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THE HEARTHSTONE

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE &c.

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For the "Hearthstone."

EARTHLAND.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

I love the sunny earthland,
In vernal robes arrayed,
Its lofty cloud-capped mountains,
Each forest hill and glade;
The fertile blooming vallies,
Each grassy dell and lea,
And all of natures beauties
Have each a charm for me.

I love the broad blue ocean.
With mighty dashing waves
Rolling in crested billows,
O'er briny, coral caves.
I love the laughing brooklets
That murmur on their way,
O'er beds of tiny pebbles.
Through flow'ry meads of hay.

I love the sweet wild flowers.
With all their brilliant hues,
The rose-buds and the lilies,
That drink the crystal dews;
I love to hear the songsters
Through balmy summer days,
'Neath shades of leafy wild-wood,
Warbling their merry lays.

I love the sunny earthland:
And when life's journey'll close,
I'll then upon its bosom,
In dreamless sleep repose,
Till angels bear me upward
'Mid bright celestial bowers.
Where in beauty ever blooming
Are sweet unfading flowers.

(For the Hearthstone.)

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER III.

OUT OF THE CHURCH.

"Jessie; how long have you known Mr. Austin?"

Jessie looked up at her Uncle with a quick, inquiring glance, and answered promptly "about a month."

"Do you think it right or proper for a young lady to have clandestine meetings with a man she has only known a month, and whose acquaintance with her is at least a doubtful one? Where did you first meet him?"

"I met him—in—in" stammered poor Jessie, getting quite confused; and growing uncomfortably red in the face. Before she could finish the sentence, however, Frank came to her assistance in her usual prompt manner, by saying:

"Charlie Benson introduced Mr. Austin to us, one afternoon when we were out walking."

"Oh! you know him too!"

"Certainly, and I think him a very pleasant fellow," said Frank, anxious to give Jessie a little time to recover.

Mr. Lubbuck stood a little in awe of his masculine niece, and in very wholesome dread of her doses and decoctions in the medical line; besides, he knew and liked Charlie Benson; and, he had, moreover, a high regard for Arthur Austin; he was not, therefore, disposed to view the matter very severely. Still he did not like to be too lenient all of a sudden, so he preserved his grave manner and said addressing Jessie, "I do not approve of young ladies meeting young gentlemen in public places, and standing talking confidentially to them; it does not look well, and frequently gives occasion for unkind and unpleasant remarks. How did it happen that you met Mr. Austin alone?

"I—I— don't know," faltered poor Jessie, feeling very much like a naughty child who feared punishment, "I was only——"

"Uncle," said Frank, cutting in suddenly, and speaking in her prompt, determined way, "it seems to me you are speaking very harshly to Jessie about a very simple matter; one would think that Jessie had been meeting Mr. Austin clandestinely, and by appointment; now I have been with her everytime she has seen him—and it has only been three or four times, and then only for a few minutes walk—and she happened to be alone with him in the Square, because—because—" Frank hesitated a moment, blushed a little and continued—"because I left her in the Square for two or three minutes while I did an errand at Morgan's for mamma."

Frank omitted to state that it was on a former, and not the present, occasion she had so left Jessie.

"Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Jessie.

"Don't be a fool," said the brusque Frank *sotto voce.*

"You misunderstand me, Frank," said Mr. Lubbuck, rather overcome by his niece's volubility, "I do not object to a proper acquaintance between Mr. Austin and yourselves; I only took exception to the manner in which that acquaintance had been formed; but, don't let us say anymore about it; you girls are young and giddy, and I daresay no harm was intended on either side. I might say," continued Mr. Lubbuck, willing to make a little concession, "that I esteem Mr. Austin very highly; he is an exceedingly clever young man, steady, and undoubtedly a gentleman; I scarcely think you can derive any harm from an acquaintance with him, provided it is properly conducted and not allowed to go too far."

"So *you* know him too!" exclaimed Frank.

"Certainly, my dear, he is my book-keeper and confidential clerk; a very clever young man."

"Then, Uncle," said matter-of-fact Frank determined to make the most of the advantage she had gained, "if he is such a clever young man and you like him so much, why don't you ask him to come and see you? I'm very democratic in some things you know, and I believe in employer and employee knowing each other socially as well as in business."

"Yes, my dear, but——"

"Oh! you need not be afraid of me, I like men's society,—I wish I was a man, instead of a poor helpless woman,— but you need not fancy I shall fall in love with his handsome face, and fine moustache; and as for Jessie, if such a foolish notion gets into her head I'll give her a Seidlitz Powder, and bleed her. So, Uncle, ask Mr. Austin and Charlie Benson to dinner on Sunday."

"Oh! it's Charlie? is it?"

"Don't be a silly old goose, but ask them like a good old fellow as you are."

* * * * * * * *

"Mrs. Williams presents her compliments to Mr. Arthur Austin and requests the pleasure of his company to dinner on Sunday next at six o'clock."

It was a stiff, formal little note, but in Arthur Austin's eyes it was very precious, for he felt that Mrs. Williams never traced those fairy characters, and it was as much as he could do to restrain himself from pressing the writing, which he felt sure was Jessie's to his lips. He did not do anything so ridiculous, however, but, after a few moments thought walked into Mr. Lubbuck's private office, and handing the note to him said,

"I found that on my desk, a few moments since, sir."

"Yes, I put it there myself; and I beg to add my own request to that of Mrs. Williams' that you will dine with us on Sunday."

"I shall be very happy, I assure you, sir—I——"

"Mr. Austin," said Mr. Lubbuck, gravely, "I have already told you, and have given you tangible proofs of my sincerity, that I have been highly pleased with your conduct since you have been with me. Our business relations have been highly satisfactory, but I feel, as my niece, Frank, expresses it that "employer and employee should know each other socially as well as in business." I think men get at each others inner natures better over their dinners, and a glass of wine.—Oh! I ask your pardon, I forgot you do not take wine, and quite right too—than in a year's business transactions together. I do not mind confessing that I desire to know you more thoroughly than I have done during the six months you have been with me, as I contemplate some business changes this fall which may render it necessary for me to be able to trust implicitly in you; I, therefore, hope to see you frequently at my house in future, and hope that our social relations may prove as satisfactory as our business ones have done. I wish, however, to be perfectly frank with you; you will of course be frequently thrown into the society of my nieces, whose acquaintance you have already made, now I do not object to an acquaintance, or even a friendship springing up between you; but there must be no idea of its ever being anything more. Frank I am not afraid of, she's able to take care of herself and is more than a match for any man, unless he can stand unlimited experiments in medicine, and has the constitution of a horse; but, my little pet Jessie is scarcely more than a child, and I won't have anyone trying to stuff her head with nonsense for these many years to come. I am plain with you, because I want no misunderstanding in this matter. If you want to fall in love with anybody try Frank, she'll soon bleed and blister you out of the idea. I have been so candid with you because you said you not only knew, but "admired" my niece; now get any such foolish notion out of your head at once, or it will lead to a disruption of all our relations business and otherwise. That will do; bring me the morning paper, and the letters.

* * * * * * *

Arthur Austin soon became a constant and welcome visitor at Mr. Lubbuck's; and grew steadily in favor, not only with the old gentleman, but with the whole family. Even Frank—who, although she liked the society of men, generally declared that the young men of the present day had no brains, and were decidedly 'flat'—declared that Arthur was "a brick," which was a great compliment from Miss Frank, and that he was "a fellow who knew something."

In fact Arthur was "a fellow who knew something"; he had received a first class education, had travelled a great deal, was naturally observant, and possessed that rare faculty of talking just enough to please and interest, but not enough to bore. He could sing tolerably well, possessing a fair voice, which he managed cleverly. He fairly captured Frank by his knowledge of medicine, and when he showed that young lady an experiment in electricity and very nearly resuscitated a defunct tom-cat which had been poisoned while experimenting on him the day before. Miss Frank's admiration knew no bounds, and she almost threw her arms round him and kissed him for joy; but contented herself with slapping him on the back and saying, "that's first rate, old fellow!"

Arthur was certainly very attentive to Frank, and, strange to say, Mr. Lubbuck seemed to like it; Arthur and Frank used to have a good many arguments on medical and other topics—Frank was every inch a man in her love of argument—and the old man would sit and listen, nodding approval, and occasionally putting in a word. At first he used to keep Jessie by him; but Arthur tried hard to keep his implied promise to Mr. Lubbuck, and scarcely spoke to that young lady, except the most commonplace civilities. After a little while Frank discovered that Arthur played chess and claimed him frequently for a game, while Jessie either sat quietly by pretending to do some fancy work, or would steal off to the piano and play over old fashioned airs softly to herself. Although they met frequently now, Jessie and Arthur really had less opportunity of speaking to each other than when he and Charlie Benson used to meet Frank and Jessie for little pleasant walks; each seemed to avoid the other, for Jessie felt hurt that Arthur did not pay her more attention, if possible, to Mr. Lubbuck's warning. Try as he would, however, it was no use; the mere fact of her presence, a turn of her head, a glance of her eye would attract his whole attention at once; when he was playing chess with Frank at one end of the room and Jessie was singing at the other, he would bend all his attention to catch the lowest murmur of her voice, or the softest note she touched. Often Miss Frank would take him to task for his absent mindedness; and numerous were the pennies that young lady offered for his thoughts without having her store of pocket money reduced.

About six weeks after Arthur had paid his first visit to Mr. Lubbuck's he was sitting one evening playing chess with Frank with Mr. Lubbuck looking on and Jessie singing softly to herself; Mrs. Williams was not very well and had excused herself after dinner; presently a servant came in to speak to Mr. Lubbuck about one of the horses having gone lame, and he went out to consult with the groom. Jessie had been singing very softly, so softly that Arthur had been unable to catch a word; but as her uncle left the room she raised her voice a little and sang clearly and distinctly a scrap of a simple little ballad:

Have you forgotten the stroll of the fountain;
Have you forgotten the path o'er the lea;
Have you forgotten those days on the mountain;
Have you forgotten them all, with them me?

Arthur sat silently listening while the simple strain lasted, foolishly holding his Queen in his hand, and at last making the very worst move on the board, putting it immediately in the way of Frank's Queen; that young lady promptly captured the unlucky Queen, and crying "Checkmate," rose from the table saying:

"Mr. Austin you don't seem to care about playing chess to-night, and I want to read; make yourself useful by turning over Jessie's music for her." She threw herself into an easy chair, and took up a book, but she did not read; the book was only intended as a blind under the cover of which she might observe what was going on at the other end of the room. The fact is Miss Frank had noticed Arthur's absent manner, his wrapt attention to Jessie's singing, and his eager watching of her every movement, and she made a pretty good guess as to the state of his feelings. Don't suppose Frank felt the least bit jealous, she liked Arthur Austin very much, he was a sensible fellow, could talk well and had many tastes and pursuits in common with her, but Miss Frank never for one moment fancied herself in love with him; in fact she was more in love than she cared to confess, with someone else, and it was as much to pique that someone else, as anything, that she had thrown herself in Arthur's way so much. So she quietly watched behind her book and awaited developements.

Arthur sauntered as unconcernedly as he could up to the piano, and leaning over Jessie said:

"Will you please sing that 'Have you forgotten' again, it is so sweet."

"I'm sorry I interrupted your game of chess, Mr. Austin, pray do not let me disturb you."

"I was only too glad to be interrupted so pleasantly, Miss Jessie; won't you, please, repeat that song?"

"Frank will expect you to finish your game," said Jessie rather spitefully.

"Miss Frank herself gave up playing, and desired me to come and turn over your music."

"Have you quarrelled with Frank?"

"Certainly not, what could make you think so?"

"When people who are so fond of each other, and are so much together suddenly separate it looks—it looks," continued Jessie, as if doubtful whether to say the next words or [illegible] "as if they had had a *lovers'* quarrel," she finished desperately, savagely intoning the "lovers."

"Lovers' quarrel! why Miss Jessie what on earth can you mean?"

"Why you and Frank are so much together, and so much—that everybody—well it looks as if—" said Jessie, with a rising sensation in her throat, and tears almost starting into her eyes.

"You never thought so, Miss Jessie, did you?" said Arthur bending earnestly over her.

"Why, of course, I—I—"

"Jessie, darling, how could you fancy such a thing. I admire your sister, of course, because she is *your* sister; but you must have seen, must know, altho' I have never told you in words, that I love you, never can love anyone but you. I know I have acted strangely of late, but I was forced to it by a feeling of respect to the wishes of your uncle, who almost made me promise to avoid you. I tried, tried hard to tear you from my heart, darling, but it was impossible, the more I tried the more I loved you. Jessie, I am only a clerk, and shall lose my best chance of advancement by this step, but I have health and strength and with the hope of your smile to cheer me on I will succeed. Will you give me one word of hope, one smile to show me I am not wholly indifferent to you?"

"And you don't love Frank?" said Jessie, bending over the piano until her glowing face was almost hidden by her falling hair.

"No one but you, darling; oh! Jessie will you give me one word, one look, will you promise one day to be my wife?"

Jessie said nothing, but raised her eyes, swimming with happy tears to his, her cheeks glowing with burning blushes, and a bright smile playing around her lips. She half rose from the piano stool and in another moment Frank had clasped her to his heart and imprinted a burning kiss on her glowing lips.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Miss Frank, bringing her book down on the table with a bang which caused the lovers to spring apart, and Jessie to run over to her sister and hide her face on her shoulder—"this is more than I bargained for; I did not think matters had gone as far as that."

"Oh! Frank," half sobbed Jessie "I'm so sorry—and I'm so happy—and Arthur didn't mean—"

"I hope, Miss Frank," said Arthur, "that my conduct of late has not deceived you; I know it was wrong, but I promised your Uncle to avoid Jessie, and I hope—"

"That I haven't fallen in love with you? Make your mind easy on that score; I like you very well, you're a sensible fellow and will make a first rate brother-in-law, I think you are just suited for Jessie, and I give my consent."

"But your Uncle?"

"Oh, he's very fond of Jessie and won't want to part with her, but he'll get over it. I'll manage him, if I have to give him a dose of physic to make him sick."

* * * * * * * *

Frank was as good as her word, and succeeded much easier than she expected. Mr. Lubbuck held out for a little while and required as conditions to his consent that Jessie should not leave him, but Arthur come and live with them; and, also that the wedding should not take place for a year; to both of which proposals Frank unconditionally surrendered.

Before Mr. Lubbuck finally gave his consent to Jessie's marriage, he wrote on to New York to an old confidential friend, and had private inquiries instituted as to Arthur Austin's antece-

THE WEDDING TOOK PLACE IN CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, AND WAS A VERY GRAND AFFAIR.

dents; for he did not intend to give his pet niece to a man he had picked out of the Recorder's Court without taking good care to know who he was and all about him. The information he received was highly satisfactory. He found that Arthur had come to New York about ten years before with his father, who was sent out as managing clerk for an English Banking house, but who soon gave that up and went into business for himself as a gold broker, in Broad Street, and was highly successful, amassing a large fortune in a short time. Arthur joined him in the business, and by lucky speculations managed to make a great deal of money; his speculations were bold and daring, and at the time of his coming of age and being admitted as a partner in his father's business he was judged to be worth nearly one million of dollars. Six months after the tide of speculation turned, the close of the war paralyzed Wall Street for a time and Austin & Son was one of the firms which hopelessly failed. Over speculation had done its work and both father and son were ruined. The shock so affected Arthur's father that he had an attack of brain fever from the effects of which he died. Arthur not wishing to begin at the bottom of the ladder in the place where he had once held so high a position, resolved to go to Chicago and recommence life as a clerk. About this time he began to acquire habits of intemperance which had clung to him until he came to Montreal. Nothing whatever was known against his character or morals except his intemperance, and as Mr. Lubbuck was quite satisfied on that head now, he gave his consent.

When two young hearts are anxious to be united, and are aided and abetted by a masculine feminine of a medical turn of mind, it must be a very obdurate old gentleman indeed who could long resist. Mr. Lubbuck was not obdurate, and consequently he soon agreed to waive the provision in his consent by which the young people had to wait a year; indeed he had changed his mind entirely on that point for he insisted that they should be united as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Of course he had a motive for this; staid old gentlemen don't change their minds so suddenly and completely without some good reason, and this was Mr. Lubbuck's reason. The firm of Lubbuck Lownds & Co., was a branch of an English house Lowry Lubbuck and Lownds, the said Lownds being a young man, son of the former head of the house, and also partner in the firm of Lubbuck, Lownds & Co. One fine morning it got into old Mr. Lowry's head that he wanted to die, and so he died right off, leaving Stephen Lubbuck his executor and bequeathing to him the bulk of his large fortune. Mr. Lowry, like his partner, was a batchelor; and he had no near relatives that he cared about. When Mr. Lubbuck received information of his partner's death he saw that he must at once go to England to settle up his affairs, and probably to make arrangements for residing there permanently as head of the firm. A few mornings after he received the intelligence he called Arthur Austin into his private office and said;

"Arthur I have received news of the death of my old friend Lowry, he has left me his executor and I shall be obliged to go to England for some time, probably for several months. I shall sail on 13th November, you must be married on 29th October and must return from your wedding tour before I leave. I shall give you a power of attorney to represent the firm during my absence, and you will, of course take charge of my house while I am away. Mr. Lownds may perhaps come out to take charge during the winter, but he will not remain long. I shall return in the spring and then we will see about reconstructing the firm, how do you think Lubbuck, Austin & Co. would sound, eh?"

* * * * * * *

The wedding took place in Christ Church Cathedral, and was a very grand affair; Frank was chief bridesmaid and looked supremely uncomfortable as she did not know whether or not to be exceedingly happy, or perfectly miserable. Charlie Benson was groomsman and took such a deep interest in the service that one might think he was rehearsing for his own benefit. A wedding is a stupid thing to describe so I shall simply say that the Rev. Canon Baldwin united the happy pair and the ceremony proceeded in the usual way.

As the wedding party was about entering the Church a seedy looking individual who was apparently sauntering purposeless down St. Catherine street, approached evidently attracted by curiosity only. He was a peculiar looking individual; his hair was red and he wore it very long, but it was brushed to the most exasperating degree of smoothness, and indeed appeared to have been literally "plastered" to his head and then pressed down with a hot iron so smooth and glossy did it appear; his red whiskers were very luxuriant and were brushed as carefully as his hair; his dress was seedy in the extreme, and his threadbare coat was buttoned close up to his throat as if to hide any want of clean linen, but every garment was shining from the effect of frequent brushing and not one speck of dirt could be noticed on him. His delapidated old hat was tipped jauntily on one side, and he carried a mean looking scrubby little cane with the air of a swell. He was quite close to the wedding party when Arthur Austin got out of his carriage, and as soon as the delapidated individual saw him, he gave so natural and unexpected a start that the jaunty hat very nearly tumbled into the gutter.

"Saints Alive, can it be possible? Arthur Austin as I'm a living sinner! Evidently in clover too, dear boy, and about to be spliced to a very charming young lady. How well the dear boy is looking too, and dressed in such unexceptionable togs. I must do myself the honor of witnessing the nuptial ceremony."

He entered the church, and keeping well behind one of the pillars to escape observation, watched the ceremony to its conclusion. Waiting until the happy party had departed he strolled leisurely up to the sexton and began conversing with him.

"An exceedingly nice affair, and most excellently conducted, thanks to your admirable arrangements; may I inquire who are the happy parties?"

"Mr. Arthur Austin and Miss Jessie Williams. A very nice young gentleman," continued the sexton, thinking of the liberal fee Arthur had slipped into his hand.

"Undoubtedly so; and rich seemingly."

"Bless you, no! He is only her uncle's clerk, but her uncle is enormously rich, and very fond of the young man."

"Dear me how interesting. And the uncle is?"

"Mr. Stephen Lubbuck, one of the richest men in Montreal; they say he is worth over two hundred thousand dollars."

"Is he! then he has two hundred thousand additional claims to my esteem. The happy pair go on a wedding tour I suppose?"

"They go to New York by this afternoon's train, but won't stay long; as Mr. Lubbuck goes to England shortly, and Mr. Austin must return before then. Excuse me sir, I must close the church."

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly; 'business before pleasure,' as we say in the classics; allow me to wish you a very good day, and to thank you for your kindness."

"Two hundred thousand dollars!" soliloquised the seedy stranger as he stood in the porch of the church, "here's a windfall, Mr. Robert Brydon allow me to congratulate you," and he shook hands with himself, "very lucky thing for you Bob, things were getting to a very low ebb, but now the tide has turned with a vengeance. You always were a lucky fellow Bob, but this beats all. How surprised the dear boy will be. Well, Montreal is a nice place, rather dull for a man of fashion like myself, but it will do. I shall hang my hat," he continued, taking off his delapidated head covering and looking at it, "No, not this hat, but a new one I mean to buy, and prepare to spend the rest of my natural days in Montreal, and lead a virtuous, happy and peaceful life. Mr. Austin I shall do myself the honor of calling on you as soon as you return from your pleasant trip."

He tucked the scrubby looking cane affectionately under his arm, tipped the delapidated hat the least bit over his right eye, and walked jauntily away.

To be continued.

POWER AND LOVE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The mighty cataracts down the steeps
Resistlessly are flowing,
Yet round their sides are gentle flowers,
And o'er them rainbows glowing—
While, for beneficence to lands,
Below their waters going.

O, mighty Souls whose powers rush
For good to man forever,
Why should not your grand mission too,
That from love cannot sever,
Keep all its symbols round and on
Your Torrents of Will flowing,
With God's own blessing, unto hearts
Of millions broadly going?

O, let the gentlest flowers smile!
O, let the rainbows sparkle!
The Sun of Right serene on high,
And tempest never darkle!
So will your missions all men bless,
Their vastness never frighten,
But from your waters of White Truth
All Spirit-gardens brighten.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. WALGRAVE IS TRANSLATED.

All through the long dead hours of the night, and after the cheerless winter morning had crept in through the close-drawn venetians, Hubert Walgrave sat alone in the dainty little drawing-room, littered with the things he had bought for Grace Redmayne, gay with hothouse flowers that languished in the close atmosphere, fairy roses and waxen camellias which her hands were to have tended.

She lay upstairs, in the pretty white-draperied bedchamber that was to have been her own—lay with her hands folded on her breast, more lovely than he could have supposed it possible for death to be. The two servant-maids, and a weird old woman who came he knew not whence, had summoned him to see her, when their dismal office had been done; and he had stood alone by the white bed, looking down at her, tearless—with a countenance that seemed more rigid than her own.

He stayed there for a long time—knelt down and tried to fashion a prayer, but could not; he had not command enough over himself to shape thoughts or words into any given form. There was a confusion in his mind which in all his life had never before oppressed him. Once he bent over the cold hands, and covered them with passionate kisses.

"My angel, my dove, come back to me!" he cried; "I will not believe that you are dead."

