Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur		Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée		Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée		Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque		Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
Coloured maps /		Pages detached / Pages détachées
Cartes géographiques en couleur	\checkmark	Showthrough / Transparence
Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)	✓	Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur Bound with other material /		Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
Relié avec d'autres documents Only edition available / Seule édition disponible		Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / II se peut que
Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.		certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.
Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:		

VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872.

No. 10.

THE CROWNLESS HAT.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

It doubtless had been a respectable hat
That I saw on the edge of the sidewalk to-day,
Though crownless and battered and torn and all

that;
And it certainly wasn't the least in my way,
But I renched where it lay with the end of my
strok.
And carefully drew the old thing to my feet:
Then I stopped for a moment and gave it a kick,
And landed it out where they crossed o'er the
street.

An elderly gentleman crossing just then, Well-gloved, neatly booted, and clad in the best-Apparent no courtier man among men—Couldn't let the old head-gear quiescently rest. He peered through his geld-mounted spectacles

down
At the fabric of plush I had tossed in his path;
to twisted his eye-brows of gray to a frown,
And he kicked it, with every appearance of wrath.

A delicate girl tripping early to school,
With lunch-box and satchel, came past where it

She was thinking, no doubt, of some difficult rule, Or coming the lesson set down for the day. She paused for a moment—the hat met her eye—She bent her head downward, her lip formed sourl!

ourl;
She cast a quick glance to see no one was nigh.
Then with tip of her toe gave the old hat a whirl.

Some boys on their orrand of mischief wore bent, All eager for what gave a promise of fun, And as past with their whooping and shouting they

went,
The haterushed and torn met the vision of one.
Ho I here is a football!" and upward it rase.
Propelled by the force of the little men's foet;
fill, trampled by shoe seles and dented by toes,
It soon found its way to the end of the street.

Meanwhile on the curb-stone there lay an old shoe it was rusty and wenther-worn, twisted and rip-With a rent in the front where a too had come through.

And a place where the sole from the welt had been

And a pisse where the sole from the selection of the inped.

But no one disturbed it: it lay where 't was thrown, Though directly before every passenger's sight: In kicking the hat was our energy shown, And solely in that we expended our spite.

I puzzled my noddle a reason to find Why the hat should be spurned and the shoe should

Why the hat should be spurification and the secare;
But rejected the first one that came to my mind,
That the cause lay in relative softness and shape.
We pity the boor who is worn out by toil;
But we jeer at Napoleon now he is down:
The shoe was created to press on the soil;
The hat is degraded in losing its crown.

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

IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH_TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS

CHAPTER IV.

" BACK FROM THE JAWS OF DRATH.

" Surely that is a man lying by the hedgeside market in the early morning, "Yes it is, and an old man too; we must not leave him there so far from a house, he has been out late last night and was too tired to get home."
"I he farmer jumped down from his waggon,

and almost started as the matted hair and graybeard met his eyes. Richard Cuninghame was sick nigh unto death; his clothes, saturated with the cold night dew, clung round his shivering limbs to numb, not to shelter them; and his aching head lay on the hard sod, with no wish over to rise again, love and hate alike gone, the powers of the soul prostrate before the pressing, crying, wants of the body.

"Are ye sick old man, that yee'r lying there"

inquired the kind hearted farmer.
The gray-beard opened his eyes, looking help-

lessly in the face bending over him, but scarce ly comprehending what he heard. " Are ye far from home, where do you bide?"

resumed the farmer. "I have no home," groaned out the old

"Lord save us, yee'r an old man to be wan-dering about, and you so sick like, what's the

matter with you?"

"I do not know, leave me to die," said the

a No, we canna do that; come nere John, we'll lift him into the waggon, and take him to Auldborough, we will get some place there to put him into."

He was a big man, and no light weight, but the father and son placed him in the cart, and in the course of an hour or two, brought him to

the minister's house at Auldborough. The minister had no way to provide for him but by sending him to the hospital in the neighbouring city, and there he was conveyed in a cart provided with a mattress and blan-

He had a long struggle for life, but his iron constitution at last prevailed. He was con-scious and opened his eyes to see himself in a room with several beds, on all of which were stretched, sick men, like himself the recipients

He got well rapidly, and when at last he could sit up in his bed, he found by the aid of a little



glass half a foot long hung on the wall opposite, that he had a hundred times more chance of being recognized as the Sir Richard Cuninghame of Haddon Castle than he had the day he entered the hospital.

His long beard was gone, the matted elf locks were also a thing of the past, and although his flesh was worn and thin, yet his face had lost the pallid uncarthly hue which long confluement in a place where no sunlight could reach him had imparted to it.

He was impatient to leave the hospital, and at last he counted the days with feverish anx-

iety.
"Why are you so anxious to leave the hospital," said the Doctor to him one day in answer to one of his many inquiries as to when he would be pronounced convalescent, and be per-

mitted to go.
"I wish to go home," was the reply.
"Your home could not have been a very

comfortable one, or you would not have come here, there was nothing in your case to make it necessary that you should be placed in an hospital, a careful nurse was more needed than a skilful physician, watching would have been more to you than medecine; why then, be so desirous to leave the place before you are sure there is no fear of a relance?"

" I have affairs of great importance to trans

When he was able to tell his name, it had been entered on the hospital books, as Richard Cuninghame, by this name he was then addressed by the Doctor, nurse, and his fellow

"Who are you Richard ?" asked the Doctor in answer to the foregoing, "your speech and manners declare you to be a man of education, and one who has mixed in an elevated rank in society, what position did you hold in your

" I am a baronet, my land is in the next county to your own, my home is one of the finest Castles in Scotland, my signature is good for more money than would buy this hospital and

"Capital I" returned the Doctor laughing,

why you are quite a great man, you must give me your note of hand for a thousand pounds be-

fore you leave the house." will do so now with pleasure," replied Sir Richard. He was naturally a miser-gold worshipper, but he was also proud and estentatious as Lucifer: it must become known that he was in the hospital, and he would do away with

that unpleasant fame by giving as a patient there had never given before.

The Doctor to carry out his joke with the old pauper, who had evidently once been a gentleman, and now assumed to be classed among the aristocracy, produced pen, ink, and paper wrote out a promissory note in favor of Dr. Barton for one thousand pounds which was signed by Richard Cuninghame Baronet, of Haddon Castle.

After duly expressing his thanks the doctor exhibited the document in the surgery to the great amusement of some medical students present, one of whom fastened it with wafers, inside the cover of a receipt book, saying it

was too valuable to risk its being lost Three months after, the doctor was entering one of the banking houses in the city when he encountered a gentleman who bowed to him, a stiff, although courtly bow; Doctor Burton asked the bank clerk, who the gentleman was who had just gone out, saying I know the face and yet I cannot recall to my

"The gentleman who left the bank as you entered is Sir Richard Cuninghame of Haddon Castlo.'

In an instant the doctor recollected the face, and recognized in him the pauper patient; he immediately went for the promising note, and delivering it to the bank clerk, received a thousand pounds for the benefit of the hospital!

On once more finding himself in the streets of Abordeen, Sir Richard made the best of his way to the office of Waddell and Wood. The Waddells, father and son, had been his own and his father's lawyers, and he knew if any one would recognize him, it would be them or perhaps some clerk who had been in their employment twenty years before.

The office was easily found, there it stood the same old house, built of granite, with its gable end to the street.

He opened the outer office; all exactly as he had seen it twenty years before, the very desks seemed old friends, his hopes of identification had been at a low ebb as he walked along the streets, so many new buildings were around him, every face that he looked at was that of a stranger, he felt as if he were some one of a former age come trespassing on the ground, which had long been the property of

is this the office of Waddell and Wood." " Yes."

A curt yes, but good enough for the coat and hat he wore. It is generally to the clothes of a stranger we speak, if we answer sunvely and respectfully, it is sure to be to one armyed in purple and fine linen, one whom we fancy from the texture of his garment fares sump

tuously every day.

"I wish to see Mr. Thomas Waddell." The young gentleman addressed was busily

employed in the important occupation of paring his mails, and on being first spoken to, did not condescend to lift his eyes from the thumb nail he was endeavouring to model on the mos approved principle; but on hearing the name Mr. Thomas Waddell, he suspended his operations, although still keeping the knife on a small point of the nail, which to ensure the symetry of the whole must be pared down and opening his eyes to their full extent, which was not much, these orbs being the smallest of washed out blue twinklers, he said in a slow dignified manuer meant to impress his hearer with a due notion of his, (the clerk's) impor-

"You wish to see Mr. Thomas Waddell?" "I do." An impatient "I do."

"Then," impressively and with an air of solemnity. "You cannot see Mr. Thomas Waddell here sir."

" As he left the firm?"

"Yes, long ago."
Mr. Thomas Waddell was the one he could most depend on, a grasping man with severity

written in every line of his face, he would be the best counselor; he must seek him in his new quarters; it was curious the brothers had separated, he never thought they would.

Where can I find Mr. Thomas Waddell?" "That is a question not easily answered," replied Mr. Pomposity, without lifting his eyes from his thumb nail which he was again engaged in modelling, his whole mind occupied with the important business. "His body is enterred I believe in the Gray friars Cemetery." "Dead!" exclaimed Sir Richard, over-

whelmed with surprise and regret at the loss of one whom he knew would have been an ablo coadintor.

Dead," reiterated the clerk in a pert man-

ner he meant to be impressive.
"Then I shall see Mr. Wood."

"Then I shall see Mr. Wood."

"Sorry I can't oblige you there again" was
the flippant answer, this time delivered with a
half smile, to which he had not condescended
previously; shutting his knife and putting it
into his pocket, he folded his arms on the desk
and leaning thereon waited for a reply.

"Is Mr. Wood still in the firm?" asked Sir
Richard in an uncertain voice, as if he already
anticipated the answer would be "He is also
dend"

The clerk still maintaining what he sunposed to be an imposing attitude, leaning on his desk, after a pause of one or two seconds said, with an air of pedantic gravity he fancied an exact copy of the calm composure of man-ner peculiar to the youngest, and handsomest member of the firm and gazing with unwinkng eyes in the face of the shabbily dressed old man as he spoke

" Mister man, will you have the goodness to inform me, where you have dropped from? in the enquiries you have made, you have in both instances inquired for gentlemen who are long since dead, the first you asked for, passed from this troubled stage of existence sixteen years

He had scarcely ceased speaking when Mr. John Waddell, the head of the firm, entered, and without noticing the stranger, threw a letter on the desk in front of the young clerk, saying as he did so.

"Take that letter down to Simpson and Brown's and bring me an answer; mind you don't waste your time, I'm waiting for you." Sir Richard recognized him at a glance, older

looking he was certainly, but there was the same quick clear voice, the same scarching blue eye, so true itself it forced the truth from

Having given the letter to his clerk, Mr. Waddell walked into an inner office, to which Sir Richard followed him, removing his but as the lawyer looked round to find who had the coolness to enter his sanctum unbidden.

"Who are you?" came involuntarily from his lips as with a deep scrutinizing glance the lawyer took in every lineament of face and fi-gure, from the head with its thick shock of nort gray hair, down to the ill shod feet, with their slipper like coverings, Sir Richard saw that he was recognized as some one the lawyer had seen and known, but, who, or when before come in contact with, his memory could not recall; it was enough the rubicon was past, the memory of name and person would come in good time.

"Who do you say I am, John Waddell?" John Waddell came in front of the stranger, and stood surveying him with a grave puzzled look as he passed his left hand several times across his chin, replying in a slow hesitating

"Were I to say who I think you are, I would name one the world has counted dead for upwards of eighteen years,

"I have been buried alive for eighteen years

John Waddell" said the old man, his pale check showing a healthler glow as the blood rushed to his face, stirred by the recollection of his wrongs, and the fear which still haunted him of being sent to an insane asylum to herd with madmen.

The colour spread over his face, together with the expression of his eye while he spoke, the tone of his voice, all combined to make as-surance doubly sure; the lawyer felt certain he saw before him Sir Richard Cuninghame, although whether the shrewd, close fisted man of other days, or a poor insane wretch it was dif-ficult to say. The face betokened neither imbecility or wildness, but the dress, particularly the hat and shoes, were such as no sane me-chanic would willingly go abroad in.
"Where were you buried alive Richard Cun-

inghame?"

In my own Castle of Haddon, by my own son; shut up in an iron cage under the roof in the eastern tower, with a space of six feet square to walk about, feed and sleep in; for the first three years with no change of raiment, until my clothes rotted off my back piecemeal; bad as your eyes tell me you think these coarse mgs are, they are the best I have had in all those long weary years; at first I was ted with a sparing hand on food that my servants would have refused to touch; but for the last ten years I have had wholesome food, and what in that hot place was more necessary, sufficient water. I fancy his object was to prolong my life as long as possible, that he might gratify his malignant passions; he never loved me, I saw the evil of his soul, and because I tried to amend him by punishment, he sought and had his re-



"You will excuse me" said his listener, but it seems to me you tell a most extraordinary story, and a most unlikely one, I have known your son well since your disappearance eighteen years ago, I have lived at his house for days, may weeks, I do not know in all my experience that I have ever met a kinder, more genial man, a better master, or a fonder father; these are not the materials out of which to make a villain, who would keep his own father under the same roof with himself, wearing out a dreary existence in a prison cell; I have been all through Haddon Castle more than once, it is one of those old places we are glad to bring a stranger to visit, that he may see with what strength our forefathers built their strongholds in the troublous times in which they lived, and I am very sure I speak the truth when I sny there is no such a cage in any part of the Castle either above or below."

The old man's heart bent quick and hard; yes it was as he feared the story he had to tell would stamp him with the mark of insanity.

"You have been in the eastern tower John Waddell?"

"I have, through every room in it." "Did you not observe that the old armory is

twice as lofty as any other room in that or any of the other towers, and that from the floor of the armory upwards, the walls are double the thickness of any other wall in the Castle?"

did, it was necessary that the armory should be a place of great strength to protect the dangerous weapons it was made to hold, its height was also a well conceived idea so that it might in one place, contain the immense number of weapons and armour needed in those days; a goodly store of which still grace its

"Did you not observe that great as the height of the armory is it does not reach the roof of the tower, and yet there seems to be no place of entrance to the chamber which must occupy

"I did, not when inside, but one day while walking alone round the Castle, I observed on the inner side of the tower abutting the Castle wall, an opening which might be a narrow win-dow just under the roof, and this suggested to me that the armoury did not reach to the top, and consequently there must be some apartment or other there, I mentioned this to Sir Robert and he at once said there was a sort of room under the roof which must have been used as a hiding place in troublous times, but that the staircuse which led to it was difficult of access, and had not been used since the time

of his greatgrandfather at least."

Mr. Waddell did not say what struck him at the time, and what he now remembered with an uneasy feeling, that Sir Robert evidently did not wish to speak on the subject, cutting short the conversation then, and ever afterwards

warding off any allusion to it. Sir Richard was not slow to mark the inner current of thought, that stirred within the law-yer's breast, as he spoke of the hidden chamber in the tower, this he hoped would help him, he

was like a drowning man, catching at straws.

'In that space under the roof is the cage in which I have lived these eighteen years, its iron bars as thick as my wrist was the day I

" llow were you put into such a place? it must have been a difficult thing to put a sane man, surrounded by his own servants, in such

What no man could have accomplished by force, Robert Cummphame achieved by guile, in a few mitutes, with the same case as he would have drawn on his glove; accident discovered to him the secret entrance, and curiosity made him explor, the winding stone staircase until he came to the chamber of the cage; the door was open, and the spring would not then work with probably the rust of centuries; but Robert Cuninghame scraped and oiled it, until it was obedient to his touch as to the touch of the man who made it, and then when all was in readiness be told me of his discovery. I went to see for myself if the tale was true. I entered the cage, and the moment 1 did so, a sudden elick of the iron total made me turn round to find myself a prisoner. In his description of the place he said nothing of the spring that shut it in, and I pushed the gate, at first with one hand. and then with all my strength 1 endeavoured to burst open those great iron bars, which a giant or an elephant would have been helpless

like the voice of the recording angel. In that moment I lost all hope, and yet how often in those weary years that intervened have I knelt and in the most abject manner begged and prayed for release, promising my unnatural jatior to go to America, Australia, or anywhere he liked to send me; to sign over all my land and gold to him, and never to set foot on Scottish ground again, so that I might be free to wander in the pure air, and herd with my fellow men."

Sir Richard Cuninghame had never been a favorite client of John Waddell, yet there was an air of truthfulness in the way in which he told his sad tale, which left a due effect on the mind of the listener.

"What do you wish me to do for you?" he asked, being fally impressed with the conviction which at first forced itself on his mind that Sir Richard was insanc.

" I want you to help me to oust that villain from my house first, and then to have him punished with the utmost rigour of the law." Punish the dead. How is that to be done?"

"The dead! Whom do you speak of as being dead?" Of your son, the late Sir Robert Cuning hame, whose funeral I attended a few weeks

and whose twin daughters have served heirs portioners to the estate of Had-Sir lichard heard these tidings with alternate feelings of satisfaction and disappoint ment: satisfaction because regaining his pro-

perty from two children would be matter than from a man in the prime of life whose character was lauded by every one; disappointment because his hopes of revenge were

"If my son is dead you will have less trou-Lie in helping me to regain my property. this and also give me money on my note of hand for my present exigency.

"The latter I will do willingly; the former must depend cutirely on the opinion of others better calculated than I am to judge of your

fitness to manage your own affairs."

He knew that the lawyer believed him to be insane, and the story of his confinement to be nothing more than the vapourings of a monomaniae, and the sconer his powers of mind could be tested the better. He was sure of his own sanity. In all his long confinement he had never lost his powers of recollection or reasoning for an instant, only during the time he key prostrated by fever in the hospital was his memory at fault.

"It is reasonable you should seek such testimony to my sanity, coming to you as I do, after a mysterious disappearance during a period of eighteen years clothed in rags only fit or a madman. Take me to whom you please. put me to what tests are the most trying; am anxious to prove to all that my judgment is unimpaired."

In a month from that day Sir Richard Cuninghame took his way home to Haddon Castle reinstated in his lands, in possession of his for-tune, and appointed guardian to his grand-

daughters Agnes and Margaret.

"Tutor, curator and guardi n to Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame," soliloquised Sir Richard, on entering the mail coach which was to bring him to his own Castle, which he had left in stealth, silence and fear, with the appearance and clothes of a maniac beggar, and which he now sought in the guise of a gentleman, able to command and determined to be obeyed.

"Tutor, curator and guardian to Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame," repeated he, "so I will be, a tutor to teach them what they have never been taught before, and I shall be curator and guardian also in adamantine. If I failed in being revenged on William Hamilton in his son, I will be revenged sevenfold in his grandchildren. They shall serve me and mine without fee or reward, and as to inheriting my property, neither they nor the hated Lindsays shall do that if there is a healthy woman in Scotland who will be wife to Richard Cuninghame. Fool that I was not to have married long ago, a thousand times a fool, to imagine that one who had loved William Hamilton would in her widowhood give herself to me."

A feeling of oppression quickened his breathing for a few minutes, seeming to tighten some cord which carried the life blood to his heart, he quickly recovered himself.

"Will I never get over that folly, forget that false fair face? Perhaps it is winkled and withered enough now. A living dog is better than a dead lion, and if Waddell is correct as to his having been drowned in the Asprey, William Hamilton with all his well rung out vaunted virtues is but a handful of dust: while the man whose love and light of life he stole has the power to torment even unto death the only human beings in whose veins his blood

(To be continued.)

CASTAWAY

HY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," " WRECK-ED IN PORT," &C., &C.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XI. QUO FATA DUCUNT.

THE first bell had rung, and the huge locomotive, just filled, was lessurely backing from the water-tank towards the train to which it was to be coupled as Philip Vane entered the Springside station. He found his knees trembling under him as he alighted from the fly which be had picked up on the Wheatcroft road, and felt that he should require all the nerve at his command to face the bluze of light and the bustling crowd spread over the platform. He had his return-ticket in his pocket, so that there was no occasion for him to enter the booking-office; but on his arrival he had left his travelling-coat and rugs in the cloak-room, and he deliberated for an instant whether it would not be better to leave them there rather than undergo the scru tiny of the porter, Suddenly, however, it flashed upon bim that he could not recall the contents of his cont-pockets, and that there might be therein some eard or memorandum, some envelope of a letter, which might lead to its recognition as his property, and be brought in as testimony of the fact that he had been in Springside on that fearful night. He must fetch them at all risks; and his brandy-flask, which he had consided in the fix that must be retilied at the emptied in the fly, that must be retilled at the

man, a porter, called out as he sorted them away. The clerk was working under a shaded lamp, and in comparative darkness; but two taming gas-jets lighted the other portion of the room, one of them immediately above the large, square, open window at which Philip Vane stood, and handed him his ticket.

"Coat and rug, sir?" said the man, in his broad Somersetshire accent. "There you are, And he placed the articles on the broa ledge before him. "Beg your pardon, sir," he added, pointing down to Philip's hand, outstretched to take them, "cut your knuckles, I

Philip glanced down at his hand, and saw that the back was stained and rough with blood; he was fully alive to the danger of showing the smallest sign of trepidation at that moment, so, holding his hand towards the gaslight, be examined it coolly, and said, in as carcless tone as he could assume, "So I have; I could not get down the fly window just now, so broke it with my that; but I had no idea my hand was cut.

my nst; but I had no idea my nand was cut.

"Bad thing them splinters of glass under the
flesh, sir," said the porter, "better let me wipe
it for you with this damp cloth.

"No, thanks," said Philip; "there is the second bell ringing, and I am off by this train—
much obliged." And with a friendly not to the
morter has been up his cost and run and burried

porter, he took up his cont and rug and hurried The wheels were last heginality to move as he jumped into an empty first-class carriage, and, wrapping himself in his rugs and pulling his travelling-cap over his eyes, tried to com pose himself to sleep.

Throughout that journey, however, there we

no sleep for Philip Vane. The whirling of the wheels bent into his brain, the scream of the engine sent his heart leaning in his breast, the lights from the small stations flashing through the windows us the train dushed by them, startled him so, that he clutched the elbows of the sent convulsively, and leaned engerly forward in his endeavour to trace any sign of the diminution of their speed. No, onward and still on they went. He remembered having ascertained that they only halted once—at Swindon—on the entire journey; but what if the discovery had been made? What if Madge had denounced him as the assainat? Would not the news be tness to manage your own affairs."

finaled along the line, and the train be stopped
This was exactly the answer he expected to at some intermediate station in order that he

might be arrested? Arrested? Let him fancy himself in that position, and think calmly through the case in all its bearings, in order to

decide what course he should pursue.

When the old man recovered from his fit he would be able to describe the details of the assault made upon him, and to deciare by whom and far what reason he had been attacked. Then would come out the story of the forgery, and then—. Philip trembled from head to foot, as he thought of the punishment which the discovery of his commission of that crime would inevitably bring upon him. Before his mental vision at that moment rose the figure of his wife, and he ground his heel upon the carriage floor and cursed aloud. It was to her he owed all his ill-luck in life. If he had not married her he would have been free to marry Mrs. Bendixen, a. d Delabole would have had no power to compet him to commit the forgery; if he had not married her there would have been no reason for him to undertake that Journey to Springside, and he would not have been brought into collision with that old man, whom he had been compelled in self-defence to strike. He had struck the old man, and the blood was still upon his hand. He moistened his handkerchief, and as he endeavoured to rub off the dull red and as he contensoured to rub off the dull red mark, there rose, even in his hardened heart, a feeling of shame at having struck one soold and evidently so ill. "I could not help it," he muttered between his teeth, "he held me like a vice. A man with all that strength left in him won't take long in recovering. It was a mercy that he fainted, and so set me free.

