not have dreamed that any friend of mine would suspect me of being the person. Robert, too," he added; "he has not answered my last

letter. I suppose he saw the paper, also."
"Yes," Margaret admitted. "Don't blame us too severely. There was your name, your residence—what could we think?"

"You ought to have thought anything,

rather than have credited an impossibility "I am very sorry," she said humbly, holding out her hand.
And she was sincere in saying so; she

regretted to displease him. But it was a sorrow so light in comparison with what she had been enduring, that it seemed very like happiness.

Philip was propitiated, in time; but would accord his full forgiveness only upon one consideration—Margaret must consent to marry him as soon as the necessary conditions could be made. He should never trust her out of his sight again, for any length of time, since it was impossible to foresee what dreadful things she might be imagining against him. It was quite requisite he should be close at hand, and ready to explain away any suspicious circumstance that arose.

Margaret laughed at this reasoning, and suggested numerous objections to the plan, but Philip overruled them all. She should arrange as she choose; leave her mother and sisters, or take them into her own home, or provide another for them, near at hand. Only, one thing was settled—she could not be allowed such dangerous liberty no longer. And Margaret protested against such despotism, but submitted; and then, of course, there was another Marriage Notice.

DRESS HINTS FROM PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the Queen gives the following hints on the latest fashions

which may be found acceptable:—
The following is a charming black velvet costume for a young married lady. Petticoat bordered with a deep flounce; velvet tunic round in front, and edged with what is called lily of the valley fringe, which looks exceedingly brilliant over the dead black of the velvet. blue faille waistcoat; basque at the back, with blue faille revers; bow without ends in the centre of the waist; another blue bow on the demi-pagoda sieeves. It is easy to change the blue waistcoat and sash for a waistcoat and sash of another colour, and so make variety in the toilette. A black velvet Rubens hat would be worn with this costume; the brim turned up at one side, with a light blue faille bow, an aigrette of blue feathers at the back No strings, but long black lace lappets are first passed under the chignon and then tied ben ath the chin.

Sashes that are a contrast with the dress are in grand favour. I have seen a dress of that peculiar grey shade of green called vert mure worn with a pale pink sash : the bows on the bodice and sloeves were also pink. was tied at the side, and the back breadths were covered with flounces to the waist, the tunic being very long in front.

Toilettes for dressy occasions are now very much trimmed with flowers made in a sort of thick silk lace. These flowers are cut out precisely like appliques of gimp, and are shaded in very bright colours. Garlands of corn flowers arranged between two flounces of straw-coloured tulle looked effective upon a straw faille skirt. Appliqués of similar flowers were also arranged around the tunic.

Very beautiful opera cloaks have recently been introduced; they are in the form of dolmans, and made of white Sicilienne. Tufts of roses are appliqués on the back, on the sleeves and in front of them.

A great change appears to be taking place in the style of arranging the hair. MM. Albert and Leroy, who were formerly hair-dressers to the ex-Empress Eugénic, have introduced several new styles. Plaits are not abandoned for simple chignens, but they are worn higher, and a waved Recamier bow is arranged over the forehead, and proves highly becoming to youthful and oval faces. Curis are much worn with evening toilettes. newest head-dress for full dress is called the coffure Mille de Belle Isle. It consists of a profusion of curis tied together and then arranged capriciously at the top of the head; two curls only fall on the nape of the neck. At the side there is a bow of peculiar make; sometimes it is in the Watteau style, pink and

blue; the narrow grosgrain ribbon is used, and both colours are very pale. Other bows are made in two shades of flame colour, and in two shades of rose. Purple velvet bows have steel ornaments, and black velvet bows are studded with what have the effect of gold and silver nails; there is no limit, in fact, in the variety of hair bows.

MARKET REPORT. HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

The local flour market was again quiet, but without decided change in prices. The domand is regulated by the actual requirements of the city trade, and sales are, therefore, light. To-day about 1,800 barrols changed hands at or near yesterday's quotations. Grain and provisions were quiet and somewhat nominal. Ashes were steadier.

The Chicago Board of Trade on Tuesday last expelled from membership Munn and Scott, the warehousemen who were convicted of having caused false returns to be made of the amount of grain in store in their elevators by putting false bottoms in some of the bins. Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

OATHEAL, por bril of 200 lbs.—Firmer; holders ask \$4.90 to \$5.10, according to quality. PEAS, & bush of 66 lbs.—Quiet at 80c.

OATS, P bush of 32 lbs.—Steady. Quotations are: 32c for new, and 34c for old.

Conn.-Quiet. Holders ask 55c to 57c. BARLEY. -Steady; asking rates are 55e to 60e.

Butten, per lb.—Bull. Nominal quotations are: Store-packed Western, 8c to 11c; fair duity Western, 12c to 13c; good to choice do, 15c to 18c.

CHEESE, & 1b.—Quiet. Factory fine the to 114c; Finest new 12c to 124c.

Pone, per brl. of 200 lbs.— Market dall; Now Mess, \$16.50 to \$16.75. Thin Mess, \$15.50. LARD.-Quiet at 10je to 11e per pound. ASHES.—Pots steady at \$6.90 to \$7.00 for Firsts. Pearls firm at \$5.30 to \$8.50 for Firsts.

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