But that awful coldness, that utter stillness, gave him an agony that was more than he could endure. He turned away, and went back to the room below, where he sat alone till morning, with scarcely a change of posture, thinking of what he had done.

To say that if he could have brought her back to life he would have married her, would have flung every hope of worldly advancement, every consideration for the prejudices of mankind to the winds, is to say very little. Looking back now at his conduct, in the light of this calamity, he wondered how he could ever have counted the cost of any sacrifice that he might be called on to make for Grace Redmayne.

"I loved her with all my heart and soul," he said to himself, "as I never loved before, as I never can hope to love again. What more had I to consider? The loss of a fortune—a wife's fortune? What! am I such a sordid wretch as to hold that worth the cost of a wrong done to her? But, O God, how could I think that I should kill her? I meant to be so true and loyal to her. I meant to make her life so bright."

He looked round at the scattered silken stuffs, lying in a heap on the floor as he had kicked them aside when Grace fell—the flowers and glove-boxes, and fans and scent-bottles; looked at them with a bitter laugh.

"I have been taught that women only care for these things," he said to himself; "and yet a few heartless words of mine killed her."

He thought of all his plans, which had seemed to him so reasonable, so generous even, in regard to Grace: this dainty suburban home, an orderly little establishment—no stint of anything that makes life pleasant—a carriage perhaps, for his darling. His professional income was increasing daily, he saw himself on the high road to distinction, and could afford to regulate his life upon a liberal scale.

And for his marriage with Augusta Vallory? That was not to be given up—only deferred for an indefinite period; and when it did take place, it would be like some royal marriages on record, a ceremonial political alliance, which would leave his heart free for Grace.

But she was gone, and he felt himself something worse than a murderer.

There was an inquest next day, an unspeakable horror to Hubert Walgrave; but he had grown strangely calm by this time, and regulated his conduct with extreme prudence.

He had taken the house and engaged the servants under the name of Walsh. Before the coroner he stated that the young lady who had died yesterday was his sister Grace Walsh. The housemaid had heard him call her Grace while they were both trying to restore her, so any concealment of the Christian name would have been impossible. He had been down into the country to fetch her from a boarding-school, whence she was coming to keep house for him. She was his only sister, aged nineteen.

The case was a very simple one. There had been a postmortem examination, and the cause of death was sufficiently obvious.

"There was organic disease," the doctor said, and then went on to give his technical explanation of the case. "It was the excitement of coming home to her brother, no doubt, that precipitated matters. But she could hardly have lived many years—a sudden shock might at any time have killed her."

"There could have been no sudden shock in this case, though," remarked the coroner; "there could be nothing of a sudden or startling character in the prearranged meeting between brother and sister?"

"Probably not," replied the medical man; "but extreme excitement, a feverish expectation of some event long hoped for, emancipation from school-life, and so on, might have the same fatal effect. The nature was evidently extremely sensitive. There are physiological signs of that."

"Was your sister much excited yesterday, Mr. Walsh?" asked the coroner.

"Yes; she was considerably excited—she had a peculiarly sensitive nature."

The housemaid was examined, and confirmed her master's story. They had both supposed the young lady had only fainted. Mr. Walsh said she was subject to fainting-fits.

The coroner was quite satisfied: everything was done with extreme consideration for the feelings of Mr. Walsh, who was evidently a gentleman. Verdict: "Heart-disease, a fatal syncope."

In less than a week from the day of her flight, Grace Redmayne was laid quietly to rest in the churchyard of Hetheridge, Herts—a village as picturesque and sequestered as any rural nook in the green heart of the midland shires.

Mr. Walgrave had a horror of cemeteries, and the manner in which the solemn business of interment is performed in those metropolises of the dead. He chose the most rustic spot that seemed to him most in consonance with the character of his beloved dead.

And so ended his love-story. Afar off there hung a dark impending cloud—trouble which might arise for him in the future out of this tragedy. But he told himself that, if fortune favoured him, he might escape all that. The one great fact was his loss, and that seemed to him very heavy.

The business of life had to go on nevertheless, the great Cardimum case came on, and Hubert Walgrave reaped the reward of a good deal of solid labour, spoke magnificently, and made a considerable advance in his professional career by the time the trial was over. In the beginning of December the Acropolis-square house emerged from its state of hibernation, and began to give dinners—dinners to which Mr. Walgrave was in duty bound to go.

When he called upon Miss Vallory after one of these banquets, she expressed surprise at seeing a band on his hat.

"I did not know you were in mourning," she said. "You did not tell me that—that you had lost any one."

"It was hardly worth while to trouble you about it since the person was a stranger to you, and not a near relation of mine."

"Not a near relation! but your hatband is as deep as a widower's—as deep as that of a widower who means to marry again almost immediately, for they always wear the deepest."

"Is it?" asked Mr. Walgrave, with a faint smile; "I told the hatter to put on a band. I gave no directions as to width."

"But tell me about your relation, Hubert. You must know that I am interested in everything that concerns you. Was it an uncle, or an aunt?"

"Neither; only a distant cousin."

"But really now, Hubert, that hatband is absurd for a distant cousin. You positively must have it altered."

"I will take it off altogether, if you like, my dear. After all, 'these customary suits of solemn black' are only 'outward show.' I have a feeling that there is a kind of disrespect in not wearing mourning for a person you have esteemed. But that is a mere fancy."

"Pray don't suppose that I disapprove of mourning. I consider any neglect of those things the worst possible taste. But a distant cousin, hardly a relation at all—the mourning should be appropriate. Did your cousin die in London?"

"No; in the country." He saw that Miss Vallory was going to ask him where, and anticipated her. "In Shropshire."

He said this at a venture, having a vague idea that no one knew Shropshire.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Augusta; "we have been asked to visit friends near Bridgenorth; but I have never been in Shropshire. Did your cousin leave you any money? Perhaps that is the reason of your deep hatband."

"My cousin left me nothing—but—but a closer acquaintance with death. Every loss in a family brings us that, you know."

"Of course, it is always very sad."

The Cardimum case being a marked and positive triumph for Hubert Walgrave, he assumed his silk gown early in the ensuing spring, very much to the gratification of his betrothed, who was really proud of him, and anxious for his advancement. Was he not indeed a part of herself? No position that her own money could obtain for her would satisfy her without the aid of some distinction achieved by him. She knew to the uttermost what money could and could not purchase.

There was a family dinner in Acropolis-square very soon after Mr. Walgrave's advancement, a dinner so strictly private that even Weston had not been invited.

"The fact is, I want half an hour's quiet chat with you, Walgrave," Mr. Vallory said, when Augusta had left the two gentlemen alone after dinner: "so I took especial care there should be no one here to-day but ourselves. I don't like to ask you to come and see me at the office; that seems confoundedly formal."

"At any place, and at any time, I should be happy to hold myself at your disposal," Mr. Walgrave replied politely.

"Thanks; I know you are very good, and all that kind of thing; but I wanted a friendly talk, you see; and I never have half an hour in Great Winchester-street free from junior partners or senior clerks bobbing in and out wanting my signature to this, that, and the other, or to know whether I will see Mr. Smith, or won't see Mr. Jones. The truth of the matter is, my dear Walgrave, that I am very much pleased with you. I may say more than pleased— surprised. Not that I ever for a moment doubted your talents; no, believe me,"—this with a ponderous patronage, as if he feared that the younger man might perish untimely under the fear of not having been appreciated by him—"no, no, my dear fellow, I was quite aware there was stuff in you, but did not know how soon—ha, ha!—you might turn stuff into silk. I did not expect your talents to bear fruit so rapidly."

"You are very kind," said Hubert Walgrave, looking steadily down at his plate. He had an apprehension of what was coming, and nerved himself to meet it. It was his fate; the destiny he had once courted eargerly, set all his wits to compass, why should he shrink from it now? What was there to come between him and Augusta Vallory? Nothing but a ghost.

"Now I am not a believer in long engagements. I am a man of the world, and I look at things from a wordly point of view, and I can't say that I have ever seen any good come of them. Sometimes the man sees some one he likes better than the girl he's engaged to, sometimes the girl sees some one she likes better; neither is candid enough to make a clean breast of it; and they go dawdling on, pretending to be devoted to each other, and ultimately marry without a ha'porth of love between them."

"There is sound philosophy in what you say, no doubt; but I should imagine where the affection is sincere, and not weakened by separation, time should strengthen the bond."

"Yes, when a man and woman are married, and know that the bondage is a permanent business. Now when you first proposed to my daughter, with a full knowledge of her position as a young woman who might fairly expect to make a much better match, I told you that I could not consent to your marriage until you had achieved some standing in your profession—income was a secondary consideration with me. Augusta has enough for both."

"I hope I made you understand clearly that I could never submit to a position of dependence on my wife?" Mr. Walgrave said hastily.

"Quite so; but you can't help absorbing the advantages of your wife's money. Your wife can't eat turtle soup at her end of the table, while you eat mutton broth at your end. Augusta is not a girl who will cut her coat according to your cloth. She will expect the surroundings she has been accustomed to from her cradle; and she will expect you to share them, without question as to whose banking account contributes the most to the expenses of the household. What she has a right to expect from her husband is personal distinction; and as I believe you are on the high road to achieve that, I give you my full permission to as early a marriage as may be agreeable to you both."

Mr. Walgrave bowed, in acknowledgement to this concession, without any outward semblance of rapture; but as they were both Englishmen, Mr. Vallory expected no such demonstration.

"You are very generous, my dear sir," said the younger man quietly; "I am Augusta's slave in this matter; her will is mine."

"So be it. I leave you to settle the business between you. But there is one point that I may as well explain at once—John Harcross's will is rather a remarkable one, and provides for the event of Augusta's marriage. Weston and myself are her trustees, as you know; and it is the testator's express desire that the money, which is for the most part in floating securities, and so on, all of a remarkably remunerative character, shall remain invested exactly as it was invested by him. He prided himself amazingly upon his genius for finance in all its branches, and above all for his knowledge of the Stock Exchange. "But that is not the subject I was about to speak of. He was a peculiar man in many ways, my old friend Harcross, and had a monstrous reverence for his own name; not that he ever pretended that any Harcrosses came over with the Conqueror, or when the Conqueror came were all at home, or anything of that kind. His grandfather was a self-made man, and the Harcrossses were a sturdy, self-reliant race, with an extraordinary opinion of their own merits."

M. Walgrave raised his eyebrows a little, wondering whither all this rambling talk was drifting.

"And to come to the point at once," continued Mr. Vallory, "my good friend left it as a condition of his bequest, that whoever Augusta married, her husband should assume the name of Harcross. Now the question is, shall you have any objection to that change of name?"

Hubert Walgrave shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows just a shade higher.

"Upon my word I don't see why I should object," he said. "The proposition seems a little startling at first, as if one were asked to dye one's hair, or something of that kind. But I suppose any shred of reputation I may have made as Walgrave will stick to me as Harcross."

"Decidedly, my dear boy; we will take care of that," Mr. Vallory answered. "There is no name better known and respected in the legal profession than the name of Harcross. As Hubert Walgrave you may be a very clever fellow; but as Hubert Harcross you will be associated with one of the oldest firms in the *Law List*. You will be no loser professionally by the change, I can assure you."

"Then I am ready to take out letters patent whenever you and Augusta desire me to do so. "Hubert Walgrave Harcross," not a bad signature to put at the foot of a letter to the free and independent electors of Eatanswill, when I go in for a seat in Parliament by and by. Hubert Harcross—so be it! What's in a name, and in my name of all others, that I should cherish it?"

CHAPTER XIX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A GREAT ship far out at sea, an English ship homeward bound, and among the passengers on board her one Richard Redmayne, agriculturist, gold-digger, and general speculator, sailing back to the home of his forefathers.

He is returning to England sooner than he had hoped to return by at least a year. Things have gone well with him during the last twelve months; almost as well as he had fancied they might go in his daydreams under the old cedar at Brierwood, in those summer-afternoon reveries in which he had watched his daughter's face athwart the smoke of his pipe, and thought what a grand thing it would be to go out to Australia and make a fortune for her.

He has done it. For a long time the Fates seemed against him; it was dreary work living the hard rough life, toiling from misty morning to mistier evening, facing all weathers, holding his own against all competitors, and with no result. Many a time he had wished himself back in England—ay, even with Brierwood sold to strangers, and only a field and a cottage left him—but a field and a cottage in England, with English flowers peeping in at his casement, English fare, English climate, and his daughter's sweet face to make the brightness of his life. What did it all matter? he asked himself sometimes. Did a big house and many acre constitute happiness? Had his broad fields or goodly rick-yards consoled him in the early days of his widowhood, when the loss of his fair young wife made all the universe seem dark to him? A thousand times, no. Then welcome poverty in Kent, among the orchards and hop-gardens, with the daughter of his love.

He had been sick to the heart when the tide turned. His first successes were not large; but they cheered him beyond measure, and enabled him to write hopefully home. Then he fell into companionship with a clever adventurer, a man who had a smattering of science, and a good deal of rough genius, in his peculiar way; a man who was great upon the chemistry of soils, but lacked a strong arm, and Herculean muscles, like Rick Redmayne's; whereby there arose a partnership between the two, in which the farmer was to profit by the knowledge of Mr. Nicholas Spettigue, the amateur chemist, while Mr. Spettigue on his part was to reap a fair share of the fruits of Rick Redmayne's labour. The business needed four men to work it well; so they took a brace of sturdy Milesians into their company, whose labours were to be recompensed by an equitable share in the gains; and with these coadjutors began business in real earnest.

Nicholas Spettigue had got scent of a tract of virgin soil, reputed worth working. The two men went in quest of this El Dorado alone, and camped out together for a spell of three months, toiling manfully, remote from the general herd of diggers; standing knee-deep in running water for hours at a time, rocking the cradle with a patience that surpassed the patience of maternity; living on one unvarying fare of grilled mutton and damper, with unlimited supplies of strong black tea, boiled in a "billy," and unmodified by the produce of the cow.

They slept in a cavern under one of the sterile hills that sheltered their Pactolus, and slept none the less sweetly for the roughness of their quarters. Not very long did they hold the secret of their discovery: other explorers tracked them to their land of promise, and set up their claims in the neighbourhood; but Mr. Spettigue had spotted the best bit in the district, and Fortune favoured him and his Kentish partner. They were not quite so lucky as a certain Dr. Kerr, who, in the early days of the gold discoveries at Bathurst, found a hundredweight of gold one fine morning on his sheep-walk, lying under his very nose as it were, where it had lain throughout his proprietorship of the land, and might have so lain for ever, had not an aboriginal shepherd's eye been caught by the glitter of a yellow spot amidst the quartz. They did not fall upon monster nuggets, but by patience and toil realised a profit varying from three pounds a day per man to twenty.

When they had exhausted, or supposed they had exhausted, their field of operations, they divided the spoil. Richard Redmayne's share came to something more than five thousand pounds. All he owed in England could be paid with half the amount. He had seen a good deal of the country since he had been out—had seen something of its agricultural capabilities, and wanted to see more; so now that the chief business of his exile was accomplished, he gave himself a brief holiday in which to explore the wild sheep-walks of the West. He was not a man who loved money for its own sake; and having now more than enough to pay his debts, and set him going again in the dear old Kentish homestead, he had no desire to toil any longer; much to the surprise and vexation of Nicholas Spettigue, who had his eye upon a new district, and was eager to test its capabilities.

"I shall have to look out for a new pal," he said. "But I doubt if I shall ever find an honest man with such a biceps as yours, Rick. If you'd only keep on with me, I'd make you a millionaire before we shut up shop. But I suppose you're homesick, and there's no use in saying any more."

"I've got a daughter, you see," Richard Redmayne said, looking down with a doubtful smile, "and I want to get back to her."

"As if I didn't know all about your daughter," exclaimed Mr. Spettigue, who had heard of Grace Redmayne very often from the fond father's lips. "Why don't you write to her to come out to the colony? You might settle her somewhere comfortably in Sydney, and go on with your work up here, till you were as rich as one of the Rothschilds."

Richard Redmayne shook his head by way of answer to this proposition. "A colonial life wouldn't suit Gracey," he said; "she's too tender a flower for that sort of thing."

"I daresay she's an uncommonly pretty girl," Mr. Spettigue remarked in his careless way, "if she's anything like you, mate."

"Like me!" cried the farmer; "she's as much like me as a lily's like me—she's as much like me as a snowdrop is like a sunflower. If you can fancy a water-lily that's been changed into a woman, you can fancy my daughter Grace."

"I can't," answered the practical Mr. Spettigue. "I never was good at fancying, and if I could, your water-lily-faced woman is not my style. I like a girl with cheeks as red as peonies, and plenty of flesh on her bones, with no offence meant to you, Rick."

So the partnership was dissolved, and Richard Redmayne bought himself a horse, and set off upon an exploring expedition among the sheep-farms.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRD'S APPEAL.

"Little girl, with golden hair,
Listen to a poor bird's prayer;
Boy, with brow of careless glee,
Do not scorn a mother's plea.

"Do not steal my nest, so neat,
And my baby birds, so sweet;
What know you of all they need,
How to warm, or how to feed?

"Boy and girl, your mother oft
Strokes your brow with fingers soft;
She loves you, as I love these—
Do bring back my darlings, please.

"Hard we worked, my mate and I;
Many a sunny morn went by;
But we rested not, nor played,
Till our cozy home was made.

"Then what songs my partner sung
While I brooded o'er my young;
What long flights o'er vale and hill
We have had their mouths to fill.

"Show us mercy—you are strong—
Do not such a cruel wrong.
Lest yourself may vainly plead
For the mercy you may need."

* * * * * * * * * *

The children sauntered home, the bird
Kept near them all the way;
But in their hearts no pity stirred
For birdie's grief that day.

They had not learned that love should be
To all dumb creatures shown;
That God does all their suffering see,
And hears each painful moan.

They went in-doors, and left their prize,
Uncared for, on the floor,
And birdie heard her nestlings' cries
Outside the cottage door.

In vain she longed to give them food,
Or warm them with her wing—
She never more would nurse her brood,
Nor hear her kind mate sing.

The cold night wind around her swept,
Sick, hungry, sad, and sore;
While safe the cottage children slept,
She died outside the door.

Dear children, 'tis a cruel thing,
And very wicked too,
To rob or hurt a living thing
That does no harm to you.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE OUPHE OF THE WOOD.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

"An Ouphe!" perhaps you exclaim; "and pray, what might that be!"

An Ouphe, fair questioner, though you may never have heard of him, was a creature well known (by hearsay, at least) to your great-great grandmother. It was currently reported that every forest had one within its precincts, who ruled over the woodmen, and exacted tribute from them in the shape of little blocks of wood ready hewn for the fire of his under-ground palace—such blocks as are bought at shops in these degenerate days, and called "kindling."

It was said that he had a silver axe, with which he marked those trees that he did not object to have cut down; moreover, he was supposed to possess great riches, and to appear but seldom above ground, and when he did, to look like an old man in all respects but one, which was that he always carried some green ash keys about with him, which he could not conceal, and by which he might be known.

Do I hear you say that you don't believe he ever existed? It matters not at all to my story whether you do or not. He certainly does not exist now. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have much to answer for, if it was they who put an end to his reign; but I do not think they did. It is more likely that the spelling-book used in woodland districts disagreed with his constitution.

After this short preface, please to listen while I tell you that once in a little black-timbered cottage at the skirts of a wood a young woman sat before the fire rocking her baby, and, as she did so, building a castle in the air. "What a good thing it would be," she thought to herself, "if we were rich!"

It had been a bright day, but the evening was chilly; and as she watched the glowing logs that were blazing on her hearth, she wished that all the lighted part of them would turn to gold.

She was very much in the habit—this little wife—of building castles in the air, particularly when she had nothing else to do, or her husband was late in coming home to his supper. Just as she was thinking how late he was, there was a tap at the door, and an old man walked in, who said.

"Mistress, will you give a poor man a warm at your fire?"

"And welcome," said the young woman, setting him a chair.

So he sat down as close to the fire as he could, and spread out his hands to the flames,

He had a little knapsack on his back, and the young woman did not doubt that he was an old soldier.

"Maybe you are used to the hot countries?" she said.

"All countries are much the same to me," replied the stranger. "I see nothing to find fault in this one. You have fine hawthorn trees hereabouts; just now they are white as snow; and then you have a noble wood behind you."

"Ah, you may well say that," said the young woman. "It is a noble wood to us; it gets us bread. My husband works in it,"

"And a fine sheet of water there is in it," continued the old man. "As I sat by it to-day it was pretty to see those cranes, with red legs, stepping from leaf to leaf of the water-lilies so lightly."

As he spoke, he looked rather wistfully at a little saucepan which stood upon the hearth.

"Why, I shouldn't wonder if you are hungry," said the young woman, laying her baby in the cradle, and spreading a cloth on the round table. "My husband will be home soon, and if you like to stay and sup with him and me, you will be kindly welcome."

The old man's eyes sparkled when she said this, and he looked so very old, and seemed so weak, that she pitied him. He turned a little aside from the fire, and watched her while she set a brown loaf on the table, and fried a few slices of bacon: but all was ready, and the kettle had been boiling some time, before there were any signs of the husband's return.

"I never knew Will to be so late before," said the stranger. "Perhaps he is carrying his logs to the saw-pits."

"Will!" exclaimed the wife. "What, you know my husband then? I thought you were a stranger in these parts,"

"Oh, I have been past this place several times," said the old man, looking rather confused; "and so, of course, I have heard of your husband. Nobody's stroke in the wood is so regular and strong as his."

"And I can tell you he is the handiest man at home," began the wife.

"Ah, ah," said the old man, smiling at her eagerness; "and here he comes, if I am not mistaken."

At that moment the woodman entered.

"Will," said his wife, as she took his bill-hook from him, and hung up his hat, "here's an old soldier come to sup with us my dear." And as she spoke she gave er husband a gentle push towards the old man, and made a sign that he should speak to him.

"Kindly welcome, master," said the woodman. "Wife, I'm hungry; let's to supper."

The wife turned some potatoes out of the little saucepan, set a jug of beer on the table, and they all began to sup. The best of every thing was ordered by the wife to the stranger. The husband, after looking earnestly at him for a few minutes, kept silence.

"And where might you be going to lodge to-night, good man, if I'm not too bold?" asked she.

The old man heaved a deep sigh, and said he supposed he must lie out in the forest.

"Well, that would be a great pity," remarked his kind hostess. "No wonder your bones ache if you have no better shelter." As she said this, she looked appealingly at her husband.

"My wife, I'm thinking, would like to offer you a bed," said the woodman; "at least, if you don't mind sleeping in this clean kitchen, I think we could toss you up something of that sort that you need not disdain."