"Call in the aid of the police; a forger and a scoundrel, ch? That meant Irving's business, plainly. But how did he learn that? Asprey's orders as to the old man's letters and telegrams being kept back, must have been disobeyed. Who could have done that? My charming wife

Who could have done that? My charming wife again, I firmly believe. What could she be doing in that house? I noticed she had no bonnet on, and seemed quite at home. If she had any thing to do with it, this infernal fil-luck would be fully accounted for. One week more would have done it; would have seen me married and rich, and well out of the reach of the police with whom the old man threatened me, and whom he will certainly set on my track so soon as he recovers. What's this? slacking speed now, without a doubt!" And he rose to his feet and peered anxiously out of the window, as the train ran from the outer darkness in amonest, blocks of stationary carriages, solitary engines with the outlines of the stokers standing black and weird

against the glowing fires, and finally came to a standstill alongside the platform at Swindon. Philip Vane started as the door was unlocked and thrown open, but the porter only made the customary announcement of the ten minutes' wait, and passed on. Vane looked round, observing but few passengers, who, for the most part, were hurrying to the refreshment-room. He followed them, drank two small glasses of brandy at the counter and had his flask filled with the same spirit, then he returned to the carriage. As he was cutoring he felt binself. carriage. As he was entering, he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and, turning round, found at his elbow a guard, who demanded his ticket. They would not stop until they reached

ticket. They would not stop until they reached Paddington, the guard said, and the geatleman would not be disturbed again.

Another passenger was seated in the compartment, a heavy, middle-aged man, with a seal-skin cap and a fur rug. He had already hooked a reading-lamp into the lining of the carriage behind him, and was deep in the folds of an evoning paper. So intent was he in his occupation, that he merely looked up for an instant as Philip entered, but shortly after the train had started he dropped the paper on to his knees and emitted a long whistle.

emitted a long whistle.

"Do you take any interest in the City sir?" he asked, looking across at his companion.

"No—why?" was the curt reply.

"Because they are going it there, that's all," said the man. "Egg-shells and cards seem about the materials which commercial houses about the materials which commercial houses are made of now-a-days, letalone companies limited, which are a pleusant combination of cobwebs and feathers. Two more suspensions announced this morning in the papers, sir. Consols fell three-quarters, and a general feeling of uncasiness prevalent. That'll touch us at Manchester, that will. Know anything of Manchester, sir 2"

Philip Vane replied shortly that he knew nothing of Manchester, and the commercial gen-tleman, thus snubbed, betook himself once more to his newspaper, and when he had sucked it completely dry of all commercial information, he drew forth a fat black-leather pocket-book by making entries in which, and reading over the entries already made, he begulied the time until the end of the journey. Meanwhile, Philip Vane had again settled himself into his corner. and was deep in contemplation. The recurrence of the panic in the City, of which he had just "I commanded him to open the cage door; he smiled with insolence in my face, replying in a calm, cutting tone, "You will never leave that cage until you leave it for the grave, or I myself am dead." His voice fell on my car like the voice of the recording angel. In that lie perdu until he had a chance of making his way to South America. There might be some difficulty in this now, for in this panic Delabole might be hard hit, even though he saw from the newspaper, which he picked up and glanced through, the Terra del Fuegos remained at the price at which he had left them.

As they sped on, innumerable projects arose in Phillp Vane's mind, were thought over, put uside for further cogitation or summurily dismissed: prominent among all the others came the idea that even when he was denounced as a forger, and when the fact of his former marriage was blazed abroad-two things certain to had pen within the next few days, perhaps within the next few hours—even then Mrs. Bendixen inlight not desert him. She could not be his wife, it is true, but she loved him passionately, with a warmth and devotion unknown to paler, colder natures, with a hangry fervour which might prompt her to forgive the deception he practised on her, and to fly with him to e place where they could live together beyoud the reach of any of their former acquaintances. Or—for the brandy which Philip Vane and swallowed had but had the effect of clearing his brain and steadying his nerve, and he calculated his chances with such coolness and judgment as though another fate and not his own were trembling in the balance—suppos-ing that Mrs. Bendixen in the contest between her position and her nature were to give way to the former, she would still have her money, money over which certain letters addressed by her to him and carefully retained would give him considerable control.

Yes, that was how it must be managed: the game of respectability was played out, the news of the forgery and of his intended bigamy would be promulgated at once, and there was nothing left for him but flight. He would have time enough after his arrival in town to get together his most valuable articles of property, and to start by an early train or boat to such destina tion as he might fix upon without his flying visit to London being heard of, and while his servants and people at the office would imagine that he was still absent on a business tour, on which he was known to have started. He would not see Delabole, he would not see any one; the cause of his flight would soon be perfectly apparent, and his enemies might then do their worst. He had sufficient money to take him

to a place of safety, and then he would work on Mrs. Bendixen's feelings. Properly ma-naged, his fate would not be such a hard one after all. But what a difference one week, ever a few days, might have made! Had Asprey's calculations been fulfilled; had Sir Geoffry died at the time the doctor prodicted, the forgery would not have been discovered; Madge could have been brought to terms; and as Mrs. Ben-dixen's husband, he, Philip Vane, would have bad wealth and position, which were to him the only two things worth living for! As that bitterest thought of all "what might have been" crossed Philip Vane's mind; he stamped his foot with rage, thereby awalting the commercial gentleman, who, struggling into a sitting posture, and wiping the steam from the carriage window, mattered, a London at last."

posture, and wiping the steam from the car-riage window, muttered, "London at last!" and proceeded to pick up his newspaper and get his travelling rugs together.

London! Now Philip Vane, must have his wits about him, and be ready to carry into exa-cation all that he has determined on. The porter who bustles about to get him a cab, eyes him, as he fancies, suspiciously, and he bids the cab-man set him down somewhat short of his own house, in order that the address may not be re-membered. It is comparatively early, not membered. It is comparatively early, not yet eleven o'clock, and being a bright night the streets are alled with people returning from the more sober entertainments, or the votaries of Saint Monday, who have been keeping their accustomed holiday, when these latter gather together in little chattering knots, as they do at almost every street-corner where there is a public house. Philip Vanc looks out of the cab-window at them, wondering what they are talking about; whether perchance the news of the assault had already reached town, and whether he might be the subject of their conversation. Some of the small shops at once news-venders and tobacconists, which are still open, have the placard bill of the con-tents of the evening papers exhibited at their doors, and Philip scans these eagerly, but finds in them no cause for fear. As he nears his home in the more aristocratic part of the town, he leaves all the noise and bustle behind him, and when the cab stopped as directed at the corner of the street, there was no one within sight. Philip alighted, and taking his rugs in his hand hurrled to the Albany. He thought it would be useless to attempt to shirk the inspection of the gate-porter, but to his delight that functionary had temporarily yielded up his post to a deputy, who, unexcited by the novelty of his position, had dropped off to sleep, so that Philip passed by him and gained his chambers unobserved. As he opened the door with his latch-key, he recollected that he had given his servant a holiday. and when the cab stopped as directed at the cor collected that he had given his servant a holiday and he knew that he was not likely to come and he knew that he was not likely to come across any one else, for the men holding chambers in the same block were all out of town, and their housekeepers were only visible in the early norning.

Now then to work. In the outer hall were

two or three trunks plied on each other. selected the largest of these, and dragged it into the middle of the sitting-room; then he paused undecided as to how he should commence his work of selection. The rooms had been furnished by a leading upholsterer, who had been told to spare no expense, and as is usual with such people, had rendered them very handsome and eminently uninhabitable: wood of the finest grain, velvet of the softest texture, gliding of the brightest sheen were there in abundance but brightest sheen were there in abundance, but could not be taken away. They had cost much money and must be left behind. At one time, he had a notion of dismantling the shelves of the clocks, and the china ornaments, and the valuable nicknacks which were strewn about them; but on second thought he determined to leave them, fearing they would be missed by his servant on his return, and thus suspicion would be excited. Finally, he dragged the large trunk back into the hall, and fetching the portmanteau which he ordinarily used, commenced tilling is which he ordinarily used, commenced filling is with wearing apparel, carefully packing, too, his splendid dressing-case with silver-git fittings, and a quantity of plate which he took from an iron safe in his bedroom.

He had opened the door of this safe, and was looking through a number of documents, bills, and other securities with the intention of seeing which could be made available in his flight when he heard a sudden knock at the door. Not an ordinary knocking—quick, hurried, but stu-diously low, as though the person knocking were fearful of attracting other observation than that person whose attention he was endeavouring to catch.

Philip Vane paused in his task and listened his heart beat so loadly that at first he could not hear anything else, and after the knocking had ceased, but a minute afterwards he heard it distinctly. He filled a wine-glass from a decante of brandy on the sideboard and swallowed it

the outside door.
"Who's there?" he asked, in a low tone. "I," replied the well-known voice of Mr. Delibole, pitched in the same key. "I, let me in at once—most important!'

Vane opened the door, and Mr. Delabole en-tered. He knew the way, he had been there often before, and with his host following him, he rapidly crossed the little hall and passed int tar sitting-room. When he saw the half-filled portmanteau and the room littered with clothes and papers, he started back and turned quickly

"Hallon!" he said, "so soon? I came to warn you, but you seem to have heard it al-"licard of what?" said Vane, looking bluntly

Mr. Delabole's face was pale; there was a strained, worn look round his eyes, his usual gorgeous shirt-front was crumpled, and his ring-covered little hands were very dirty; but it was with something of his old faunty manner that he said, "Won't do, my dear Philip—things are too serious just now for us to indulge in such gaff. You must have heard the news, or you would not be packing up to out and run in this

I have this moment returned to town, and tell you I have heard no news whatever."

"Woll, then, not to keep you in suspense any Late this evening after business hours, I received private telegram in cipher from Garcia, the resident engineer at Terra del Fuegos, and— Mr. Delabole stopped and whistled.

ly had noticed the announcement his companior had to make to him, so great was his relief. "And," continued Mr. Delabole, looking hard at him, "the water has come into the mine, and

"And," interrupted Philip Vane, who scarce-

it is all UP."

"That's a bad business," said Vane, striving to look interested. "What do you intend to

"Well, you are a plucky one, Philip, I will say that for you," said Mr. Delabole, in admiration. "You take this as coolly as though it were a trifle, instead of meaning ta-ta to every sixpence you have got in the world. To be sure there is Mrs. Bendixen's money in prospect, but one ought never to reckon upon that until one has touched it. And you ask me what I am going to do. I will tell you, my dear Philip, in a word of four letters—bolt?"

" Leave England? "Leave England very much indeed, for a shorttime. I had always arranged with Garcia,

that when this crisis happened—I knew it was always on the cards, having been told so by old Prothero, when he came back from his second visit and sold all his shares—I had arranged with Garcia to let me have forty-eight hours' notice before the news could reach the City in the regular way. If he keeps his word, and I have no doubt he will, the interesting occurrence will not get wind until Thursday morning, by which time we—if you decide upon accompany-ing me—can be the other side the Pyrences, and

ing me—can be the other side the Pyrenees, and well into Spain.

"Is there absolute necessity for your going T"

"Well, my dear Philip, when the T. D. F. bursts up, there will be rather a howl, and it will probably, too, be better for me to be out of the reach of certain speculative persons who may think they have been defrauded out of their money. What an extraordinary fellow you are! You must necessarily make yourself scarce, and yet you seem to be displeased with the notion of my company, which I thought would have afforded you the greatest delight."

"It is not that, of course; I should be glad of "It is not that, of course; I should be glad of

your society, but it's hard lines to have to run

your society, but it's hard lines to mave to run away into hiding just now."
"You can take Mrs. Bendixen with you, my dear Philip," said Mrs. Delabole, sandonically.
"She will not know that it is anything more than a mere commercial smash; and she will be doubly anxious to have the opportunity of concealing her own stricken deer. Besides, you might have had to bolt in a more hurried manner. Oh, by the way, I have news for you."

"What news?" said Vane, starting. "More

trouble ?' "On the contrary," said Delabole, "good! Just before I came out, Asprey enclosed me this telegram, which he received to-night. Read it

Mr. Delabole took an envelope from his pocket and handed it to his companion, who opened it eagerly, and spread out its contents before him. But he had scarcely glanced at the first word, when, with a heavy groan, he fell senseess on the floor.

Mr. Delabole was a practical man; he rushed into the bedroom, and emerging with the water-jug, dashed a stream over his friend's face; then dropping on his knees beside him, untied his neckerchief, unbuttoned his waisteout and shirt, and lifted up his hand that he might feel how the pulse was beating.

What makes him drop the hand suddenly as

What makes him drop the hand suddenly as though it had been red-hot, letting it full heavily on the floor? What makes him bend over it again as it lies there, doubled up and shapele, and peer carbonsly at the cuff and shirt-wrist-band? What makes him shrink back, regainments. band? What makes him shrink back, regain-ing his feet with one bound, and looking down with horror on the prostrate form? "He did it," he muttered. "By the Lord! "What's this the doctor says?" picking up the telegram which had fluttered to the ground. telegram which had fluttered to the ground. Chenoweth, Springside, to Asprey, Cavendish Square. Sir G. H. is dead. Killed to-night in a struggle. Particulars by post. Shall want you at the inquest.' Killed in a struggle; and unless I am very much mistaken, this is the man that killed him. What's the meaning of his falling into a fit when he read that? What's the meaning of those stains on his hands and cuffs and wristband? That was where he was all this day, when he would tell where he was all this day, when he would tell no one where he wasgoing! And here are his boots and trousers still cased with the heavy country mud! What was the meaning of this packing up, which I interrupted him in? His plate and japers, too, I see, to take with him. What did that mean but to bolt? This is an informal bad business," he continued, dropping into a chair and wiping his forchead. "I wish

into a chair and wiping his forehead. "I wish to Heavens I had not come here:"

At this moment Philip Vane opened his eyes, and after gazing wearlly round him, gradually struggled into a sitting posture.

"Help me to get up, Dehabole," he said, in a faint voice. "Give me your hand."

"Not I," said Mr. Dehabole, drawing back and almeine his hands into his conference.

"Not 1," said Mr. Belabole, driwing back and plunging his hands into his pockets.

"What's the matter?" said Philip, still faintly. "What has happened?"

"This has happened, Philip Vane; that I know where you were during this day, and what you did. Henceforth we work separate, and I advise you to keep clear of me. I don't pretend to be stratificated. I am not aparticle as the bore. to be straithteed; I am not particular as to how I get my money so long as it comes, but I have never gone in for murder yet, and I don't intend to begin now. And look here; you know I am sound enough, but if you don't want others, who might not be quite so reliable, to find out what I have found out to-night, look to your cont-cuff, and shirt-wristband, and trousers, and boots, and be off out of this place, before the hue-and-cry is upon

So saying, without another look at his companion, Mr. Delabole put on his hat and strolled from the room, leaving Philip Vane grovelling

on the ground. (To be continued.)

The French Government has no intention of selling the crown jewels, rumours to the contrary notwithstanding. Many inventories have been made of these jewels. In 1774 the diamonds were 732 in number, but in 1774 Louis XVI. sold 1471 for the enormous sum at that epoch of £75,7800. In 1791 a delegation from the National Assembly again counted them, and found that they numbered 2577. The principal diamond in the French crown jewels is the famous Regent. It was found in the mines of Golconda at the commencement of the last century, and was sold to the Governor of Madras by the agents of the Mogul for 590,000 francs. It then passed into the hands of Law the notorious schemer, who sold it to the Regent of France for 2,500,000 france, and from wom it received its name. In 1855, at the opening of me Exposition, the Empress Engénie had it mounted, and wor it, but the weight of the diadem was so great that it caused Her Majesty to have a violent headache, and the Regent was consequently taken out and placed in its old position. Its weight is 137 caracts, or 558 grains. In addition to the diamonds, the crown jewels include 507 pearls, 220 rabies, 1590 emeralds, and after quantity of sapphires, topazes, amethysts, and other precious stones. The French Government has no intention of selling e crown jewels, rumours to the contrary notwith-

Pares, amethysis, and other precious stones.

You now Can Know the Reason.—Podophyllis (Mny Apple or Mandrake) has long been known as an active purgative and has been much used in some sections of our country, (and is now very generally administered by physicians in the place of Calomel or Blue Pili for Liver Complaints, &c.) Compound Extract of Colomputs is considered by Dr. Neligan, of Edinburgh, as one of the most generally employed and safest entharties in the whole Materia Medica. Extract of Hoseogenus given in combination with active entharties (such as above) corrocts their griping qualities without diminishing their activity. Vida Medica Medica. All the above highly valuable remedial elements are with others largely used in the manufacture of the Shochones (Indian) Vegetable Restorative Pills.—No wonder they are ahead of all other Pills. as a family medicine!

of all other Palls, as a family medicine 3-9d

Mr. James I. Fallows, Sr. John, N.B.:

Sir.—Having, while atyour establishment, earefully examined your prescription, and the method of preparing your Compound Syrap, I felt anxious to give it a fair trial in my practice. For the last twelve months I have done so, and I find that in Incipient Consumption, and other diseases of the Thront and Lungs, it has done wonders. In restoring persons suffering from the effects of Dintherla, and the cough following Typhoid Fever, provalent in this region, it is the best remedial agent I have ever used. But for persons suffering from exhaustion of the powers of the brain and nervous system, from long sontinued study or teaching, or in those cases of exhaustion from which so many young men suffer, I know of ne better medicine for restoration to health than your Compared to the contraction of the powers of the property of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the powers of the property of the contraction of the contraction of the powers of the property of the property

pound Syrup.
If you think this lotter of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you see fit.
I remain, yours, &c.,
I remain, yours, &c.,
Pugwash, N.S., January 14, 1868.





A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall Judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be it for princes,
Princes lit for something less;
Crompled shirt and dirty jacket,
May be elother the goldenore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever welling out of stone; There are purple buds and golden. Hidden, crushed and overgrown: God, who counts by souls, not dresses, Lawes and prospers you and mo, While he values thrones the highest But as pobbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords remember
That your meanest minds are men;
Men by honor, men by feeling.
Men by thought and men by famo,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's emobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans, There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high suplings,
There are centrs on the hills:
God, who counts by souls, not station,
Loves and prespers you and me;
For to him all famed distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laxiness is pensioned.
Fod and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's tercheads,
Living only to rejoice;
While poor man's outraged freedom
Value 150th exit ration. Value lifteth up its voice

Truth and justice are eternal.

Born with loveliness and light;
Eccret wrong shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose word-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pubbles in the sea.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY M. A.

CHAPTER III .- Continued.

But one day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his The dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly had caten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright. The gnats (who did not care the least for their poor brothers' death,) danced a foot over his head quite happily, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose, and began washing his own forcem, and combined. and began washing his own face and combing his bair with his paws: but the dragon-fly no ver stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water.

Suddenly, Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream; cooling, and grunting, and whining, and squeaking, as if you had put into a bag two stockdoves, nine mice, three guinea-pigs, and a blind puppy, and left them there to settle them-

selves and make music.

He looked up the water, and there he saw a He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as strange as the noise; a great built rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass; and yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away in plecos, and then it joined again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

Tom asked the dragon-fly what it could be: but, of course, with his shortsight, he could not oven see it, though it was not ton yards away. So he took the neatest little header into the water, and started off to see for himself; and, when he came sear, the ball turned out to be four or five 'agrammin' creatures, many times

when he came wan, the ball turned out to be four or five 'd'attain' creatures, many times larger than To'n, who were swimming about, and rolling, and diving, and twisting, and wrest-ling, and cuddling, and kissing, and biting, and scratching, in the most charming fashion that ever was seen. They were ofters at play. But, when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water.

darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language sharply enough, "Quick children, here is something to cat, indeed!" and came at poor Tom, showing such a wicked pair of eyes, and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth, that Tom, who had thought her very handsome, said to himself, Handsome is that handsome

used to grin through the railings at the old wo-men, when he lived before. It was not quite well-bred, no doubt; but you know, Tom had not finished his education yet. "Come away, children," said the ofter in dis-

worth enting, after all. It is only a nasty ift, which nothing outs, not even those vulgar rike in the pond."

a a not an eft!" said Tom; "efts have

'You are an eft," said the otter, very positively; "I see your two hands quite plain, and I know you have a tail."

"I tell you I have not," said Tom. "Look here !" and he turned his pretty little self quit round; and, sure enough, he had no more tall

The otter might have got out of it by saying that Tom was a frog: but, like a great many other people, when she had once said a thing, she stood to it, right or wrong; so she answered

"I say you are an eft, and therefore you are, and not fit food for gentlefolk like me and my children. You may stay there till the salmon eat you (she knew the salmon would not, but she wanted to frighton poor Tom). Ha! ha! they will eat you, and we will eat them;" and the otter laughed such a wicked cruel laugh-as you may hear them do sometimes; and the first time that you hear it you will probably think it

What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you of, great fish, nice fish to eat.
They are the lords of the fish, and we are lords of the salmon;" and she laughed again. "Whent them up and down the pools, and drive them up into a corner, the silly things them up into a corner, the silly things; they are so proud, and bully the little trout, and the minnows, till they see us coming, and then they are so meek all at once; and we catch them, but we distain to eat them all; we just bite out their soft throats and suck their sweet juice—Oh, so good!"—(and sho licked her wicked her wind then throat them away and said. lips)-"and then throw them away, and go and has)—"and then throw them away, and go and entch another. They are coming soon, children, coming soon; I can smell the min coming up off the sea, and then hurrah for a fresh, and sal-

and the sai, and then nurran for a fresh, and salmon, and plenty of eating all day long."

And the otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire

And where do they come from ?" asked Tom, who kept himself very close, for he was constderably frightened.
"Out of the sen, oft, the great wide sen, where

they might stay and be safe if they liked. out of the sen the silly things come, into the great river down below, and we come up to watch for them; and when they go down again we go down and follow them. And there we fish for the bass and the policek, and have folly days along the shore, and toss and roll in the breakers, and sleep saug in the warm dry crags.

Ab, that is a merry life tee oblidiers is the warm Ah, that is a merry life too, children, if it wore not for those herrid men."
"What are men." asked Tom; but somehow he seemed to know before he asked.

he seemed to know before he asked.

"Two-legged things, eft; and, now I come to look at you, they are actually something like you, if you had not a tail" (she was determined that Tom should have a tail), "Only a great deal bigger, worse luck for us; and they catch the iish with hooks and lines, which get into our feet sometimes, and set pots along the rocks to catch lobsters. They speared my poor dear hushand as he went out to find something for me to cat. I was laid up among the crags then, and we were very low in the world, for the sea was so rough that no lish would come in shore. But so rough that no fish would come in shore. But they speared him, poor fellow, and I saw them carrying him away upon a pole. Ah, he lost his life for your sakes, my children, poor dear obe-dient creature that he was."

And the otter grew so sentimental (for otters can be very sentimental when they choose, like a good many people who are both cruel and greedy, and no good to anybody at all), thatshe salled solemnly away down the burn, and Tom saw her no more for that time. And lucky it saw her no more for that time. And lucky it was for her that she did so; for no sconer was she gone, than down the bank came seven little rough terrier dogs, snuffing and yapping, and grubbing and splashing, in full cry after the otter. Tom hid among the water-lilles till they were gone; for he could not guess that they were the water-fulries come to help him.

But he could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. And, as he thought, he longed to go and see them. He could not tell why; but the more he upon the head of t

ed with the mirrow little stream in which he lived, and all his companions there; and wanted to get out into the wide wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

And once he set off to go down the stream. But the stream was very low; and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep un-der. So the sun burnt his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in

the pool for a whole week more.
"Down to the sea?" said Tom; "everything is going to the sea, and I will go too.

And when the daylight came, Tom found him self out in the salmon river.

Tom thought nothing about what the river was like. All his fancy was, to get down to the wide wide sea.

wide wide sea.

And after a while he came to a place where the river spread out into broad still shallow reaches, so wide that little Tom, as he put his head out of the water, could hardly see across.

And there he stopped. He get a little frightened. "This must be the sea," he thought.

"What a wide place it is. If I go on Into it I shall surply less my ray or some strange less." shall surely lose my way, or some strange thing will blte me. I will stop here and look out for the otter, or the cels, or some one to tell me

where I shall go."
So he went back a little way, and crept into a crack of the rock, just where the river opened out into the wide shallows, and watched for some one to tell him his way: but the otter and the eels were gone on miles and miles down the strenm.

stream.

There he waited, and slept too, for he was quite tired with his night's journey; and, when he woke, the stream was clearing to a beautiful amber hue, though it was still very high. And after a while he saw a sight which made him jump up; for he knew in a moment it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! ten times as big as The biggest trout, and a hundred times as big as Tom, sending up the stream past him, as easily as Tom.

ling up the stream past him, as easily as Ton had sculled down.

Such a fish! shining silver from head to tall, and here and there a crimson dot; with a grand hooked nose, and grand curling llp, and a grand bright eye, looking round him as proudly as a king, and surveying the water right and left as if all belonged to him. Surely he must be the salmon, the king of all the fish.