"Disdain, indeed!" said the wife. "Why, Will, when there's not a tighter cottage than ours in all the wood, and with a curtain as we have, and a brick floor, and everything so good about us—"

The husband laughed; the old man looked on with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm sure I shall be humbly grateful," said he.

Accordingly, when supper was over, they made him a bed on the floor, and spread clean sheets upon it of the young wife's own spinning, and heaped several fresh logs on the fire. Then they wished the stranger good-night, and crept up the ladder to their own snug little chamber.

"Disdain, indeed!" laughed the wife, as soon as they had shut the door. "Why, Will, how could you say it? I should like to see him disdain me and mine. It isn't often, I'll engage to say, that he sleeps in such a well-furnished kitchen."

The husband said nothing, but secretly laughed to himself.

"What are you laughing at, Will?" said his wife, as she put out the candle.

"Why, you soft little thing," answered the woodman, "didn't you see that bunch of green ash keys in his cap; and don't you know that nobody would dare to wear them but the Ouphe of the Wood? I saw him cutting those very keys for himself as I passed to the saw-mill this morning, and I knew him again directly, though he had disguised himself as an old man."

"Bless us!" exclaimed the little wife, "is the Wood Ouphe in our cottage? How frightened I am! I wish I hadn't put the candle out,"

The husband laughed more and more.

"Will," said his wife, in a solemn voice, "I wonder how you dare laugh, and that powerful creature under the very bed where you lie!"

"And she to be so pitiful over him," said the woodman, laughing till the floor shook under him, "and to talk and boast of our house, and insist on helping him to more potatoes, when he had a palace of his own, and heaps of riches! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Don't laugh, Will," said the wife, "and I'll make you the most dainty dish you ever tasted to-morrow. Don't let him hear you laughing."

"Why, he comes for no harm," said the woodman, "I've never cut down any trees that he had not marked, and I've always laid his toll of the wood, neatly cut up, beside his foot-path, so I am not afraid. Besides don't you know that he always pays where he lodges, and very handsomely, too?"

"Pays, does he?" said the wife. "Well, but he is an awful creature to have so near one. I would much rather he had really been an old soldier. I hope he is not looking after my baby: he shall not have him, let him offer ever so much."

The more the wife talked, the more the husband laughed at her fears, till at length he fell asleep, while she lay awake, thinking, till by degrees she forgot her fears, and began to wonder what they might expect by way of reward. Hours appeared to pass away during these thoughts. At length, to her great surprise, while it was still quite dark, her husband called her from below.

"Come down, Kitty; only come down and see what the Ouphe has left us."

As quickly as possible Kitty started up and dressed herself, and ran down the ladder, and then she saw her husband kneeling on the floor over the knapsack, which the Ouphe had left behind him. Kitty rushed to the spot, and saw the knapsack bursting open with gold coins, which were rolling out over the brick floor. Here was good fortune! She began to pick them up, and count them into her apron. The more she gathered, the faster they rolled, till she left off counting, out of breath with joy and surprise.

"What shall we do with all this money?" said the delighted woodman.

They consulted for some time. At last they decided to bury it in the garden, all but twenty pieces, which they would spend directly. Accordingly, they dug a hole, and carefully hid the rest of the money, and then the woodman went to the town, and soon returned laden with the things they had agreed upon as desirable possessions; namely, a leg of mutton, two bottles of wine, a necklace for Kitty, some tea and sugar, a grand velvet waistcoat, a silver watch, a large clock, a red silk cloak, and a hat and feather for the baby, a quilted petticoat, a great many muffins and crumpets, a rattle, and two new pairs of shoes.

How enchanted they both were! Kitty cooked the nice things, and they dressed themselves in the finery, and sat down to a very good dinner. But alas! the woodman drank so much of the wine that he soon got quite tipsy, and began to dance and sing. Kitty was very much shocked; but when he proposed to dig up some more of the gold, and go to the market for some more wine and some more blue velvet waistcoats, she remonstrated very strongly. Such was the change that had come over this loving couple, that they presently began to quarrel, and from words the woodman soon got to blows, and, after beating his little wife, lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep, while she sat crying in a corner.

The next day they both felt very miserable, and the woodman had such a terrible headache that he could neither eat nor work; but the day after, being pretty well again, he dug up some more gold, and went to the town, where he bought such quantities of fine clothes and furniture, and so many good things to eat, that in the end he was obliged to buy a wagon to bring them home in; and great was the delight of his wife when she saw him coming home on the top of it, driving the four gray horses himself.

They soon began to unpack the goods and lay them out on the grass, for the cottage was far too small to hold them.

"There are some red silk curtains, with gold rods," said the woodman.

"And grand, indeed, they are!" exclaimed his wife, spreading them over the onion bed.

"And here's a great looking-glass," continued the woodman, setting it up against the outside of the cottage, for it would not go in at the door.

So they went on handing down the things, and it took nearly all the whole afternoon to empty the wagon. No wonder, when it contained, among other things, a coral and bells for the baby, and five very large tea-trays adorned with handsome pictures of impossible scenery, two large sofas covered with green damask, three bonnets trimmed with feathers and flowers, two glass tumblers for them to drink out of—for Kitty had decided that mugs were very vulgar things—six books bound in handsome red morocco, a mahogany table, a large tin saucepan, a spittoon, and silver waiter, a blue coat with gilt buttons, a yellow waistcoat, some pictures, a dozen bottles of wine, a quarter of lamb, cakes, tarts, pies, ale, porter, gin, silk stockings, blue and red and white shoes, lace, ham, mirrors, three clocks, a four-post bedstead, and a bag of sugar-candy.

These articles filled the cottage and garden; the wagon stood outside the paling. Though the little kitchen was very much encumbered with furniture, they contrived to make a fire in it; and having eaten a sumptuous dinner, they drank one another's health, using the new tumblers to their great satisfaction.

"All these things remind me that we must have another house built," said Kitty.

"You may do just as you please about that, my dear," replied her husband, with a bottle of wine in his hand.

"My dear," said Kitty, "how vulgar you are! Why don't you drink out of one of our new tumblers, like a gentleman?"

The woodman refused, and said it was much more handy to drink it out of the bottle.

"Handy, indeed!" retorted Kitty; "yes, and by that means none will be left for me."

Thereupon another quarrel ensued; and the woodman, being by this time quite tipsy, beat his wife again. The next day they went and got numbers of workmen to build them a new house in their garden. It was quite astonishing, even to Kitty, who did not know much about building, to see how quick these workmen were. In one week the house was ready. But in the mean time the woodman who had very often been tipsy, felt so unwell that he could not look after them; therefore it is not surprising that they stole a great many things while he lay smoking his pipe on the green damask sofa which stood on the carrot bed. Those articles which the workmen did not steal the rain and dust spoiled; but that they thought did not matter, for still more than half the gold was left; so they soon furnished the new house. And now Kitty had a servant, and used to sit every morning in a coach, dressed in silks and jewels, till dinner-time, when the most delicious hot beefsteaks and sausage pudding or roast goose were served up, with more sweet pies, fritters, tarts, and cheese cakes than they could possibly eat. As for the baby, he had three elegant cots, in which he was put to sleep by turns; he was allowed to tear his picture-books as often as he pleased, and to eat so many sugar-plums and macaroons that they often made him quite ill.

The woodman looked very pale and miserable, though he often said what a fine thing it was to be rich. He never thought of going to his work, and used generally to sit in the kitchen till dinner was ready, watching the spit. Kitty wished she could see him looking as well and cheerful as in old days, though she felt naturally proud that her husband should always be dressed like a gentleman—namely, in a blue coat, red waistcoat, and tiptop-boots.

He and Kitty could never agree as to what should be done with the rest of the money; in fact, no one would have known them for the same people. They quarrelled almost every day, and lost mostly all their love for one another. Kitty often cried herself to sleep—a thing she had never done when they were poor. She thought it was very strange that she should be a lady and yet not be happy. Every morning when the woodman was sober they invented new plans for making themselves happy, yet, strange to say, none of them succeeded, and matters grew worse and worse. At last Kitty thought she should be happy if she had a coach; so she went to the place where the knapsack was buried and began to dig; but the garden was so trodden down that she could not dig deep enough, and soon got quite tired of trying. At last she called the servant, and told her the secret as to where the money was, promising her a gold piece if she could dig it up. The servant dug with all her strength, and with a great deal of trouble they got the knapsack up, and Kitty found that not many gold pieces were left. However, she resolved to have the coach; so she took them and went to the town, where she bought a yellow chariot, with a most beautiful coat of arms upon it, and two cream-colored horses to draw it.

In the mean time the maid ran to the magistrates, and told them she had discovered something very dreadful, which was, that her mistress had nothing to do but to dig in the ground and that she could make money come—coined money: "which," said the maid, "is a very terrible thing, and it proves that she must be a witch."

The mayor and the aldermen were very much shocked, for witches were commonly believed in those days: and when they heard that Kitty had dug up money that very morning, and bought a yellow coach with it, they decided that the matter must be investigated.

When Kitty drove up to her own door she saw the mayor and aldermen standing in the kitchen waiting for her. She demanded what they wanted, and they said they were come in the king's name to search the house.

Kitty immediately ran up stairs and took the baby out of his cradle, lest any of them should steal him, which, of course, seemed a very probable thing for them to do. Then she went to look for her husband, who, shocking to relate, was quite tipsy, quarrelling and arguing with the mayor, and actually she saw him box an alderman's ears.

"The thing is proved," said the indignant mayor; "this woman is certainly a witch."

Kitty was very much bewildered at this; but how much more when she saw her husband seize the mayor—yes, the very mayor himself—and shake him so hard that he actually shook his head off, and it rolled under the dresser! "If I had not seen this with my own eyes," said Kitty, "I could not have believed it: even now it does not seem at all real."

All the aldermen wrung their hands,

"Murder! murder!" cried the maid.

"Yes," said the alderman, "this woman and husband must immediately be put to death, and the baby must be taken from them and made a slave."

In vain Kitty fell on her knees; the proofs of their guilt were so plain that there was no hope of mercy; and they were just going to be led out to execution when—why, then she opened her eyes, and saw that she was lying in bed in her own little chamber where she had lived and been so happy; her baby, beside her in his wicker cradle, was crowing and sucking his fingers.

"So, then, I have never been rich, after all," said Kitty, "and it was all only a dream! I thought it was very strange at the time that a man's head should roll off."

And she heaved a deep sigh, and put her hand to her face, which was wet with the tears she had shed when she thought that she and her husband were going to be executed.

"I am very glad, then, my husband is not a drunken man, and he does not beat me; but he goes to work every day, and I am as happy as a queen."

Just then she heard her husband's good-tempered voice, whistling as he went down the ladder.

"Kitty, Kitty," said he, "come, get up, my little woman; it's later than usual, and our good visitor will want his breakfast."

"Oh, Will, Will, do come here," answered the wife, and presently her husband came up again, dressed in his fustian jacket and looking quite healthy and good-tempered—not at all like the pale man in the blue coat who sat watching the meat while it roasted.

"Oh, Will, I have had such a frightful dream," said Kitty, and she began to cry. "We are not going to quarrel and hate one another, are we?"

"Why, what a silly little thing thou art, to cry about a dream!" said the woodman, smiling. "No, we are not going to quarrel as I know of. Come, Kitty, remember the Ouphe."

"Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Kitty, and she made haste to dress herself and come down.

"Good-morning, mistress; how have you slept?" said the Ouphe, in a gentle voice to her.

"Not so well as I could have wished, sir," said Kitty.

The Ouphe smiled. "I slept very well," he said. "The supper was good and kindly given, without any thought of reward."

"And that is the certain truth," interrupted Kitty; I never had the least thought what you were till my husband told me."

The woodman had gone out to cut some fresh cresses for his guest's breakfast.

"I am sorry, mistress," said the Ouphe, that you slept uneasily—my race are said sometimes by their presence to affect the dreams of you mortals. Where is my knapsack? Shall I leave it behind me in payment of bed and board?"

"Oh, no, no, I pray you don't," said the little wife, blushing and stepping back; "you are kindly welcome to all you have had, I'm sure; don't repay us so, sir."

"What, mistress, and why not?" asked the Ouphe, smiling. "It is as full of gold pieces as it can hold, and I shall never miss them."

"No, I entreat you, do not," said Kitty; "and do not offer it to my husband, for maybe he has not been warned as I have."

Just then the woodman came in.

"I have been thanking your wife for my good entertainment," said the Ouphe; "and if there is anything in reason that I can give either of you—"

"Will, we do very well as we are," said his wife, going up to him and looking anxiously in his face.

"I don't deny," said the woodman, thoughtfully, "that there are one or two things I should like my wife to have, but somehow I've not been able to get them for her yet."

"What are they?" asked the Ouphe.

"One is a spinning-wheel," answered the woodman; "she used to spin a good deal when she was at home with her mother,"

"She shall have a spinning-wheel," replied the Ouphe; "and is there nothing else, my good host?"

"Well," said the woodman frankly, "since you are so obliging, we should like a hive of bees."

"The bees you shall have also; and now good-morning both, and a thousand thanks to you."

So saying he took his leave, and no pressing could make him stay to breakfast.

"Well," thought Kitty, when she had had a little time for reflection, "a spinning-wheel is just what I wanted; but if people had told me this time yesterday morning that I should be offered a knapsack full of money, and should refuse it, I could not possibly have believed them!"

THE POOR CUSTOMER.

"How much butter?"

"One-half pound, if you please."

"And sugar?"

"Half a pound, sir."

"And those oranges?"

"Half a dozen, sir."

"You go by halves to-day. Well, what else? Be speedy, ma'am, you are keeping better customers waiting."

"Half a peck of Indian meal and one French roll," said the woman; but her lips quivered, and she turned to wipe away a trickling tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all broken—at her faded shawl, her thin, stooped form, her coarse garments; and I read "poverty" on all—extreme poverty. And the pallid, pinched features—the mournful, but once beautiful face, told me the luxuries were not for herself.

An invalid looked out from his narrow window, whose pale face longed for the fresh oranges; for whose comfort the tea and the butter and the fine French roll were bought with much sacrifice. And I saw him sip his tea, and taste the dainty bread, and praise the flavor of the sweet butter, and turn with brightening eyes to the golden fruit. And I heard him ask her, kneeling by the smoking hearth, to taste them with him. And as she set her broken pan on the edge to bake her coarse loaf, I heard her say, "By and by, when I am hungry."

And by and by, when the eyes of the sufferer are closed in sleep, I saw her bend over him, with a blessing in her heart. And she laid the remnant of the feast carefully by, and ate her bread unmoistened.

I started from my reverie. The grocer's hard eye was upon me. "You are keeping better customers waiting."

Oh, how I longed to tell him how poverty and persecution, contempt and scorn could not dim the heart's fine gold, purified by many a trial; and that woman, with her little wants and holy sacrifices, was better in the sight of God than many a trumpet-tongued Dives, who gave that he might be known of men.

THE STORY OF AN ATOM.—The atom of charcoal which floated in the corrupt atmosphere of the old volcanic ages, was absorbed into the leaf of a fern when the valleys became green and luxuriant; and there, in its proper place, it received the sun-light and the dew, aiding to fling back to heaven a reflection of heaven's gold; and at the same time to build the tough fibre of the plant.

The atom was consigned to the tomb when the waters submerged the jungled valley. It had lain there thousand of years, and a month since was brought into the light again, imbedded in a block of coal. It shall be consumed to warm our dwellings, cook our food, and make more ruddy and cheerful the hearth whereon our children play; it shall combine with a portion of the invisible atmosphere, ascend upward as a curling wreath to revel in a mazy dance high up in the blue ether; shall reach the earth again, and be enwrapped into the embrace of a flower; shall live in velvet beauty on the cheek of the apricot; shall pass into the human body, giving enjoyment to the palate, and health to the blood; shall circulate in the delicate tissues of the brain; and aid, by entering into some new combination, in educating the thoughts which are now being uttered by the pen.

It is but an atom of charcoal; it may dwell one moment in a stagnant ditch, and the next be flushing on the lip of beauty; it may now be a component of a limestone rock, and the next an ingredient in a field of potatoes; it may slumber for a thousand years without undergoing a single change, and the next hour pass through a thousand; and, after all, it is only an atom of charcoal, and occupies only its own place wherever it may be.—Hibberd's "Brambles and Bay Leaves."

TATTOOING.—The subject of tattooing (the *Lancet* remarks) has acquired a temporary interest from the incidents of the trial that has just collapsed so suddenly and completely. The practice is of great antiquity, and as is well known, is adopted by many savage tribes; the mode in which it is performed, however, varies considerably. Thus, while the Australian makes deep incisions and fills in the wound with clay and other substances so that an elevated scar is left, the New Zealander sacrifices himself with an instrument resembling a curry comb, constructed of shark's teeth, which is slowly driven through the skin by repeated blows of a mallet, the wounds being filled in with resin of the Kauri pine and a kind of red earth. With the lower classes, and it would appear occasionally with youths of the upper, in this and neighboring countries, the punctures are made with a needle, gunpowder, indigo, or vermilion being subsequently rubbed in. By the wild tribes tattooing is unquestionably used as a substitute for clothing, and Prichard, as quoted by Wood in his "History of Man," observes that European eyes become so accustomed to the tattoo that they are rather shocked at its absence; and so completely is this feeling realized by the Samoan natives that chiefs who have arrived at middle age frequently undergo the process of tattooing a second time, in order to renew the patterns, as they become dim and uncertain with the lapse of years; for though indelible, the tattoo does fade in time. Tattooing, so common among our soldiers and sailors, is probably based upon a desire that their bodies may be recognized in case of death in action, or by drowning; though it is, perhaps, often done merely from imitation, or to wile away the time. The durability of the marks will obviously depend upon the depths of the incisions or punctures, and the nature of the substance rubbed in. When the incision or puncture has fairly penetrated the cutis, and the material is insoluble, it will certainly be permanent. Virchow, in his "Cellular Pathology," gives an illustration of the appearances presented by the glands of a tattooed soldier fifty years after the operation.

THE POLE KAT.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

They are butiful beings, but oh! how deceptive.

Their habits are phew, but unique.

They bild their houses out ov earth and the houses has but one door to them, and that iz a front door.

They are called pole kats bekause it iz not convenient tow kill them with a klub, but with a pole, and the longer the pole the more convenient.

Writers on natral history disagree about the right length ov the pole tow be used, but i would suggest that the pole be about 35 feet, espeshily if the wind is in favor ov the pole kat.

A pole kat will remove the filling from a hen's egg without braking a hole in the shell bigger than a marrow fat pea.

This iz vulgarly called "surking eggs."

A pole kat travels under an *alias*, which iz called *skunk*. Thare is a great many *aliases* that thare iz no accounting for, and this iz one ov them.

One pole kat in a township iz enuff, espeshily if the wind changes once in a while.

A pole kats' skin iz wuth 2 dollars in market after it iz skinned, but it is wuth 3 dollars and fifty cents tow skin him.

This is one way tow make 12 shillings on a wet day.

THE WEAZEL.

The weazel has a eye like a hawk and a tooth like a pickerel.

They kan see on all three sides at once, and kan bite through a side of sole leather.

They alwus sleep with one eye open, and the other on the wink, and are quicker than the spirits of turpentine and a lighted match.

It is no disgrace for a streak of litening tow strike at a weazel and miss him.

If I owned a weazel, litening might strike at him all day for fifty cents a clap.

I have tried to kill them in a stun wall with a rifle, but they would dodge the ball when it got within six inches ov them, and stick their heads out ov another krack three feet further oph.

They will kill 11 chickens in one night and take off the blood with them, leaving the corpses behind.

I hunted 3 weeks for a weazel once (it iz now six years ago,) and kan just where he wuz all the time, and hain't got him yet.

I offered 10 dollars reward for him, and hold the stakes yet.

Every boy in that naborhood wuz after that weazle nite and day, and I hed tew withdraw the reward to keep from breaking up the distrikt skooll.

The skoolmaster threatened tew su me if i didn't, and i did it, for i hate a law suit rather wuss than I do a weazle.

Weazles hav got no wisdom, but hav got what iz sumtimes mistaken for it, they hav got cunning.

Cunning stands in the same relashun tow wisdom that a tadpole duz tow a frog, he may git tew to be a frog if he keeps on growing, but he ain't one now.

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMN.

If Jemima Meek, who quarrelled with her husband a week or two since, and, after striking him violently on the boot with her left eye, aggravated the offence by giving him in charge, will return to her home, and resume her occupation of supporting him, all will be forgiven, and she will be treated the same as ever.

B. C., late in the employ of Messrs. Nabhim & Nailer, who absconded with five thousand dollars belonging to that firm, is earnestly requested to call or to send his address to Inspector Catchallatski at the Tombs, as his employers are anxious to see him.

IF the gentleman who asked a lady he met casually in an omnibus to meet him in Central Park on the following Sunday kept that appointment, the lady will be glad to learn the fact per advertisement, as it rained cats and dogs, and she hopes he caught a violent cold as a reward for his insolence.

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IF the three gentlemen who called at Lone Villa, Washington Heights, late at night, and took away the plate chest, are disappointed on discovering that it contained only plated articles, they can be accommodated with real silver in exchange, if they will call any day between twelve and two, on payment of the difference.

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TELLING THE TRUTH.

"To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue," said one who fully practised her own creed. "Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue," is an equally just assertion of a keen observer of human nature. These two short but suggestive axioms will delineate in few but graphic words, two very large classes, who sin in different but almost equally dangerous ways against the noble and rare quality which forms the subject of our present article. Truth, in its real and entire purity, is not only an absence of actual assertion of what is false; but of any, even the most distant mode, in which deception can be practised, or an erroneous impression wilfully conveyed to the mind of another. Words, we are told, are signs of ideas or thoughts; and if any form of expression is used which knowingly gives false impressions of our actual meaning and intent, truth is just as much violated as by a positive and direct utterance of a falsehood. It is not the actual words used, but the meaning they are intended to convey, which constitute the deception; and deception and falsehood are one and the same thing. It makes no difference whether a person says that a thing is not so, or whether he so frames his expression as to give the idea that it is not so. The effect is the same. This dodging around the truth is commonly called "White lies"; and are the most dangerous of the family to which they belong, from the sort of specious appearance of innocence, which, we presume, has given them their name.