Tom was so frightened that he longed to creep into a hole; but he need not have been; for sulmon are all true gentlemen, and, like true genand all the in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned round and made faces at her.

"Come out," said the wicked old ofter, "or it will be worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might, making horrible faces all the white, just as he used to grin through the railings at the old we-

and then four or five, and so on; and all passed Tom, rushing and plunging up the catarnet with strong strokes of their silver tails, now and then leaping clean out of water and up over a rock, shining gloriously for a moment in the bright sun; while Tom was so delighted that he could

have watched them all day long.

And at last one came up bigger than all the rest; but he came slowly, and stopped, and looked back, and seemed very anxious and busy. And Tom saw that he was helping another sal-mon, an especially handsome one, who had not a single spot upon it, but was clothed in pure

silver from nose to tail.
"My dear," said the great fish to his companion, "you really look dreadfully tired, and you must not over-exert yourself at first. Do rest yourself bohind this rock;" and he shoved her gently with his nose, to the rock where Tom

You must know that this was the salmon's wife. For salmon, like other true gentlemen always choose their lady, and love her, and are true to her, and take care of her, and work for her, and fight for hor, as every true gentleman ought; and are not like vulgar chub and reach and pike, who have no high feelings, and take no care of their wives.

Then he saw Tom, and looked at him very flercely one moment, as if he was going to bite

"What do you want here?" he said, very fier-

"Oh, don't hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only want to look at you; you are so handsome."
"Ah?" said the salmon, very stately but very

civily. "I really beg your pardon; I see you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before, and found them very agreeable and well-behaved. Indeed, one of them showed me a great kindness lately, which I hope to be able to repay. I hope we shall not be in your way here. As soon as this lady is rested, we shall proceed on our journey."

What a well-bred old salmon he we "So you have seen things like me before?"

asked Tom.
"Soveral times, my dear. Indeed, it was only last night that one at the river's mouth came and warned me and my wife of some new stakenets which had got into the stream, I cannot tell how, since last winter, and showed us the

way round them, in the most charmingly oblig-

ing way."

"So there are bables in the sea?" cried Tom,
"So there are bables in the sea?" cried Tom,
"Then I shall have some one to play with there? How de-

lightful!"
"Were there no bables up this stream?" asked the lady salmon,

"No; and I grow so lonely. I thought I saw three lest night: but they were gone in an in-stant, down to the sea. So I went too; for I had nothing to play with but caddises and dragon-illes and trout." "Ugh!" oried the lady, "what low compa-

"My dear, if he has been in low company, he

has certainly not learnt their tow man said the salmon.

"No, indeed, poor little dear: but how sad for

"No, indeed, poor little dear; but how sad for him to live among such people as enabless, who have actually six legs, the masty things; and dragon-files, too! why they are not even good to eat; for I tried them once, and they are all hard and empty; and, as for trout, every one knows what they are." Whereon she curled up her Ip, and looked dreadfully scornful, while her husband curled up his too, till he looked as aroud as Alcibindes. proud as Alcibiades

"Why do you dislike the trout so?" asked

Tom.
"My dear, we do not even mention them, if we can help it; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours who do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us; but they were so inzy, and cowardly, and greedy, that in-stead of going down to the sea every year to see the world and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay and poke about in the little streams and eat worms and grubs; and they are very pro-perly punished for it; for they have grown ugly and brown and spotted and small; and are actually so degraded in their tastes, that they will eat our children."

"And then they pretend to scrape acquain-lance with us again," said the lady. "Why, I

have actually known one of them propose to a lady sulmen, the imputent little creature." "I should hope," said the gentleman, "that there are very few ladles of our race who would degrado themselves by listening to such a creature for an instant. If I saw such a thing happen, I should consider it my duty to put them both to death upon the spot." So the old sal-mon said, like an old blue-blooded hidalgo of Spain; and what is more, he would have done it too. For you must know, no enemies are so bitter against each other as those who are of the same race; and a salmon looks on a trout, as some great folks look on some little folks, as something just too much like himself to be to. lerated.

[To be cont nued.]

THE HANGED MAN OF PIROCHE: A TALE OF OLD BRITTANY.

LA PIROCITA is a village of Brittany, situated upon the coast of that province. Upon a certain day in June, in the year 1118, two men, mounted upon farm-horses and journeying from the neighboring hamlet of Lat Poterie, were approaching this village. These men were peasants, and were father and son.

"Will we reach La Piroche in time?" said

the son, continuing the conversation between

"Yes," replied the father. is fixed for two o'clock, and by the appearance of the san it should be not more than a quarter past twelve."

"I am curious to witness this hanging."
"I do not doubt it."
"And so he will be hanged in the suit of ar-

mor that he stole?"

"What idea could have possessed him to steal

a sult of armor?

"That is the mystery."
"Was the armor volumble?"
"Magnificent, It is said—all mounted with

gold.' "And he was captured while carrying it off?"
"Of course. But he caused a great alarm in
the chateau. The servants did not believe, when they first saw him, that they had to deal with a

thief." " With whom then ?"

"With whom then ?"
"With a ghost. The unhappy thief—a vigorous fellow, mind you—carried the armor in front of him at the same time that he held his head at the height of the middle of it. This caused him to assume glandic proportions, as he passed through the lil-lighted corridor. Add to this a hard grating noise produced by the rattle of the fron, and you will understand the terror of the years. High represents the valets. Unfortunately for him, however, the servants ran and awakened the Seigneur de la Piroche, who, not having fear of either live men or ghosts, with his own hands salzed him and he has ordered him to be executed according to his own idea of justice."

And the sentence is-"That he shall be hanged in the very suit of rmor that he attempted to steal."

"That is a singular clause in the sentence why did the Seigneur de la Piroche insert it? "Do you not know that that object which has touched a man who has been hanged becomes a talisman for any one who may possess it? The seigneur—has therefore ordered that

that after the latter's death he may wear it in the approaching war. "Let us husten, father. I confess I am anxious to witness this strange spectacle.

Do not let us fa. "We have plenty of time. Do not let us fa-gue our animals. We will not remain at La tigue our animals. Piroche, as we must go one league beyond it, and then return to La Poterie."

"Yes, but our horses will have plenty of time for repose, since we will only return to I.a. Po-terie at night." Still conversing upon the subject of the com-

ing execution, the father and son continued their journey, and in the course of half an hour renched La Piroche.

They found a great concourse of people assem-bled at the public square fronting the chateau, where the gibbet was erected. The two companions rode as close as possible

to the gibbet, in order to lose nothing of what was about to take place.

They did not wait long for the appearance of the criminal. In a few minutes the gute of the

chateau opened, and the condemned man emerged through it, preceded by the guards of the chateau and followed by the executioner. The thief was attired in the armor, and was mounted upon a donkey. The vizor of his easque was down and his hands were tied behind his back. The executioner having made his preparations—which consisted in placing a adder against the arm of the gibbet

happy culprit was assisted from the animal, and o question was put to him:
"What request have you to make?" "I have to request my pardon," answered the

The Seigneur de la Piroche shrugged his shoulders, and with a grim smile ordered

execution to proceed.

When the seigneur had thus indicated his desire, the criminal was made to ascend the ladder, the executioner following immediately behind

him. When he had reached the fourth round. the executioner adroitly passed the running boose around his neck. Then descending, he suddenly withdrew the ladder from under the feet of the culprit, who in the next instant was swaying heavily to and fro in the air. For two or three minutes the hanged man

hingled at the end of the rope, twisting about: and then his motions ceased and he remained still and motionless. The crowd for a while backed on at the spectacle of the glided armor glistering in the sunlight, and then the specta-

glistering in the sunlight, and then the specta-tors, breaking into groups, slowly dispersed, seeking their homes, and conversing of the strange event that they had just witnessed. Among the rest, the two pensants made their way from the place of execution, and as they reached a piece of high land just boyond I.a. Piroche, they turned to take a last look at the figure of the hanged man, hanging like a sil-honette against the background of the houses. Twenty minutes afterward they entered I.a. Po-terle, where they were to receive a certain sum terle, where they were to receive a certain sum of money, and from which they purposed to take their departure in the evening, in order to reach their home on the same night.

Upon the next morning, two guards issued from the great gate of the chateau to take down the body of the hanged man and remove from it the sult of armor, but to their consternation they found the holy gone, and the rope in the same condition as it had been before it had been

tled around the criminal's neck.

Their first surprise over, the guards hastened to apprise the seigneur of this strange occurrence. He refused to believe them, and went himself to examine into the truth of their

story.

Everybody asked everybody else what had be Everybody asked everybody else what had become of the dead man—for no one doubted that he was dead, since they had all seen him hanged on the evening previous. Could it be, people said, that during the night another thief had stolen the armor that covered the body? Perhaps so; but in taking the armor, he would have left the corpse, which would have been of no use to him. Was it possible, on the other hand, that the relatives or friends of the hanged man had removed the body? There was nothing impossible in this; but then they would hardly have removed the armor likewise.

have removed the armor likewise.

The Seigneur de La Pirocha was in despair.
He grieved over the loss of his armor, and proclaimed a reward of ten golden pieces to any one who would deliver to him the felon clothed

one who would deliver to him the felon clothed as he was when he died.

The neighboring houses were ransicked, and nothing was found. Nobody came forward in response to the offer of a reward. The most learned man of the time was sent for from the city of Remark and the control of the contro city of Rennes to give some suitable explanation of the extraordinary disappearance of the criminal and the armor; but he could do no more than shake his head and declare his inability to

suggest any suitable explanation.

A month passed in fruitiess endeavours to solve
the mystery. The gallows still remained there,
looking as it had done on the day when it reocived its victim. But to the ceaseless exertions of the Seigneur de La Piroche to recover his lost armor, only failure succeeded fatture.

One morning, as the Seigneur de La Piroche awoke from sleep, he heard a great noise pro-ceeding from the place where the thief had been hanged. He was about to inquire into the cause of this disturbance, when his chaplain entered the clumber.

"My lord!" he exclaimed, "do you know what has happened?" "No; but I was about to ask."

"I can tell you what it is." "Weil, what is it?"

"A miracle, my lord!" " Truly !"

"The man that was hanged---

"Well, well?"
"He is there!"

· Where ?" "At the globet!"

"Hanged ?"

"Yes, my lord."
"With his armor on?"

"With your armor on, my lord."
"True, since the armor belongs to rus. And " Perfectly dead, my lord. Only----"

"When he was hanged did he have spurs

" No." "Well, my lord, he wears them now, and in-

stead of having his casque on his head, he has carefully hald it at the foot of the gallows, and is suspended bareheaded."
"Come, Sir Chaplain, lot us go and look at this marvel."

The Seigneur de La Piroche ran to the gibbet. which was surrounded by curious gazers, neck of the hanged man was encircled by running noose, and the armor was all on the body. Everyhody cried out that a miracle had been performed. As to the Seigneur de La Pi-roche, he satisfied himself with the assurance

recovery of his armor.

The corpse was detached from the rope and was divested of its from habiliments; then it again was strong up, and was left to the mercy of the crows, which in a few days left only a grinning skeleton hanging to the cross-tree.

that the thief was in reality dead, and with the

But what had this hanged man been doing during his two months of absence? How was it that, having been hanged, he had saved his life, and that, having saved his life, he had been

given. One of these was connected with sorery, another with theology, and the third had

reference to our two peasants, who, with the others, had witnessed the hanging.
It was told how these peasants, father and son, returning home from La Poterie, passed that night through La Piroche, and near the scene of the morning's execution. They were startled, when close to the gibbet, by hearing monns and ejaculations, and something like a prayer. Crossing thomselves, they asked why were these complainings. No answer was given but the sounds continuing, they comprehended that the confused atterances proceeded from the corpse which was hanging just above their heads Thereupon they took the ladder, which the exe utioner had left at the foot of the gallows, place ed it against the arm of the gibbet, and the son ascended it.

" Is it you my poor man, who is complaining ?" he said to the hanged man.
Calling all his strength to his aid, the condemned replied, "Yes."

" You are still living ?"

" Yes, still living." " Do you repent your crime ?" "Yes."

"Then I will succor you, and as the Bible tells us to be riend those who suffer, I will assist you who suffer, and aid you to repentance.

The father and son released the dying man from his perilous position, and soon discovered how it was that he was still living. The rope, instead of pressing the neek of the thief, oneir-cled the lower portion of the casque, so that the victim, although hanged, was not strangled; he

had also so turned his head in the easque that he had managed to find a support for it, which enabled him to breathe and to retain his con-

scousiness up to the moment when the two peasints made their appearance.

The father and son, placing the unfortunate upon the horse of one of them, carried him to their house, where he was combled to the charge of the mother and the daughter of the family.

family.

But he who has stolen once will steal again. There were only two things that might have been stolen in the house, for the money that the pensant had received did not belong to him. These two articles were his horse and his daughter, a fair mablen of sixteen years. The ex-hanged man resolved to steal both, as he had need of the horse and he had fallen in love with the girl. One night, therefore, he are the left of the girl. the girl. One night, therefore, he saddled the horse, put on a pair of spurs in order to make better speed, and, while the young girl was sleeping, seized her with the purpose of abducting her. But the young girl awoke, and crest out for her father.

The father and son hurried to the spot ou

hearing the nlarm. The robber attempted to escape, but he was too late. The young girt marrated the attempt that he had made; and her father and brother, perceiving that it was useless to hope for the repentance of such a man, resolved to take justice in their own hands, but with more certainty than the Seigneur de la Piroche had done. They tied the robber to the horse which he had himself sabilied, carried hun to the place of execution at La Piroche, and hanged him where he had before been hanged, first however assume the majeries to the head of first, however, assuring themselves that he would not escape a second time from the rope by ra-moving his escape and placing it on the ground. Having just done justice on the double-criminal, they returned to their home.

As to the Seigneur de la Piroche so ends the chroniclesspossessing the tubsmania armor, he joyfully took his departure for the war, and was the first man killed.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Communes make a mice relish if sliced the leng way, and trued as you do squach or egg plant.

HAUD Greegmar va. One cap butter, two cops sugar, one car, half cap sweet milk, one tea-spoonful soda; flour to rell: r. se-water.

Canada: -Cabbages, to bod, should be out intepieces about as large as a very small tea cup (the flavor is much liner than when builed whole, and they do not take so long to cook when eat up); and again before dishing, and add a small piece of butter and sail.

Mixto Preserves. "Take equal quantities of penches, apples, pears, and quinces, that have been parel, cored, and quartered, or, what is better, out time. To every six points of frait allow one pint of water. Let them cook thoroughly, but not horn. Take out and mash well together. Clean the kettle, and put them back with half or three-quarters their words to successful. weight in sugar, and let them cook very slowly two

nours.

To Junga the age of Terrays. An old hen turkey has rough seales on the legs, subsites on the age of the foet, and long strong claws: a young one the reverse of all those marks. When the feathers on the old turkey cask has a long tult of board, a young one but a spronting one; and when they are off, the smooth seales on the leg deade the point, besides the difference in size of the wattles of the neck and in the olastic shoot upon the nose.

clastic short upon the nose. Chaske's This Biscours, or Notions.—Take one pint of flour and make into dough, as soft as can be rolled, with sweet milk, a saft-spoonful of saft, twe ounces of butter, and two ounces of lard. Roll out with the bread-pin into round cakes must inches in diameter, and of water-like thimoss. Stick well with a fork. In baking, do not allow them to brown, but remove from the own while they retain their whiteness, yet are crisp, and will melt in the month.

Group Sansacy Marx —Take two thirds here and

nose, yet tre crisp, and will melt in the month.

Good Sausaux Mrat.—Take two thirds ham and ene-third fat pork; season well with mine tea-spoonfuls of pepper, the same of salt, three powdered sage, and one of thyme or summer-severy to every nound of ment, a discipling ten-spoonfuls remember; warm the meat enough so that you can mix t well with the hands; then make in jurs. When needed, make up in small cakes and fry in a little butter, or simply show. But they must not be overed over, or they will fall to pieces. Some like a little cumamon added. Keep where it is cool, but not dramp.

Grocolate Cake.—Cream together one of white

mon added. Keep where it is sool, but not hamp.

GROGHATE CARE.—Cream teacher one one of white sugar and half a cup of butter; sair in slowly h aff a cup of sweet milk, in which half a rea-spoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved; mux one fearppointul of cream of tarter into one and a half cups of floor and beaten whites of two cags; bake in one loaf, and, when sold, with a sharp, very broad-bladed knite, eat horizontally into four layers; each layer should be about three-quarters of an inch in thackness; then spread on top of each bayer, except, the rop one, the icing, which is made thus; but with the whites of two cass until still about it tea-spoonful of floor sugar; add a little lumon, and slowly stir in one cake of grated ferman sweet chosolate. The icing should be still enough not to run, but if much thicker than this add a little water.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Mex are frequently like tea. The real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them until they have been for a short time in hot water.

What we do for ourselves, will soon be forzotten; what we do for others, may be the vision to cheer the soul when the eye can no longer behold the loved ones.

OMS.

ONE good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is "londstone to all hearts, and londstar to all yes." Indication of her is constant-initiation, which Bucon likens to "a globe of procepts." But example is far more than procept, It winstruction in action. instruction in action.

Kish words dot but little. Any one but a confirmed cynic ought to be able to discusse them at pleasure. They make nobody the poorer. Like the widow's cruse, the stock need not be exhausted even by the const out using: yes, letter than the widow's cruse, the stock increases the more it is drawn from the

fountain.

Traction,—When a father takes up a child to show him pictures, ten to one he holds the book at such an angle as to such his own vision, and not that of the little one. Yet the little one's sight is the one to be favoured. How true it is that the preachers and teachers of religious truth too often hold that up where they can best see it, and not where these of whom they have charge can best see it.

Programme the all that the true to decrease and

PARKETS may do all that they can to develop an upright and virtuous character in their children, and apparently in vain. It seems like bread east upon the waters and lest. And yet sometimes it happens that long after the parents have gone to their restit may be twenty years or more—the good precept, the good example set before their ross and daughters in childhood gring up and bear fruit.

in childhood spring up and bear fruit.

LANK friends, once cherished and loved, grown distant and cold? Do they soon to forget their former kindness and friendship? It is a thought full of confort and happiness that God does not forget. However neglects his children. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," are Ilis words auro, and true. Others may coase to regard, but Ilis love is over abiding.

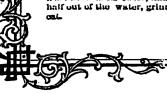
How to Obtain Angels' Shiles.—Be loyal to the How to Ontain Anores' Smiles.—Be loyal to the nature you bour connecente your lives to every good and noble work. faithfully labourfor the clevation and perfection of our common humanity, and the angel will sweetly smile upon you, and you will be happy, both in this life and that which is beyond the grave. If you will be happy, you must do all within your power to bloss others. By making others happy, you fill your own lives with sunshine and happiness.

ill your own lives with sunshine and happiness.

The Sun's Blassinos.—Sleepless people should court the sun. The very worst superific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shouther sunshine out of their houses and hearts, they wear voils, they earry parasels, and they do all possible to keep off the subtlest, and yet most potent influence which is to give them strength, beauty, and cheerfulness.

Parron's Purparive Pills.—Best family physic; Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for horses,





The Pearthstone.

Publisher and Proprietor. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Pre-

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,

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

1872 and 12 Presentation Plates.
For \$10,00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.
For \$15,00: 6 copies Hearthstone 1871 and 1872, 6 Presentation Plates and 6 Family Records.
For \$30,00: 12 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 12 Presentation Plates and 12 Family

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

Records.
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 per and plate free, and pocket \$8.00 for your

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS. Address, GEORGE E. DESBARATS,

No. 10. CONTENTS.

STORIES.

In AFTER-YEARS. By Mrs. Alexander Ross. Chap. IV. Castaway. By Edmund Yates. Book 111

TO THE BITTER END. By Miss M. E. Braddon.

Chap. IV. FAMILY FEUDS: A Sequel to "Will He Tell?" Chaps, XIV., XV.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK. By the Author

of "The Flowers of Gleinvon," Chaps. XV., XVI., XVII. The Water Babies; A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A. Chap. 111.

THE HANGED MAN OF PIROCHE. STORY OF AN INESTAND.

EDITORIALS.

Getting unfashionable.
The attack on the Queen.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

The Poor Person at the Door. By Mary Kyle Dallas.—The Farmer. By Edward Everett. —Black Maria —A Row in the House, From Hamilton Spectator.—Why American Girls will not be house servants. By

POETRY. The Crownless Hat. By Dr. Thomas Dunn English,—Don't Crowd.—A Grand Old Poem.

NEWS ITEMS, SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS FARM ITEMS.

WIT AND HUMOR GRES OF THOUGHT,

HEARTHSTONE SPHINK, MARKET REPORT.

GETTING UNFASHIONABLE.

Capital punishment remains, we believe, on

the Statute books of every civilized nation,

and it is only in the Quaker State of Pennsylva-

nia that murder is not punishable-according

to statute-by hanging. In Pennsylvania the utmost penalty of the law is solitary confinement for life and neither the Governor of the State, nor any other power can commute the sentence once it is passed. Death, and death only releases the prisoner. The criminal statistics of the United States show that the minimum of murders in proportion of population in the United States, is attained in the State of Pennsylvania, where no hanging law exists. The fact is hanging is getting unfashionable. In the "good old days" it was considered a pleasant recreation to hung a man for stealing a sheep, and a hanging was considered "too good" for

the wretch who laid unlawful hands on that noble animal the horse. But in this degenerate age men shoot each other down in cold blood with all the "evil prepence and malice aforethought" necessary to convict a whole regiment, but the benevolent jury cannot find it in their merciful hearts to bring the murderer in for murder, and so find him guilty of manslaughter, and he is either sentenced to a year or two of imprisonment, or the farce of condemning him to imprisonment for life is enacteu, and then in a few months, or years at furthest, "the quality of mercy" is exercised, and he is set free to repeat his crime if he sees

guilty of a common assault; while if he had only struck the man with his fist and given him a black eye, the Recorder would probably have given him his choice of paying ten dollars, or going to goal for two months. This spirit of in England, and in fact appears to be spreading everywhere where capital punishment laws

The favourite plea on which murderers are equitted is insanity. The murderer coolly, calmly and deliberately shoots down his victim; he then "behaves in a strange manner;" two or three quack doctors "interview" him for an hour or so in goal, and then come into court and by dint of using lots of hard words persuade the jury that the murderer was insanc at the time of the murder." He is then either acquitted at once or another farce is enacted: Asylum, where he remains for a short time the case became generally known. and then the doctor of the establishment pronounces him "cured" and he is discharged. Now, we are not by any means blood-thirsty, and would rather that two guilty men escaped than that one innocent man, or lunatic, should be executed; but we think that when it comes to so ridiculous a pass as that it should be claimed that every murderer is insane, it is high time that a change should be made in the

Hanging has gone out of fashion, and it would be better if the criminal law was exnunged from the statute books and some punishment attached to the crime of murder, which would be carried out. We do not believe in capital punishment; we believe with Bulwer that " the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him;" but, we believe as long as there is a law on the statute book, in having it executed, and when it has become inoperative through public apathy or a laxity of public morals, then it is time to expunge it and substitute for it one which can be carried out. There seem to be two prime reasons why capital punishment is going out of fashion; First, public opinion is gradually growing stronger and stronger against it; and as education increases so the feeling seems to increase that it is poor policy to hang a man. Secondly, as the power of the press increases and as newspapers become more and more generally read so it becomes more and more difficult_in fact almost impossible_to get an intelligent jury; for in order to qualify himself as a juror a man has to swear that he is such a fool that he does not read a newspaper. It, therefore, happens that the jury, in most cases, is either composed of friends of the prisoner's who "swallow the oath," for the sake of acquitting their friend; or of a lot of ignorant boors who have "formed no opinion" simply because they are totally incompetent to form any opinion at all and are swayed entirely by the lawyer who happens to strike them as the most eloquent, or who is best known to them. There seems to be a radical error in the formation of a jury for the trial of murder cases, and that portion of the law ought certainly to be amended; we think, also, that it would be far better to abolish capital punishment and substitute flogging and imprisonment. Greater care should also be taken that in cases of insanity, the lunacy of the prisoner should be fully proved, and due provision made for having him placed in a Lunatic Asylum for a proper period.

THE ATTACK ON THE QUEEN.

On the afternoon of Thursday 29th uit; an attack of a most extraordinary character was made on Her Majesty the Queen while returning from a drive on Constitution Hill, Hyde Park, by an apparently insane youth named O'Connor. As the carriage stopped at the gate of Buckingham Palace, O'Connor, who had previously scaled the wall of the park, rushed up and presenting a pistol within a foot of the Queen's head, thrust some papers before her exclaiming "sign or die." John Brown, the Queen's groom who was close behind had quickly thrown himself from his horse and with great promptitude knocked the would-be ssassin down; and immediately after took him up and handed him over to the Police authorities. The prisoner was found to be a youth of about 18 named Arthur O'Connor, and the documents presented were, first, a full pardon and order for release of all Fenians, and second, a commutation, in advance of the punishment of the prisoner, for his present act, from hanging to shooting. The pistol was found to

ten inches thick, was not only not guilty of murder, or manslaughter, but was actually not Assizes, and was sent back to jail under a lie then shot himself twice in the mouth with a revolver. His wounds are supposed to be mortal. He injudicious clemency has also lately appeared | charged, as well as the general bearing of the

commuted to transportation; the third attempt was made by John W. Bean who was let off with 18 months imprisonment. The news of the attack caused great excitement in England, that of sending the murderer to a Lunatic but it quietly subsided as soon as the facts of

A ROW IN THE HOUSE.

" FREE-TRADERS" AT LOGGERHEADS.

Now there is a row. Now the switch which has been so long in pickle must come out, and somebody must feel the effects of it. Now the lion reareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for his first-born. Now free-traders stand aghast, and eyo each other doubtfully, and weep over and eye enen other doubtfully, and weep over the falling from grace of free-traders who have voted for free trade in tea and coffee. "The Democrats," says the N. Y. World, "who voted on Monday in the House of Representatives to repeal the duties on tea and coffee are unit to be the representatives and the guides of the De-mocracy of the United States." Let them put that in their place and coffee the and If they that in their pipes and smoke it; and if they want to cut and come again, here's at them further: "All honor to the Democrats who voted against the repeal of the ten and coffee duties, and so were fulthful to the interests of 40,000,000 consumers." If still unsatisfied, let them go yet farther and read : " The vote of any Democrat, whoever he is, whatever his past history, to re-peal the tea and coffee tax, is either the vote of an ignoramus, or the vote of a protectionist's conscious or unconscious tool."

And now may we pause awhile to ask. Why all this anger? Why these hard words? Why these cruel taunts and breathing out of threatening and slaughter? Why, the thing is circuly ing and sinugator? Why, the thing is largely explained; certain free traders have voted for free trade. Ah! but then you see, it wasn't the right kind of free trade. It was not a free trade that destroyed a portion of the l-dustry of the country, and assisted the outflow of capital and threw operatives out of work, and shut the factories and tended to cause public distrass and tories, and tended to cause public distress and bankruptey. It was found that the revenues of the United States were larger than the public good demanded; whereupon some patriotic person said: "Let us give the people free ten and coffee; it will save \$19,000,000 of taxation, and the treasury can bear that loss." But do the free traders like that? Oh! no: not at all. If they could take the duty off iron, now, and shut up every blast furnace in the country, and, to a large extent the rolling mills and machine shops, that would please the free traders-at least the men who head the free trade movement, and who pay out their money so freely to send lec-turers out to preach free trade and print pretty picture papers to show how heavily the tariffs full upon each article of consumption. But, there were in the House sundry honest and uncalculating free traders who called a spade a spade, and supposed that free trade was wanted simply to lighten the burden of taxation and not on account of the harm it could be made to do; and these in their honesty voted for the abolition of the duties on tea and coffee. How fearfully they have erred they now know. But it is too late; the law is passed, and unless something can be done in the Senate, the duties will be forever gone to the extent of 19 millions of dollars annually, and not a single home industry

will have been destroyed! At such a calamity as that well may the World insert a double leaded leader reading these recreant wretches out of the party.—Hum-

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

Canada.—The Directors of the National Bank. Quebec, propose to increase its capital to two miltens of dollars—double its present capital.—Beigian emigrants have lately arrived in large numbers at Quebec, and have found employment on the Intercolonial Railway at \$1 per day. Sixty more are expected next week.——A farmer named Bernard Lennon was drowned at Kingston on 38th ult., by walking into a trench which had been cut round one of the steamboats wintering. He leaves a wife and soven children in poor circumstances.—The petition for the release of Grace Marks, who has been confined in the Penitentiary for nearly 30 years, has been very largely signed, and will be presented to the Queernor-General on the opening of Parliament.—The Irishmon of Kingston intend celebrating St. Patrick's day with more than usual splendour.—The Irishmon of Kingston intend celebrating the people of Canada to observe the 15th of April as a day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The Dominion Government have followed the example of the 1mperial Parliament in this matter in waiting until Parliament was called together.—The contract for the building of the North Shore Railway is now signed, and active preparations are being made to commence the work. It is expected that towards the end of the month the surveying party will be fully at work. The energy displayed in preparing the contract has already increased the value of real estate. In St. Roch's there are instances in which property has advanced 50 per cent. in value. Rents have also an upward tencronsed the value of real estate. In St. Roch's fhere are instances in which property has advanced 50 per cent. In value. Rents have also an upward tendency in other parts of the city of Quobec.—
The National Hotel at Ayliner was burnt on 5th inst. Loss about \$10.00. Insurance \$1.000.—Quobec is to have a new Gas Coupany.—Epihralm Brown was so badly frozen at Kingston on 7th inst. that his arms and legs had to be amputated.—It is reported that the 27th Royal Irish Fusileers, from Malta, will relieve the 61st Regiment, now in garrison at Halifax.

and he is set free to repeat his crime if he sees fit. The United States have taken the lead in this matter of injudicious elemency and slackness of justice; and it stands recorded against New York City that during the past year there were "three hundred and twelve murders; and nobody hung." Taking the whole United States, it is very possible that there were over one thousand murders last year for which no person suffered the extreme penalty of the law. This spirit of injudicious elemency is, unfortunately, spreading to Canada; and last summer we had the disgraceful exhibition in Montreal of twelve men, supposed to be sane, who declared that a man who had struck another on the dad with a log of wood four feet long and day in St. Paul's, but was prevented by the language to shooting. The pistol wretched construction that any stempt to discharge it would probably have found for such wretched construction that any stempt to discharge it would probably have proved more fatal to the person using it that any attempt to discharge it would probably have found for such wretched construction that any attempt to discharge it would probably have found for such wretched construction that any attempt to discharge it would probably have found for such was totally dostroyed by fire on the 4th int. The loss on the building is \$255,000 and mearly \$1,000,000 worth of stock was burnt or damaged by fire on the 4th int. The loss on the building is \$255,000 and mearly \$1,000,000 worth of stock was burnt or damaged by fire on the 4th int. The loss on the building is \$255,000 and mearly \$1,000,000 worth of stock was burnt or damaged by fire on the 4th unit, The loss on the building is \$255,000 and mearly \$1,000,000 worth of stock was burnt or damaged by fire on the 4th unit, The loss on the building is \$255,000 and mearly \$1,000,000 worth of stock was burnt or damaged by water.—The trade of the them the th

Assizes, and was sent back to jail under a strong escort. The papers found on prisoner were evidently his own work, and from the manner of their construction, the peculiar nature of the assault, the fact of the pistol being unloaded and perfectly useless if it had been charged, as well as the general bearing of the prisoner, it is believed by almost every one that he is insane, or at least labouring under a temporary mental derangement.

This is the fourth attempt to assassinate the Queen—if this can really be called an attempt to assassinate;—the first being made in 1842 by John Marcy who was sentenced to be hanged, but whose sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation; the third attempt

FRANCE.—Prince de Joinville has been reinstalled in his rank as admiral of the navy, and Duke D'Aumale in his military rank as General.—The Committee of the Assembly has voted in favor of the restoration of their property to the Orleans Princes.—European Powers now having commercial treation with France, will shortly send to the Government at Varasilles a protest against the passage of any lill imposing a tax on raw materials.—It is reported that two regiments of the line which have shown Bonapartist tendencies, have been removed from Paris.—The extension of the fortifications of Metz and Strasbourg has been decreed at Berlin.—It is reported Thiers has again offered the Pope the hospitality of France, and that Austria has tendered like Holiness Saltzburg Castle for a residence.—A movement is on foot for the organization of a new Conservative party, the main object of which will be the liberation of French territory from German occupation and the formation of a ministry pedaged thereto. All constitutional questions to be shelved, until that end is accomplished.—The Count de Chambord was hissed by the populace at Dondrecht.—The ox-Prefect of the Department of the Euro has been tried for misappropriating 200,000 frances contributed by the Lancashire operatives for the relief of France after the war.

Germany.—A most shocking accident occurred in

after the war.

Germany.—A most shocking accident occurred in Frankfort-on-the-Main, on 1st inst. A building, in which a farge number of persons resided, fell burying the inmates in the ruins. Fourteen persons have been taken from the debris.—The Emporar on Saturday made a fund distribution of donations to the Generals distinguished for their services in the late war.—The Thanksziving Service for the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales, at the English Church in Berlin, was attended by Ilis Mujesty Emperor William, all the members of the Royal Family now in Borlin, and the different Foreign Ministers necrolited to this Government.—The health of the Emperor William is improving.

ITALY.—It is said that Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, while in Rome recently on his way to Egypt, declared that if France made an attack upon Italy, the latter country would be defended by Germany.—It is now believed that the Pope meditates his departure from Rome at an early day. The archives and jewelry in the Vatican are being securely packed, so as to be in readiness for removal. It is said His Holiness will go to the city of Trent in the Tyrol.

AUSTRIA.—A Russian Spy has been detected at Lemberg, sketching the fortifications and condemned to six years of imprisonment.—The International Society is reported to be organizing strikes with the object of proventing the International Exposition at Vienna. The Emperor Francis Joseph, by an Imperial Decree just issued, declines to recognize the old Catholic Bishops, or opponents of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, as a portion of the Roman Catholic body of Austria.

INDIA.—General Brownlow telegraphs under date of 27th ult., that the Northern Powlong chiefs have submitted bringing peace offerings, and binding themselves to peace with the usual caths and ceremonies, and all captives have been recovered.

Russia.—Baron Von Offenberg, the new Russian Minister to the United States, has left for his post of

SPAIN.—A decree has been issued for the formation of Provincial battalions of infantry.

WHY AMERICAN GIRLS WILL NOT BE HOUSE BERVANTS.

I have thought a great deal on the whys and wherefores of this subject. It has always seemed wherefores of this subject. It has always seemed to me that, had I to choose between bourding in the places many "working girls" are obliged to beard in, or "living out" in a clean, pretty house, with clean, wholesome food, and a pure atmosphere to breathe, I would not healtate a moment to choose the latter. Now, to begin with, all mistresses are not "heartless and selfeb", no more than the all servants. I have fish," no more than are all servants. I have often been much attached to those who have lived with me, and have made their womanly joys and sorrows my own; and I have lady joys and sorrows my own; and I have lady friends who do the same. To be a "servant," under such circumstances, where a girl is thrown upon the world for a living, seems to me not so dreadful a thing. "But," some may reply, "I must share my room and bed with a person I don't like." Very true; but do not many working girls who board out have to do this to lessen their expenses, and with the added disadvantage of dirty surroundings and fetid air? "Hut," you say, "we have our freedom after dark." Alas! what that has involved to many a young unprotected girl in a great city, it is not necessary for me to tell you. No right-minded mistress-and there are many such-would be unwilling, in addition to your "evening and Sun-day out," occasionally to give you extra privi-loge in this way, and that without waiting for

loge in this why, and that without waiting for you to beg for it.

But to be "a servant!" you reply. I reply, who isn't a servant to somebody? Is not the teacher to his pupil's parents, who often drive linn wild with their foolish requests? Is not the clergyman to his parish, who sit in judgment on his pork barrel and the number of his within the properties of any kind. ment on his pork outer and relations of his shirts, and allow him no possession of any kind undisputed? Don't a lawyer have to spend his life in dodging? Are not lecturers tongue-tied, according to the Intitude and longitude they happen to lecture in? Don't Editors as well as type-setters have to "mind their P's and Q's?". Are not all ladies servants to Fashion? All the brute creation step gingerly lest some bigger beast will chew them up. So, if that is the trouble, we won't talk about being "servants," penuse up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber we are all in the same fix

THE POOR PERSON AT THE DOOR.

"A poor person at the door," says the ser-The girl does not say "beggar;" she discri-

minutes; so the mistress goes to the door, and meets the "poor person." His toes are out, and his last is crushed, and his face is pully, but he does not look like a laboring man. He is much poorer than any laborer—poor in health and strength and decency, as well as in pocket; but he has more command of language, and makes a bow that has a lingering remnant of elegance in it, as he asks you to "excuse his

Having excused his intrusion-and you would thiving excused his intrusion—that you would excuse the hot binst of whiskified breath, and the aroma of stale whisky from his clothes too, were that possible—you hear that he wishes to go to Albany, and has not the wherewithal; or that he has a fine business offer—it may be that of easilier in a bank, by the air with which

he speaks of it-in Boston, could he but get there; and you have such an extremely kind heart that he knows you will assist him to the amount of twenty-sive cents, upon which ex-cellent example other kind ladies will do the

cellent example other kind ladies will do the same; and in his tine position, or in the arms and home of his affectionate brother, he will not only never forget your kindness, but will forward the amount loaned per post.

If you believe this fiction to be founded on fact, you are more credulous than I am; if you can say "No" to the modest request, you are harder of heart. His Albany is around the confiner, the Best saturation is the realizarent. corner; the Boston situation is the retirement othed direlest bar-room near at hand, and the affectionate brother is a "whisky straight," and you know it very well. But though you can pass the professional beggar with his brazen howl of "Place assist the on forty night," you can't shut the door on the fingers of this brokendown object. You give him the ounger, receive down object. You give him the quarter, receive another bow, and he departs. Unhappy "poor person," who will never be any richer until he owns a grave.

owns a grave.

Poor! yes, poorest of the poor!—no home, no friends, no self-respect, no respect from any other—all gone that makes a man a man; and gone for what? For the gratification of one gone for wint? For the gratheration of one mysterious craving—for the love of that burning stuff that would scaled your threater mine as though it were boiling water. He has mortgaged his all for it, and the interest that he is paying is awful—his wealth, his health, his good-repute, his brains, and, for the last payment, his life itself. Poor indeed! poor beyond expression! expression!

And to this any of us might come, strong as we feel, who should tritle with the intoxicating cup. And when we think of this, and when we look at the poor person trembling in his tatters at the door, let us pray that whatever poverty may be our share, however humble may be our lot, however hard the toil that we must do, that the worst poverty of all may never full upon us—the abject, disgraceful, loathsome pov-

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A REMARKABLE peculiarity about the new volcano which has lately made its appearance in one of the Philippine Islands is that it broke out in the bottom of a valley.

Professor Paolo Mantegazza is about to publish a work entitled "Puadri della Natura Umana Festo od Ebbreza," in two volumes, which will treat of the fact thatman, in every time and in every climate, seeks for incbriating liquors, and that civilization always reguns to invent, at every step, some new liquor and some new stimulating aliment.

Is the Monitour Scientifique, No. 133, Dr. P. Muller has a valuable paper "On Extracts of Meat Considered in a Physiological Point of View." Afoat extracts, he contends, are neither directly nor indirectly food, being deficient in the necessary albuminous matter. If given alone, he says—and the same applies to beef-tea—these extracts only tend to retard the recovery of convalescents.

In 1596-97 a Dutch navigator named Barents wint-In 1896-97 a Dutch navigator named Barents wind-cred on the northern end of the island of Nova Zen-bla. At this time East Greenland, Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits were all unknown, and he had only just previously discovered Spitzbergen. A Norwe-gian fishorman last year discovered the log hut which constituted his winter quarters. It was almost her-metically scaled by the ice, and the old tools, weap-ons, etc., found within, and now transferred to Nor-way, are but slightly injured by.

way, are but slightly injured by.

The blue gum-tree of Australia and the Malay Archipelage has been lately introduced into the south of France, where it flourishes as well as in its native zone. Its leaves powsess very valuable medicinal qualities. The use of cigars made from them has been prescribed by Dr. Alaclean of the English hospital at Netley, in cases where anti-spasmodic remedies seemed requisite—such as asthma and chest anourisms—with great success. In thermany, a tine-ture of the leaf has also been successfully used in the treatment of internation fever; and it is even aszerted that it will provent a relapse in this disease.

A curious fact in regard to creeping and twining plants has been noticed by Mr. Anderson-lienry, and by him communicated to the scientific committee of the florticultural Society. This is, that they will be attracted by certain species of climbers growing near them, and repelled by others. It has been observed, in tropical forests, that the climbing vines seem to prefer certain kinds of trees, and ro far out of their way to reach them, at the same "bee avoiding other trees much nearor, and apparently more convenient.

A St. Petersburgh physician has discovered that a decrease in the temperature of the body is accompanied by an increase in the size of the red corpuscles of the blood. Thus, exposure to cold, and the internal use of alcohol, both lower the bodily temperature and enlarge the red corpuscles; while exposure to heat, and the inhalation of an atmosphere overcharged with carbonic acid gas, both of which tend to increase the temperature, contract the corpuscles. An exception to this apparent rule was found in the action of muriate of inorphia, which at once lessens the temperature and the magnitude of the corpuscles.

the corpuscies.

The explosion on the sun, which was observed by Prof. C. A. Young of Dartmouth Uollege, on the 7th of September lust, was in some respects the most remarkable solar disturbance on record. Within the short space of half an hour, an inmense protuberance of cloud—consisting of hydrogen gaz—on the eastern edge or limb of the sun, increased in height from nearly 100,000 miles to nearly 200,000 miles, its extreme slitude being greater than ever before attained, so far as known, by similar prominences. The volocity of its ascent was 166 miles per second, which also exceeds any previously recorded. Prof. Young speaks of the motion of this vast red-hydrogen cloud as almost perceptible to the eye, and says that the whole phonomenon, as observed by him, suggested the idea of a vast solar explosion. He also mentions, as a suggestive coincidence, the occurrence of a beautiful aurora borealis on the evering of the same day.

same day.

It is well known that large volumes of vater are continually pouring into the Mediterraneau, not only through the various rivers which empty into it, but also from the Binck Sea and through the Staits of Gibraltar from the Atlantic, As there was no apparent outlet, and the sea never secured to get over full, it was conjectured that there must be a powerful, it was conjectured that there must be a powerful, it was conjectured that there must be a powerful, it was conjectured that there must be a powerful, it was conjectured that there must be a powerful indecental that there must be a powerful indecentation of the capacity, which soon encountered an outflow that carried the basket forward with such force us to tow his boat against the upper current. During his late dredging expedition in the Mediterranean, Dr. Carpenter also invokigated the matter, and found the captain's report to be substantially current.

AN Old-Pashioned Mother.—Thank God some of us have an old-fashioned mother—not a woman of the period, enamelled and painted, with her great chiguon, her curls and bottines, whose white jewelled hands had never felt the clarp of buby fingers, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose depths the love light shone, and brown hair, threaded with silver. Iving smooth upon her faded in whose depths the love light shone, and brown hair, threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded check. These dear hands worn with toil, which guided out tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness. Bleased is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of her will each o in our souls for ever. Other faces will fade away and be-forgotten, but hers will shine on nuit the light from licaven's portals shall glorify our own.

HOME INTERIORS. - Domestic miseries cannot HOME INTERIORS.—Demosite misories cannot always be concealed by the victims of them; they lie open to the gaze of all who cross the afflicted threshold. But they do not ceneers the outer world, and the outer world has no right to look on them. Visitors should not see them, even when their dismal forms come boldly into view, and visitors should bear off no memory of them to exhibit to others. The joys of a household may be proclaimed far and wide; its weakness, its affections, its servows, and its miseries possess a bitter sanctity that every sensitive and honourable soul will religiously respect.

As no day is without some clouds, so no fortune i





DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd, this world is broad enough,
For you as well as me !
The doors of art are open wide—
The realms of thought are free;
Of all carth's places you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you seares can count Your piles of golden ore; While he can hardly strive to keep Gaunt famine from the door? Of willing hands and honost heart Alone should man be proud; Then give him all the room he needs,

Om't crowd proud Miss; your dainty silk Will glisten none the less Because it comes in contact with A beggar's tattered dross; This lovely world was never made For you and me alone; A pauper has a right to tread The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart By fostering all that's bad, But give to every virtue room— The best that may be had; The best charms may be man, Be each day's record such a one That you may well be proud; Give each his right, give each his room, And never try to crowd.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAVON."

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.)

As the grim mistress of the house did not seem disposed to make her appearance, the brother and sister said their adieux, and strolled slowly homewords. Rosamond went in-doors directly, but Frank lighted a cigar, and turned towards a favourite walk which led him along the side of a little mountain stream, cogitating as he went, on his conversation with the widow. It annoyed him to have his name coupled with that of a young girl whom he had only seen twice, and whose waywardness repelled rather than interested him. Could Rosamond have been in the right when she asserted that Mrs. Ursula Delany was inclined to favour any pre-tensions he might make to the hand of her nices?—and, if so, what could be her reasons

Thinking thus, he unconsciously followed the Array of the stream till it entered the copse, and wandered along under the shadow of the larch firs that grew here abundantly. Upon the bank, her head resting on her hands, her face partially concealed by the boot of her gray cloak, sat a little childish figure, which, by the faded brown frock and shoeless feet, he recognised as

Katty,
She cast one swift glance towards him as he drew near, then resumed her despondent atti-tude, starting and shrinking as if she had ac-quired an habitual dread of every one who ad-

dressed her
"My poor child," he said, kindly, "why are
you here?—It is growing late."
She sighed, but did not answer,
"Are you afraid of your aunt's anger?"

Katty sobbed, and faintly answered an affir

mative.
Frank felt his indignation rising. The little creature looked so fragile, that Mrs. Delany's

ereature noked so fragile, that Mrs. Delany's hurshness disgusted bim.

"Take courage, little one!" he said, in cheering tones. "Mrs. Carroll seems goodnatured. She will do her best to protect you.

But Katty did not seem consoled by this assurance; her head drooped lower, and her sobs became more audible.

"Shell I walk with you to the form and "Shall I walk with you to the farm, and

make an appeal to Mrs. Delany in your be-

"No, sir," she answered softly ; " I thank you

for the offer, but Aint II sula is nover so angry as when any one pittes me!

"Then what do you propose doing?"

"I'll stay here till she's gone to bed, and then Alleen will let me in at the kitchen window.

I'm used to being out like this,"
"Will you let me take you to my sister?"
Frank asked, for he could not make up his mind to leave the child in this drear solitude,

But Katty shook her head, and said, so pite-ously, "I'd rather stay here—hideed, I'd rather!" that, seeing his persistence was distressing her,

he bade her farewell. "Good-bye, little Katty. God send you a bet-

ter home and kinder protectors !"

As he turned away, his hand was suddenly seized, and a tear and kiss left upon it. Then, as if ashamed of her own boldness, Katty drew her clock more closely about her, and darted away into the deepest recesses of the wood

Frank went home, burning with wrath against Mrs. Delany, and eager to concert some plan with Rosamond and Allie for rescuing the vie tim of her tyranny. But he did not find very putient listeners. During their absence at the farm, Lord Glanore, who was now rapidly apconching convalescence, had called.

He expressed himself much disappointed-sc Aille reported-at their absence from home, but had left behind him the beautiful horse, Perseus, and a note for Frank, entreating his acceptance of the animal.

"It was the fine personable man, he was!" Ailie commented; "and he talked to me as free and easy as if I were a lady born and bred, like himself; and 'twas real purty to hear him tel how Masther Frank helped him home that night, and nursed him, wid the tears in his eyes --my lord's, I mane; and good-looking ones

Rosamond frunkly said that she was voxed at missing his lordship. She would have liked to see the man who owed his life to her brother; but Frank, though he did not put his thoughts into words, was glad they had not met. Rosa-mond was too lovely to be exposed to the attentions of a gay young nobleman, unless she were more efficient chaperonage than Allie

A little unsettled by the events of the day, Frank went to his studio, to put a few strokes to a portrait he had been taking of his sister. The haly of the shamrocks had been before him; for the room was fragrant with the scent of the honeysuckle that hay beside his palette. Was he never to be enlightened?—never to learn who she was, and how she contrived to visit this chamber with such tuntalizing secrecy? the room was fragrant with the scent of the Watch as carefully as he would, he never succeeded in getting a glimpse of her, and his letter still by untouched. Was she positively doing ther best to mystify him, or must be give cre-dence to Rosamond's assertions that all these unusual occurrences were the work of some demented creature? And if so, how lovely she was I how terrible must have been the fate that was now terrible must have been the fact that reduced her to such a condition! and, most ex-traordinary of all, where did she conceal herself so effectually that no one-and Frank's inquiries had been made far and wide—could give him a scrap of information concerning her?