There are perhaps some evil impulses which lose much of their danger and their moral turpitude by being confined to the intention and feeling, and not allowed to pass to the lips and actions, such as anger, jealousy, envy; but this does not apply to falsehood; the lips may be unstained, and yet the heart guilty, and the consequences incidental with the usual acceptation of the word. Nay, the consequent self-deception as to the actual error, and the unconsciousness of others to its existence, makes amendment more hopeless, and the consequences more dangerous, than more open and flagrant violations against truth. There are several positive and actual advantages to be gained by always telling the truth, foremost amongst which is the moral dignity, courage, and elevation which it imparts to the character. There is nothing so degrading, so cowardly and so mean as falsehood in all its moods and tenses; the various subterfuges to which it has to resort, the constant terror of detection, and the consciousness of bondage which it entails, lowers the tone of the character beyond hope of redemption, unless the habit be resolutely and sternly thrown off. On the other hand, the proud certainty that no violation, no perversion of truth can be laid to one's charge, no circumstance occur which can lead to the discovery of the slightest wilful deception, will give a fearlessness to the feelings, and to the bearing a self-respect and independence which tends more than aught else to elevate the character. Then it operates as a check on the commission of wrong. If the confession of a fault is an absolute necessity from this habit of mind, it will operate as a most powerful motive to abstain from what entails so painful and mortifying a consequence. From the days of our first parents till now, lying and deceiving have been ever closely connected; and those who feel truth an imperative necessity will hesitate much before committing the fault which they will not stoop to deny. Another most pleasant and sure reward of observing strict truthfulness and sincerity will be the confidence which it obtains from others. There cannot be a prouder meed of praise bestowed on a man than the remark, "He said so—that is enough; you may always rely on his word." For a simple affirmation to be more valued than the strongest protestations of others, is a precious tribute to the power of Truth and the involuntary homage she commands, even from those who will not obey her laws.

Amongst those who obey, and others who disregard the truth may be noticed one class: those who are described by Elizabeth Smith's words: "They are good and disagreeable." Under the profession of "always telling the truth," they make it their business to say all that is most wounding and disagreeable to friends and acquaintances. They do not content themselves with perfect sincerity and candor when it is a duty to say what is painful to others, and with silence when it is not a matter of necessity to speak; but in season and out of season, at the risk of increasing the evil they profess to attempt to cure, they bring out their "home truths," and pride themselves on their unscrupulous candor. In many cases truth serves as a veil for very unamiable and blameable feelings, but even in the very best of those good people it is a very sad and hurtful mistake. In the first place they forget that though nothing but truth should ever be spoken, it need not be needlessly obtruded at the risk of unnecessarily paining, and irritating most unwisely. Again they lose sight of the most important maxim, that "Truths come amended from the tongue," when uttered with gentle and loving courtesy, and the evident and sincere desire to benefit, not to wound. We would appeal to the experience of every one whether they have not known some one person at least whose sincerity and candor were undoubted, and yet whose genuine and loving kindliness of nature made even painful and bitter truths fall gently on the ear, and heal, instead of irritating the mental malady they sought to remove.

The principles of truth should be fully instilled into the mind of childhood from its earliest hour. There is a great difference, naturally, even in very early years, in the tendencies of children in this respect, but, as a rule, most of them are liable to yield to one of the greatest temptations which befall them in their tender years. Now, although it would certainly be unwise to remit punishment on the confession of a fault, which would by no means strengthen the character in this respect, but rather make truth of no value at all, because spoken at no risk, and rather as an escape from penance; yet we would have every child made to understand that though the fault brought correction with it, its confession, and the truth thus observed, had raised him in the estimation of those who thus inflicted the punishment. Again, on denial, the greatest importance should be attached to the falsehood, as if the original fault had been swallowed up in the greater one of deception. But in this, as in most cases, example does more than precept. If a child lives in a pure and healthy moral atmosphere in this respect, he will insensibly imbibe its influence, and, unless singularly hardened, will imitate the strict and invariable accuracy and truthfulness he secs observed by all around him. The greatest care should be taken not to practice deception with children; their quick perceptions soon discover, and either despise or imitate it. Let the truth be spoken, or the child simply and kindly told that the question he asks cannot be answered at present, should it be unwise to give an explicit answer to any of his inquiries; and in all cases the too general practice of procuring obedience, or accomplishing some object, by false or incorrect statements, or inducements should be rigidly discarded from the nursery and the schoolroom by those who preside over their domestic economy.

(For the Hearthstone.)

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH

Lo! Evening comes, and the shadows
Are creeping o'er valley and hill,
And naught is heard in the stillness
Save the notes of the musical rill;
The woodland and the green meadows,
With bird-songs are ringing no more,
And the waves are silently breaking
Adown on the white pebbled shore;
And thus while the day is fading
Into the twilight dim and gray,
Our thoughts are soaring untrammeled,
On the pinions of fancy away.

How we love to sit in the soft gray twilight of eventide and let our thoughts roam through the fairy realms of fancy, lingering for a time, perhaps over the mementoes of the past which are so thickly strewn along life's pathway; and anon traversing the broad and interesting fields of the living present, and even far away onward into the mystic future, where hope is ever painting upon her glowing canvas beautiful pictures for our admiration. And is it not better thus to look cheerfully forward to the future, though our visions are but pictures of fancy, than to brood over the many sad realities which hover around the present?—Dark indeed would be the night did no stars appear, and although we might expect with a degree of certainty, the morning to break in unclouded splendor, yet wearily would the lagging hours pass away, and so it would be with us did no stars of hope occasionally sparkle through the shadows of life to cheer up our flagging spirits.

The morning air invigorates and prepares us for the duties of the day, but the twilight hour is the time for reflection, for thought and retrospection. When the mellow rays of the golden sun fade away from the hill-tops, as he goes down to his crimson couch to rest, the cares and perplexities of life seem to take their flight, and a happy, holy influence comes over us like a spell, and for a time we dwell in a sphere of ideal imagery. Then the brooklets ripple along with a subdued murmur; the songsters of the grove warble the last sweet notes of their vesper hymn and seek repose in their leafy nests. The gentle zephyrs float softly by, scarce rustling the leaflets of the grand old trees above our heads, though at times we do catch a whisper so soft and musical that it seems like the echo of some sweet, half forgotten song, which carries us back to the halcyon days of childhood; and one by one each familiar scene goes gliding by in seeming reality, and like beautiful dreams mingle with our thoughts until we are loth to believe them the pictures of fancy. Truly there are influences surrounding us in the morning of life which leave their impress upon our characters, and continue with us through all the varying scenes of our eventful journey. We may amid the strife and turmoil of our career, sometimes forget the associations of our youth, but when we sit down in the twilight hour to commune with our own thoughts, they come back again with a vividness which conclusively proves their moral force.

But the past is full of instruction; silent, yet speaking with the voice of experience and wisdom; speaking to us in a language that comes forcibly home to our minds and leaves there its truthful impress. Back, far back into the dusky twilight of oblivion we may wander in imagination in search of the land-marks of other ages, and following down a pathway resplendent with brilliant achievements, trace out the development and progress of the human intellect, or retrospective view which cultures the mind, enlarges the scope of our ideas, and strengthens us for future struggles.

But from the contemplation of the past we turn to the living present, so full of stirring events, great developments and glorious results. Here we mark out for ourselves the course we are to pursue, and with a firm belief in our ultimate success we mingle in the strife for wealth and worldly honours. In the future we look for the accomplishment of all our hopes, the reality of our dreams; but wisely the future is veiled behind the mists of time, and only when the sands of the hour glass have run into months and years shall we know whether the wreaths of victory or the trailing banners of defeat await us there. And thus we sit and dream on of the past, the present and the future,

While deep'ning shadows through the forests creep,
And dews descend on flowery beds to sleep;
The sweet perfume of each bud and flower
Like incense rising to scent the evening hour.

How gratefully comes the shadowy eve to the toiling millions whose hands surround us with the comforts and luxuries of life, for then the fatigue of the day is over. The farmer, the mechanic and artisan lay down their implements of labor and seek their homes, which are none the less cheerful because sustained by the hand of honest industry. The merchant reviews the day's sales, adds up the last columns, closes his ledger and retires to rest. The weary toil-worn slave completes his task and lies down to forgetfulness—forgetfulness of wrongs, of stripes and all the miseries of his lot. The distant city becomes silent and still; for the sound of the hammer and trowel have ceased; the whirl of machinery has died away, and the merry throng no longer tread its streets. All seek repose, and in balmy sleep forget the cares and sorrows of life, and renew their strength for the duties of the morrow.

But how like this pensive twilight hour is the closing up of our day of life, for all of us are drawing near the end of our journey; the shadows of evening are approaching, and swiftly will envelope us in the darkness of night. Soon we shall be called to lay by the armor of toil and go to that repose from which we return no more. And how stands the ledger of life's account with us? For all that we have received, have we rendered up sufficient in return; used aright the talents entrusted to our keeping; and do we stand ready to hear the alarm-stroke which tells us the day is over?

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—The question of licensing the sale of ale and porter has lately been submitted to the people of Massachusetts and all of the large towns decided in favor of licensing.——A special to the *Picayune* from San Antonio, Texas, says, 6 waggons, 75 mules, 9 men and 2 women were attacked by Indians at Howard's Well, above Fort Clark. The train and all hands were captured and burned except the women, who escaped.——A petition has been presented to the House of representatives from about 3000 citizens of Utah, protesting against the admission of that territory into the Union as a State. It was accompanied by affidavits of 30 apostate Mormons against Brigham Young and the Mormon Church.——The strike of carpenters in Brooklyn continues. The bosses have held a meeting and decided to agree to the eight hour system to take effect on September 1st, but this concession is unsatisfactory.——The *Tribune's* Washington despatch says: Among the Democratic members of Congress who will support the Cincinnati Presidential ticket is the Hon. Jas. Brooks, of New York. In the course of a conversation lately he said that in his opinion Greeley will receive in the Democratic National Convention the votes of three-fourths of the New England delegates and all of those from New York.——A despatch from Solomon, Kansas, states that heavy freshets along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad had done great damage. The track in many places was washed away. Trains will be suspended for several days.——There is some fear of a rupture between Spain and the United States, and all the U.S. monitors have been ordered to be got ready immediately for active service.——Information has reached the Navy Department that Morro Castle, guarding the entrance to Havana harbour, is being rapidly strengthened, and 15-inch guns, pointing seaward, are being put in position.——Private letters from the Indian Territory say that vigilance committees have been organized to protect citizens from outlaws and desperadoes.——Niblo's theatre, New York was burned on the morning of 6th inst. The fire originated in a lumber room over the dome and is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The flames rapidly spread through the whole building and it was entirely destroyed. Loss about $300,000, partly covered by insurance. The Metropolitan Hotel was considerably damaged by water. The whole of the scenery, properties &c., for "Lallah Rookh," which was to have been produced on Monday evening, were destroyed; they were worth about $25,000 and were owned by M. J. F. Cole, Lessee of the Grand Opera House. They were not insured. The different actors and actresses lost portions of their wardrobes. The Dramatic Profession held a meeting and agreed to give two grand performances in aid of the sufferers; all the Theatres in New York will also, probably, give special performance for the same purpose.

ENGLAND.—A deputation of clergymen of the Scotch Church left for America on 7 inst. to attend a general assembly to be held in Detroit. Much interest is felt in the event, which is the first acknowledgment of the Church in America.——The *Times* says the Government of Germany is willing to negotiate with the Government of France with a view of accelerating the evacuation of the French territory now occupied by German troops.——Dr. Isaac Butt, member of Parliament for Limerick, has written a letter on Home Rule. He asks for an Irish Assembly in which Home Rulers shall be fully represented; approves of a plan for fraternal union between Ireland and England guaranteeing the authority of the Crown, and draws outlines of a federal union which he says will be a satisfactory settlement of relations between the two countries.——The Atlanta crew are out daily on the Thames. The London papers criticise and praise their practice.——A memorial has been presented to Earl Granville yesterday, urging Her Majesty's Government to secure a just and equitable copyright treaty with the United States. Among the signers of the memorial are Carlyle, Froude, Stuart Mill, Huxley, Morley, and Ruskin. Lord Granville replied that the Government would carefully consider the subject.——The *Times* discussing the attitude of Canada with regard to the treaty of Washington, somewhat censures the conduct of the home government in its treatment of the Dominion, and hints that it might be a benefit to the world if England were to dissolve Canada from her allegiance to the mother country.——The strike of the Liverpool carmen is ended, the masters having conceded the demand of the men.——It is announced that the Shah of Persia will soon visit Europe.——The 1,000 guinea race at Newmarket was won by the French filly Reine.——The London papers comment on the nomination of Horace Greeley for President of the United States by the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati. The *Times* says the nomination of Greeley is farcical, and his election hopeless. It, however, kills President Grant's chance for re-election, and makes certain the nomination of a candidate by the Democrats.

CANADA.—On 7th inst., the small detachment of the 1st battalion of the 60th Royal Rifles, which had been quartered during the winter at Quebec, was played down to the India Wharf by the band of the B battery, and embarked on board the steamship Secret en route for Halifax.——The Dominion Gun Boats are being made ready for cruising next month. The Prince Alfred ordered to be equipped on 15th, and the Rescue is being rebuilt at St. Catherines from the waters edge upwards.——The new skull boat, built by Elliot, of Green Point, for Brown, has arrived at Carlotta.——The announcement by the Finance Minister of the intention of the Government to take the duty off tea and coffee is the general subject of conversation. Speculation is rife, as to whether the Government will add other duties or create other sources of revenue. Some suggest the increase of the fifteen per cent to twenty.——Two whales 75 and 80 feet long were driven ashore by ice on Cape Breton coast, on Tuesday, and captured.——A curious accident happened to the S.S. *St. Patrick*, of Allan's line, in Montreal harbor on the evening of 11th inst. She had discharged her cargo and was nearly loaded with wheat, flour, potash &c; when it was discovered that her rudder was out of order, and Captain Barclay ordered her careened so that it be more easily examined. A large quantity of pig iron was piled on the port side of her bows and it was considerably depressed, suddenly some of the cargo shifted and the vessel was pulled completely over on her side, burying her in the water up to the line of her masts, her spars resting on the dock. After considerable exertion ropes were attached from her to the *Abeona* and other vessels and about 10 o'clock on the night of 12th, she was partially righted. The corporation steam engine is at work pumping her out, and it is thought she has not received any serious damage, and will soon be ready for sea again. The cargo is, of course badly damaged, and her engines &c., are somewhat affected by the action of the water.

FRANCE.—Marshal Bazaine has written to Thiers demanding a trial by court martial on the accusation of the Commission on Capitulations. It is said that General Wimpffen has also asked for a similar opportunity to vindicate himself.——Duke de Penthievre, son of Prince de Joinville, is to marry Princess Christine, daughter of Duke de Montpensier.——The trial by court martial of Marshal Bazaine who was censured by the committee on capitulation, for his conduct at Metz, will be held in the Riding School at Versailles, and will commence the latter part of May. The trial will probably last one hundred days. Twelve hundred witnesses will be summoned to testify before the court. The Government will allow Marshal Bazaine to employ as his counsel, Lachard, the well-known advocate.——The report of the Commission on Capitulation exonerates the General commanding on the Lower Rhine Department, of all blame for the surrender of Lichtenberg, and reprimands the commandant, who capitulated at Marsales. Vetry, Le Français. General Cissy, Minister of War, announces that rigorous justice shall be meted out to all generals who surrendered during the war.

SPAIN.—The Carlist insurrection continues. Marshal Serrano had a severe engagement with the main body on 4th inst., and utterly routed the insurgents. Don Carlos is said to have fled to Biscay, where his principal strength lies.——Despatches from all the Provinces infested by Carlist bands state that the insurgents are coming and surrendering to the Government troops.——It is reported that the Spanish Government is displeased at the action of France in allowing the retreating Carlists to escape into French territory, and that the Government of Versailles will be questioned relative thereto.

RUSSIA.—A serious riot took place at Bharkof, a large market town of South Russia, last week, caused by the interference of the police with the Easter amusements of the people. The fire engines were brought out to disperse the crowds by throwing water on them. This so exasperated the people that they attacked the police and fire stations, and gutted them. The Governor then ordered out troops, who were stoned by the mob, whereupon they fired, and many citizens were killed and wounded. The rioters were dispersed, and by last accounts the city was quiet, but under martial law.

GREECE.—Information of an explosion of petroleum and gunpowder in Tripolitza, Greece, whereby a number of lives were lost, has been received in this city. Twenty persons were instantly killed, and many received injuries, some of which were severe. It is feared that some of the wounded will die.

AUSTRALIA.—Advices received here by telegraph from Australia state that heavy floods, which caused terrible loss of life, have occurred in Melbourne; 400 persons were drowned; the growing crops have also been greatly damaged.

DENMARK.—The Police authorities of Copenhagen have forbidden the International Society's holding any meeting, and the President and Treasurer have been arrested.

CUBA.—News has been received of the departure of the filibustering steamer "Edgar Stuart," from Kingston, Jamaica. The coast will be well guarded.

GERMANY.—Bismarck is again ill, and his physicians insist on absolute rest, or the consequences may be serious.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

I don't know which is the more curious study, the little world before, or the little world behind the scenes. Perhaps you think there is nothing interesting in the conduct of an audience, and yet the man in the box-office of a theatre will tell you, if you get hold of him some time when he has a dull night, a very curious story about the pleasure-seekers. I was in the little cubby-house at Wallack's, not long ago, with my friend Livingstone, and Mr. Moss pointed out to us the box-office museum. It was a collection of articles picked up in the theatre after the audience left it. Now, you will immediately guess what some of those articles were. Hair-pins and garters and pennies, you know, abound wherever men and women congregate, and handkerchiefs are always picked up in churches and theatres. But the collection included night-keys, gold rings, faro checks, playing cards, false curls, reticules, card-cases and toothpicks. We can even understand how these things may be dropped occasionally. But how are we to understand the absence of mind which covers the loss of false teeth and indispensable under-clothing? There is a fine pair of new patent-leather shoes, taken off during the performance because they hurt the owner's feet, evidently. But it is incomprehensible that he should forget to put them on again and walk out in his stocking feet. There is a beautiful set of false teeth on a gold-plate. Can it be that they fell to the floor unobserved during the open-mouthed wonderment and abstraction of the spectator, or were they, too, taken out for comfort's sake, and slipped into the folds of a dress instead of a pocket, and then left behind when the owner got up? A dog collar, too, by all that's odd, with "Fido" on its brass plate, and a bottle of "cold cream," and a paper of brass-headed tacks. But even this should not astonish us when we ascertain that the lap-dogs themselves are sometimes left behind, and Mr. Moss has to send out for milk and other delicates, and turn the box-office into a nursery until a waiting-maid comes, as she inevitably does the next day, with a warm blanket over her arm, and reclaims the darling with tears in her eyes. Then we have a safe-key. Ha! what a tale of carelessness, and reprimand and suspicion that tells; and a bank-book, and a Colt's revolver with all the barrels loaded except one, and that one smoky and begrimed. It is fanciful to suppose that some cunning miscreant, whose victim was duly reported among the killed, came with the crowd to the theatre to escape detection and left his instrument behind him. Why, there's a bunch of skeleton keys. How do we know that they were not left by the same person?—*N. Y. World.*

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

COATING OXIDISABLE METALS.—A process, says the *Iron Age*, devised by M. Nagel, of Hamburg, for coating iron, steel, and other oxidisable metals with an electro deposit of nickel or cobalt, consists in taking 400 parts, by weight, of pure sulphate of the protoxide of nickel by crystallisation, and 200 parts, by weight, of pure ammonia, so as to form a double salt, which is dissolved in 6,000 parts of distilled water, and 1,200 parts of ammoniacal solution of a specific gravity of 0.909, added. The electro deposit is affected by an ordinary galvanic current, using a platinum positive pole, the solution being heated to about 100 deg. Fahr. The strength of the galvanic current is regulated according to the number of objects to be coated. For coating with cobalt 138 parts, by weight, of pure sulphate of cobalt are combined with 60 parts of pure ammonia, to form a double salt, which is then dissolved in 1,000 parts of distilled water, and 120 parts of ammoniacal solution, of the same specific gravity as before, are added. The process of deposition with cobalt is the same as with nickel.

ORNAMENTAL GLASS.—Processes for ornamenting glass are given in the *Zeitschrift fur Farberei*, by F. Springmuhl. Bleached shellac is coloured by alcoholic solutions of any of the aniline colours: this is spread upon glass or mica after they have been warmed. Gun-cotton, dissolved in ether, when coloured with any of the aniline dyes, forms beautifully-tinted films. This coloured collodion can be cut into any pattern, and the film attached to any transparent surface. The processes remind us of those suggested in the *Builder* many years ago. One of these was the conversion of glass itself into iridescent films by blowing, and then laying them on the back of thin sheets of heated copper or other metal previously gilt, and ornamentally perforated (or it might be by laying the films on heated ground glass itself, of gold or other colour, after being perforated); so that the iridescent films should shine through the perforations if the whole could be annealed or gradually cooled, so as to retain the film entire. Such experiments, as we stated, had been suggested by partially successful ones with perforated cards and shellac vanish films cast upon water, and lifted upon the backs of the perforated cards. Perhaps the gun-cotton or collodion might be of use in thus imitating gems in cheap ornamentation, by causing films to shine through perforated cards or thin metallic plates.

THE SUN.—The *American Journal of Science and Art* gives an extract from a letter from Dr. Janssen to Professor Newton, in which occurs the following interesting passage:—"My observations prove that, independently of the cosmical matter which should be found near the sun, there exists about the body an atmosphere of great extent, exceedingly rare, and with a hydrogen base. This atmosphere, which doubtless forms the last gaseous envelope of the sun, is fed from the matter of the protuberances which is shot up with great violence from the interior of the photosphere. But it is distinguished from the chromosphere and the protuberances by a much smaller density, a lower temperature, and, perhaps, by the presence of certain different gases." Janssen proposes to call this the "coronal atmosphere," as he considers it to produce a large portion of the phenomena of the solar corona.

GLASS FROM GRANITE.—The *Baltic Journal* reports that there exists near several cities of Finland a kind of granite, called there *capakivi*, of which the composition is this: Silica, 74 per cent.; feldspar, 11; oxide of iron, 3; lime, 1; alkalies, with traces of magnesia, 9. This being evidently a good compound to make glass, the first experiment was consequently made by melting 500 parts granite and 200 limestone, and a white glass was obtained. The second experiment was made with 500 granite, 150 lime, and 75 of soda. This glass was more fusible, and at the same time harder. Both kinds were blown without difficulty, at a bright-red heat, while a dark glass was made by the addition of 70 parts of sulphate of lime or potash and 7 parts of carbon.

TO PRESERVE BREAD A LONG TIME.—Cut the bread into thick slices, and bake it in an oven, so as to render it perfectly dry. In this condition it will keep good for any length of time required. It must, however, be carefully kept from pressure; otherwise, owing to its brittleness, it will soon fall to pieces. When required for use, dip the bread for an instant into warm water, and then hold it before the fire till dry; then butter it, and it will taste like toast. This is a useful way of preserving bread for voyages, and also any bread that may be too stale to be eaten in the usual way.