He thought and thought, till his head dropped

with which Rosamo. 's affectionate solicitude had provided him; and he was sluking into that dreamy state which is neither sleeping nor wak-ing, when he heard the gentle pit-pat of an ap-proaching step. His heart beat fast—it was she! Nearer-nearer she came, the shimmering silk of her robe sweeping softly over the oaken floor The ivy that clustered thickly round the case ment, combined with the twilight to render the chamber very obscure; but still be could see hor with sufficient distinctness as she came towards his easel, and stood gazing at the picture upon

Before he could resolve what to do, she moved with the same gliding, graceful step in the di-rection of the window, and her eye fell upon the flag or reclining in the chair. There was a pause, Would she filt away? If she did, there was but little chance of preventing it, for the further end of the chamber was already wrapped in profound obscurity, and she was evidently bet-ter versed in all the ins and outs of the building than himself. Should he address her? Should he entreat her to have faith in his willingness to serve her, and confide to him her reasons for her strange behaviour?

But while he debated thus, she seemed to have satisfied herself that he was sleeping, and ventured to approach a little closer. And now she was so near, that Frank could have put out his hand and touched her dress; but he restrained diametr, and waited to see what she would do. After a moment of uncertainty she would do. After a moment of uncertainty, she bends over him, as if to assure herself that his slumbers are as profound as they appear; and the young man can feel upon his check the warm breath that exhales from her parted lips; and now he leaps up, determined that she shall

"Can there really be truth in what we have always been taught to disbelieve?" she murmured. "Are there moments when the denlzens of a more spiritual world are permitted to appear to us 7°

"And wear mortal garments, and high-heeled shoes, that click with every movement of the foot? No, my sister; the form these arms encircled to-night was that of a living, breathing woman; but where or why she hides herself, I

Rosamond glanced at the window. Could she

have escaped that way ?
Frank leaned out, and looked down. It was a
considerable distance from the ground, too great
to admit of her having made the leap, and the tendrils of the ivy did not appear strong enough to have borne even the light weight of her fairy

Rosamond shuddered, as the wind stirred the

"Let us quit this ghostly chamber," she said. "You have convinced yourself that the lady is not here. Let us go and coulde the whole story to Allie."

"Who will assure me that I have seen a ban-

shee, and had better make my will directly," her brother crossly remarked.

"Not when she has heard all you have just

"Not when she has heard all you have just told me. She is quick-witted, and may devise some scheme for solving the mystery."
Frank suffered himself to be persuaded; and, for the first time, Allic, who laid down her kutting to listen, was told the reason why he had been so unsociable of late.
The shrewd old woman pondered for such a long time, that Frank grew impatient.

"Are ye sure 'tis no trick of Norah Delany's?"

have heard that he only came here to stay a few days, and his accident has detained him for

"I am unused to doing the honours of the house to strangers," said Rosamond, blushing very prettily. "Will you support me with your

"With all the pleasure in life, my dear. Indeed, I should have advised you to deny your-self to his lordship if you had been alone, for he is—hem! Of course you have heard of the gay Sir Charles Tresillan?"

Rosamond's colour forsook her cheeks

"I knew him slightly before he succeeded to the title," Mrs. Carroll went on. "He used to visit at the house of a friend of mine at Queeustown. A charming man, my dear, but a dan-"Sir Charles Tresilian P Rosamond repeated.

"I cannot see him!—I cannot see him!"
The widow saw that she was much agitated, and drawing a vinalgrette from her capacious

pocket, put it into her hand,

"Compose yourself, child. It is too late to
avoid him—he is in the house. Whatever may

be your reasons for dreading or distilking him, don't let bim see you looking like this." Hosamond pressed her hands to her hosom, and struggled hard to subdue the emotions warring with it. Mrs. Carroll was right. He must not see—he must not even be permitted to guess that his baseness had stung her, and cost her so many hours of anguish. Pride came to her aid; and setting her foot firmly on the ground, she resolved to meet him with at least outward composure; and if he dared renew his suit, why, she would foll him with his own weapons.

He came into the room, still pale with his re-

to Major Colbye, he strove in vain to conjecture

the cause of her coldness.

Determined not to be wholly haffled, he followed her when she went to open the window,

Mrs. Carroll complaining of the heat.

Mrs. Carron complaining of the heat.
"Unlithed that you were!" he whispered.
"How could you be so cruel as to leave England without apprizing me of your intention?"
Rosamond opened her brighteyes in assumed astonishment, and replied, aloud, "1sit possible, my lord, that you did not receive Frank's note? He certainly sent you an apology for his inability to execute the commission with which you had been east of the most system of the leaves of the most system of the commission with which you had been east of the most system of the leaves. had honoured him--and you never had it? How rude you must have thought him!? "I was not speaking of Mr. Dalton, but of

yourself. Oh, Rosamond, can you not concerve the misery—the disappointment I experienced, when I learned that you lead quitted Hollo-way, and left no clue by which I might trace

Here she interrupted him with a musical

" Really, my lord, this is too ridiculous! You must not tempt me into a repetition of my former folly! If you know how often Allie has beetired me for it!" And then, as if convolsed with laughter, she buried her face in her hand. kechrief.

"I am at a loss to understand why my distress at losing you should cause you such

Pray forgive me!" she answered, penifentally, 'of owe you a thousand apologies for my rudeness; but the recollections you evoked were so conical that I could not control my-sales.

His perplexity was evidently Increasing, and as another peal of lang liter burst from Hosa-mond's lips, Mrs. Carroll inquired whether she might not share in her young friend's merri-

"Pm afraid you'll be angry with me if I tell you the cause of it," was the reply; "but it Lord Glamore permits me, you shall hear. At the time his lordship brought Frank's picture, he thought proper to whisper some prefty things in my ear, to which, for fear offending my brother's patron, I thought it wisest to liston. His lordship's sighs and raptures afforded me excel-lent amoscinent; and, by dint of practice, I learned to mindle him so capitally that I used to throw poor Allie into convulsions of laughter. It was very wrong, I know; but I was freshly from school in those days, and still such a madcap at heart, that the temptation proved trresistible.

Lord Glanore reddened to his temples. Must Lord Ginner requenced to its temples. Must be believe that while he was imagining Rosa-mond Dalton the most artiess and confiding o-girls, she had been making a fiel of him, and holding him up for ridicule to a dependant? "Is Mr. Balton aware that I am the Charles

Tresillan who officied so much pleasantry to his fair sister?" he demanded, a Certainly not. Frank is too completely the chivalrous and homographe gentleman to have permitted me to jest at your expense, or you to amaze yourself at mine."

Mrs. Carroll, who found that Resumond was infusing a considerable degree of bitterness into

ber tones, dexterously turned the conversation to Lord Glauore's accident, and he was glad to follow the lead. Recovering his usual grace and case of manner, he warmly expressed his grateful sense of Frank's generous and unwearied

ful sense of Frank's generous con-services, "I am sorry thet I have twice timed my visit so badly as to miss Mr. Dalton," he added, ri-sing to depart. "Let me hope that I shall be more fortunate when I call again; and that Miss Dalton"—he cast a supplicating giance at Rosa-mond who, however, would not appear to see it,—"and that Miss Dalton will not make use of her reminiscences for the purpose of prejudicing her brother against mo."

She bowed distantly. "As it is not likely that our acquaintance with your lordship will ever go beyond a polite recognition of each other's

go beyond a polite recognition of each other's existence, the effect my remarks may have upon Frank's feelings can be of no consequence."

The Viscount bent low, to conceal the flash of triumph that gleamed in his eye. Resamond had overshot the mark. Her last words were spoken in the tremulous tones of an injured and resentful woman. Cleverly as she had contrived to hide her real sentiments at first, she had come between the part of the last words were real sentiments. now betrayed herself, and his hopes were renewed.

"She has neither doubled me nor forgotten

as he returned to his carriage. "My bonny English rose shall yet acknowledge she loves and has always loved me! If I can but keep my hought a picture of my brother when he was a struggling artist, and we were very grateful extert this confession from her pretty self."

He went home, resolved to follow a structure of the most disconfession from her pretty self." footing with Dalton-who is not the most dis-

with a pressing invitation to Frank to be his companion on a fishing excursion, which might be made to last for several days, and give him time to cement their growing friendship. But he reckoned too much on Rosamond's weakthrew herself into Mrs. Carroll's arms, weeping convulsively.

"Dear friend," she said, when the warm-

hearted widow had soothed her into greater composure, "you have kindly pressed me to return with you to Dublin."

And you are inclined to withdraw your refusal? I am delighted to hear it.

"Even though I am obliged to admit that I am seitish in wishing to leave home for a while ?"

asked Rosamond.

"My dear, I see nothing but what is praise-worthy in your desire to avoid a gentleman whose protestations are not to be trusted," Mrs. Carroll replied; "and I shall be so glad to have yon, that you need not fear my carping at your motives for coming to me."

"And you will start soon? Ah, I cannot go through many such ordeals as this has been! eried Rosamond, wringing her hands, "I thought I had overcome the madness which has cost mo so much shame and regret; but I cannot see him without remembering my creduity and his deceit i

"Be calm, dear child. I could have fancied from Lord Ginnore's looks that he is not heart-whole this time. Will you tell me frankly what has occurred to make you condemn him so en-Rosamond was motherless, and glad to be

able to confide her long-concealed auxietles to comforted when Mrs. Carroll commended her as having acted with feminine dignity and pru-

"Lord Glanore shall have no chanco under my roof of insulting you with professions which mean nothing," she added; "and if he really

loves you——"

"If, madain!" Resamond repeated, with scorn. "I Had be felt a particle of the steadfast, disin-terested affection which alone is worth winning, could be have spoken of one to Major Colbye as

Mrs. Carroll sighed. "Men are strange anlmals, my dear, and I doubt whether any of them are capable of the solf-sacrificing, absorbing love our own sex bestow upon them. Ginnore has been spoiled by circumstances. His fathordied in his childhood, and left him to the mismanace



CAUGHT IN THE FACT

not again escape him, and clasps her closely in his arms.

CHAPTER XVL SURPRISES.

As if the touch of those embracing arms had stricken her with death itself, Frank's captive, after a momentary struggle, by silent and mo-tionless upon his breast. Her head dropped on his shoulder, every vestige of colour fled from her checks—the little hands he hastened to chafe were almost tey in their coldness, and the white lids had fallen over her beautiful

He spoke to her soothingly, but she did not appear to hear him; he laid her in the chair, and, kneeling beside her, watched in vain for some symptom of returning animation. He flung wide the casement, that the air might play freely about her face, but all to no purpose; and he was beginning to be seriously alarmed, when Rosamond's voice, calling to him from the other end of the long passage leading to the Abbot's Chamber, Inspired him with hope of

"Have you fallen asleep?" she was asking.

"Pray come to tea, for I am desperately hungry, and you cannot paint in the dark."
"Have you a light? Then come to me immediately!" he exclaimed, hurrying to open the door and admit her. "Quick, Rosamond! I need

He did not stay to finish his sentence, but hastened back to the swooning lady. All explana-tions could be given while his sister was helping him to bring her back to life.

Startled by his disordered looks and impera tive manner, Resamond shaded her lamp and came quickly to his side. found him like one stupitled, staring at an empty

The astonished girl ventured to touch his arm. "I don't think I understood you correctly. What did you want me for? Aren't you well? "I think I'm mad-stark mad !" cried Frank, snatching the lamp from her, and beginning to

examine every nook and corner of the room "What is it you are looking for ?" she inquir-d. "Pray tell me, that I may aid you in your search.

"The lady-she was here but this moment!" he answered, incoherently. "In my arms—I had her in my arms. Her pallor and insensibility alarmed me! I came to summon you and she was gone! By heavens! I will not b duped in this way! I'll raze the house but what I'll find her!"

"Dear Frank, you must have imagined this," his sister exclaimed, her surprise and alarm mo mentarily increasing.

"Pence, Rosamond! You provoke me when

you talk as if I were a child or a lunatic. was here, I tell you, not a moment ago. I did but turn away to admit you, and she disappear-ed as completely as though she vanished into Rosamond took her brother's hand in her own

The pulses beat temperately, and though he looked angry and bewildered, the light of reason

was in his eye. Yet how could she give ere Seeing her incredulity, he composed himself and told her, with careful precision, what had occurred. So strange was the tale, she began to tremble a little, and cast scared glances into the darkness of the chamber, which her lamp only

"Quite; at least, I am positive that the young girl I have seen has neither the features nor form of Norah. Besides, it would be difficult to conjecture any motive for her visiting the house at such hours, and in disguise."

"Then you must have patience, Masther Frank, till I find out if such a person as you mention is anywhere hereabout."

He assured her that he had already done his

best to learn this.

"May be you have, and got put off with short auswers for your pains," Alile drily told him.
"The people distrust an Englishman when he
gets too inquistive; and they'd think it no sin
to tell a white lie to put ye off the scent. Only

walt a while—say two weeks from to-day—and this odd if I don't find her for ye, if she's raid fiesh and blood, as she seems to be.' Frank promised to be patient; but he did not permit Ailie's promises to interfere with his own endeavours to get to the bottom of this mysterious affair. He saw a chance of doing this earlier than any one anticipated; for, on the morrow, he found beneath the chair in which the

isting of a string of shamrock leaves, ma green enamel, threaded together with pearls. Would she not selze the first favourable op-

which had adorned her slender wrist. It was of antique make and curious workmanship, con

Frank put it in his pocket, and confided to no one that it was in his possession; but, to his sister's surprise, made preparations for a day's sketching in the neighbourhood of the waterfall, to be followed by a visit to the lodge, where he said that, in all probability, he should remain

thing was better than the monotony of the exasperating watch he had been keeping of late; nor did she expect to be dull Mrs. Carroll was coming to spend a long day with her, and the widow's reminiscences were

always amusing. Frank shouldered knapsack and portfolio, and went leisurely on his way; and presently Mrs. Carroll arrived in the nondescript vehicle Mrs. Delany sometimes used when she visited the

nearest market town. "I should have been with you two hours ago. my dear," the lady explained; "for I had fully made up my mind to walk the distance; but the stiles were insuperable obstacles. I'm afraid I've not taken sufficient exercise since I've been here, for I really did not feel nimble enough to surmount them; and so I borrowed my friend's chariot, which I beg you'll not hough at, though it is of autediluvian build; because it has done

me very good service this morning. Mrs. Carroll lamented that she had not been able to prevail upon Norsh to be her companion; but Rosamand did not regret it. She could not feel at her case with Mrs. Delany's wayward nicce, whose morbid apathy clouded every topic

that was started.
She had prevailed upon Mrs. Carroll to indulge herself, for once, with a cosy chair and a foot stool, and was sitting opposite that lady, listen-ing to an animated description of one of the Lord Lieutenant's receptions, when a carriage drove up to the gate, and Rosamond started to her feet, exclutining, "It must be Lord Gianore. How unfortunate! This is the second time he has called, and Frank has not been at home.

What shall I do?" "Receive him yourself, my love," the widow promptly replied. "He may wish to make his acknowledgements of the service your brother cent indisposition, but with the assured air of one who has no doubt of his welcome, The careless case of Rosamond's manner, which com-bined perfect politeness with a chilling reserve,

made him bite his lip, and look disconcerted.

"One would almost think that Resamend Dalton had forgotten me," he murmured, as he bent over the hand she reluctantly yielded to his lingering pressure.

Rosamond promptly determined to answer him aloud. There should be no secrets between

them. He might think that a false shame would

induce her to conceal the fact that she had been poor, and this reticence would establish an understanding with him, whether she wished it "I perfectly well remember you, sir," she said, deliberately and distinctly; "though I was not aware till a minute ago that Lord Glanore and Sir Charles Tresilian were the same. You bought a picture of my brother when he was a

you do not need an introduction to his lord-ship?" Mrs. Carroll came to her ald directly, and Lord Glanore saw that he would be defeated in his hopes of obtaining any private conversation with Resamond. He admired the garden, and expressed a wish to see it; but his fair young hostess only politely regretted that her brother was not there to accompany him in a stroll

"How do you like this neighbourhood, my

lord?" Mrs. Carroll inquired.
"So much," he replied, with a meaning glance at Rosamond, "that I shall not care to

"Then we must not hope to see you in Dublin this season. There will be general mourning the ladies who have reckoned upon you for their balls. How can you resolve to disappoint them ?"

" My sins on that score will set easily on my

conscience," he answered, lightly. "I have been paying the penalty of succession to a peer-age for some months past; now I think I am justified in being happy in my own way for a little while." "And then you will beam upon us and bewilder us with renewed brilliancy?" hughed the widow; "or, in less flowery language, you

will resume your old character of the 'male flirt,' with additional attractions, as they say on the play-bills. Again Lord Glanore bit his lip. Somehow, the badinage, to which at other times he would have retorted freely and gallantly, lost its zest when

uttered before Rosamond. " If you asperse me in this manner, Mrs. Cor. roll," he said, "I shall be obliged to ery for quarter. Besides, you are really unjust. With the mane of Tresilian, I put away the follies

that adhered to it." "And intend to be an ornament to the peerage?" she demanded, with an incredulous

He bowed; and slightly shrugging her shoulders, she turned to Resumend, who was aftering the arrangement of some flowers in a jardinière. Do you believe in these sudden conversions Miss Dalton ?"

"I beg your pardon—I was not listening; but, as a rule, I have no faith in them." Lord Glanore whiced. He had not been pre-pared for indifference, and was eager to regain his power over her. But his ardent glances

promptly replied. "He may wish to make his acknowledgements of the service your brother rendered him before quitting the country. I



learn too early that he was handsome and rich. However, we'll not talk of him any more, but you shall pack a trunk and join me at Miss De-lany's the day after to-morrow. I am my own pronounce yourself ready."

And with this understanding, Mrs. Carroll left her.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEFT TO HIS OWN RESOURCES.

Ar first, Frank demurred at parting with his At first, Frank demarred at parting with insister, especially to a comparative stranger.

"You have tired very quickly of our seclusion," he commented.

But why not have told me so, that I might have taken you to Dublin or London myself? You know, dear Rosle, I am neither a barsh nor an unreasonable brother,

who would neglect or refuse your requests."
"You are the best and dearest of Franks!" she exclaimed, coming behind his chair and putting her arms round his neck, "But you are very much mistaken in thinking me tired of this place. I shall gladly return to it, after a few weeks' dissipation."

weeks dissipation."

'Then you are drawn from me by that irresistible magnet, fashionable society! Mrs. Carroll his talked of her gay acquaintances, till you are longing to see and be seen. Am 1 not done?"

Rosamond did not answer him directly. She was asking herself whether she ought not totell nint the actual reasons for her projected flight. What would be say when he learned that Lord Ghanere was the man at whose name he had seen her shudder and shed tears of mingled anger

But, on the other hand, she feared lest such a revelation from her lips might induce him to a revention from her this might induce time to demand from Lord Ghance an explanation of his conduct. This would, in all probability, lead to a quarrel, for Frank was flery-tempered when his bonour or his sister's was brought into ques-tion; and even if the Viscount displayed tact and good feeling enough to avoid an open rup-ture, he would conclude that Rosamond had fled to avoid him, and be flattered accordingly.

to avoid him, and be flathered accordingly.

Mrs. Carroll bas so warmly invited me to be her guest," she said, at last, a that it has been difficult to refuse. The change will not do me any harm; and, however frivolous you may think me, I must honestly own that I wish to visit bublin with her. Will you not consent to be true may.

"Sure. Masther Frank, ye'll not deny her?" put in Allle, who was kultting at the window.

"Tisn't foud I am myself of strange beds and faces. But Miss Rosie's young and lively; and she'll be bringing us back all the news and the fashlous. Musha, there's been none here since Kitty Maguire had a new pair of clogs, wid red hows to them! And may be she'll get us a bet-ther receipt than Biddy's for making purship wine—not that I'll ever belave there's good liquor to be made wid them things, that's not to

nquor to be made wat them tunings, that's not to be livened to grapes, no ways at all !"

"Then, for the sake of the parsnip wine, oh, Rosamond, I must consent to part with you!"
laughed her brother. "Seriously, dear Rosie, I am glad for you to taste the pleasures of life now and then. I would not wish to condemn you to play the hermit always. Go and enjoy yourself. I'll write you a cheane on our banker. yourself. I'll write you a cheque on our banker, so that you may be able to include yourself in a few additions to your wardrobe; and when the galeties of lubble lose their charms, siya me due notice, and I will hasten to escort you home

again." So Rosamond went, and the quiet house So Resumond went, and the quiet house seemed sadly dull without her; yet, in his secret heart, Frank was relieved by the knowledge that her affectionate eye was no longer upon his movements. As Allie Brean never presumed to interfere with him, he was now free to search for his fair incognitu as long and as closely as he pleased; and he racked his brains to bay plans and invent ingenious traps for snaring the shy and beautiful bird, which would not be lured to his hand. Allie began to compilain be lured to his hand. Alife began to complain that "Masther Frank pretty well lived in that dingy ould chamber, where there was no getting at him, widout a body were as ulmble as a squirrel, and as light of foot as a fly. The meals stood till they got cold, and he never came to them, except when driven to it by the down-right starvation."

Lord Glanore called a few days after Rosa mond's departure, and Frank reluciantly came down from the Abbot's Chamber to receive The hope of being gladdened at some happy moment with a visit from the haly of the shamrocks made him scrupulously attentive to his foller, but this did not conceal his sunken eyes, and the weary look that his long and depressing watch had given him.

The Viscount asked if he were ill, but searcely

heard the reply. He had been ushered into the room where he had seen Rosamond on his pre-vious visit, and his gaze was fixed upon the door by which he entered, in the expectation of secing her appear.

There had been a little local excitement concerning the discovery of a private still on Lord Glanore's estate, and this topic afforded some comores estate, and this topic afforded some conversation for the gentlemen, but it fingged ere long. Frank had a suspicion that his mysterious damisel would, in some inscritable manner, discover his absence, and take advantage of it to seek the chamber in search of her bracelet; while the Viscount was longing to ask for Resembnul year direct net.

Rosamond, yet dared not.
At last, he rose to go. "Will you convey to
your sister my compilments, and regret that I
have not had the pleasure of seeing her?"

"To Rosamond ?--oh, yes," answered Frank, absently; and his visitor was provoked into add

nosently; and his visitor was provoked into add-ing, "Does Miss Dalton purposely avoid me?" Immediately his young host was alive to the strangeness of this question.

"My sister—Miss Dalton—purposely avoid you?" I don't understand you. Why should

"Why, indeed? I have the deepest respec for a young lady whom to know is to admire?

Frank was a little annoyed at this.

"Your lordship is very polite—too polite, for we are plain people, and prefer plain language. As to my sister avoiding you, I ought to have mentioned that she is from home." "And you are here alone? I no longer won-der at your looking moped. Let me drive you

with me to the lodge, and keep you there as my guest until Miss Dalton's return." But Frank shook his head. "I could not weary you with my society for weeks, and you

are mistaken in supposing that I am dull. I like to be alone sometimes."

"And she will be away for weeks!" said the

"And she will be away for weeks?" Said the Baronet unconsciously uttoring his thoughts cloud. "I beg your pardon," he added, as he saw Frank's look of haughty surprise. "I was mentally asking myself what chance there would be of prevailing upon you to cruise with me along the Spanish coast while you are absolutely your own master. My yacht is a capital state of prevailing upon fines a portfolio full." sailer, and you would bring back a portfolio full of sketches."

· It is a tempting offer," Frank admitted, "but I cannot leave home just at present. I thank you, but I am obliged to decline your

Lord Glanore wasted a good deal of time in trying to induce him to after his determination, and did not rise to go till he saw that further entreaties would be thrown away.

As he was passing the mantel-piece, he was of his existence.

attracted by a miniature of Rosamond, which her brother had just hung there.

The likeness was an excellent one, and his lordship stood gazing at it till Frank grow impatient, and asked if he knew whose portrait it

" It is Rosemond herself! The resemblance is marvellous; but she does not won that pen-sive look now-t belongs to the days when I first knew her."

"When you first knew her?" cried the us-tonished Frank. "Is this meant for a jest,

It was too late to recall the incautious observation, so his lordship quietly said, "My dear balton, I had no intention of mystifying you. thought you must be aware by this time that I saw your sister on two or three occasions, at the gallery of a picture dealer from whom I made several purchases. I had not then succeeded to the title of Glanore, but was known as Sir

Charles Tresilian."

Tranquilly as these sentences had been spoken, the Viscount's heart beat fast as he paused for a

reply, and saw Frank's brow darken.

"I have long wished to meet with Sir Charles
Tresilian," said the young man, with stern em-phusis.

"I have an idea that he owes me an explanation of some impertinence addressed to my sister."

"On my honour, I am unconscious of having given Miss Dalton cause to be offended with mc. I thought her charming, and with all duo respect, I told her so." spect, I told her so."

"Taking an unmanly advantage of her youth,

and my limbility to protect her!" Frank hotly interposed.
"Reproach me if you will," Lord Glanoro re-

plied, with equal carnestness, "but believe my assurance that I am unconscious of having in any way amnoyed or displeased Miss Dalton. What can I say that will convince you of my

what can I say that will convince you of my sincerly?"

"I have not professed to dispute It," said Frank, coldly. We will, therefore, say no more on this subject. For my ignorance of the name your lordship bore prior to our acquaintance, I have only my own heedlessness to blame."

"Nay, I have been neglectful in not mentionate to ending? But lookship absorped, with appearance.

ing it earlier," his lordship observed, with apparent candour. "But one does not care to descant on one's genealogy, and I was not certain till I called here, that the Miss Daton I had the pleasure of knowing in London was the sister of the man to whom I owe my life!"

He sucks with errort certainty, but he could

He spoke with great cordiality, but he could not discipate the reserve of manner Frank had unwittingly assumed. While giving due credence to the Viscount's assertions, Rosamond's brother felt that all was not told. From Rosamond herself he meant to demand the explanations he was determined to have. He grew more and more dissatisfied as he re-He grew more and more dissatisfied as he re-collected that she had been concealing from him the identity of Lord Ginnore with his former patron. Was it to avoid him that she had been so desirous of accompanying Mrs. Car-roll to Dublin, and why? Frank set his teeth in his lips, and his face took a vengeful cast as he recalled the emotion she had once testified respecting Sir Charles, and coupled it with her silence now. Either his petted sister had weakly given her heart nway unasked, or this pleasant, plausible Viscount was a villain.

plansible Viscount was a villain.
With the briefest replies to Lord Glanore's civil speeches, Frank saw him to his carriage, and then sat down to write to Resamond. Too impetuous to await the coming of the man who collected the letters twice a w.ck, he hade Larry saddle his horse, and although Aille reminded him that the dinner was on the table, and would be saddle patient, he merely stayed to would be spoilt entirely, he merely stayed to swallow a biscuit and a glass of wine, ere he galloped off to the next post town, to leave his opistic at the office himself.

He was so weary on his return, that he gladly exchanged his boots for the slippers Mrs. Brean brought him, and agreed with her that he stood

In need of a good night's rest.

As he went slowly up-stairs, he paused at the entrance of the long, rulinous passage leading to the Abbot's Chamber. Was it worth while visiting it ere he sought repose? Alas! the fair spirit that once haunted it seemed of late to have descreted its precinets. Even the flowers which had once betokened her visits had withered days since, and no delicate hand

had renewed them.

He stood for several seconds debating whether he should or should not stead sortly onward, and glance around the silont apartment. Then, with rapid but noiseless strides, he traversed the intervening distance, and entered the deserted apartment, to him, the west intervening and

apartment, to him the most interesting and provoking spot on earth.

The hinges of the great caken portal, which he had taken the precaution of olling, swung back, and Frank stepped over the threshold, satisfies the little about the body as he dill see he was a superfection.

A failnt sound, as of some one crying out in surprise or terror, caught his ear, and, at the same moment the rays of the light he carried gleamed on the slender figure of the lady of the shamrocks.

(To be continued.)

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

THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER IV.

" THE TRUE TITIAN COLOUR."

The next morning was bright and warm, a real June morning; Sunday morning too, made joyous by the bells of Kingsbury church, chiming a hymn tune, that sounded sweet and clear acr the intervening meadows, and came in at Hubert Walgrave's open window, blending itself with a dream in which he fancied himself away from Brierwood, amidst the gorgeous up-holstery of a West-end mansion, listening to a voice that was not so sweet as Grace Rednayne's. The bells awoke nim at last, and he looked round him with a yawn, pleased to find

himself in the quiet farmhouse 'Thank Heaven for a tranquil day!' he thought, "No ritualistic ceremonials in an atmosphere of rondoletia and patchouli, with the thermometer at ninety; no Kensington-gardens after luncheon; no petty scandals and inanities all day long; no dreary, dreary, dreary eight-o'clock dinner, with the dismal trainp of some solitary passer-by sounding in the intervals of the conversation all through the big dusty square ; no Mendelssohn in the evening. Thank heaven for a day of repose, for a day in which I can live my own life !"

This was ungrateful. The life of which Mr. Walgrave was complaining was a life that ought by rights to have been very pleasant to him; a life which, with more or less modification, he had elected to lead for the remainder

He got up and dressed, taking plenty of time for all the operations of his tollet, enjoying the rare delight of not being in a harry. He had been wont to live always under pressure; to dress with his watch open on the dressing-table; to breakfast with his watch beside his plate; to mete out the exact time which he place; to mete out the exact time which no could spare for his reading; to lasten from place to place; to spend all his days in a kind of mental fever, half his nights in restlessness engendered of over-fatigue.

It was scarcely strange if he had broken down at least under such a life. But even now, warned by the doctors that he sorely needed rest, he could not be atterly idle. The habit of hard work was too strong upon him; and he had brought his books down to Brierwood, resolved to get through long arrears of reading.

The bells rang and died out into silence—

The fact of having written it seemed some

the sweet summer silence, broken by the hum of bees and songs of birds, and the cuckov's plaintive minor coming with a faint muffled sound from a neighbouring copse. The bells would ring again for the eleven-o'clock service; but | got up quickly, and went to fetch his hat, Mr. Walgrave did not mean to go to church.

He intended to abandon himself to the delight

he said to himself. of thorough idleness; to drain the cup of sim-ple rustic joys, which were so new to him. In-tent on this, he went down to breakfast in his morning-coat, wheeled the table to an open window, and then ponneed at once upon a bundle of weekly papers, which he had brought down to Brierwood with him—the Alberraun, Saturday Review, Speciator, Obser er. This is how Mr. Walgrave enjoyed the country.

The church bells had rung their last peal be-fore he had finished his leisurely breakfast, or got half through his papers; and the farm-house was as quiet as some dim empty village church which a tourist enters with reverent footstep on a summer afternoon. There was no one at home but Sally the servant-maid, shelling peas on a sunny door-step in the back premises, and meditating upon the iniquity of the lodger, who sat half buried in the great armchair—a family institution sacred to the grandfathers and grandmothers of the Redmayne race—with his legs stretched out upon another chair, reading newspapers, white all right-minded people, not in service, were at church. The papers were finished at last. Mr. Wal-

grave laughed once or twice over the broad coumns of the Saturday-that half-cynical laugh which is called a snigger—pished and pshawed a little now and then, and thally tossed the heap of periodicals aside, muttering the usual remark, that there was nothing in them. the freshness of the morning was gone by this time, and the sun was at his meridian. Mr. Walgrave strolled into the garden, took out his capacious cigar-case as he went along, and l ghted his noontide weed; He walked over the same ground he had explored on the pre vious evening, stared at the roses, admired the old cedar, thrended the grassy mazes of the or-chard, peeped into the farmyard, and made friends with an ancient gray donkey of benevo-lent aspect, whom he found resting his chin contemplatively on a five-barred gute; friends with the donkey, and thought of that brightest of English writers, Laurence Sterne, who has associated himself with the asine species for all time. The donkey is by nature a social beast; it is the chief affliction of his life, perhaps, that horses refuse to know him.

There was one old man in the farm-yard, sitting on the law wall of a picety askep in the

ting on the low wall of a pigsty, asleep in the Mr. Walgrave came and went without awakening him.

awakening him.

"That is what rest means," he said to himself, as he walked slowly away.

"I daresay it is perfect bliss to that man to sleep in the sun with the odour of pigs in his nostrils."

When he had made his circuit of the garden, dawdled ever so long under the cadar, and

sniffed at the roses, he went back to the house. Morning church was over. He snelt roast meat, and saw a family party sitting at dinner in the parlour opposite his own. He caught just a glimpse of a youthful head, with reddish-brown hair, but he did not see the face belong-

ing to it.
"The true Titian colour," he said to himself, with only a passing glance, and walked into his sitting-room, incurious.

The maid came presently to ask if he would take any luncheou. No ; unless a basket of soda-water, which he had ordered, had come for him, he would take nothing. No basket had arrived. Goods were conveyed from London to Edinburgh in "sss time than from London to Brierwood. There was no rail nearer than Tunbridge junction, and only a sleepy old carrier to bridge the intervening distance.

The maid returned to her dinner in the back

kitchen; and Mr. Walgrave, having drained the cup of rustic pleasures, rawned, and looked wistfully at his law-books.

He had promised the doctor that he would rest, and had worked hard till three o'clock that morning. No, he could scarcely go to his law-books to-day. He wandered round the room; examined its artistic decorations—ancient prints representing the death of General Wolfe, the reformed House of Commons, Daniel in the lion's den, and so on—with a grim smile; look-ed at Izank Walton, and Johnson's Dictionary, and an old volume of the Farmer's Singazine and after this survey went back to the table by

the window.

'I suppose I had better write to Augusta,' he said to himself, opening a ponderous russin-leather despatch-box. "Of course she'll expect a letter. What can I write about ?old man asieep among the pigs, or that friendly donkey? or shall I got into raptures about the roses, or that girl's voice last night? There's not much material for a Horace Walpole at Brierwood · but I must write something.

He took out a quire of paper stamped with a

great gothic monogram, and began:

"My dear Augusta,"—("She's the only Augusta I know," he said to himself; "so it would be a lapse in grammar to call her dearest.")
"My dear Augusta,—Just a line to inform you of my establishment at Brierwood, which is a pleasant old place enough: donkeys and roses and pigs and strawberries and-cream, and all that kind of thing; but direfully dull. I have read all the papers, and fear I shall be driver to going to afternoon service at Kingsbury church, by sheer inability to get rid of my day. How horrified you will be by the levity of that remark! But I had intended to indemnify my-self for all I have suffered from your favourite Mr. Reredos, of St. Sulpice, West Brompton, by a temporary lapso into paganism. I daresay you are receiving your usual Sunday droppers-in—discussing the sermon, the contents of the plate, whether liberal or otherwise, and the plute, whether liberal or otherwise, and the bourhood—what scenes and places round about will go to the Gardens, and walk up and down, and wonder at the strange beings from lower verse, that the Sunday afternoon journey home,

deeps of society whom you meet there. Did you go to Covent-garden last night.? I see they gave La Favorita. The air here is purity itself, and I think will set me up very shortly. I mean to obey the doctors, however, and withdraw myself from the delights of civilised life for a time—until the winter term, in fact. I need not say that my thoughts follow you in this seclusion, and that I wish you were here to brighten my solitude. Give my best re-membrances to your father, and believe me to remain your affectionate

HUBERT WALGRAVE,"

" I think it's about as innne an epistle as was over penned," he said to himself, when he had addressed his letter to Miss Vallory, 10 Acro-

relief to his mind, however. He east himself down upon the hard som, and slumbered per-haps as sweetly as the old labourer in the farmyard. The afternoon bells woke him, and he

He tapped at the opposite door, to ask his way to church. It was opened by Mrs. James, still and solemn in her Sunday cap and gown. She opened the door wide enough to give Mr Walgrave a full view of the room; but the Titianesque head of hair was not visible. "Gone to church perhaps," he thought, " or

out in the garden."

Mrs. James gave him most precise directions for finding Kingsbury and Kingsbury church. It was a pleasant walk across the fields, she

"But you'll be late, sir," she added; "it's half-an-hour's walk at the least, and the bells have been ringing above a quarter."
"Never mind that, Mrs. Redmayne; I want

to see the church."

"It is not much of a church for any one from London to see, sir; but the rector's a good man and a good preacher; you'll be none the worse for hearing him."

"I hope I may derive some profit from his

"I hope I may derive some profit from his instruction," said Mr. Walgrave, smiling.

He went by the meadow-path to which he had been directed, hugging the hedges, which grew high above him, rich in honeysnekle and dog-roses, foxgloves and fern. A delicions walk. He had no sense of loneliness; forgot all about Augusta Vallory and Aeropolissuare; forgot to dram his ambitions drams square : forgot to dream his ambitious dreams of future success; forgot everything but the perfumed air about him, and the cloudless blue sky above his head. He had nearly two miles to walk, but to this tired dweller in cities it was like a walk in Paradise. Though he had not very long been released from the regimen of a sick-room, he felt no fatigue or weakness, and was almost sorry when a turnstile let him out of the last meadow on to a little hilly common, in the midst of which stood Kingsbury church—an unpretending building with trees about it.

The service was conducted in a quiet oldfashioned manner. That ancient institution, the clerk, was in full force; the number of the hymn to be sung was put up in white mova-ble figures on a little blackboard, for the con-vaniance of the congregation. The sermon was a friendly familiar discourse, practical to the last degree, brightened by homely tauches of humour now and then; a sermon which might fairly be supposed to come home to the hearts and minds of a simple rustic congregation.

While the hymns were being sung, Mr. Wal-grave looked about him. He had taken his place at the end of the church, near the door, in the shadow of the little gallery, and could see overything without making himself conspi-

"Yes, there was the Titianesque head of hair; he recognised it in a moment, though he had only caught that brief glimpse through the parlour window. A girl stood in one of the high pews about half-way down the centre aisle; a tall slender figure, in a lavender mus-lin dress and a straw bonnet, under which ap-peared a mass of red-brown hair. He had no opportunity of seeing her face during the

"I daresay she has the complexion that usually accompanies that coloured hair," he said to himself—" a sickly white, pepper-castored with freekles. But if one dared guess by the turn of a woman's head, and that great knot of glorious hair, one might imagine her pretty "

One did imagine her pretty; or at least one was curiously eager to discover the fact. When the sermon was over, Mr. Walgrave contrived his departure so as to leave the church side by side with Grace Redmayne. He saw her glance shyly at him, evidently aware of his identity.

She was very pretty. That sweet fair face, which was actually by no means perfect, impressed him with a sense of perfect beauty. It was so different from-from other faces h knew, had such a tender softness and woman liness. "A face to make a fool of a strong man, he thought. "Happily I was never in love in my life, and have a convenient knack of admiring beauty in the abstract. If I were a painter, I should be rabid to have that girl upon canvas," he said to himself. "What a Gretthen she would make i

He walked at a respectful distance from her as they crossed the common, but ventured to overtake her at the turnstile

"Miss Redmayne, I think," he said, smiling, as he fell back to let her pass into the mendow. "Yes," she replied, with a little timid inclination of the graceful head, and blushing

This was quite introduction enough for Mr. Walgrave. "I have been to hear your worthy rector:

really a charming old man—such a relief after the people I have to listen to in town! And your church is a delightfully rustic old place. The benches are rather hard, and your charity children make a somewhat objectionable noise with their boots. If they could be put away in an upper loft somewhere, like Eutychus, only warranted not to fall down, it would be better."

Miss Redmayne smiled, yet felt a little angry with him for what she considered a sneer at Kingsbury church. It seemed as if he looked down upon all her surroundings from some inaccessible height which he occupied ever so remote from her. The notion was a foolish one, no doubt, but it pained her.

He went on talking of the church, the sermon, the children; and anon began to question his companion about Kingsbury and the neighwhich Grace was apt to consider rather a weary

business, seemed shortened.
She told him about Sir Francis Clevedon's

place.

"You will go to see Clevedon, of course," she said. "It is not a show place—not shown to strangers, that is to say; but as you know Mr. Wort, you would have no difficulty about seeing it."

"I have seen it—once," he answered rather absently; "but I wouldn't mind going over it again. A fine old house, with noble surroundings. Rather a pity that it should go to ruin, isn't it?"

"I think it will be restored soon," Grace an-

swered hopefully; and then went on to tell the stranger all about Sir Francis Clevedon, and the probability that his kinswoman's timely demise would place him in a position to occupy the old house.

Mr. Walgrave listened with so moody a brow that Grace stopped suddenly by-and-by, wounded to think that her talk had wearied him. He was not even conscious of the stoppage, but

walked on for some minutes lost in thought, until, awakening all at once from his reverie, he turned to her abruptly, and began some new subject, talking to her of the farm, her aunt and uncle, her cousins, her singing.

"I hope I didn't disturb you," she said, when
he paid her some compliment about! Kathleen Mayourneen! I am very fond of music, and it is my only amusement; but if I thought it

ing, though I don't suppose it will materially advance my legal studies. And so you are tond of music? Of course I knew that, after hearing you play and sing; there is a touch and a tone that can only come from the soulnot to be taught by a nasic-mistress, teach she ever so wisely. Were you ever in London?"
"Never," answered Grace with a sigh.

"Then you have never been to the Italian Opera, nor to any of those concerts which abound in London. That is a loss for any one so fond of music as you are."

He thought of all the loss in this girl's lifea life destined to go on to the end, perhaps, buried among green fields and farmyards. Here was a waste of mre, flower-like beauty,

and a sensitive sympathetic nature!

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself compassionately; "she ought to have been born the daughter of a gentleman. It seems a bid thing for such a sweet flower to be thrown away. She will marry some great holking farmer, no doubt; one of those raw-bred lads who carried my portmanteau upstairs, most likely; marry him, and be happy ever after, not dreaming of having missed a brighter life."
They walked on by the high tangled hedge in its glory of honeysuckle and wild roses. The

barrister folt the very atmosphere a delight, after London, and "society," and hard work, and the thraldom of a sick room,

" It is a very sweet world we are born into, after all," he said, " if we only knew how to make the most of it.'

make the most of it.'

Ilis own particular idea of making the most of life hitherto had been, to bring himself to the very edge of the grave by dint of sheer hard work—work that had for its motive power only a selish solitary man's ambition to push a little way in advance of his fellows. To-day, amidst this fair rural landscape, which in its tender pastoral character was more familiar to him on the canyas of Creswick or Linnel than him on the canvas of Creswick or Linnel than him on the carvas of Creswick or Linnel than in actual fact, he began to feel almost denbtful as to the soundness of his views, to meditate even whether it might not be better to take life easily, let Fortune come to him at her own time, and take his fill of honeysuckle and dog-roses—honeysuckle and dog-roses, and innocent girlish society like this, which seemed only an element of the pastoral landscape and the summer afternoon.

the summer afternoon.

He found himsel, talking with unwonted animation presently—talking of himself, as a man is apt to do when his interlocutor is a trifle beneath him in status—talking pleasantly enough, but with a dash of egotism, of his solitary life in London chambers, his professional drudgery, and so on,—with a little descriptive sketch of London society.

Very speedily he discovered that he was not talking to a begutiful imprire The circle height.

talking to a beautiful inanity. The girl's bright face flashed back every gleam of brightness in his talk. She had a keen sense of humour, as well as of poetry, this country-bred lass; had read a great deal of light literature, in the tranquil idleness of orchard and garden; had read her Scott, Dickens, and Thackery, her Byron, Tennyson, Hood, and Longfellow, not once, but many times, and with a quick appreciative

"You remind me of Pendennis," she said smiling, when Mr. Walgrave had described his bachelor life. "Do I? I would rather remind you of some

one better than that selfish shallow young cy-nic- Warrington is the hero of that book. But I suppose a solitary man, working for his own advancement, always must seem selfish. If I had a flock of hungry children to toil for, now, you would think me quite a sublime charac-

"I don't see why ambition should be selfish." Grace answered shyly. "I respect a man for being ambitions, energetic, industrious, though I am idle myself. There is my dear father, who has gone out to Australia to make a fortune: do you think I don't admire him for his cour-

age, though it is such a grief to lose him?"

"Of course you admire him; but then he is working for you—he has a motive outside his own existence, and a very sweet one," added Mr. Walgrave in a lower key.

"He is working as much for Brierwood as for me; more, indeed. He is so proud of his good of his prod of his prod of his prod of his good of

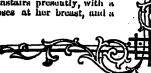
good old name, and the house and land that have belonged to the Redmaynes for nearly 300

The stranger's face darkened a little. "Yes," he said moodily; "even in these philosophical days there are men who are proud of that kind of thing. "What's in a name?" One man drags a time-honoured title through the gutter, and squanders a splendid fortune in unmanly frivolities; another works like a slave to create for himself a name out of nameless-

ness. Fools both, no doubt." They were at Brierwood by this time, and parted at the garden in quite a coromonious manner. It was almost an adventure for Grace. She felt her heart beating all the faster for it as she ran upstairs to her own sunny room, with lattice windows, and great beams across the ceiling-a room in which men and women had slept when James I. was king.

There was an odour of dinner in the house when she went downstairs presently, with a little cluster of red roses at her breast, and a





hast stage of existence unpleasantly obvious to those who were not going to cut him-his vulgar savouriness refined just a little by the perfinne of a cherry-tart. There was an unwonted bustle too, and aunt Hannah was darting about the passages flushed and samppish, superinten-ding the movements of "the girl," who came along with her eyes fixed, and her breathing stertorous; and a dishe grasped convulsively in her clumsy hands.

This Sunday-afternoon tea-time was wont to be the very quietest hour in all the course of life at Brierwood uncle James dozing over his newspaper; aunt Haunah dispensing the teacups, with an open Bible before her; the two young men crunching lettuces audibly, like rabbits, and consuming great wedges of breadand-butter, afraic to talk much, lest they should be accused of profuneness and Sabbath-breaking. How many such a summer Sunday after-noon Grace had endured, sitting by the open window, turning the leaves of her hymn-book idly, and looking at a stray flower shut in between the pages here and there, to mark the place of a lacourite hymn: "Sun of my soul," and "Jerusalem the golden!" Not unhappy afternoons, only blank and empty, in which ner soul had longed for the wings of some strong sea-bird, that she might fly across the world and join her father in his rough colonial life.
So to Grace Redmayne the little bustle at

tendant upon the stranger's dinner, even poor Sarah's scured face, and nunt Hannah's pishness, were not unplensant. This confusion was something out of the beaten track; she forgot that it was an affliction to have a lodger. Aunt Hannah came in to tea presently, grumbling at the ways of people who wanted their dinner when other people were thinking of their supper.

6-1 daresay Mr. Walgrave would dine early on Sunday, if you asked him, aunt," Grace said, while Mrs. James was pouring out the tea "He seems very good-natured."

"Stuff and nonsense, child! what do you know about his good-nature? Seems, indeed! You've only seen him through a window; how can you tell what he seems?

saw him this afternoon, coming home from church. He spoke to me, and walked with me, a little, and he was very pleasant."

Mrs. James looked thoughtful, not to say displeased. She had Mr. Wort's warranty for the lodger's steadiness; nor was Wr. Walgrave in the first flush of youth, or distinguished by that debonair manner with which women are apt to associate the idea of danger. Still it would not do for him to be dancing attendance upon Richard Redmayne's daughter. No faniliar acquaintance between those two could be permitted.

"How far did he walk with you, pray?" Mrs James inquired severely.

Grace blushed. It was the most foolish thing in the world, of course, since she had not the slightest cause for blushing; but to be taxed so stermy about such a trifle brought the hot blood

into the fair young face.
"He overtook me at the stile, and came home through the fields." "He walked all the way home with you,

then. What do you mean by "a little"?"