LIPPENCOTTS for May contains a profusely illustrated sketch of Philadelphia, in which is presented, in an entertaining manner, much valuable information regarding one of the greatest and most attractive cities of America. Whymper's delightful reminiscences of his adventures in the Alps is still continued, affording a large amount of refreshing and exciting narrative. Mr. Black's serial novel, "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," presents, this month, features of interest even more marked than those which it has hitherto exhibited, the charming delineations of character in which the work abounds striking the reader more forcibly as the story proceeds. "On Foot in Navarre," by David G. Adee, is a sprightly discursive article touching the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the Basque inhabitants of the Pyrenees. "Rosemary" is a little poem, by Emma Lazarus, one of the most cultivated, thoughtful, and vigorous female poets of America. "Sisterhoods in England" is the title of a paper by Mrs. Sarah B. Wister, descriptive of the effort now being made by the Protestant world to adopt, to a certain extent, for philantrophic purposes, the Catholic conventual system. One of the principal institutions in England is very accurately and entertainingly described by the author, whose remarks are based upon actual observation; and a variety of other very interesting matter.

THE happiest member of the Woodhull family is the Doctor. He is dead.

WM. GOSSIP, so says a Halifax journal, deals in newspapers in that city. Names are sometimes appropriate.

For the Hearthstone.

IN A DREAM.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

My love by day is calm and cold
As marble saint, or sculpture stone ;
No word of passion dare I breathe
Altho' I love but her alone.
In stately beauty like the stars
She shines on me with Heavenly light,
While I in silence from afar
Bow down before her beauty bright.

Last night while darkness reigned around
And toil and care had sunk to rest
I had a dream, in rapture wild
I strained my darling to my breast.
No look of scorn was on her face,
In wondrous beauty did she gleam,
And kindly smiled upon me as,
I kissed my darling in a dream.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER III.

MISS GRANTLEY ADVISES.

The young master of Brookdale did not keep his promise to Laurence Drayton. He fenced with the subject after his own irresolute way, and though Drayton did not give it up, he had to do without him.

It was necessary, for Julia's sake, that the affairs of the estate should be looked into. Laurence had been partly determined to pay this visit by grave rumours which reached him in London, and by graver fears of indiscretion and extravagance shadowed out in a letter Miss Temple wrote to him.

That a man with an estate which produced seven or eight thousand a year should get into debt was simply incredible; and yet Eugene Temple was heavily in debt. Drayton had proved it beyond a doubt.

"And there must be a fatal drain somewhere," the journalist reflected, as he smoked a favourite pocket pipe in his own room when the house was quiet, "though I cannot see where at present. He plays billiards, but can hold his own moderately well, and would not, as a rule, lose, except with Grantley. He is certainly *au fait* in the game, and too much skill with the cue does not seem to me an excellent thing in a gentleman."

Laurence taxed his brain in vain to find the cause of the extra expenditure at Brookdale. The house was very full of company nearly always, it was true; but a man may spread his table liberally, and for a long time, without doing serious damage to such an income. There were too many servants in and about the house—wasteful, overfed, and careless, as badly managed servants are sure to be; but though badly managed servants are a sad outlet for unwatched moneys, the item was not enough to give a satisfactory explanation. "No," thought Laurence, when he had weighed these things, "there is some secret way by which the money goes, and I am very much at fault if Mr. Everard Grantley is not connected with that way. He has an air of mastery which I do not like, though he subdues it before me. He and his stately sister, too, conduct themselves more as if Brookdale belonged to them than to Eugene."

That set him thinking, if anything were to happen to Eugene and Julia, Brookdale would belong to them. They were the children of Ellen Temple, the only sister of two brothers, one of whom, Walter—Eugene's father—had only been dead two years, and the other, Clarence, had not been heard of for seventeen.

The history of the Temple family was no secret to Mr. Drayton. He had pondered over it frequently, as one of those strange bits of truth which come to light now and then, and startle the world into the confession that bare and barren facts tell stranger stories than ever yet were found in books.

This Clarence Temple, absent seventeen years from England, so far as his relations knew, was in his youth as great a reprobate as ever broke a parent's heart, or brought disgrace upon an ancient name simply and thoroughly by instinct and perverted self-will—a vagabond whom nothing could reclaim.

At school he outraged discipline, and was turned out. At college he committed such excess that his expulsion became a matter of necessity; and when he came of age his debts were of so discreditable a nature that his father paid them in shame and disgust, and allowing him a liberal income, sent him out of the country.

He went, but soon returned worse than ever. Brookdale, with all its belongings, was strictly entailed, and the dissolute heir would take no price, however large, to cut off the entail, and let the estate go to a worthier man.

Drunkard, gambler, atheist—altogether one of those singular men who seem born once in a century or so, for no purpose whatever, except to dishonour a proud race and pain their dearest friends—he took a sorry delight in the aversion he caused.

Suddenly he disappeared, after a violent scene with his father. He took a large sum of money with him, extorted partly by threats of what he would do if he did not get it, and partly by promises that he would leave the country, and reform or never return.

"You say I never kept a promise to man or woman," he said before he went, "and perhaps I never did; but I am going to begin. I promised to marry the woman I left behind me when I came down here, and so I will. She wants reforming almost as much as I do, so we will reform each other."

Old Mr. Temple listened with a shudder. This woman Clarence spoke of was one with whom he had formed a shameless *liaison* at a very early age—a dangerous adventuress, many years his senior, and the thought of her in the place sacred to the pure-minded, proud women of the Temples now was desecration.

He went, and was heard of no more, though advertised for at different times, and searched after when his father died. There was a hope, shared amongst all those who respected the Brookdale family, that the reprobate was past earthly judgment.

Over this story and other things Laurence Drayton pondered while the sea ran under the moonlight, miles away from Brookdale, yet so visible under the clear, cool sky, that he fancied he could see the ships gliding over its still surface, though each vessel seemed no bigger than a bird.

"It is just within the rage of possibility that this outcast is wandering about somewhere on the earth," he said to himself, "and may return one day or other. The consolation is, nobody would believe him."

He went on thinking under the cool and quiet sky, while there was not a sound in the great house. Eugene was sure to marry. He was just the kind of man whom the ladies of the limited society in that neighbourhood would be trained to try for; and if he married, what would become of Julia?

Over the possible answer to that question Mr. Drayton sighed. Who was there in this wide world worthy of that beautiful and pure young girl? She wanted a man with a deep and gentle sympathetic nature, and such men are not found easily.

"They would sacrifice her on the altar of fashion and position," he said, with much mental deprecation of the fashion and position a man of comparatively poor means finds so easy to despise, "give away, this fawn-eyed child to a rich, mindless worldling."

And Laurence Drayton drew a bitter picture of Julia Temple's inevitable husband.

"I am so much older, and so poor," he said, plaintively, "or things might have been different."

What troubled him most seriously was the strong though tacit, claim Everard Grantley made on his fair cousin. With all but Drayton it was, apparently, an accepted fact, and no one thought of disputing it. Even the Hon. Allan Colburn, wavering between the stately grace of Margaret Grantley on the one hand, and the childlike beauty of Miss Temple on the other, thought it "deuced hard, you know, that some fellows were allowed to put other fellows out of the way, you know."

That tacit claim troubled Laurence, and without knowing it, he had his revenge this same night. While he smoked his pipe and pondered, the Grantleys, brother and sister, made him the subject of grave discussion. They had suites of apartments adjoining, and having made their own choice, their apartment were not the least luxurious in the mansion.

Late as it was when Everard left the card-room, he found Margaret waiting for him. She had been at her night toilet, and her long black hair hung in heavy ripples to her waist. Even the coldly critical eye of her brother rested with admiration on the large outline of her somewhat massive figure in its dressing-robe.

"Margaret," he said, "why, I thought you were in bed hours ago."

"I sat up because I wanted to speak to you," she replied. "I was tired, but I could not sleep, Everard; I wonder how you can give your mind to a paltry game of cards for the sake of a few pounds while there is so much at stake."

"What is the matter now?"

Miss Grantley closed the door, and mentioned him to a chair. The troubled spirit within her gave her face a very gloomy look as she seated herself opposite to him.

"Who is this man, Laurence Drayton?" she asked, in the suppressed tone which always told him the stormy temper she generally had in such control was roused. "You have a dangerous rival in the house, Everard, and you seem blind."

"On the contrary," he said, quietly, "I have a very lively sense of it; but I do not see how he is to be dealt with. There is some old infernal sentimental friendship between them, and he presumes upon it to an extent that I, though I am her own cousin, dare not venture upon. She never kissed me willingly in her lifetime, but she watches this fellow, and listens to him as if she loved him with her whole heart and soul."

"And so she does. Do you think the signs and tokens of a girl's first love are new to me, Everard? I tell you your cousin Julia would give up her home at Brookdale and go with that newspaper writer to-morrow if he could only take her to a garret. You must get him out of the way, and keep him out of the way, or we may as well leave here—and you know what that means, I suppose?"

"Yes, I know," he said, gloomily; "it means shabby lodgings and privation, threadbare clothes, empty pockets, and a bitter struggle to keep up appearances. You might have managed better, Margaret."

"How?"

"You have been here long enough to try your game with Eugene. You are a handsome woman, and just old enough to be able to turn him round your finger. He is only a boy, and a boy is always at the mercy of a woman seven or eight years older than himself."

"My time will come," she said, "but not with him. Do you know what I heard Mr. Drayton telling Julia this morning?"

"No."

"It was the truth, too," she went on, bitterly; "I felt every word in my heart, Everard. 'Miss Grantley is a woman who never will be loved,' he said to her; 'a man might admire her, be proud of her magnificent presence, but the protective tender love men like to give, and women yearn for, will never be hers.' And he spoke the truth. I never shall be loved, yet I could love a good man with the whole strength of my heart," she added, passionately.

Mr. Grantley lifted his eyebrows in the slightest possible surprise.

"I never thought you were susceptible to the malady," he said, with the inflexion of a sneer. "I had an idea girls left it behind them with their short frocks and milk and water at school, when they cry over a recent sweetheart as they do over a broken doll."

Miss Grantley made no reply. She loved her brother with a kind of fetish worship, but he was not the man to whom she could lay bare her heart; he did not understand any demonstration of affection from a sister, and his wordly cynicism invariably repelled her.

"They will never send me from Brookdale," she said. "I can trust to Julia's affection and Eugene's chivalry for that; but you must be master here, Everard, and unless you act promptly you will lose your chance."

"Not while Eugene is in my power."

"Your power!" she said, impetuously. "Where would it be if in a weak moment he told his friend, Drayton, in what it consisted? Your power! Why it is a thread which the merest accident would snap. Have you read Laurence Drayton's character?"

"I see nothing in it but his confounded assumption," said Mr. Grantley, with an exceration. "He thinks himself as good, and a little better, than most people."

"He has a deep, instinctive knowledge of human nature," Margaret said, "and reads the men and women he meets as easily as you and I would read the chapters in a printed book. Apart from that, he has persistent, unflinching determination—a strong, nervous tenacity of purpose. Depend upon it, Everard, Laurence Drayton is a dangerous man to have in our way."

"I do not like him," muttered Everard; "I did not like him from the first, but I never attached so much importance to him as you do."

"You would if you were wise. Your chance *of one day being master here lies* in marrying Julia Temple, and it is worth a struggle, no matter who or what may be in the way."

Everard Grantley gave his sister a prolonged, intense gaze, which she met steadfastly. Whatever ominous significance he attached to her words was his own—her face, with its determined, unclosed lips and fathomless gray eyes, was as unreadable as the dull white marble countenance of Pallas on its pedestal in the corner.

"Remember what failure means," she said, after a protracted pause. "The wretched life of a ruined spendthrift, without friends or reputation, hampered by debt, worried by tradesmen —the humiliation of having to beg or borrow from those who, if they lend or give at all, do so in pity—compare the case and luxury here with the state of existence you left, and then you will remember what failure means."

"I do," he said, drawing a deep breath, "and if you help me, Margaret, we never shall have to realize it. Laurence Drayton may do his best and worst, but Brookdale shall be ours yet. Even if I fail with Julia, I have a way—Brookdale is worth risking something for."

THE GRANTLEYS COMPARE NOTES.

CHAPTER IV.

A PROPOSITION.

When Margaret Grantley said the customary "Good night!" to her brother, it was with a significance which seemed to impress upon him the necessity of keeping his purpose well in sight.

There was scarcely occasion for the silent reminder. Everard Grantley had a lively remembrance and a wholesome horror of the old times, when he was that most unfortunate of all beings—a poor gentleman, with a position to maintain.

He had obtained a progressive Government appointment through the influence of his father —a lightly-worked and heavily-salaried civil service man of the old school. The Grantleys had been a political family of some weight in their day—the day before independent press and newspapers, supported on their own merits by the people, laid bare some ugly facts concerning office jobbery and expensive sinecures. There was always a snug corner for a Grantley, till some dreadful democrat, who rose, heaven knows how, to the secretaryship of Everard's department, discovered some circumstances concerning him which did not reflect to his honour, and politely requested him to resign.

The senior Grantley—the spendthrift father of a spendthrift son—took it to heart that Everard should have lost the lucrative post he had been keeping warm for him, and would, doubtless, have cut him off with a shilling, could he have found any of his creditors sufficiently obliging to lend him one for that purpose. Being much too highly-bred a man to use strong language, even in the maledictory shape, he simply told his son to go to the friends among whom he had spent his money, and see what they would do for him.

It was a piece of gratuitous advice, and had the value of most advice. In Grantley senior it was ironical to an unfatherly degree, for Grantley senior had tried the experiment previously, with the success which invariably attends such experiments; and if Everard did not feel very keenly his dismissal from the paternal roof, it was because he left so little behind worth staying for.

The father continued to enjoy his place and its eleven hundred a-year, having got comfortably through his wife's little fortune, and worn out her heart, sometime before; while the son lived on town, with such help as he could get from his expensively-acquired skill at billiards, and other mediums for genteel swindling. Margaret, kept at home, because the civil service autocrat of doubtful morals found her cheaper than a housekeeper, sent Everard whatever money she could scrape together, and, cruelly torn between the parent she wanted to love and the brother she had a passionate affection for, gave the latter all her sympathy; yet, when the selfish old man died, she felt it deeply,

There was a mortgage on the lease, which the few unexpired years of its tenure would not cover. There was a bill of sale on the furniture and effects, including the splendid cellar of well-selected wines, of which Mr. Grantley thought with epicurean regret on his deathbed. The bailiffs were in procession on the morning after the funeral, and nothing but a bit of sharp legal practice on Everard's part saved the remainder of the last half-yearly payment of his father's pension from the hands of his father's creditors.

Margaret's short experience of life had been singularly bitter. The girl had a noble nature. She thought deeply, felt deeply, and had to exercise the clear, close reasoning faculty which many clever women possess, and in most cases without an adequate power of self-restraint. She was beautiful, and knew it. She had been a dutiful, devoted daughter, grateful if her patient love won a gentle word or a caress in recognition. She was her father's companion in health, his nurse in sickness, bearing uncomplainingly with his peevish, unjust repinings; and she saw the last days of her young beauty going in hopeless, thankless solitude, while other girls—mere pretty, useless dolls—had parents who used them with tender, thoughtful care.

She never took it upon herself to sit in judgment on her father's faults; but she knew he had been wasteful, vain, and selfish, throwing away golden opportunities, which other men would have utilized for the sake of such a daughter. He gave extravagant bachelor dinners when his money first came, and dined by himself at all other times, on the plea of his means, insisting, nevertheless, on little sybaritical dishes, and never troubling how Margaret fared. As for dress, he gave her liberty to wear what she pleased, always providing she did not go to him for the money.

From this state of privation she was rescued by his death, and then her uncle Walter sent for her. Walter Temple, the father of Eugene, had never been on friendly terms with his brother-in-law. His own private character would not have given him a place in the calendar of domestic saints, but he would have scorned to spend a woman's money, or use her selfishly. There was a story told of his having waited upon Mr. Grantley with a horsewhip, and given a practical exposition of his views regarding Grantley's treatment of his sister; and certain it was Grantley displayed a Stoic's fortitude in never allowing his name to be mentioned afterwards.

Walter Temple's feud did not go beyond the grave of his sister's husband. He wrote for the girl, and took her home, and sent for Everard, on whom he settled two hundred per annum, with an imperative intimation that it would cease on the recurrence of misconduct. A stern man and a just, he believed the young man would have been better had he had a better example; but he would not have taken the want of good example as an excuse for any dereliction on Everard's part when he had an income which would supply the moderate wants of any gentleman.

Everard had the good sense or policy to take the intimation with good grace. He expressed some dignified gratitude at the unexpected kindness, and said his chief care had been for his sister—he wanted nothing; he could make his own way in the world now that she was beyond the reach of want. He said much more to the same effect, which Walter Temple received with a reservation at the time, but Everard acted up to his professions. There was such an exemplary change in his conduct that eventually he became a regular inmate of the house at Brookdale.

Mr. Walter Temple added his name to the long scroll on the marble tablets in Brookdale vault at a somewhat early age, and he was not sorry that his two delicate children were in their cousin's care. Keen-sighted as he was, he failed to perceive the restless, brooding discontent under which both the Grantleys suffered, and how they hated the semi-dependence of their position.

Margaret's noble nature was so warped by early suffering that the dread of poverty was to her the dread of the greatest human ill. She compared her own position with her cousin Julia's, and Eugene's with Everard's. It was hard to know that she and her brother were in reality little more than pensioners on the bounty of their rich young relations.

"They are a helpless boy and girl," she had often said to herself, "but they are the master and mistress of Brookdale, and we are entirely at their mercy. The riches of this world are not given out fairly, for is it not the little plain women and insignificant men who ride in carriages and wear lace and diamonds, while beautiful girls and stately men pass on the pavement threadbare?"

She had not always hated poverty like this. There was a time when she did her duty well, and prayed without a fierce rebellious desire for Mammon rising in her heart to check the prayer: but Margaret Grantley had sent the only man she ever loved from her because he was poor, and she would not drag him down by sharing his lot.

He was but the son of a country gentleman with a limited income and a large family, yet Alexander Fleming was of all men the one Miss Grantly would have chosen—a stalwart fellow, with a kingly nature. Resolute, brave, and gentle, he made her love him by the mere force of his love for her, and it was a bitter struggle when he tore the proud woman's secret from her only to hear her say that she could not be his wife.

He told her he would wait, for twenty years if necessary; he told her he knew the cause of her refusal of him, but, being certain of her love, he did not care, he would return when he was rich enough to satisfy her taste for luxury.

There was no sarcasm of anger in this. Alexander Fleming knew her rooted antipathy to the miserable shifts educated poverty has to make; taught by dire experience during her father's time, the proud, splendid woman was worth working and waiting for, and when, on going away, he had her solemn promises that, even to the grave, no other man should call her wife, he was sure of her faith to the end,

But he went, and she heard no more of him. The dreary years dragged their slow length out, and no tidings came. She had one atom of comfort which she lived on for a long period. He had promised to write as soon as he made some progress—before, in case he should be taken ill—and he carried about with him everywhere a written paper, asking any friend or stranger to write to Margaret Grantley and tell her what had happened. This letter was to be used in case of sudden death or accident.

But as the time wore on and no tidings came, no word to tell of progress, no letter speaking of death or accident, she began to have misgivings as to his faith. She had told their love story to her brother in parable, and asked him how he thought a man would behave in such a case, and the wordly cynic replied in this wise—

"Why, if she did not hear from him for five years, as you say, she might take it for granted he was at the bottom of the sea, or married—most likely married—single men are no use in the colonies."

Added to this there was a pained remembrance that Alexander Fleming had taken her rejection of him very quietly. She began to wonder whether it was genuine love or passionate admiration he had felt for her, and the dreary years of silence did their work in killing hope. That was why the words spoken by Laurence Drayton went home so keenly.

Everard made a point of seeing his cousin Eugene alone during the next day. It was in the afternoon, and Eugene was in a state of *dolce far niente* with a book when Grantley found him. The master of Brookdale's tastes and habits were of the most effeminate order.

"Where is Julia?" Grantley asked. "I do not find her in the house."

"Out with Drayton, most likely. They are generally together when he is here."

"They were not together so much two years ago."

"My dear fellow, two years ago, or nearer three, if you take the trouble to reflect, Julia was a child, with a governess by her side as a rule."

"That is just it, Eugene. And now she is a young woman, much too old and too handsome to be played with and fondled by your London friend. If you think it wise to your sister Julia, you cannot say it is fair to me."

Eugene looked for an explanation from the luxurious depth of his sofa.

"Fair to you! What?"

"I have been quite a secondary personage in the house since Mr. Drayton arrived," said Everard, in an injured tone. "The fellow has not a morsel of delicacy. He sees that Julia belongs to me, as it were. At any rate, he must see that a perfect understanding exists between us, and he simply ignores it. He treats me altogether with a most ungentlemanly want of consideration."

"Mr. Drayton never did anything ungentlemanly," said Eugene, gravely. "He is a man whom my father esteemed highly, and he has been our truest friend ever since I can remember. As for Julia, she is very fond of him, as a pet sister might be of a big brother—though what you mean by a perfect understanding between her and yourself I am at a loss to comprehend."

"Have we not talked of it a hundred times?" said Everard, reproachfully.

"Well, yes, in a general way—a thing to be looked at years hence, but entirely out of the question at present. Frankly, I don't think Julia cares much for you."

Grantly bit his lip under the unpalatable truth.

"I am willing to rest by the result of trying how far that is true or not, so that you are with me," he said, evidently annoyed that Eugene spoke so carelessly. "You have taken a new turn with me lately, Eugene."

"Have I? Well, perhaps I have been thinking a little for myself," was the cool reply, "I am older than I was, and I cannot expect you to always think and act for me."

"This is since Mr. Drayton came," said Everard, with a tinge of bitterness he could not suppress. "You are very independent just now, Eugene. You appear to forget the interests we have in common."

The master of Brookdale was in a mode which was not unusual with him when he was entirely in repose. His general temperament was extremely nervous and sensitive; but at times he was gifted with singular equanimity. This equanimity was upon him at present.

"We have interests in common, by which I am considerably a sufferer," he said tranquilly. "Drayton has found out I am in debt, and taxes me so closely for a reason I scarcely know how to answer him, unless I confess my almost criminal weakness, and take his advice how to get out of it."

"Do, if you want to ruin yourself," said Grantley, with a sneer; but his hand trembled, and his face was pale as ashes. "As I have told you before, she cannot last for ever, and you will not have to make many more payments. Take your friend into your confidence if you like, but think of the consequence to your sister."

"It is not that so much as I think of the consequence to Brookdale." Eugene said, quietly: "but I am prepared to meet the end if it must come, though it would be a terrible thing for poor Julia."

"Keep your promise Eugene, and give her to me."

Eugene shook his head.

"If she had shown any striking predilection for you, I would not have stood in the way," he said, "and you are welcome to try what chance you have as it is; but to tell you the truth, old fellow, I like you better as a cousin than I should as a brother-in-law."