"I couldn't help his walking beside me, aunt, and talking a little, if he pleased. I couldn't be rude to him, when he was so respectful—just as if I had been a lady of his own

"I don't know how your father would like our taking up with strangers," said aunt

Hannah. "I don't know how my father would like your taking lodgers," answered Grace. And Mrs. James quailed for a moment with a guilty sense that, in her economic arrangement, she had taken a step which Richard Reamayne-as proud a man as ever trod that Kentish soilwould have considered an outrage upon his

race. "Come, come!" exclaimed uncle James "you two women are always squabbling. Where's the harm, if the lass gave a civil answer when the gentleman spoke to her? You wouldn't have her run away from him as if he was a dragon going to eat her. I like a girl that can speak up bold and frank. The gentleman's a gentleman; we've got John Wort's word for that; he wouldn't offer to bring any

"He'd no call to follow Grace home from church," said aunt Hannah, subdued but not si-

du't follow me, aunt," cried Grace indignantly; "what can put such notions into your head? He was at church, and I was at church, and we had to come home the same

"Ah!" sighed the matron, "I suppose you know best; but you don't go to afternoon back sow't Sunday."

The object of this discussion came saunter ing up to the open window presently, socially sed, and began a friendly conversation with James Redmayne about the aspect of the country, and such homely matters as might be supposed to interest the agricultural mind we drew back into a corner of the room, and opened her hymn-book; but though she did honestly try to read some of the sweet familiar verses, her car was distracted by the languid voice of the stranger-a voice so unlike common Kentish voices.

It was the family custom to spend Sunday evening, and every idle evening, more or less in the garden; and of course the stranger's advent was not entirely to change the common course of things. James Redmayne took his pipe and tobacco-jar; the young men carried a table and chairs under the cedar; and presently they were all sitting there in the usual fashion, only with Mr. Walgrave hovering near them doubtfully, still talking agriculture with the farmer.

· Fetch Mr. Walgry a arm-chair, Charley," James said to his son; "perhaps he'd like to smoke his cigar among us, in a homely way." "I should like nothing better," said Mr. Wal-

grave; "not an arm-chair though Charley; any May I really smoke my cigar Redmayne? You won't object to an extra

Mrs. James glanced at the flower-border, with some vague idea about groundsel or shepherd's-

"Lord bless you! exclaimed her husband; "she don't mind tobacker; she's used to it, like the cels. Sit down and make yourself at home; and if you ever drink anything as vulgar as hollands-and-water, 1 can offer you the

"You're in one of them blessed rifle-corpses, suppose," said Mr. James, to his nicce's

6 I beg your pardon, no; I mean to say that I am allowed to take nothing stronger than sherry and sodn-water."

"That's what I call cat-lap," remarked the farmer; and again Grace blushed. That Tun-bridge Wells education of hers had made her sensitive about these trifles.

Mr. Wallgrave took his seat among them, and lighted his eigar.

"I am very glad to make myself at home in your pleasant family circle," he said; "for, in spite of all that has been said about solitude in the midst of a crowd, and that kind of thing, I think a man who finds himself amongst green fields best knows the value of his fellow-man's

The sun went down behind a screen of lime and sycamore, and all the western sky changed from gold to crimson and from crimson to purple, while Mr. Walgrave sat smoking and talking under the old cedar; Grace scated a little way off, on the other side of her cousin Char-ley's ponderous figure. Little by fittle the conversation drifted away from agriculture, and also from James Redmayne, who could not keep a very tight hold upon any discourse soaving above crops and markets, or humble local politics. Little by little the talk became entirely between Mr. Walgrave and Grace, the girl answering shyly now and then, and at in-tervals hazarding some timid utterance of her own thoughts.

It was aunt Hannah's invariable practice to indulge herself with a nap on Sunday evening. On every other evening than Sunday she was brisk and active, vigilant and wakeful to the last, although on every other day she got through three times the amount of work. But the Sunday work, the church-going, and the best-bonnet wearing, the Bible reading, and the general state and ceremony of the day, con-duced to slumber, and it was as much as aunt Hannah could do to keep her eyes open for half an hour after tea. To night, Mr Waleraye's an hour after tea. To night Mr. Walgrave's quiet talk, with intervals of silence every now and then, as he smoked his eigar meditatively, wat hing the transient glories of the sky, had a peculiarly soothing effect; and Mrs. James, who had intended to keep a sharp eye upon her nicce and the lodger, slumbered sweetly, with her hard-working hands crossed upon her smart silk apron, and her cap ever and anon nodding

They had it all to themselves, Grace and the stranger Wandering alone in some primeval forest, they could searcely have been more

lonely,

Mr. Walgrave compared this evening with many other Sunday evenings which he had spent of late years, since he had begun to be a successful man—a man of some mark in his particular line : Sunday evenings with friends who were 'at home' on that evening; Sunday evenings in the spacious drawing-rooms of Acropolis-square, cultivened by Bach and Handel; Sunday evenings in faster company at Richmond or Greenwhich, with the same dinners, the same wines, the same kind of talk for over and over. How much pleasanter it was to sit under the cedar, in that rosescented old garden, while uncle James and aunt Hannah snored peacefully, and a sweet girlish face looked at him out of the summer dusk! Man is by nature egotistical. It was pleasant to talk so freely of himself, and his own feelings, and fancies, with an instinctive consciousness that he was admired and underderstood; to be the central figure in the group, and not one of a herd. He did not take the trouble to analyse his sensations just yet; but by and by, when the Redmayne family had wished him good-night and retired, carrying their belongings with them like a gipsy camp, -by and by, in the summer silence, when he walked alone under the stars, smoking his final igar, he told himself that he had never in his

life been happier.

"Arcadian," he said to himself, " but soothing. I suppose, after all, that really is happito rest from labour, to turn one's back upon this crowded world and all its complications and artificialities; to live one's own life for a little, without ulterior object of any kind. What a pretty girl that is ! And so intelligent too; with a nature so much above her sur-roundings! A pity; some day she will find this farmhouse life too narrow for her—the hulking farmer-husband too dull and uncouth."

He thought of Grace Redmayne a good deal

as he smoked that last meditative eigar-first because she was really the only person worth thinking about at Biserwood; and secondly, because he had been surprised to find so bright a creature in such a place. He thought of her, and compared her with other women he had known, not at all to the advantage of those others. And later in the night he had strange dreams, in which Grace Redmayne's image ap-peared amidst the wildest confusion of places and circumstances—a sweet young face, lily-fair, a bright young head crowned with hedge-

(To be continued.)

FAMILY FEUDS:

A SEQUEL TO WILL HE TELL?

Translated and Adapted from the French of

Emile Gaboriau.

CHAPTER XIII. THE TABLES TURNED.

One day, a week before the departure of Land and Ludy Coleraine for town, a scene took place between her hulyship and Miss Macariney; which resulted in a very material alteration of the relatious between the slighted, builled, and generally lit-treated poor relation and her haugh-

ty nices.
Ever slace the night of poor Annie Mosley's murder, Miss Macartney had understood that she had a hold upon her aleee, and had deter-mined to profit thereby. She had already put out one or two feelers, to ascertain exactly her position with her rich relation, and as these little attempts at feeling the ground had had all band the whole story of the murder at the the wished-for results, she had made up her mind, and was only awaiting a favourable op-

lands; but I have to preserve a strict regi- | London, and leaving Miss Macartney in charge

Now the poor lady objected strongly to being left alone at the Castle, and she said so. At other times she would have lowed submissively to her niece's will, but now the spirit of rebellion was strong within her, so she kicked hard against the pricks,

"You surely do not mean, Mary, to leave me

all alone in this big place?"

"You will not be alone. There are the servants. And besides, remember that you will be mistress of the house, and they will all he at your service. I am sure you ought to be very grateful to me for thinking so much of your comfort. But that is always the way, the more

you do for people the less they are satisfied.

"I am not ungrateful," replied the elder huly, for a moment evineing an inclination to fall back into her old humility; "but I could not remain here with your father. It is horrible, even now when the house is full, to hear hin shricking and shouting, but what would it be h an empty house 💯

"Then what may your plans be," asked Lady Coleraine, with the slightest touch of irony in her tone, "since you do not intend templing at Shandon ?'

" I thought-I hoped-that you would take me with you."

"To London! Why, you must be mad, aunt,

to think of such a thing. What on earth would you do in London ?"

"Take me with you, Mary. For pity's sake do not leave me here to die of terror,"

"Hupossible, my dear aunt, I don't know what on earth can have put this wild scheme into your head. It is sheer madness in you to entertain such an idea.'

"But, Mary, it will kill me to live here alone. It will be enough to drive me mad to think that I am alone with a madman in this immense

Here Lady Mary became freezingly polite. "My dear aunt," she said, with a smile that dded to the bitterness of the Irony intended, "I should be extremely sorry in any way to curtail your liberty of action. I hope you un-derstand this. You are entirely your own mis-tress, and if the air of Shandon disagrees with on, or you find the Castle overwhelmingly timmense" for your comfort and peace of mind, you are perfectly free to leave, and to take up your residence wherever you may find more

suitable quarters."

The blow was a cruel one, well-aimed, and It told, but the result was very different from what Lady Mary had expected.

Miss Macartney became excessively pale. For a moment she was silent, nerving herself for the supreme effort.

me supreme enort.

"Then you mean to say," she said at last, and a gleam of malice shot from her eyes as she spoke, "you mean to say that you magnanimously give me, your relation, leave to choose between dying of terror at Shandon and dying of starvation on the streets. Thank you, my dear nices, I am extremely obliged to you for this expression of your kindness. It is only what I expected from you who have always shown yourself so dutiful, so considerate, so for-

bearing, with your poor, dependent relation."

As she raised her head, malignantly hissing out her words, she reminded one irresistibly of a

serpent preparing to strike.

But I have already made up my mind, and I shall take the liberty of ignoring your permission in my future actions. I begged you to take me with you, and you replied with an Insulting But I have borne long enough with your refusals and your insults, Lady Mary Coleraine, and I warn you that I will bear with them no longer. Be careful in the future how you treat me; be careful how you speak to me, for I am a dangerous woman. You have tried my patience long enough, God knows. Hitherto I have been at your beek and bidding, worse treated than your servants. 1, I repeat, who after all am of the same blood as yourself, have een obliged to put up with insolence from you that no paid servant in your father's house would have borne with one instant. But now my turn has come. You say that I shall not go to London with you. I say that I will! She stopped for a moment to gain breath; then

"You want to know what I want to do in London, what business I, poor old Aunt Macartney, have in society. I will tell you what I want, and what business I have. I intend leading an easy life in my old age. I intend compensating for my youth, spent in poverty, and for later days spent in misery with you. I intend doing as you do, going where you go. In a word,

I intend being your companion, your equal, and when it suits me, your mistress?" While Miss Macartiney was thus giving full yent to her long-repressed indignation and rancour, Lady Mary stood in mute amazement, listening with a feeling of conscious guilt to her aunt's tirade of abuse. When the good buty had tinished, she asked, in a voice far more subdued

than was her wont;
"I don't understand you, nunt.

" You don't understand me?" returned Miss you to understand that from the night when you made me, against my will, your accomplice in a vile crime, everything between us must be equal. I am involved in the danger, and I in-tend being included in the pleasures. Have you ever thought what would be the consequences were your crime discovered? Ha! you have And you try to drown the thought in a round of pleasure and galety. And do you imagine that I neverthink, and that I do not want to get rid of that thought as well as you? Of course I do, and for that reason I will go to London with you. You will go to court; I will be presented you. You will go to coart; I will be presented too. You will go out into society; I will accom-pany you. You will go to the opera; I will go with you. Now do you understand?" By this time Lady Mary had recovered her self-

possession. She saw the trap that was laid for her, but she thought she could avoid it. So she put on a bold face, and spoke with infinite cool-

ness and insouclance.

"And suppose I were to say 'no'?"

"But you will not say 'ho'."
"And why not, pray?"
"Because I would take care that you did

" Which means that you would inform against

"Not at all, my dear. Old as I am, I am not worth that, my dear, tog as rain, rain not such a fool. All I should gain by such a step would be to put myself in danger. No, I certainly would not inform against you. I should merely relate to your husband the whole story of the night we spent at the Reach. Do you remember your husband's first visit since the evening when he left you? Of course you the evening when he left you? Of course you do. You remember what he said about Annie Mosley's murder? You remember his teiling you that he had taken a solemn eath to avenge that murder? You see I know more than you

This last shaft told. Lady Mary was raising The desired opportunity offered itself when one day Lady Colemine graciously announced submitted to any degradation sooner than let Thanks; there is nothing better than hol- her intention of starting the following week for the dreadful story, in which she played so con-

spicuous a part, come to her husband's ears,

So she at once yielded at discretion.

"My dear aunt," she said, insinuatingly
had I suspected [that you had set your mind so much upon accompanying us to London, i dould certainly have offered no opposition However, as it is, we shall be only too happy to have your company. I am only sorry that I should have irritated you to such an extent that you should be driven to campley threats against me. But for that, I trust you will pardon me. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that you have been a little unjust to me. If you have been unhappy in our house, why did you not let me know? I am sure my only desire has been to make you as comfortable as I could. But let bygones he bygones, will you not, aunt?" and crossing the room (Lady Mary, with a show of tenderness, Rissed her dear relation, whom (an hour ago she would have driven into the streets for the increst little peccadillo.

CHAPTER XV.

TRACKED!

On arriving in London, Lord and Lady Coleraine took up their quarters at Claridge's, the family mansion at Kensington being at present inder the hands of the painters and plasterers,

undergoing a thorough renovation.

Lady Coleraine had looked forward with eager anticipation to this visit to London, but once the first novelty had worn off she found that life in London was not all that she had pletured to herself. Town was just emptying, the weather was villatious, Lord Coleraine was seldom at home, and her ladyship was finally obliged to acknowledge to herself that she was bored to death.

But one day an event occurred which disagreeably relieved the monotony of her daily life, She was lying upon a sofa, dreamily listening to Miss Macariney who was reading aloud the last fashionable novel, when a footman knocked at the door and announced that a young man was below who wished to see her ladyship.

Her ladyship expressed her surprise and sent the man down again to ask the visitor's name. The footman returned and said the young man had given his name as Ryan.

The effect of this aumouncement was electrical, Lady Coleraine storted up from the sofa, her face as white as the handkerchief she held in

"Ryan!" she excialmed with frembling lips. Ryan! what can be want here She had a very good susplcion of what he

man, "that I refuse to see him, and it will be useless for him to make any further attempt to

ee me."
The man bowed and was leaving the room, when she stopped him. She saw her danger and knew that she must submit. "On second thoughts I will see him. Show

him up, please." When the man left the room the two women, too astonished and alarmed to move, sat some moments looking a teach other in consternation, Lady Mary first spoke,

"It most be one of that wreich Ryan's sons,"
"I suppose so," said Miss Macartney with a
thiver, "But what can be want? Suppose be knows the story of that Reach business. Good

gracious! what will become of us?"

"Do not be so foolish, aunt. How could be know anything—unless," she added hesitatingly his father lived long enough to tell him, but that is hardly likely. It may ease, pluck up your courage, it is of no use making a fuss until you know what is the matter, and in ten minutes we shall know the worst."

(To be continued.)

FARM ITEMS.

Extra attention and food given cows when dry,

A WRITER in the Country Gentleman says entile will kill fruit trees if allowed to rub them with their necks. Porsistent trampling the soil over the roots compact it so much as to render it impervious to air, without which the roots cannot perform their proper functions and the tree consequently dies.

There is an association in Vermont, we learn from the Cultivator. for the purpose of breeding horses. They began business last March by buying a farm of 423 seres, at \$15 per acre, and a month later some stallions, mares, and colts. A large stock farm de-voted to breeding draft horses, breeding up to the best standards, would pay well.

best standards, would pay well.

Greasing of Horses' Free.—I had an excellent opportunity of observing the effect of greasing the feet whilst working in a shop where horses were shoul for a large undertaker's establishment. The treatment of the horses by the horse-shour was the same as that of hundreds of other horses shoul at the same shop: but the feet of the funeral horses were greased every time they went out, to make them nice and black; and as the fruits of this practice the hoofs almost coased growing. They were exceedingly dry and brittle. The sole was not hard and glossy, as feet are after paring, but of a dry nature, and could in many cases be easily crumbled down by the fingers.—Car. Canata Farmer.

enses be easily crambled down by the lingers.—Cor. Canado Farmer.

PREPARING MEAL FOR FOWLS.—Dough for poultry is commonly made too thin. Many young chickens that might live if fed rationally, die because obliged to swallow more water with their grain than they need. In case of grown fowls, giving meal too wet will not, of course, pr. ve Intal, but they will thrive botter if it is mixed so stiff as to cramble. The food is moistened and partly macerated while in the crop by secretions from the glunds. It passes next, a little at a time, into the pronoutrieulus, a powel formed by the expansion of the passage between the crop and the gizzard. In this organ additional digestice inices are secreted, as well as in the gizzard and further on. Now, when the grain contains too made water before it is fed, the solvents prepared by the directive organs are diluted and impaired. In all minutes, when healthy, thirst is regulated with wonderful nicety by the needs of the system. Hence, if constantly supplied with water, separate from their food, they will drink only what is necessary, and a mixing dough it is better to be on the safe side.—Microquant Former.

The United States census bureau has prepared the

Tux United States census bureau has prepared the following table, which shows the call.

The United States census bureau has prepared the following table, which shows the value of farm products in each State, exclusive of live stock, for the year ending June 1, 1870. It is the first table of the kind ever compiled with any degree of accuracy:

Alabama \$96.532.810 Virginia \$31,074.801 Arkansas 40,051,921 Michican \$4,074.801 Arkansas 40,051,921 Michican \$4,074.801 California 49.856.024 Minne of a 23,254.00 Connecticut 25.482.150 Mississippi 73,137,950 Delaware 8,471,567 Missouri 10,052.759 Plorida 8,000.376 Nolraska 8,001.382 Georgia 51,253.288 Nevnda 1,679.743 Indiana 122,914.288 Nevnda 1,679.743 Indiana 122,914.288 Nev derecy 42,755.184 (augustus) 122,914.288 New Jercey 42,755.184 (augustus) 122,914.288 Now Jercey 42,755.184 (augustus) 122,914.288 Now Jercey 42,755.184 (augustus) 122,914.288 Oregon 7,825,948 (augustus) 124,927 Rhode Island 4,761,041 Massachusetts 22,182,378 S. Carolina 4,083,492 Tennessoe 94,472,947 W. Virginia 23,359,482 Vermont 34,671,707 Wisconsin 5,097,672 TERRITORIES.

2,077,988 New Mexico 1,075,142 (2,257,106 linh 1,573,142 (45,657 Wyoning 1,4270) 1,676,660 Total U. S. \$2,445,000,000 The people who live on the banks of the Mississip-The people was two tree marks of the subject of a flood, which is likely to take place in the Spring, when the heavy snows of the mountains and hills to the west shall melt and some down in torrents. The last great inundation in that region occurred in 1814.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A FIERY STEED-Horse-radish.

A LEADING article "A locomotive, QUEEN of spades "A gardener's wife,

FARMERS sow wheat; their wives sew tares. INTERVIEWING reporters should wear pumps. FORCED politeness-Bowing to circumstance

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it ams down. Way should artists take small-pox. Because it's ketching.

Goon musicians excente their music; the had ones murder it.

Eriquirre.-If you pay a visit, it is not necessary to take a receipt. This cheapest, longest, and swiftest conveyance A train of thought.

A QUESTION for spiritualists—Are low spirits less than medium sighs?

Wity is a water-lify like a whale?-- Because both come to the surface to blow. Ir may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of loth wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make

A Potateman, fond of reading, told a friend that for musement when off duty, he often "took up" a

As old lady thinks the Bonds must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of many of them being converted.

CONVOREM for married men - Why is a wife like a newspaper? Because every man should have one without borrowing his neighbor's.

Cruna was once asked by one of his brother indges, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig ?" "Nothing but the head," was the raply.

A Latting girl, noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth exclaimed, "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-tood teeth like yours."

As advertisement in an old number of the Vecton

As advertisement in an old number of the Vernon Visitor, published years ago, says; "Wanted a man who fears the Lord and weighs two hundred pounds." A Negro, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said, "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's do color of de black folks."

"1) is easy enough," said a witty Irish or ator, " to repeal the union of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. Just transpose two letters, and they become United Kingdoms at once."

Josas says he first methis wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, married her in a storm, lived his subsequent married life in a storm, and buried her in pleasant weather.

Is a recent trial in a French court, the public prosecutor arose and said, as a witness came on the stand, "I wish to remark to the court that this witness is entitled to entire confidence, as he has not had time to consult his lawyer."

A Stranger to a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a commar, when I mape I insert a reconcion; and when I want a chew of tobacco, I make a " aph."

The houseville downed, referring to the first had somehody is going to build a horse of Booke Island ninety-two feet long and sixty the type coveresses astonishment that the authorities could be permit anybody to put the State all ander one roof in that way."

A larrice girl remarked to her manma, on going to bed: "I nm not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma. "I was a little afraid once, when I wont into the pantry in the dark to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I could not find the farts." "Boy, where's the State of Matrimony?" "Its one of the United States. It is bounded by hogeing and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, bromsticks, and staying out into o' mahs. It was discovered by Adam and Evo, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise."

"Colonkie W——is a fine looking man," said 'Jenkins,
"Yes." said Noggins, "I was taken on him

once."

"You! why you are as ugly as a stump lence."

"I can't help that; I was taken for him. I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by it sheriff."

A NEW PRINCESS OF ORANGE,-The French papers A New Princess of Charles, the French papers amounce the interring of the doughter of the late Emperor Souldings to a grocer Looslabet by mine, who lives on the road between Paris and Viocennes. The incongraity of a grocer's working a princess is to same extent removed when we learn that the holy's many is Marmalady. We suppose she supplied her own marriago usual. own marriage peal.

own marringe poul.

Miss P——, inst from the interior, was looking for a situation in New York, and she saw an adversement in which an admirable opportunity was offered to one who was willing to undertake light housekeeping. So Miss P—— wrote to the advertiser, asking where the light-house was, and how high it was, and whether she would have to keep the lamps borning all through the awful storms, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sandays.

way of getting to shore on Sundays.

Due you hear of that chap who attended the sale of a hotel at a town in Ohio? He hadn't a cent in his pocket, but he stood up and hid holdly. "Twenty eight thousand dolfars." It was knotled down to him: and when the question was asked; "who is the per chase?" this audacious scamp replied; "The Pennsylvania Raifrond." Of course he was not in person required to put up the money from an baperial hyperlike that, whereby he was able, in the correct of a couple of days, to sell the whole to mother party for \$5.000, and clear the difference. The country is now full of scamps buying hotels for the Pennsylvania Raifroad.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHENX

109. RIDDLE.

I have no head, and a tail I lack. But off have arms, and legs, and back; I inhabit the palace, the favera, the cot:— 'Tis a begarly residence where I am not, I is a nonarch were present (I tell you no fishe), I still should be placed at the head of the table.

110. ENIGMA.

By me extended commuree reigns, And rolls from shore to shore: I mark the poles in azure plains, Nor dread the tempest's rour.

Relying on my friendly nid, The sailor smiles screne; Where clouds the three expanse o'crspread, And suns arise in vain.

Yet mean my form and low my birth, No gaudy tints I show: Drawn from my fertile mother earth, Tarough purging fires I go.

Till fashion'd by the artist's skill He ties the marringe-chains. When I my destined ends fulfil, And long my love remains.

H. S. B. 111. CHARADE

My first, creation's ornament, Ere sin assumed its power, And devastation harl'd around In that eventful hour. Thou sluggard, hasto to imitate My accoud in her ways. And let not thy dull heart become My chole throughout thy days.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 8. ILLUSTRATED RESUS.-A light boart lives long. 102. Diamond Puzzle-Australia.



103. Puzzus-Post, Pot, Top, Spot, Stop. 104. REBUS-Fritz.





BY JOB JOT. JR.

Once a young Russian nobleman.
M. Outoscoks, the son of
An officer of the frontier clan.
Old Bustissnootanrunoff.
Was weak enough to full in love
With Man'selle Orfolfrick;
Who was the only daughter of
The tunner, Jug-o-i-s-ki.

But she already was engaged To Monsiour Nockislerzoll Who was the nephew of the read Assessor Omiwigzoff. The day already had been set: The priest, old Chawmicarzoff, Was spaken to to the knot Along with Neverswearzolf.

The guests had even got their hids, Among them, Smelomuski. The keeper of the royal kids. And lawyer Dryamluski. And all the big bugs of the town From Mayor Blominocoff. Who was to give the bride, on down To Cumanbrushmiclozoft.

Seeing all was up, the groom refused
His grand of cold liver;
And since she had her yows abused,
Swore he would not forgive her.
And challeneed this young Oute socks
Through Colonel Nockmychinoff;
It was accepted by his friend,
Lieutonant Sawmishinoff.

That more each made a hasty meat Of soap-grease, oil of easter. And with their swords sought to reveal Which one of them was master. Young Outosocks was killed, and Nock-Izlegst ff. droading scaudal. Then blow his brains out on the spot With a two-cent tailow candic.

When Orfulfriski heard their fate, Of Dr. Solomkoli Of Dr. Solomkoli
She bought of arsenic two-ounce weight,
On suicide bent solely;
Confessed her sits, which were some scores,
To father Slumberezy,
Then poured the poison out—of doors
And married Koffansneezy.

STORY OF AN INKSTAND WITH THE INKSTAND LEFT OUT.

"That inkstand? Yes, it has a history. I may as well tell it to you now as any other time, I suppose. You ought to be called the Great American History Extractor, or Romance Extractor; for if there is a particle of romaned in any thing or any body in a place where you happen to be, you are sure to scent it out.

" Of all days, this is the most glorious one for a romance—the rain falling with that steady, monotonous drip, drip, drip; not a soul in the house but ourselves, and we so snug in this splendid old library."

Mag Hastings was indeed an indefatigable romance-hunter. She was always looking for situations where the romantic predominated. situations where the romanue presommates. She would have succeeded as a dramatist, without doubt. She was apparently as happy as mortal could be on the morning in question, nestled in the depths of my scarlet lounge, perfectly certain that she looked picturesque in her dark green street suit, rolleved by the daintlest into.

in comparison here, pet!" said she; and a bunch of white weel, with a blue ribbon tied at one end of it, marking a spot wherein a dog neck would be, trotted mysteriously toward her. What propelling power there could be in the singgy thing was a wonder I never could get over, but seemshow it managed to suring into Mag's gruss. somehow it managed to spring into Mag's arms and then the silence assured me that my stor;

was expected.

The surroundings were favorable for story. telling, it is true. The room heavily wainscoled with dark wood; the cases of books of all times and of all varieties; the long windows richly draped with scarlet brocade, lined with exquisite face; the thick soft carpet of mottled green; the Turkish lounges, the quaint chairs, inxuriously upholstered; the bronzes on the mentle and in niches and corners—bronzes mente and in nicles and corners—bronzes that told stories of mythology; the engravings on the wail; the little gems in oil selected for their wonderful coloring—an autumn scene, a burning ship, a group of German peasants; the glowing fire of sea-coal, and the polished hearth and femier—all appealed to the love of the beautiful and the pleturesque, while the cold, unceasing rain, the bare, gaunt trees, the dripping shrubbery, and the blanched grass drove the thou; his within for solace and amusement. The infistant that May Hastings referred to

The inkstand that Mag Hastings referred to was a pretty affair in Swiss carving. It repre-sented two little peasants carrying water, the buckets suspended from a pole resting in a hand of each. Of course the water-palls were the ink receptacles, and the pole was the pen-rack. It was poetle and realistic at the same time, and as pretty a trille for a library-table as one would

The story is a sad one, Mag," said I. will give you the blues for the rest of the day,"
"So much the belter," she answered, with a
true dramatic love of the horrible—"so much the better. I'd like to be stirred up a little. I fear I'm too comfortable. A little dash of imaginative sorrow is needed to relieve this perfect enjoyment. A little shade throws out the good points of anything, you know. Isn't it so, pet?" and she pinched the little appendage dignified by the name of util till a sharp yelp came out of the soft white massin her arms. 4 These out of the soft white mass in her arms. " There I told you so, pet: now you'll know what true

repose is."

"I should scold you, Mag," said I, "if it were the least use in the world. But you are incorrigible; so I will go on. Time will give you shadow enough without doubt."

"When I was in Venice—"I commenced.

"In Venice!" exclaimed Mag, sitting bolt upright, and giving the little dumpling of a poodle a push that brought out a most spiteful yelp.

"Why, you know, Mag, that I was abroad more than two years. In fact, I had just returned when you and I became acquainted," I replied, wondering a little at the unusual interest she appeared to take in the commencement of my story.

my story.

"Oh, I knew that," she replied. "But I never heard you say any thing about Venice;" again reclining and closing her eyes, as much as to say, "Go on. I am at a loss to conceive what made me so foolish as to disturb myself for so slight a thing as the mention of a foreign and defunct city."

"Well, when I was in Venice-I believe it was the second month of my stay there—Charles came in one day." (Charles is my husband) "from a long trump about the Palazzo Loredan, the Ca" oro—you know which I mean—the one built in the sixteenth century, in the Oriental style, and restored by Mademolselle Taglioni, the celebrated dancer—"

celebrated dancer—"
"Oh yes," said Mag, impatiently, "I know all about it. Haven't I been there? wasn't I born there? haven't I always lived there? didn't the Doge of Venice christen me? didn't I draw my first breath on the Bridge of Sighs? and wasn't I one of Mademoiselle Taglioni's pupils? Go ahead, and tell what Charles said when he

came back from his trampabout the Ca'd' Oro. But never inted the architecture; I'm not build-ing at present."

I had seen Margaret in many strange moods,

I had seen Margaret in many strange moods, but nover foit her to be so utterly incorrigible as upon this occasion. However, I resumed without appearing to remark it.

"Charles came in, and said, hastily, 'Neil, tell Pedro to get up a nice lunch just as quick as he can. I have brought an invalid home with me, and if I can I shall persuade him to remain a while with us. I have taken a strange finey to the fellow, and should like to have him where we could take a little care of him. He will cortainly die if somebody don't take an interest in him.' So I hurried around, and after a little Pedro and I.—"

"Oh, never mind about the lunch!" interrupt-

"Oh, never mind about the lunch!" interrupted Mag again, without opening her eyes, and with a little tremole in her voice, which I could not understand. "Proceed with the Animals always interest me more than

"You would not call Austin Benedict an animal if you could see him once," I replied, a lit-tle indignantly, and was about to add that I didn't wish Charles mixed up with that species

either, when over went the lap-dog on to the lounge, and Mag said, irritably:

"I bolleve that unimal thinks I have nothing to do but to make my lap into a bed for his convenience. Go on, Nell. Austin Benedict is a good name. It has got the right kind of a ring to it. I'll bet my new solitaire against three cents that his character was as stony as his cognomen. A man called Austin Benedict would do what he considered to be right, if by so doing it killed him and every body he was acquainted with! I wish you would ring for some wine, Nell, I am as cold as death. Don't get up, though—and please

"Yes," I resumed, "you are quite right about Mr. Benedici's character. I believe there is something in names. But for all that the fellow

"A very interesting case," said Mag, turning deathly pale. Do you know the circumstances?" and then, with the slightest porceptible sneer, added, "a man must be very strong to admit such a thing about himself."

"Oh." I answered, "it was a long time before

"Oh," I answered, "it was a long time before we got at the facis in the case; but one day, when I sat by him, and we all thought he couldn't last many hours, he told me the whole

"When you sat by him, and thought he couldn't last many hours, he told you the whole story!" repeated Mag, in a strange sort of a way.

"No; he rallied again," I answered, almost out of breath at Mag's strange behavior. "It seems that he loved with his whole heart and seems that he loved with his whole heart and soul a very beautiful and much-sought-after young lady. She pretended to love him. Her parents were opposed to the match: she proposed to defy her parents. The next news he receives comes in the form of a letter from her, telling him that she finds she does not care for him as she supposed, and asking to be freed from

her engagement."
"He did receive such a letter, did he? Austin Benedict did receive such a letter?" and Mag arose from her recumbent position, and stood before me, pale as a corpse, but with the light-of forty avenging angels in her eyes. "I never wrote that letter!" she exclaimed. "It is a forgery from beginning to end! Neil Harris, you took care of Austin Benedict in his last hours?"
And now the proud head of Margaret Hastings was buried in my lap,
"I took care of him when he was ill," I re-

"And he loved the woman he believed to be

false to the last ?"

"If loved the woman—"
"If loved the woman—"
"Oh, Nell! Nell! what shall I do? How can
I over live, now that I know he died with that
cruel impression of me?" interrupted poor Mag,
giving me no opportunity to explain myself.

"You took care of him—you made him com-fortable—you kissed him when he was dying; and I—loved and despised, I—"

It was about time for me to insist upon being listened to; so I saki, "Stopa minute, Mag dar-ling. I did do all I could for Austin Benedlet's comfort, and have kissed him a good many times; but not when he was dying, Mug; for he hear?" passed away yet maless he has accomhasn't passed away yet, unless he has accom-plished that feat to-day, and—and—"
"What in the world is all this?" said Charles,

who had entered softly with his latch-key,
"Where is Austin ?" I asked, in a whisper; for Mag was so still I didn't know but that she

was dead.
" Here!" said the dear fellow, bounding forward. He stopped suidenly at sight of the figure at my feet. "In the name of the angels! Nell, what is this? and whom have you got

One little faint cry from Mag, and she was a dend weight in Austin Benedict's arms. That

was answer enough. Such a day as that was! Between swoons, explanations, and embraces my mind got to running upon lunatic asylums; but the sun set clear and my reason remained unobscured was a wodding that same evening in the same library; and in all the happiness I ever witness-ed—Charles's and mine thrown in—I know I never saw such perfect, unalloyed joy as exists between Mr. and Mrs. Austin Benedict. Mag didn't give me time to get to the inkstand, so you must imagine the history of that.

THE FARMER.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives-by the laws of civilized nations-he is the rightful owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of nature under a whole-some influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the charac-ter of a man, as the lord of the animate world. of this great and powerful sphere, which fishioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his
power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion
is his from centre to sky. It is the space on
which the generation before him moved in its
round of duties; and he feels connected by a
visible link, with those who precede him, as he
is also to those who follow him, and to whom he is also to those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last homes; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labor. The roof that shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every cuclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers and forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parent laid down to rest, and where, when the time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of fresh, healthy and generous national character. healthy and generous national character Edward Everell.

BLACK MARIA.

"Thero goes Black Maria !" It is a cry sure to bring the children to the window, and equally sure to make grown folks turn their heads and look out. For do we not all take a curiously lively interest in a tragedy? Perhaps the sight of human misery helps us by contrast to feel our own felicity, just as the sound of a storm without makes the fire warmer within. And so we, sitting by our own fire, with no stain of crime upon us, shudder when we hear the rumble of the wheels of Black Maria on the Nicolson pavement, and when it has gone its way we breathe freer and feel our exemption from the sufferings that fall to the lot of some human beings.

The flusher grateges that proves not does not

that fall to the lot of some human beings.

The finest carriage that moves past does not attract our attention. We are used to that. We have neither admiration nor envy of Mr. Newrich's spanking team of grays and his soft-roling coach. But when that hidous old dark hulk, with its narrow, high, box-like body and its little straitened grated windows, puts its black cellipse upon our sight, we look. For that is tragedy. Who are they whose dirty, vicious faces peer through the gratings? And are the faces so bad, after all, or do they only seem bad? And what is the history back of them? And how did the life of crime begin? And how many men there are riding in the carriages who are men there are riding in the carriages who are worse men than any that peep out of the grat-ings of Black Maria on their way to the peni-tentiary!

How do loy and sorrow, innocence and orime. rub clothes together on the street! On the mer-ry Christmas-day Black Maria darkened our windows for a moment to remind us that life windows for a moment to remind us that life was not all bright. And the men standing on the next corner laughed and chuckled at the idea that anybody should have to take a Christmas ride in "that thing." But the people inside did not laugh. What do they know of Christmas or of mirth? What do they know of Christmas or the love of God? For we better-off appropriate them love by the love of people have never given them love. We have trodden on them rudely when they were young, perhaps, and then shoved them into the Black Maria for spelling out the bad lesson life set before them. Some day we may learn to save such people rather than to crush them.

Your nose and your eyes your father gave. you say Your mouth your grandsire; and your mother meek Your fine expression: tell me now, I pray.
Where, in the name of Heaven, you got your check?"

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

4th March, 1872.

Flour. & brl. of 196'bs.—Superior Extra, nominal \$0.00: Extra, \$6.15 to \$6.20; Farcy, \$6.00 to \$6.10; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary Supers. Canada Wheat, \$5.75 to \$5.85: Strong Bakers' Flour \$5.90 to \$6.10; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) \$5.72 to \$5.80. City brands of Super (from Western Wheat) fresh-ground nominal; Canada Supers No. 2. \$5.35 to \$5.40. Western Supers, No. 2. \$0.00 to \$0.00. Fine, \$4.80 to \$5.00; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$5.50; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$5.52.82; City bags. (delivered) \$3.00 to \$0.00. Markot quiet. Wheat was quoted without material change in the Westthis morning. Liverpool has advanced 3d on Cora, as per latest Cable, annexed:—March4. March 2. 4th March, 1872.

1, as per lutost Cu March4. 1.25 p. m. s. d. s. d. s. d. 1.25 p. m. s. d. 11 0 \to 11 1 2 00 00 0 \to 12 3 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 11 0 \to 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 2 11 \to 2 00 00 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 00 0 0 \to 2 10 \to 2 00 00 \to 2 0 Mincab 2.

Mincab 2.

3p. m.

d. s. d. s. d.

25 0 9 27 00

11 0 20 11 5

11 9 20 12 5

12 3 20 00

00 0 22 0

2 10 20 21

40 00 00

00 00 25 00

44 6 20 00

Business was dull on 'Change this foreneon, and transactions were limited. Quotations of Saturday are continued as nominally unchanged. Extras and fancy are but sparingly asked for. Superfines move slowly at \$5.00 to \$6.10 for Strong Bakers', a few samples bringing \$5.95. No. 2 and lower grades quiet. Bag Flour steady at \$3.00 for Gity delivered, Receipts reported by G. T. R., 800 barrols.

WHEAT, \$\Phi\$ bushel of 60 lbs.—Nominal in absonce of transactions.

Receipls reported by C. T. R., 800 barrels.

Where, & bushed of 60 lbs.—Nominal in absonce of transactions.

Oatmerat. & barrel of 200 lbs.—Stendy at \$1.85 to \$5. Cor.
Cor. & bushed of 56 lbs.—Quiet. at 55 to 75. Cor.
Prabe. & bushed of 56 lbs.—Stendy at \$1.85 to 86.
Oats, & bushed of 32 lbs.—Quiet. at 55 to 75. Cor.
Prabe. & bush of 32 lbs.—Quiet. at 55 to 75. Cor.
Barley, & bush of 32 lbs.—Duil at 500 to 86.
Barley, & bush of 48 lbs.—Duil at 500 to 55. Cor.
Barley, & barrel of 200 lbs.)—Market stendy. New Moss. \$15.75: 01d, \$15.00 to \$15.50. Thin Mess, \$14.25 to \$14.50.
Butten, & lb.—Market dull and nominal. Store-packed Western 120 to 150; Fair Dairy Western, 13c to 180; Choice Dairy, 200 to 210.

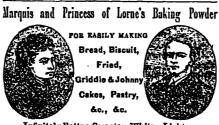
Cherse, & bb.—Market firm. Quotations are: Factory Fine. 1220; Finest New, 13c.
Lare, & 1b.—Quiet, at 9c to 10c.
Asiks per 100 lbs.—Pots stendy. Firsts, \$7.90 to \$3.00.
Pont's firm. Firsts, \$9.00; Seconds nominal at \$5.50.
Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs.—Market dull at \$5.25 to \$5.50, latter rate for choice lots.

TO TRAPPERS, HUNTERS AND SPORTSMEN.

How to Scent. Bait, Trap and Catch the Fox, Wolf, Brar, Beaver, Other, Fisher, Martin, Mink, Coon and Muskeat.

MINE, COON AND SHUBBLEAT.

Also, how to dross Deer-skins, and skin stretch, and dress the skins of all the above animals. The best modes for setting the traps are plainly explained. The scents are the best known. The receipts for drossing pelts and skins are the best type published. All the above receipts sent promptly by mail to all who apply for them, for one dollar. Register your letter. Address P. PENNOCK, P. M., Elgin, P. O., Leeds Co., Out.



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

Prepared by McLEAN & Co., Lancaster, Ont.

DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA.

of the body in which Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya may not be used with positive benefit. Being a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonio, it acts physiologically in the same manner as our diet. It perfects Digestion, Assimilation, and the formation of Healthy Blood. It sustains the vital forces by supplying the waste constantly going on, of nerve and muscle, as the result of mental and physical exertion, enabling mind and body to undergo great labor without fatigue. Its action in abuilding np constitutions broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases, by fast living and bad habits, is truly extraordinary, its effect being immediate in energizing all the organs of the body. Phosphates being absolutely essential to cell formation and the growth of tissues, must for all time be Nature's great restorative and vitalizer.

Sold by all Druggists at \$1.

Kiren eiren eiren

TIRE!! FIRE!! FIRE!!

Patented in Great Britain, America, and all the principal countries of Europe.

POCKET PENULL LIGHT,

Exactly like a Poncil Gaso, but containing a Lead for "Lighter,") which lights like a match overy time it is struck. One Load (or "Lighter,") may be struck or rolit in this manner about twenty-five times, and, when finished up, another Lead (or "Lighter") may be insorted without the least trouble.—Everiasting! Requires no preparation or trouble! Will continue to light every time it is struck! It is not affected by damp! Cannot be blown out! Yet may be extinguished in a see ond! No sparks! No danger! Invaluable to every-one! Sent postnaid by mail on receipt of Fifty Cents. A. ABRAMS, Box 1411, Montreal.

WINTER'S AMUSEMENTS

MAGIO LANTERNS &c.

A Magic Lantern with condenser lamp, and reflector showing a disk of three feet on wall; A box containing one dozen comic slider (36 subjects) sent free to any part of Canada, Price \$2,50. For larger kinds see Catalogue.

MICROSCOPES.

The new Microscope. This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animaloulie in water, cels in paste &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test object Forceps, Spare Glasses, &c., &c. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, price St. 49 sent free.

11. SANDERS.
Optician, &c. 163 St. James Street, Montreal.

(Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.)

A SUPERB HOLIDAY PRESENT.

The Princess Louise Jowblry Case, containing a cautifully plated brooch, pair of earings, nocklase, endant, pair of sleevelots, chaste ring, and locket. FREE BY POST FOR 50 CENTS.

One sent froe to the getter up of a club of six.
The neatest set ever offered to the Canadian public.
Address
RUSSELL AUBREY,
Give your full address.
Montreal.

Give your full addresss. addresss.
Montreal.

MRS. CUISKELLY, Hend Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours.

References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Deanof McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland. Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University.

Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given.

All transactions strictly private.

RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

POSTAL CARDS

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively in circulation among many of the principal Mercantile Firms of this City in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' Notices to Customers. Ac.

We supply them printed, at from 11.50 to \$12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

LEGGO & Co.

319 ST. ANTOINE STREET

and 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL. Montrent.

RAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
In Coughs, Colds. Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate rollef. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs. The victues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solution.

tion.

For sale at all Drug Stores, Price 25 cents per bottle, and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor. oitle, and Wholesaie and Retain 2.
HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
144 St, Lawrence Main St.,
Montreal.

NORDHEIMER'S HALL, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

OPENING OF THE AUTUMN CLASSES. Gymnastics, Boxing, Calisthenics, &c., &c.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM RICHARDSON begs to give Notice that he will open the above Hall the First Week in October, for the purpose of tenching the Art of Self-defence. Bosing. Vaulting, Leaping, Trapeze, and other branches of Gymnastics.

Professor Richardson attends daily at the Hall to receive the names of Gentlemen Intunding to join the classes for the ensuing senson.

The class hours are so arranged as to suit the convenience of pupils.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON. N.B.—Private lessons in Boxing, &c., at any hours named by appointment.

Academy for Young Gentlemen. English, Classical, and Mathematical. DALY STREET, OTTAWA CITY, ONT.

Revd. C. PREDERICK STREET, M. A., Principal, ASSISTED BY EXPERIENCED TRACHERS.

Numbor of pupils limited. Pupils admitted as Boardors in the residence of the Principal. 2-43z Canadian Illustrated News

PORTFOLIO (FOR 1872) THE

Which is about to be largely circulated both on the American Continent and Great Britain, will contain an

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE, Descriptive of Canada, its Cities, Public Works

and Scenery, its Industries, Resources, and Commerce, and also a GUIDE to the Prin-cipal Cities, Watering Places, and Tourists' Resorts of Great Britain, together with the Weekly current humbers of the

Canadian Illustrated News.

This PORTFOLIO, of substantial and elegant character, will be placed before the Subscribers to that Periodical on the American Centinent, in the Reading Rooms of Hotels in the principal cities of America, Canada and Great Britain; on the Pullunar's Drawing-room Railway Uars, and the Steambeatsthroughout the Dominion of Canada.

It will also be placed in the Salcons of the Ocean Steamers on the Allan Line, the Cunard Line, the Imman Line, the White Star Line, the Guion Line, and the Anchor Line running to Liverpeel and Giasgow, and will be found at the principal listels. Watering Places, and Public Libraries of Great Britain.

Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the DESCRIPTIVE AND LILUSTRATED GUIDR, and the sides arranged in squares of ten superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$25.00 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the veork.

Advertisements will be kept before the eyes of the really wealthy American, Canadian and British Travelling Public for a period of Theetes months. Advertisements must be sent in not inter than Nov. 15th, if illestrated, or Dec. let, if in plain type, as the work will be issued early in January. For spaces apply to

GEO. E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Office of the Canadian Illustrated News, Montroul, Canada

THE DOMINION TRLEGRAPH INSTITUTE. 89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q. GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

Proprietor. Established for the purpose of qualifying Operators for the new Telegraph Lines new building throughout the Dominion and the

building throughout the Dominion and the United States.

This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and properity are due to the demands of the Telegraph community, and the great success which has attended the Proprietor is due simply to the able manner in which the system has been conveyed to the Pupils by the Professors attached to the Institute.

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators render the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity. Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching Telegraphy, and recommend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Mon and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment, to qualify then selves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured after two years' experience on the lines, from \$50 to \$60 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid. The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability on become a compotent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the moute operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and oidea of the moute operators in a few months. Studen

now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides, generally in an office by himself, without either forenan or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours for meals. Operators are not required to work on Sundays. The institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical manner, with all the usual lixtures, &c., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Mossages of every description, Train nows, arrivals and departures, Market Roports and Cable messages are sent and received, as daily practiced on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, according to his capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense is spared to qualify the students for important offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and continue at the Collecc until they are proficient operators, without any further charge. There are no exentions. Hours of attendance, from 9 A.M. to noon, and from 1.30 to 6 P.M. The time occupied in learning averages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends principally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the linescompleted their course of study in from live to cicht weeks.

The terms for the full course of instruction are Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student.

In cases of broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Practesor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the Students; so that a really practical knowledge may be attained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphy alone is taught, and is also the only one connected with an out door circuit—City Lino having been expressly built for the ase of its students.

Properly qualitied students o THE DUTTES OF AN OPERATOR.

situations to fill the first vacancies that occur on the regular service.

An "Evening class" has been especially opened for students who cannot attend during the day.

Ladies have the opportunity of studying in a separate class. GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

Montreal, February, 1872.

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

Our Stock of MEDICAL, PERFUME and LI-QUOR Labels are now very complete. GREAT VARIETY. BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, AND ALL AT

VERY MODERATE PRICE. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO LARGE DEALERS. Orders can be promptly sent by purcel post to all parts of the Dominion. LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS &c. 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET

1 & 2 Place d'Armes Hill, MONTREAL.

"The Canadian Illustrated News." WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events,
Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and
Mochanics, Fashion and Amusement.
Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada,
By Goo. E. Desbarats.
Subscription, in advance.....\$4.00 por nn.,
Single Numbers,............10 cents.
Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance
by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

CLUBS:

CLUBS:

Every club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address.

Montroal subscribers will be served by Carriers.

Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher.

Advortisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

C.—C.—C.

CHILDREN'S CARMINATIVE CORDIAL THE MOST APPROVED REMEDY

teething pains. Dysentery, diarrhæa. CONVULSIONS, LOSS OF SLEEP, RESTLESSNESS, &c.

For Sale by all Druggists. DEVINS & BOLTON, Chemists, Montreal.

NOTICE THIS!!

I WILL send ONE DOZEN of the best Pens in the world, with a neat Holder, by mail for twonty-five conts and a three cent stamp for postage.

A. ABRAMS,

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