"May I inquire why?"

"*N'importe!* Perhaps I do not think you the kind of man she would be happy with. You see, she is my only sister, and I had rather she made her own choice."

"Still I may try?"

"Yes, and welcome to such a chance of success as you have," added the master of Brookdale, as his cousin went out. "No, my dear Everard, you may be the faithfullest of friends, and the most affectionate of cousins, but I would rather give to Laurence Drayton if he had but a two-roomed cottage, than to you if you had all Brookdale."

CHAPTER V.

REJECTED.

It was evident to the inmates at Brookdale that there was little or no affection wasted between Mr. Grantley and Laurence Drayton. The latter imperturbable gentleman did not let the fact disturb him in the least; neither did he pay the slightest attention to the claim upon Julia, which her cousin took pains to make manifest after the interview with Eugene.

"He has such a hold on Temple, on account of some sentimental friendship or other, that he is simply intolerable," Everard said to the Hon. Allan Colburn, who having been made to feel something like mental inferiority on one or two occasions, took part with Everard. "It's an unfair thing for a man to come into a house and interfere with an engagement that everyone knows of."

"Wouldn't stand it if I were you," said the Hon. Allan; "wouldn't on my word!"

"How would you act?"

"How? Why, you see, tell him of it," said Mr. Colburn, not quite perceiving a definite course of action; "say that it's unfair from one gentleman to another, and——"

The subject of their conversation stalking quietly in, sent the Hon. Allan's ideas to flight, and occasioned an awkward pause.

"Do not let me interrupt you," observed Drayton, blandly.

"We were just saying how very full London must be about this time," said the Hon. Allan. "I suppose you know a great many people in London, Mr. Drayton?"

"Yes; my circle of acquaintances is tolerably extensive."

"Never met you anywhere that I remember."

"It is scarcely likely that you should have met me, Mr. Colburn. I, in common with most of my brethren, keep as much as possible out of the charmed circle which is peculiarly yours. There are, difficult as you may find it to believe, several hundred of us who actually contrive to exist without society, as the term is understood. My London circle does not touch Belgravia or Mayfair, and neither of my clubs is in Pall Mall, yet I manage to live without being thoroughly miserable."

"Mr. Drayton's views are rather democratic," Grantley observed. "I can assure you, Colburn, he has no keen admiration of your set. It is his privilege, as a writer in the papers, to show you what you are not, and make you lamentably aware of your natural deficiencies."

"We have a way of taking men and things at their proper value," said the journalist, easily. "Ours is hardly-earned experience, and we profit by it."

"That is to say, you study manners from a professional point of view. I suppose, Mr. Drayton, you prefer the company of artistic and literary men to gentlemen."

The last word was not spoken without hesitation, but Grantley's bitterness would not let him keep it in, although he uttered it with a fear that the deliberate insolence would bring upon him a form of recognition for which he was not prepared.

"I prefer the company of men of character in its double sense—that is to say, men of honour and brain—to the company of gentlemen, as *you* understand the word, Mr. Grantley."

"And they say a man can be judged by the company he keeps."

"An inconsequent remark at the present moment—illogical always as most proverbs are. For instance, if you saw an honourable man in company with a rascal, which one would you judge the other by?"

"Permit me to take it as an enigma, and give it up?"

"Well, you would scarcely judge the rascal to be an honourable man because you saw him in company with one; nor could you, by the same rule, fairly condemn the man of honour for having a rascal on his arm. Men do not always know their friends, and rascals have an ingenious way of picking up profitable acquaintances."

Grantley thought it advisable to change the topic. It was growing warm, and he recollected that Laurence Drayton, as a London man, was probably acquainted with various members of the civil service.

"I shall do no good while you are here," he reflected, "and I may fall even with Julia through you; and if I do, so much the worse for her and you, and Eugene, whom you have so strongly in control."

He had that presentiment of failure when, thanks to his sister's care, he saw Julia alone late one evening. He had not taken immediate advantage of Eugene's permission, but waited, like a diplomatist, till he could lead up to a favourable opportunity.

And he thought the time had come now. Eugene was away on a visit to Haikin, the residence of Mr. Wyatt, to whose daughter he was partly engaged.

Laurence was at work in his study, writing hard at his long neglected book, and Margaret had claimed the Hon. Allan Colburn for her own.

They were out for a ramble over the hills, and Miss Grantley was careful to keep her companion at a distance, which gave her brother every chance.

Everard paused with his cousin on a height overlooking the sea, and stood in silence for some moments looking into the distance, as if his thoughts were very far away. He took a very tender tone of sentiment when he spoke.

"Do you like to stand here, Julia, watching the stately ships out there with such an air of mystery about them? They always wear an air of mystery to me; they seem to possess a silent knowledge of the far-off, unknown lands they have been to—the souls they have on board."

He was uttering very worn-out commonplace, but it sounded sympathetic to the young girl.

"And I have such thoughts of what I might do if I had the courage to tear myself away from here," he went on. "I envy the brave fellows who can trust themselves to that mighty sea, leave home and friends behind them, and toil for those they love—envy and wonder at them, yet I need not, for they have the grand incentive."

She looked at him with grave surprise—this tender tone was new and strange.

"They have the knowledge of being loved, prayed for, waited for, and I seem such a poor, purposeless wretch—I have seen nothing, done nothing, but suffered myself to drift into a helpless and dependent condition here. I envy your brother's friend, Julia."

"My brother's friend!"

"Mr. Drayton. The man has travelled, worked, made himself a certain sort of name, which gives him self-respect, and then—you love him!"

"Yes," said Julia, softly; "I am very fond of Laurence—he is as dear to me as my own brother."

"And is he dear to you in no other sense?"

"Everard!"

"If you knew how much depended on the answer you would not be angry. Oh, Julia! if you knew how jealously, how tenderly, I have watched your growth to womanhood, fearing that some one would come to take my sweet cousin from me before even she knew how passionately I loved her. Julia——"

He would have put his arm round her waist, but she drew back in proud astonishment.

"You had better take me home, Everard. Margaret and Mr. Colburn seem to have lost us."

"Answer me before we go," he pleaded. "Try to love me, Julia. Say that you will! You would if you could; but think what I have suffered during these last few days, since another—a stranger—has come between us. Say that you will!"

Her whole heart said "No!" He was not a favourite, though he was her cousin, and when he spoke, there rose distinctly before her the form and face—the kind, thoughtful face—of her girlhood's hero, Laurence Drayton. It was more than sisterly affection which made her turn towards Brookdale with a clinging wish to be with him, and away from Everard.

"Take me home, please," she said, quietly. "I did not expect this from you, Everard."

"Are you so pitiless?" he said, bitterly. "Do you know what agony there is in a man's rejected love, Miss Temple—the pain of a hope driven back without mercy? You are very young to have learned your lesson so well."

"I am very, very sorry!"

"Surely, Julia, if I wait——"

"Do not ask me," she said, piteously. "It never, never can be."

"Is it because I am so poor?"

Deeply as the question pained her, she met it bravely. She pitied him, because she believed he was sincere, and almost asked herself whether it would not be her duty to sacrifice her own inclination for his sake; but a glance into the future—such a future as it would be with him—made her recoil with a heart-shudder.

"If you were master of all these broad lands," she said, indicating the wide space round her home, "it would make no difference to me, Cousin Everard—just as, if I loved you as you want me to, it would make no difference to me if you were one of those poor fishermen down yonder. And now take me home."

He bowed, and gave her his arm, accepting his destiny with a blended air of chivalry and martyrdom which touched her.

"Do you know what this means to me?" he asked, lowly. "Can you understand how much depended on your reply, when I tell you I am going to leave Brookdale?"

"Leave Brookdale!"

"Yes," he said, with a resigned sigh. "I had often thought of doing so. Mine has been a life of inactivity here, Julia; but I was loth to tear myself away while I thought you cared for me, and while I thought I was, perhaps, of some use to Eugene. But there is one now to fill my place with both of you, and I shall not be missed very much."

"I shall be sorry if you go, Everard, and through me. Surely we can go on in the old way, as if this evening had never been?"

He shook his head moodily.

"It might be easy for you, Julia. To me it would be impossible. I hope I have my share of moral courage; but it does not take me to the Spartan extent of being daily with the one I love, and receiving from her less than the kindness she gives to a stranger. I am not a hero, I suppose. I am only a man, with a man's sensitiveness on those points that touch a man most deeply."

Julia reproached herself for her own obduracy on the homeward walk, but could not alter her decision. Reasoning on the subject, she found much in Mr. Grantley's favour. He was handsome to the point of being distinguished-looking; was brilliant in the small things that make life graceful, and gifted to a rare degree with the larger gifts which bring fame and position. Reason said that much for him—told her to respect and admire him—and then instinct stepping in, showed her how very far her heart was from him.

They were nearly home before they saw Margaret and the Hon. Allan Colburn. Miss Grantley exchanged a glance with her brother, and received one in reply which made her dark brows lower ominously. Her lip curled slightly at him. She either set a high value on a man's power of mastery, or a small value on woman's power of resistance, for it seemed pitiful to her that Everard should have failed to win a girl like Julia.

"You played the truant, my dear Julia," she said, playfully.

But her cousin did not reply. She had caught the exchange of glances, and it suggested even to her unsuspicious mind that they had not lost each other entirely by accident.

Laurence Drayton was still at work, and Miss Temple was left to her own devices, with Mr. Colburn as an alternative. She preferred her own devices, slender as they were, and was careful to avoid Everard for the remainder of the evening.

That gentleman had no desire to face his sister; but she touched him on the arm as he was going up stairs. He followed her, with rather a shamefaced air of submission, into one of the side rooms leading from the hall.

"Have you failed?" she asked. "But I see you have. I thought you had more skill, more courage, than to be baffled by a girl."

"A girl is harder to deal with than a woman," he said, gloomily. "A girl's the most heartless creature on the face of this fair earth, except where she sets her fancy. I have failed with her, Margaret; but that does not mean utter failure."

"It means the loss of Brookdale, Everard—the return to the old drudgery on your part, at least, for you cannot stay here long."

"It is not my intention to stay," said Mr. Grantley, calmly. "I have other work in hand, and I will not remain here a moment longer than is necessary. That fellow will know all that has taken place before to-morrow is over, and it would not be pleasant to have him smiling over my defeat."

"How did she treat you?"

"Very much as any other girl would, under the circumstances. You are all more or less alike in those things. When I was pathetic she pitied me; when I was reproachful she was magnanimously silent. It is wonderful how placidly magnanimous a woman can be when she does not mean to let a man have his way."

"What are you going to do now?"

"To look after our interests," he said, smiling with his lips shut. "We have a very uncertain tenure here, Margaret. Master Eugene defied me openly the other day. I had to ask his consent to speak to Julia, and he gave it in a very cool manner; and he begins to think himself competent to manage his own affairs, with some little help from Mr. Drayton."

"Did you hint at——"

"Oh, yes, and he told me quietly he was considering whether it would not be better to tell his friend everything, and take his advice. I had to restrain him, by asking him whether it would be wise for Julia's sake."

"Well, then, what will you do?"

He looked at her fixedly for a moment, deliberating whether or not to take her into his confidence; and after a pause, he said—

"You must remain here, Margaret, to help me while I am away. I had better not say too much just yet. Eugene does not seem inclined to make me so much his friend, nor to be so liberal as formerly. Perhaps it would be different if Clarence Temple were to return, or his son, if he left one, and I think he did."

"And if he did?"

"He might be grateful to me if I found him and restored him to his inheritance," said Everard. "He is somewhere in the world, I am sure, and I do not feel as if I shall do my duty unless I assist him to his own. My sense of duty would not be so keen, perhaps, if Eugene were more tractable; but he is not so grateful as he might be, considering what I have done for him."

Margaret Grantley withdrew her gaze from him, and her clasped hands dropped in front of her with a heavy sigh. Gloomy, remorseful resolution was in her dark gray eyes as she left the room with her head bowed low.

(To be continued.)

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know,
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white;
This is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to His fold;
Watching they listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Peering so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blanket round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
'God guide and keep them from going astray.'

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IN AFTER-YEARS;

OR,

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XI.

Since the day on which the girls escaped by a hair-breadth falling into Sir Richard's clutches on board the "Skeelly Skipper," they had been almost prisoners in Mrs. Cox's lodging house.

They had such an innate horror of their grandfather that no sacrifice seemed too great if they could thereby avoid the risk of again being subject to his power, perhaps to be brought to Scotland and again a second time doomed to the most painful of all deaths, shut up in the north tower; or, worse still, linger out a long, weary existence, to end probably in death by starvation within the iron cage, that once seen had become to both almost a daily horror, which, bound by the promise made to their father, they dared not disclose.

From the day of their visit to the ship they had only once ventured abroad, and then, although their faces were veiled by double crape veils and their figures wrapped up in large shawls, so that not a lineament of either could be recognized they were miserable with fear, dreading every footfall they heard behind would bring Sir Richard with his fierce eyes and wicked mocking voice.

Adam was at his wits' end. The brave old man did not fear Sir Richard for himself, but he did for the children, who were dearer to him than all else in the world.

The confinement they were subject to in their avoidance of Sir Richard was enough of itself to kill them, in the opinion of one who had spent his life in the open air among the hills of Scotland.

He had exhausted every conceivable way by which he could find out Lady Hamilton's residence that had occurred to himself or to any other he had consulted on the subject, and as a last resource he wrote to his nephew Longman, requesting him to go himself to Inchdrewer and find out Lady Hamilton's address from the housekeeper there.

Pending the arrival of Longman's answer to his letter, he spent his time in wandering about among the Squares and family mansions of the West-end, examining door-plates, and making such inquiries of male servants whom he was fortunate enough to meet and knew by their dress to be house servants, which he hoped would lead to the object he sought.

It was on his return from one of these fruitless errands that the unfortunate rencontre with Sir Richard and Catchem took place.

Adam was accustomed to return by five o'clock each evening so as to put down the dinner cloth and wait on the table for the young ladies.

On the evening in question the old cracked clock told five, six, seven, and yet Adam came not.

The dinner was served by Susan in the best way she could, but those she waited on were too anxious for the safety of the old servant to swallow a single mouthful. By eight o'clock their anxiety had deepened into dread, and in order to comfort them Mrs. Cox proposed to send her son in search of the old man.

Master George Cox, lawyer's clerk and poet, was a good-natured fellow, and hated to see any one in trouble, most of all women, and more particularly those young ladies, one of whom he had made up his mind to marry, and accordingly he determined that it would not be his fault if before ten o'clock he had not discovered and brought home Adam, as he expressed it, "to dry the tears and pour consolation into the sorrow-laden souls of the twin sisters of the Lake-washed mountains."

He had taken upon himself more than it seemed probable he could possibly accomplish. He went to the booksellers' shops, fruit shops, in short, everywhere he knew Adam to be in the habit of going, or that it was at all likely he would have been, with uniform want of success, the same answer was returned everywhere;—no one had seen the old man that day.

As a last resource he betook himself to the policemen stationed on the various beats from Holborn to the Strand, and at last hit on the very man who had aided in the capture of the old man.

"A grim looking strong like old man, dressed in coarse gray clothes, with a Highland cap and thunderers of shoes ornamented with silver buckles?" said the policeman interrogatively, putting a question in answer to the one made to himself by Mr. George.

"Yes, exactly," replied the latter, delighted to have at last found one who had at last seen the one he sought. "When did you see him last?"

"Just before tea time. Is he any friend of yours?"

Something in the expression of the man's face as he spoke warned George that his answer must be a careful one.

"No, he is no friend of mine, but I promised one who wishes to see him to try and find him out to-night."

"Well," replied the policeman, to whom Catchem had *forgotten* to pay the stipulated price for his assistance, and whose former experience of that worthy assured him that his right to such in full would be questioned on the plea that the lawyer had himself captured his man, and saw in the present an opportunity of repaying guile by guile in letting the friends of the old man know into whose hands he had fallen. "I am afraid you won't see him to-night, but I saw him taken into a cab by Catchem, the lawyer in Cecil street, and another gentleman, and he didn't seem at all willing to go."

"Do you know where they drove to?"

"No," replied the conscientious guardian of the public rights. He was afraid to say more. Catchem knew too much of his own antecedents, and might make his present situation too hot for him. "I don't; they drove to the west; that's all I know."

That was what he did not know. They had driven in an opposite direction.

George turned his face homewards with more hope of ultimately finding Adam than he expected to have been able to indulge in an hour before.

The gentleman who went with Adam and Catchem was, he had no doubt, the tall, grey-haired man who came to the office every day, and who he had heard, while listening at the keyhole, speaking of Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame; and he wisely determined to tell all he knew about Adam and the tall grey-haired gentleman to the twins, promising to obtain more information as to where Adam had been taken to, perhaps to-morrow, but certainly in the course of a few days.

How that information was to be obtained, merely by listening at the sanctum door, his ear placed in the closest proximity to the key-hole, he wisely kept to himself.

He did not reach the paternal mansion until eleven o'clock. As he let himself in with his latch-key he saw that all was quiet and darkness in the ground flat and basement, his prudent mother having turned off the gas in the hall previous to going upstairs, as she said to Susan, "to try and comfort those poor lonely things."

Susan having been to their apartments to mend the fires and sweep the hearths, returned to her mistress with the information "that the young ladies were crying like to break their hearts."

Mr. George rightly guessed where his mother was, and making the best of his way to the first floor parlour front, now the peculiar property of the twins, he slowly opened the door and admitted himself, saying as he entered:

"I've found him."

"Oh, Adam, where have you been?" exclaimed both girls in one breath, as they rushed past Mr. George into the dark passage, where they expected to find the old man. They saw by the light streaming from the open door of their own parlour, that he was neither in passage or staircase, and they now turned to Mr. George, their white faces upturned to his, begging for an explanation.

"I said I found him," was the hasty reply of the half-frightened lad, as he looked at the swollen eyes and white faces of the girls. "I know who he's with, and I daresay I'll bring him to-morrow, if you'll only have patience. I'll tell you about it, mother; you'll understand about the London police better than them young ladies."

"Yes, my son," was the pleased reply of his mother to the compliment to her sagacity and wisdom implied in his request that she would hear his story.

"The police, oh! he's in prison. Sir Richard has put him into prison because he cannot find us," said Margaret, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, "he will die of cold."

"No, he's no such thing as in prison, and if he was he wouldn't die of cold there. Do you suppose they haven't fires in the prison?" The young man said this in a tone which showed the impatience he felt at not being allowed to tell what he had been doing in their service all the evening, and having thus secured himself a hearing, he related to his mother, not in the most concise manner every inquiry he had made, every answer given, where and by whom, Mrs. Cox uttering an occasional "Oh, dear, dear, did you though?" as an interjectional remark indicative of her feelings as sympathy or astonishment at his patience and bravery in continuing his search so far from home and so late into the night swayed her.

When at last the girls understood that all the information summed itself up in what the policeman had said they were ready again to give themselves to despair in the thought that they had seen Adam for the last time.

Mrs. Cox and her son did the best they could to comfort them, the latter assuring his hearers that the old greyhaired gentleman with whom Adam now was, spent several hours every day in his master's office and that at no distant period he would bring them word where their servant could be found.

The cracked clock struck one as the poet having added the last two lines to a new verse of his long poem, stood pulling on his nightcap at the square foot of looking glass hanging above his *study table* as he called it to Susan, when it was necessary to warn her not to interfere with his papers.

The cap strings were tied below his chin, the tassel hung becomingly to one side, he was always an ardent admirer of his own beauty, and the hours of exertion passed in the open air had given a hue to his complexion which made it just then peculiarly attractive, he smiled a pleased smile, but his mood was contemplative and sober, his mind was occupied in a retrospective review of his feelings and the resolution they induced him to adopt of forsaking his allegiance to Maria Theresa Hopkins, and marrying one of the twin sisters.

"What a fix I would have been in with one of them weeping pale faced things;" he mentally exclaimed, "kicking up such a row about an old scotch fool, and never once thanking me for all the the trouble I took, and me scarcely eating anything at my tea in my hurry to oblige them; "Yes" said he aloud as he thought of what might have been the consequence of his over zeal in their cause "and if it war'nt for the little snack of something mother brought up to her room to give me after I came in, I would have gone to bed hungry enough;"

"There's a difference in dulse," continued he as he thought of how differently Maria Theresa would have behaved under the circumstances, "The last time I was in Farringdon street, she insisted on my partaking of stewed oysters and chops before I left the house, not that I care for such things, not I, not at all, but it shews attention, and tells you that you are an object of consideration."

"I have made an escape that's all," he gave a sigh of relief as he threw himself into his cane seated arm chair and pushed it a little back so as to enable him to see at his ease the attractive picture presented to him in the mirror, the contemplation thereof speedily restored him to his good humour; his eye now fell from the miror to the M. S. (as he delighted to call all the scribbling he perpetrated) of his long poem and lifting up the paper he read in solemn accents with knitted brow and waving hand the effusion of the past hour.

"Pale Margaret by her father's tomb
Her fair head o'er the sculpture bending.
The evening star, the twilight gloom
New graces to her sweet face lending."

Having read it several times over he laid it down with a perfectly satisfied air saying as his eyes again sought the mirror.

"That's just as good poetry as there is any use for, no wonder I always got the prize for poetry at school Mr. Thompson used to say he would pit me against any boy in Farringdon within for verse; so he might, I'll go and see Maria Theresa to morrow, she will have cause one day soon to be proud of her poet lover, and one good thing she doesn't know a thing about the twin sisters, she wont suspect that I've been roaming; and yet I must not forsake the twins in their present distress, no.

"I'll bid impervious passion rest,
And act a brother's part."

That will be the best thing for all parties, I'll find out old Adam for them and anything else they wish to know that's between Catchem and the old un, perhaps I'll be able to hear something of that Lady Hamilton that Adam used to go hunting about day and night after, if I do, I daresay she'll find some good match for the one I was to have married and that'll be as well for her, and suit me and Maria Theresa better; and now it's all settled I'll go to bed."

"Golly!" exclaimed Mr. George as the cracked clock chimed two o'clock, putting out his tongue and winking to the wall, "wouldn't mother read the riot act if she knew I had been writing to two in the morning."

The poor girls in the first front parlour spent the night in alternately weeping and praying for the delivery of their faithful servant from the hands of their Grandfather; occasionally a step would disturb the usually quiet precincts of the Inn as some one of the other inhabitants who abroad later than usual was returning to his home, and then both girls would run down the staircase and listen at the door, until the footstep passed and the opening of a door higher up in the court told them it was not the footstep they so longed for, that had disturbed the quiet night.

Towards the dawn, Agnes who had been ill from headache during the previous day lay down upon the couch in the little parlour and her sister sitting by her, at last saw the heavy eyelids fall and every sense and sorrow forgotten in happy sleep.

This was what Margaret had been wishing for all the restless night, and going into her bedroom she returned with a shawl, with which she carefully covered her sister, and throwing open the window turned her face up to the grey patch of sky above the court.

Day was dawning and the plan she had been revolving in her own mind for the past few hours was speedily put in force, she dressed herself in a crape veil and large shawl, and carefully shutting the parlour shutters so that favoured by darkness her sister's sleep might be more profound, she softly descended the staircase and without disturbing the sleeping inmates left the house and was out on the deserted and silent street in search of Adam.

She knew not which direction to take, no one was stirring in the grey light of the early morn, and she stood for a few minutes after entering into Holborn at a loss as to how she was to proceed;

A stray dog passed, a poor maimed thing limping along, she thought of old Cæsar, (the same who had been the only living thing to welcome Sir Richard when he came back to his own house,) even he was a sort of companion amid the wilderness of grimy soot blacked brick houses towering on either side of the narrow street, and the decayed vegetables and other offal of various kinds which strewed the pavement, each in it's turn according to what was sold in the shop from where the debris had been swept the previous night, and now awaited the scavenger to be taken away.

"Cæsar, Cæsar," said the speaking in a subdued voice as if she feared the bricks and stones around her had ears, and some of them would start up to claim the dog and reprove her for making up to him, but no one heard except Cæsar himself, and he poor brute unaccustomed to kindly tones, could not believe at first the words were meant for him, but when the name was repeated which happened to be his own he at once crossed the street wagging his tail as if he had found a long lost friend.

Margaret stooped down and patted his rough shaggy coat.

"Poor thing," said she, "perhaps you are as lonely as myself in this great ugly street, shew me the way I will take to find Adam."

She stood up, looking in the dog's face as if waiting for a reply, he wagged his tail and walking on followed by Margaret led the way through one street and then another, until when men began to stir and carts laden with

ment and market store passed by, she knew that she had wandered far from Thaives Inn but where she was, she knew not.

A waggon whose raised benches were one mass of blossoms passed slowly by, the man who owned it taking special care that his horses' pace should not denude the flowers of their petals and so damage their sale; Margaret stood entranced, an intense lover of nature whether seen in sea or sky, bird or flower, she gazed with a feeling almost akin to love for the beautiful inanimate things which passed by dressed in their goodly raiment of rainbow God given hues; and the lonely girl said in her heart "God who careth for all these and sendeth his fresh wind to blow upon, the goodly sunshine and sweet dewdrops to nourish each graceful cup and bell in it's own home by the cool river, under the shade of forest trees or on mountain top, will surely save and keep alive poor old Adam, who so putteth his trust in Him."

The flower waggon passed by, and Margaret still following her dumb companion, walked slowly on and on, looking carefully to each side of the way in hopes of seeing Adam, and as the sun rose in the heavens and the streets began to fill with busy men and women going to their daily toil her spirits rose, she thought surely he too will come out, by and by I shall find Adam." But no, no Adam ever greeted her wistful eyes; she had walked a long way, and felt so weary that she determined to retrace her steps, she thought "*perhaps* Adam is at home by this time and if Agnes is awake he will go out again to search for me, I will go home at once and so prevent the chance of this," but the question now occurred, "how am I to find my home ?"

"Where am I ?" she asked of a passer by.

"Where are you," repeated the man in tones of surprise "you are in London."

"I know that but what part of London ?"

"Can't you use your eyes, you're right beside the Angel in Islington."

The man was going to his work, and she saw he did not care to be stopped by her questions, and she looked around for some one else to tell her what direction she should take to reach Holborn.

A large man, with a jolly good natured looking face, came out from the house by which she stood and signing to a man driving a light chaise waited its approach; this was a good opportunity of finding her way without being a hindrance to the one of whom she made her inquiries and stepping up to him she asked if he would shew her the way to Halborn.

"Yes, I'll do that," was the reply, evidently given with a feeling of surprise; "but you're a long way from Holborn."

"I daresay," was the simple answer; "it has taken me a long time to come here."

"What, did you come from there this morning ?"

"Yes."

"But you did not walk ?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, looking up in the man's face with a sweet smile.

"You've been early astir."

"Yes," said Margaret, without thinking of the impression her words would make, and that she was talking to a stranger. "I left the house at daybreak; I was not in bed all night."

"And you walked here this morning ?"

"Yes."

"You must be very tired."

"I am a little tired, and would like to go the nearest way home."

"Well, the nearest way is a long way for a young girl like you to walk. You'd better ride."

She had thought this herself, but she had left her purse on the toilet table, and therefore concluded it was impossible. It did not occur to her that she could make the cabman wait for his money while she went into the house to get it, and colouring deeply as she spoke, lest the man should think it was poverty which prevented her from taking his advice, she replied:

"No, I prefer to walk."

The man tried to make her understand how she was to find her way; but it seemed a hopeless task, and at last he said:

"You are surely a stranger in this part of London ?"

"Yes, it is a very short time since I came from Scotland—only a few days."

"And who showed you the way here from Holborn ?"

"This dog," said she, pointing down to Cæsar.

"Well, that's capital," said the man, indulging in a hearty laugh. "If you brought the dog from Scotland he doesn't know much more of the road than yourself."

"He's not my dog," said she, blushing more deeply than before; but I met him on the street just as I came out, and as he and myself were the only living beings on the street, we made friends."

"Oh, that's too good, that's too good," replied the man, almost convulsed with laughter. "Now tell me what number in Holborn you live in ?"

"Number 3, Thaives' Inn, Holborn."

"Why, that's George Cox's mother's."

"Yes, we live at Mrs. Cox's lodging house."

The man had a daughter of his own just Margaret's age; he thought of her and said:

"Now, I'll tell you what. I'm just going there this minute in that one-horse shay," pointing as he spoke to the light chaise which he had signaled for, "you'd better come with me, and if you like we'll bring the dog too."

"I would like to go ever so much if it would not be troubling you, and if I thought I was not stealing the dog."

"No danger of that, he's been turned out to die. Come away."

[*To be continued.*]

THE ORIGIN OF LACE.

One fine morning last spring, while hunting after old books in a curiosity shop, I made the acquaintance of a very respectable old person, who furnished me with some curious details about lace-making, of which I was previously totally ignorant, and which, perhaps, some of my readers will not regret learning. This original personage is simply a lace cuff, as yellow from age as a bit of parchment of the eleventh century, still rumpled and partly torn as if it had been concerned in some serious encounter.

While searching among some old curiosities of carved chests, china, jewelry, and Bohemian glass, which have lately become fashionable again, I opened a small ebony box inlaid with arabesques in gold and mother-of-pearl. Its interior attracted my attention; it was lined with rosewood, and had a scent which seemed to date back to the times of Louis XV. There was an anachronism of three centenaries between the rosewood lining and the inlaid box itself.

"This box has a false bottom or some secret drawer," said I to the curiosity dealer, as I tapped the sides and bottom of the box.

"I don't think so, sir," said he, carelessly.

Just then I happened to press some hidden spring, and the secret drawer flew open, to the great astonishment of the dealer. It contained a bundle of letters tied together by a faded blue ribbon, a lock of auburn hair stiffened by the lapse of time, a small enameled key, and the lace cuff I mentioned before.

I leave you to guess how my curiosity was suddenly excited; I already traced out a whole drama in my mind. I did not buy the box, seeing its price was five hundred francs; but the dealer, in return for the discovery I had made, allowed me to buy the cuff, on condition that I should have the letters, the key and the lock of hair thrown into the bargain.

While reading these letters, written in a firm and manly but delicately small hand, and signed by a name well known in the reign of Louis XV., I suddenly heard a long-drawn sigh. I looked up in astonishment, and I saw the lace cuff stretch itself out like a person who had been for some time in the same position.

I spoke to it, and it answered me gracefully and readily; but I must say, to the credit of lace in general, and of this in particular, it obstinately refused to answer any of my questions relating to the adventure in which it had so evidently been concerned. I pressed it at least to tell me the family name of the person to whom it had belonged, and of the lady who had so carefully treasured it up.

"Why, sir," said the cuff, in a clear and penetrating tone of voice, "do you not know that discretion is our first, and perhaps our only virtue ? In what state would the world soon be if lace betrayed all the mysteries and love affairs in which it is so often implicated ? Society would be shaken to its foundations, as men say in their political cant. No, these secrets are too terrible to be disturbed in their repose, even now; but if you like I can tell you something about myself, and I assure you my story is not without interest."

"I shall be too glad to listen to you," said I, hoping it would soon forget the restraint it had imposed on itself. "Speak, though I confess I do not see what there can be very interesting in the origin and the destiny of a poor little lace cuff."

"You do but betray your ignorance," promptly replied the cuff. "I should recommend you to speak of lace in a more respectful manner. You know Voltaire, who was no fool, has said somewhere that the forbidden fruit was so irresistible to the mother of mankind because it probably contained a piece of lace. He wished in this manner to explain our irresistible influence on the female sex, but the fact is we do not date so far back.

"Lace is something more than the perfection of industry, it is the symbol of civilization, in which women are invited to play an important part. Our fragile and delicate texture would be impossible among coarse manners and brutal habits. The day that women began to wear lace—lace, which alike softens and heightens their beauty—that day they exacted from men a respect they had never before obtained. You see now how many generations were necessary for industry to carry off such a triumph as that.

"It was a shepherdess, or, if you like it better, a peasant woman of Alsace, who made the first imperfect attempt at lace-making. She had noticed certain leaves which, in winter, preserve their fibres while losing the softer tissues—as you know, nothing is more graceful than the natural cut-out work. The peasant, who passed her day in twirling her distaff, thought she would spin her flax as fine as possible; she then plaited it, and arranged the thread in such an original manner that at last she made a piece of lace, of which she made a cap for her child. This little bit of maternal coquetry has made a complete revolution in the dress, and perhaps the destiny, of women. This cap became the admiration of the whole country for many miles round. A Venetian trader passing by offered to buy the cap, obtained some instructions from the woman as to how she made it, and went his way. Passing through the Low Countries, he told several people of his curious godsend, and while the trader benefited Venice by his discovery of a French art, Belgium created for herself an industry, the only one which has given a reputation of any sort to the cities where it flourishes still. In a very short time nothing was talked of but the laces of Venice, Valenciennes and Mechlin. What a rage it became! Chateaux, and indeed many other properties, were disposed of for the sake of a lace head-dress or a lace flounce. But it was humiliating to the national vanity to be compelled to apply to the foreigner for these charming and delicate productions, which had become so prodigiously the fashion.

"Louis XIV., who hated to be dependent on strangers, and also, perhaps, stimulated by the coquettish demands of his mistresses, sent for Colbert one day, and expressed his wish to see the manufacture of lace introduced into his kingdom. A diplomatic agent was immediately sent to Venice, who induced about thirty workpeople in the trade to settle in France. About the same time a young gentleman, the Comte de Marsan, solicited a patent for his nurse, Madame Dumont, who, aided by her four daughters, had started a flourishing lace manufactory at Brussels. Madame Dumont, pressed by the young count, determined to remove her establishment to Paris. The king, the queen, and all the great ladies of the Court patronized the new establishment, which was situated in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. It received the name of the Royal Lace Manufactory, and had a guard of soldiers attached to it. Lace-making was esteemed a noble employment, and in a short time Madame Dumont had about two hundred young ladies, the most of whom belonged to aristocratic families more or less ruined, working under her direction.

"The work they produced was so perfect that it very soon eclipsed Venice point, which had been hitherto unrivaled. The skillfulness of the French people did wonders, and the national vanity was flattered. But Colbert did not stop here; by letters patent dated August 5, 1675, he authorized Madame Gilbert, of Alençon, with the help of an advance of 150,000 livres, to establish a lace factory in that town, the success of which he further secured by other letters, dated 1681, forbidding the importation of Venetian, Genoese and Flanders lace."

I was confounded at the historical information displayed by this morsel of lace, which was to me humiliating. However, I plucked up courage, I took it in my hand and examined the extreme fineness of its texture and the elegance of its design.

"I would not mind betting," said the cuff, "that at first sight you could not tell my origin. Am I English or French, am I Venice point, or Mechlin, or Valenciennes lace—tell me ?"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance.

"You are much to blame," replied the cuff, with a sigh. "That you should be unacquainted with the history of a production which has such a large place in industry and in female progression, I can understand, but that you should be unable to distinguish between English point and Valenciennes at a time when men can arrive at nothing, not even the French Academy, without the aid of women, is simply unpardonable.

"Such as you see me now, I am French, and, moreover, one of the finest pieces of work ever made by that Madame Gilbert, of whom I but just now spoke. In days gone by I was all the rage; I was a piece of splendid point d'Alençon; I was purchased by one of the most beautiful of the court duchesses, and adorned the front of her dress. When men adopted the fashion of wearing lace my young mistress parted with me, converted me into cuffs, and gave me as a love-token to M. De Richelieu, whom she had honored with her preference. Fashion, unfortunately, has since then dethroned Alençon lace, and in doing so has shown neither intelligence nor patriotism. Are you aware that the thread of which I am made is thread fine enough to make Arachne jealous; has cost 4,000 francs the pound weight ? Do you know what skill and what efforts have been required to design and perfect this piece of work in all its varied details ? And here is the secret of my misfortunes. I was so frightfully expensive that only the wealthiest could become my purchasers; many tolerable imitations were circulated, but only calculated to deceive inexperienced eyes like yours. In my time some common laces were invented, to which they gave the name of 'gueuses' (beggars); the name was death to the invention; the 'gueuses' soon disappeared. Lace, the use of which was formerly confined to the richer classes, is now more or less worn by nearly all women, and so much the better. Lace is an undeniable sign of progress. There are now at Caen, Bayeux and Lille most important manufactories, contributing to Spanish, Havana, Mexican and American luxury. I make no mention of the Honfleur, Dieppe, Arras, Puy, Armentières, and Bailleul productions, as well as others, because those places only make lace of a common description, or imitation Valenciennes. In the name of truth I protest against all that is spurious; I do not like it, and I hope you will join me in protesting against it; for if ever the world relapses into barbarism, it will be by a road carpeted with cotton lace.

"I admire blonde lace a thousand times more; it was for a moment a formidable rival, which the tide of fashion has just now swept away, but at its flow may bring it back again. But talking of blonde to you is like discussing colors with a blind man. Have you any idea what blonde is ? Are you aware that the departments of Calvados and La Manche have employed for a long time more than 150,000 workmen in its production, and that its value rose to the amount of twenty millions of francs a year ? Yes, I, a thorough-bred piece of lace, the queen of all lace, I regret the fall of blonde, I mourn over that original and inimitable lace, which was, at least, not spurious, and which lent a charm and softness to the prettiest faces! but imitation lace is only poverty, only vice; It is a sham which every lady should despise just as she would paste diamonds and pinchbeck jewelry. But stop! I am going too fast. I have heard it rumored that this is a pinchbeck age, and that ladies nowadays delight in gilt jewels and counterfeit laces."

I did my best to soothe the susceptibilities of my irritated acquaintance, but I was quite astonished at the temper this little bit of lace displayed. I thanked it, and considerately locked it up in the same drawer which contained its old comrades in misfortune, the bundle of letters, the blue ribbon, the little enameled key, and the lock of auburn hair.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A FASHIONABLE LADY.

The Richmond *Enquirer* publishes the following recipe to make a woman of the period:

Take ninety pounds of flesh and bones—chiefly bones—wash clean, bore holes in the ear and cut off the small toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian bend, the Boston dip, the Kangaroo droop, the Saratoga slope or the bullfrog break, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffle, and seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair silk cotton hose with patent hip attachments, one pair of false calves, six yards flannel, embroidered, one pair Balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds of whalebone in strips, seventeen hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, three-quarters of a mile of tape, ten pounds of raw cotton or two wire hemispheres, one wire basket to hold a bushel, four copies of a New York paper (triple sheet), one hundred and fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, five hundred yards fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, and a box of pearl powder, one saucer of carmine and an old hare's foot, one bushel of false hair frizzled and fretted *a la mentaque*, one bundle Japanese switches, with rats, mice, and other varmints; one peck of hairpins, one lace handkerchief, nine inches square, with patent holder. Perfume with attar of roses, or sprinkled with nine drops of the "Blessed Baby" or "West End." Stuff the head with fashionable novels, ball-tickets, plays bills and wedding cards, some scandal, a great deal of lost time and a very little sage; add a half grain of common sense, three scruples of religion, and a modicum of modesty. Season with vanity and affection and folly. Garnish with earings, finger-rings, breast-pins, chains, bracelets, feathers and flowers to suit the taste. Pearls and diamonds may be thrown in if you have them; if not, paste and pinchbeck from the dollar store will do. Whirl all around in a fashionable circle, and stew by gaslight for six hours.

This dish is highly ornamental, and will do to put at the head of your table on grand occasions, but it is not suitable for every day use at home, being very expensive and indigestible.

THE NEW YORK DOG-POUND.

With the setting in of the first hot days, a *fiat* goes forth from the municipal authorities, ordering that all dogs running at large without muzzles are to be destroyed by the police. In connection with this arrangement is the institution called the dog-pound. The dogs are tied up within the enclosure with the bits of dirty string by which their captors have dragged them to their "vile dungeon." Most of them are coiled away in a feverish sleep, shaking and whimpering in dream as though haunted by bodings of their approaching fate. At the farther end of the room there is a large tank. Fitted to this, in such a way that it can be pressed down into it, is a strong wooden grating and the tank is further provided with a hose through which it can be filled from the river below. Two or three squalid young men, in dirty flannel shirts and cow-skin boots, are loitering about the place. At a signal from the policeman in charge, these men go in among the dogs, and, selecting the commonest of them seize them one after another by the necks and hind feet, and pitch them into the tank, the sides of which are so steep and slippery that there is no possibility of the wretched animals scrambling out. And now the lamentations set up by them are pitiful to hear. From their tremulous whines one can tell that they are perfectly conscious of their impending doom. They seem to be as certain of the death at hand as are the passengers of a ship foundering at sea. When dogs enough have been thrown into the tank, the water is let in by means of the hose; the grating is fitted to its place and pressed down upon them; and the "job," as the executioners call it, is done.

The eagerness with which the better class of dogs confined in the pound watch for visitors is very remarkable. At every footstep that approaches, the most intelligent of them will start up, spring to the end of their tethers, and eagerly scan the features of the comers. When an owner comes to reclaim a lost favorite, the joy of the creature on recognizing him is touching in the extreme. Some of the dogs try to ingratiate themselves with any strange visitors who may arrive. Once, on visiting the pound, I remarked a particularly bright-looking young terrier, very shaggy as to his coat, and of unusually large size. The efforts made by this knowing fellow to conciliate visitors were very amusing. If his tongue did not speak, certainly his eyes did, and his tail was absolutely eloquent. On inquiring of the policeman, I learned that dogs of that class were not usually put to death but were kept for a reasonable time, and then, if not claimed by owners, sold for a trifle to some person who would be sure to come in and take a fancy to them. It is in this way that the dealers often pick up presentable dogs; and so I am fain to hope that the young terrier with the voluminous tail soon found a good master, and was installed in a comfortable home with first-rate ratting on the premises.—CHARLES DAWSON SHANLEY, *in May Atlantic*.

FASHION NOTES.

Harper's Bazar comments on the latest New York fashion as follows;

MOURNING DRESS GOODS.

There are no new goods to record for mourning dresses, but there is a perceptible improvement in many of the well-known fabrics. All materials are made more soft and flexible, and those of mixed silk and wool are furnished in lighter qualities, making them more pleasant for summer wear. Experienced merchants say the goods most sought after for mourning dresses are bombazine, Henrietta cloth, and tamise cloth. The first two are silk-warped; the third is all wool. English bombazine is less lustrous and far more durable than that brought from France, and is chosen for the deepest mourning. English crape is its appropriate trimming. Henrietta cloth is simply a substantial cashmere, though it is not as heavy as drap d'été. It is too finely twilled to hold dust, falls in soft, graceful drapery, and may be comfortably worn in this climate the greater part of the year. Tamise cloth, like fine soft mousseline de laine of light quality, is especially desirable for spring suits. It has a smooth surface that will not permit brushing, as that raises a down that destroys its beauty. It can be cleaned by being well shaken. For serviceable dresses designed to hard wear the heavier mohair and good alpacas are the best fabrics.

Among thin goods the stripped grenadines, so fashionable for ladies wearing colors, are also used to give variety to mourning costumes. The most stylish stripes are an inch wide, or wider, and are alternately thin and thick, as if made of satin and grenadine. The entire costume may be striped, but the present fancy is for a plain grenadine skirt with striped flounces, and a striped polonaise with coat sleeves of the plain fabric. These thin fabrics are made up over silk. A substantial gros grain is the only lining for the waist of the polonaise; its skirt is, of course, without lining. The skirt must be worn over a petticoat of thin black silk, or else a good silk must be used for the dress skirt, and the flounces of grenadine be sewed upon it; in the latter case the flounces must extend high enough for the top to be concealed by the skirt of the polonaise. A novelty this season is an all-black grenadine with damask figures, called the Dolly Varden grenadine. This is meant for polonaises only. Ladies in colors will wear these polonaises over black or colored silk skirts. Iron grenadine, a mixture of silk and wool in square meshes, is still the popular goods for summer mourners. Instead of the large canvas meshes formerly worn, those of medium size are now preferred. Grenadine comes in various widths; that which is three-fourths of a yard wide cuts to best advantage.

BONNETS AND VEILS.

Bonnets for first and deepest mourning are of English crape laid plainly on the foundation and edged with piping folds. Crape bonnets are worn in winter as well as summer, except by old ladies, who use bombazine bonnets. The shape is that now worn, with large high crown and half coronet. Strings are of bias doubled crape hanging loosely, with narrow ribbon strings to tie under the chignon. The widow's cap is a slight bouillon or ruche of white tarlatan sewed in the bonnet just above the forehead; the white tarlatan bow formerly worn under the chin is abandoned, except by very old ladies. For lighter mourning, black or white tulle ruches are worn inside bonnets of tulle, or thread net, or gros royale silk, and some jet ornaments are used by way of garniture. Two yards of English crape with a string run in one end, the other finished by a hem three-eighths of a yard wide, is the veil prepared for widows. It is tied around the front of the bonnet and worn hanging over the face. For other mourners the crape veil is shorter, and is drawn on one side, or else behind to form a drapery over the chignon. A jet pin holds it in place on the crown or left side, and a small veil of thread net without dots is worn over the face. Squares of gray grenadine take the place of the blue veils formerly worn to protect crape bonnets from dust.

WIDOWS' MOURNING.

Bombazine is the first dress selected for a widow, and the handsomest suits are made as plainly as possible, and entirely covered with English crape. They consist of a simply shaped polonaise, usually the Marguerite; each length of the polonaise is cut out both in bombazine and crape, and sewed up together; the edge is faced underneath, and is without trimming. The dress skirt has the front breadth covered with crape, and also those parts of the other breadths that are visible below the polonaise. Simpler suits have merely a deep band of bias crape for trimming. A house dress for a widow has a basque plainly covered with crape; the skirt is a demi-train trimmed around the bottom with crape three-fourths of a yard deep. In this instance the crape is not bias, but is cut lengthwise, and sewed in with the skirt seams. A milliner's fold heads the crape; but this is the simplest trimming, as plainness is desired.

DRESSES, TRIMMINGS, ETC.

Suits of tamise and Henrietta cloth have self trimmings of folds or kilt pleating. It is stylish to cover all that part of the skirt visible with overlapping folds two inches wide; this is exceedingly becoming to tall figures. The overskirt and basque, or the polonaise, is edged with a group of narrower folds. Deep kilt pleating, with the top concealed by the upper skirt, is preferred by short ladies. Kilt pleats two inches wide are used now instead of the narrow ones lately in vogue. Grenadine suits made in the fashion just described are very handsome.

Talmas and double capes of drap d'été, trimmed with fringe and many narrow folds of silk, are the mantles provided at this season for mourning.

For the cambric dresses worn in summer even stripes of black and white are chosen. They are made with box-pleated blouse, over-skirt, and skirt of walking length. Polka dotted cambrics are made into Dolly Varden polonaises and trimmed with bands of solid black percale. Morning wrappers are in the flowing Watteau fashion, made of white Victoria lawn, and worn with jet jewelry. Suits of white Victoria lawn, trimmed with side pleatings, are also worn in the house by ladies in deepest mourning.

COLLARS, JEWELRY, ETC.

Black collars of crape, doubled and without trimming, are worn at the funeral and on a few occasions afterward; but these are fast falling into disuse, as they are very disagreeable to wear. White tarlatan ruches or frills, box-pleated, and worn standing around the neck, are being adopted as deepest mourning even by widows. Crape lisse, organdy, and tulle pleatings are also worn. The fabric is doubled and pleated to a band to be basted inside of the neck of the dress; similar trimming is at wrists of the close coat sleeves. Simply shaped collars of fine sheer linen cambric, made double, without any ornament, are worn in the morning. Under-sleeves with small square turned-back cuff of linen cambric accompany the collar.

Scarcely any jewelry is worn in deep mourning. A brooch of massive jet fastens the collar, and a watch-chain of small jet beads is passed around the neck. After the first six or eight months are passed many ladies wear diamonds. Solitaire diamond ear-rings, from which falls a long jet pendant, are considered admissible.

SECOND MOURNING.

The mourning stores no longer offer gray and purple goods for second mourning. Instead of these, black goods with white stripes are used, or else solid black dresses are worn with white laces, and abundantly trimmed with the new jet trimmings. This style of dressing is so like that now worn by ladies who are not in mourning that it needs no special description.

Black net, both plain and with a Spanish figure, will be used for a variety of outer garments in the summer, such as fichus, blouses, jackets, and polonaises.

VARIETIES.

Sleeveless basques of white muslin, with an over-skirt to match, worn over silks of solid color, will be fashionable for afternoon dresses at the watering-places. Swiss muslin polonaises are also made without sleeves.

The pretty fichus in Marie Antoinette style are greatly in favor again. They are made of folds of China crape of pale tints, edged with white lace, and worn with black silk or grenadine dresses. Swiss muslin and white and black tulle fichus are also shown. They are also of the dress material.

The newest summer silks have four deep flounces reaching to the belt on the back of the skirt, while the front has a long narrow apron. This is seen on some of the handsomest French dresses.

Valenciennes lace is much used for trimming pale-tinted silks for evening dress, and is also used on imported polonaises or Sicilienne. Duchesse lace has lost its popularity; it is, however, imported in new designs with medallions of round point.

Sailor hats of straw will be in favor this spring for school-girls and very young ladies. The brim curls up, and is faced with silk. A ribbon band is passed around the crown, and a cluster of short ostrich tips is placed far back on the left side. Felt hats of Alpine shape, with ribbon band, and a slender wing stuck on the left side, are also worn. The serges and cashmeres in blocks of black and white so fashionable abroad begin to be worn here by young girls.

A new fabric among late importations is crépeline, a soft silk of the texture of China crape, but with long crinkle like that of English crape. It is used for over-skirts and polonaises of faille dresses. A polonaise of white crépeline cut in the Marguerite Dolly Varden shape is trimmed with netted fringe like that seen on Canton crape shawls. The bows down the front and on the back are of black velvet. This is to be worn with lavender blue or Nile green silks.

A Swiss muslin costume prepared for watering-place visiting, garden-parties, etc., is worthy of description. The skirt has a twelve-inch flounce richly needle-worked, headed by two puffs each five inches wide. These puffs are separated by Swiss insertion laid upon sky blue ribbon. The polonaise front is formed entirely of lengthwise strips of insertion and muslin; the back forms a large pouf below the belt, passed under the pouf, and droops on the left side. Fringed bows of ribbon fasten the front. The neck is heart-shaped, with standing frill of lace. A folded ribbon passes around the neck and forms a Watteau bow behind. Antique sleeves with embroidered ruffle and a bow at the elbow.

ABOUT ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Then, what is the most flourishing part of America was as little known as the country around the mysterious Mountains of the Moon. It was not until 1767 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. The first pioneers of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the population did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those grand exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria, and France, the three great powers of Europe combined; Washington was a modest Virginian colonel, and the great events in history of the two worlds in which these great men took leading parts, were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which, within a score of years thereafter, established the Great Republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America, steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of men. When we come to look at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century just passed has been alloted more important events, in their material bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.—First, innocent love is a strange and beautiful thing. There is that in female beauty which it is pleasure merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking on it too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the pearly white of the eye and the carnated skin—the clear, placid blue into which you see down, down to the very soul—the deep hazel, dazzling as a sun-lit stream, seen through the opening to its willow banks—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, but at the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever, or you fancy that a look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eye-lid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek, and at once you are in love. Then you spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and, when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your whole story next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower which she presents; perhaps, in the wild intoxication of love, wafting a kiss toward her; or, in affectation of the Quixotic style, kneeling, with mock-heroic emphasis, to kiss her hand in pretended jest. And the next time you meet, both are as reserved and stately as ever. Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you are left alone with the lady, you quite unawares find her hand in yours, and, you know not how, you press upon her lips, delayed, but not witheld, the first kiss of love.

HOW WE HEAR AND SEE.—Hemholtz, the best living authority on the subject of sounds, says that, connected with the acoustic nerve, are three thousand strained microscopic fibres called "Core's Organ," and that it is probable that every sound that reaches the ear sets those chords in vibration that are sympathetically tuned to it, just as a voice will set in vibration those chords of a piano that are stretched to produce the same tone. These different vibrations are recognized by the mind by its connection with the nerve and brain.

A similar mechanism probably exists in the eye. The retina of the eye, which is the extremity of the optic nerve, is covered with exceedingly minute bodies called "rods and cones." These, it is probable, have the faculty of vibrating under different influences. The red light is produced by vibrations of about four hundred and thirty quadrillions of waves per second. It may set in vibration any "rods and cones" that are tuned to such a vibration, while those that are sympathetic to the seven hundred and sixty quadrillions, waves of violet light will be set in motion thereby. This suggests that just as ears differ in their sensitiveness—some hearing a shrill voice that is utterly inaudible to others, whose nerve chords are not attuned to them, so it may be in light. The arrangement of the "rods and cones" may differ in different persons. And so it is. It is a familiar fact that some persons are "color blind." They cannot distinguish red. That is, their "rods and cones." have not right length or elasticity to vibrate sympathetically with a wave-length as large as those at the end of a spectrum. And it is a fact that some others can see colors in the ultra violet end of the spectrum to some distance beyond what is visible to most.

Now if we were to extend this variation a little, we may suppose that some animals may be able to distinguish as light by their differently constructed eye, a vibration that is quite insensible to ours. It would require as slight a change in the eye to make the dark heat rays visible, as is the difference between the eyes of a man who can see also the red. In fact, the prominent eyes of the mollusks, at the utterly dark depths of mid ocean, may be useful, aught we know, in seeing by means of rays of heat of a low temperature. Even the modified heats of the currents of thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, may give these animals abundant use for their eyes.—*Journal of Microscopy.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.

I recollect, in former days,
I loved a maiden with blue eyes;
Her style was gentle, and her hand
Exactly formed the proper size.

Her voice in cadence had the sound
An oddly makes in mossy nook,
And when she spoke to me, I thought,
With slightly extra interest shook.

Thus dawning of sweet love began—
Delightful trembling in my chest
Foretold the bliss to come at noon,
When all the truth had been confessed.

One charming day when larks were high,
And we were on the walk alone,
I thought that Providence had marked
The hour especially our own.

I told her in few words my love;
She answered with accepting tear;
And just before the sealing kiss,
Sighed, "What's your income, dear?"

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

COOKING WILD DUCKS.—As this is the season for these birds, we give directions for cooking them, obtained from an old campaigner. Put the ducks in a large pot, cover with cold water, and add two good-sized onions for each duck. When about half-done remove from the water, stuff with mashed potatoes and beaten eggs (two to each fowl) seasoned with onion, sage, salt, and pepper, and bake until thoroughly done, frequently basting them with their own gravy. Serve with brown gravy in which is stirred parsley chopped fine and fried in butter.

POTTED SHAD.—Cut a fine shad into three or four pieces, discarding the tail and head; place a piece in a small stone jar, sprinkle well with salt and whole allspice and whole pepper-corns; fill up the jar in this manner and cover the shad with sharp cider vinegar. Cover the jar with a stiff paste and bake in a slow oven for three or four hours. If the vinegar is strong it will dissolve all the small bones of the shad, and the large one should be removed before baking. This will keep, in a cool place, if tightly covered, for five or six weeks; so it is well to put three or four shad at once. It is a delicious relish for either breakfast or tea.

POTTED BEEF.—Take eight pounds of lean rump steak, put it into a stone jar, with a teacup of boiling water, a level table-spoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, and a few whole allspice, with one onion chopped fine. Cover with paste and bake for three hours. Turn out all the liquor, and take out the meat into the chopping-bowl. Pound it fine with the pestle; season with half a teacup of catsup. Taste it, and if not highly seasoned add more salt and pepper. When perfectly fine press into moulds or small cups, and if desired to be kept for six weeks cover the tops with melted butter so thickly that no meat is seen. Wet the moulds or cups with water, and the beef will turn out in form.

SPICED VEAL.—Chop three pounds of veal steak, and one thick slice of salt fat pork, as fine as sausage-meat; add to it three Boston crackers rolled fine, three well-beaten eggs, half a teacup of tomato catsup, a teaspoonful and a half of fine salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, and one grated lemon. Mould it into the form of a loaf of bread, in a small dripping-pan; cover with one rolled cracker, and baste with a teacupful of hot water and melted butter, with two table-spoonfuls of the butter. Bake for three hours, basting every little while (this makes it moist). Make the day before it is desired for the table; slice very thin, and garnish with slices of lemon and bits of parsley.

VEILED BREAD.—Every housekeeper knows that it is not always possible so to proportion the supply to the demand, that there shall not sometimes be on hand a loaf of stale bread, which economy requires shall not be wasted. Our French friends have contrived many ways of converting the stale loaf into a delicious dish, and among them is the following: From the half of a common loaf of stale bread, cut off all the crust. This is put into a slow oven and dried, and then crushed and rolled into fine crumbs with a rolling-pin. Cut the bread into slices an inch thick, and these into pieces about two inches square. To one pint of sweet milk add a table-spoonful [illegible] one well-beaten egg. Lay the pieces of bread into a broad pudding-dish, and pour over them the milk and egg. When the bread is thoroughly moistened, but not soaked so as to fall to pieces, dip each piece into the dried crumbs of the crust. Then drop into boiling lard, and brown like doughnuts. When done, dust with fine white sugar and cinnamon, and eat while hot. This "veiled bread" forms a delicate dish for tea. With the addition of a hot wine-sauce, into which has been stirred half a pint of Zante currants, it makes an excellent dessert.

MODE OF ROASTING COFFEE.—M. Joly has lately published an essay upon the proper mode of roasting coffee, and remarks that, as far as this operation is concerned, coffee may be distinguished into three very different classes: first, green; second, yellow; and third, the tender. Among the green coffees are to be included the Guadaloupe, Martinique, Porto Rico, Porto Cabello, Gonaives, St. Mark, Cape Haytien, Port-au-Prince, etc., the last four being all Haytian. Under the yellow are embraced the Java, Mysore, Demarara, Manilla, Winard, Jacmel, and the Jeremie—the last two also Haytian. As tender coffees, Mr. Joly enumerates the Mocha and Bourbon. Although there are other varieties used in commerce, these are believed to be the most generally employed.

A special process of roasting is necessary for each kind of coffee, according to M. Joly. For the first, a bright and continuous fire is needed, these coffees readily assuming a reddish color; and it becomes necessary to moderate the fire and remove them when all the grains are chestnut-colored. For coffees of the second class the fire must be less intense, and kept at a uniform heat. These coffees, although more tender, require a longer and more delicate roasting, and it is necessary to remove them when done to a light chestnut-color. Coffees of the third class are exceedingly delicious, and special care is necessary in treating them, as in less than a minute they lose all their aroma, if allowed to remain over the fire without stirring. The roasting must, therefore, be proceeded very gently over a regular fire, and they must be removed whenever all are of a dark rufous brown. When the operation is complete, the coffee must be cooled as promptly as possible, as the vapors which exhale from it constitute the greater part of its force and aroma.

FARM ITEMS.

HIGH cultivation means deep and thorough working of the soil, thorough pulverization, liberal manuring, clean culture and bountiful crops of all kinds. High cultivation, coupled with good judgment, seldom disappoints the expectation of the farmer.

CAULIFLOWERS.—A French gardener claims that branches of elder placed among his cauliflower plants will protect them from the ravages of caterpillars. The elder is so common in many parts of this country that it would perhaps be worth while to try if its disagreeable smell is a preventive against these pests of the gardener.

SOIL AFFECTING QUALITY OF POTATOES.—No one fact is better established than this, that potatoes are so affected by the soil that a variety that does first-rate on one soil may be worthless on another, therefore it will not do to discard a potato as worthless because it is not adapted to our soil. And more, we should endeavor to find those varieties that are adapted to our soil. Quality is of the first importance in the potato, quantity next. A poor potato is of little value. We believe that such potatoes are unhealthy food.

GIVE YOUR POULTRY LIME.—Do not expect your poultry to make egg-shells without something to do it with, any more than you would ask a mechanic to build a house with no materials. We have seen it gravely urged that as wild birds do not eat oyster shells or old mortar, therefore tame ones need not. It is true that the egg-shells of wild species appear to be always of a normal thickness, but it must be remembered that they only lay a normal number. It will never do to reason too closely from nature, for none of our domestic animals are in a state of nature. We advocate for hens bone-dust, burnt bones, raw bones crushed, or pounded oyster or clam shells.

IT is related of an English farmer that he condensed his practical experience into this rule:—Feed your land before it is hungry, rest it before its weary, and weed it before it is foul." These words should be written in the heart of every man who desires to farm, and may go far to answer, in his mind, the question so frequently and so anxiously asked, Does farming pay? The rule demands the exercise of the qualities needful for success in every occupation—untiring watchfulness, and prudent care, knowledge, forethought, energy and economy, regularity, attention to little things, personal supervision and observation—this latter, a power requiring education and constant exercise. It may not be altogether amiss to say that this power of observation, although named last, is perhaps the most important to a farmer.

FRENCH METHOD OF SAVING FODDER.—Prof. Whitney read a paper on a method of preserving green fodder for winter use in France. The fodder, which in this case is the leaves of the beet-root thrown away extensively for sugar, is moistened with a solution of hydrochloric acid and allowed to drain for two or three days, during which time the pits are dug two or three feet deep. In these pits the wilted fodder is beaten down, that air may be excluded, and closely covered with earth. The fodder is taken out after a lapse of some months perfectly fresh, and when fed to milch cows is said to improve their condition and yield an improved quality of butter. One pound and a half acid is added to sufficient water to moisten thoroughly one hundred pounds of fodder. The method is applicable to corn fodder, clover, or the pulp of beet-roots used for sugar.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

TO most men experience is like the stern light of a ship, which illumines only the track it has passed.

THERE is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persians—"In all quarrels, leave open the door of reconciliation." We should never forget it.

IT is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but exceedingly troublesome and vexatious.

A MAN ought to carry himself in this world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden, swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

KEEP a straight, brave look ahead, no matter what obstacle seems to be in the way. A heart full of hope and a will full of determination are the best remedies for all earthly ills.

As well might a planet, revolving round a sun, expect to have perpetual daylight in both hemispheres, as a man expect in this life to enjoy happiness throughout, unmixed with sorrow or pain.

A FIRM trust in the assistance of an Almighty Power naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind which alleviate those calamities that we ourselves are not able to remove.

HE that sees ever so accurately, ever so finely, into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own. It is with the mental as with the corporeal eye: the object may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly, as well as too far off; nay, too near to be seen at all.

THERE is no greater mistake a young man can commit than that of being indifferent to the interests of his employer. It must be admitted that there are circumstances under which it would seem to be almost impossible to feel an interest in an employer's business; but for all that is worth a trial.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Happiness can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other, which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit reticent, self-absorbed and silent in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to note and provide for the peculiarities of her husband's tastes and wishes, renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Golden hair has gone out: it is now worn *plaited*.

AN old maid says she likes summer best; as winter always brings chaps to her arms.

TRADE NEWS.—A great many Germans last year learnt the art of French polishing.

WHY is a moored steamboat like the HEARTHSTONE? Because it's bound to a pier (appear.)

WHEN a young wife began her housekeeping book with "have a beggar a penny," she rightly said that charity began a home.

RELIABLE female correspondents in Europe are thought more reliable, as they never miss the mails, and are never tight unless when laced.

THE MINISTERS OF THE INTERIOR.—The cook.

A CYNIC remarks that the only time a woman forgets to be vain is when she is sea-sick.

EAGLE.—Supposing the ornithological emblem of the United States was taken sick, why would it be contrary to law? Because it would be ill egal.

A COUNTRY editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that "the pen is mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word for the scissors.

IF you want to talk heavy science, say "protoxide of hydrogen," instead of "ice." It sounds loftier, and not one man in a thousand will know what you mean.

LIKELY.—A lady playfully condemning the wearing of whiskers and moustaches, declared, that it was one of the fashions she invariably set her face against.

A SCIENTIFIC REASON.—A friend of ours who came upon a scientific treatise on "The Velocity of Light," says he can now understand how it is that his gas bill runs up so rapidly.

AN enthusiastic annexationist boy, who in a fit of absence of mind, gave three cheers for the "Stars and Stripes," awoke to consciousness on receiving the stripes without the stars.

A MAN in Lowell, in attempting to hang himself, forgot to put the rope round his neck, and jumped off the barrel into a mud-hole. He did not discover his mistake until he attempted to kick.

WHY LADIES WEAR WATER FALLS.

A question 'tis why women wear a fall
The truth it is to pride they're given all
And pride, the proverb says, must have a fall.

"THAT was a horrible affair," said a gentleman in company, "the murder of Dean; the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!" What Dean? shouted half a dozen voices with indignation and horror. "Sardine" replied the joker.

THE motto which was inserted under the arms of the Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown was; "I did not steal it, but I received it." This being shown to Dean Swift he replied: "The receiver is as bad as the stealer."

WORDS AND MUSIC.—Some poetical being has observed that woman is the melody of the human duet. That wretched old bachelor, Singleton, says that perhaps that is the reason why women are so anxious to marry. They want husbands in order that they may have words with them.

Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus:

"Pat, what's the rason they didn't put a *hin* up there instead of a *rooster*?"

"An' sure," replied Pat, "that's easy enough, don't yo see, it would be unconvanient to go for the eggs."

A NAGASAKI THEATRE.—Descending from the temple porch, and threading our way back through the crowd, we turn aside into one of the eastern streets where there is a native theatre. Like the theatres of the Chinese, those of the Japanese are usually of wood, and this one is no exception to the rule. It is about mid-day, and the acting is at its height; for, as in Athens of old, the day, and not the night, in Japan is considered the appropriate time for play-acting. Thus, on the days when the theatre is open, a native will take a holiday, and with his wife and children pass most of his time from sun-rise to sunset watching a play; and if we look round from the box into which we have found our way, and on the chairless floor of which we are squatting, we can see several parties making an extempore lunch off some provisions they have brought with them. The performance is given not of a regular kind; it partakes of the nature of a puppet-show. Several large dolls, about half the size of life, dressed to represent the characters of the play, are brought on to the stage by as many mutes. These mutes, dressed all in black, and supposed to be invisible, stand behind the puppets, whose heads and limbs they move so as to suit the dialogue of the play. The dialogue is chanted by two musicians seated on the floor of a recess at one side of the stage. Of course the play is totally unintelligible to us, though by the expressions of the faces of the audience, we can see when a good hit is made, or a popular maxim stated.—[From "*Round the World in 1870*," by A. D. Carlisle, B. A.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALEXANDER.—Your sketch is received, and is under consideration.

GEORGE POPE wishes to know why the reverse of new ale is called "Mother-in-law." We really cannot tell unless that "it is old and bitter."

LOTTIE HATTON.—Your composition is defective, your writing is careless and your ink is bad. When asked for an opinion we give it.

ACTRESS.—Pearl Powder is made with oxide of bismuth, which is poisonous, and consequently injurious to the hair.

MINNIE EMERY asks us if we could recommend her to a coiffeur for a wig, as her hair became prematurely grey from the effects of a fever. Certainly not, let her dye first.

MARION.—The name of bridegroom was formerly given to the newly-married man, because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on the wedding day.

F. W. R.—An anagram consists of a transposition of letters of some word or sentence. Thus, of the word Midshipman you can make "mind his map," of Cardinal Wiseman, "Sin, Malice and War," of Old England, "Golden Hand."

T. O. P. wants to know the derivation of the word Grog. It is a sea term for rum and water, and originated from Admiral Vernon, who first introduced it on board ship. He was called by the seamen "Old Grog" from his wearing a grogan coat in bad weather. Although we repeat this for the edification of T. O. P., we suspect he knows about as much as we do on the above head, and we are inclined to believe that he has given us only part of his name, which, since he evinces so much interest on the subject, ought to be TOPER.

C. E. G. says it's of no use trying, but we say to him "Nil Desperandum," and perhaps the Chinese give the best illustration of Perseverance. One of their countrymen who had been making great efforts to write a book, discouraged by difficulties, at last gave up in despair. As he returned home, he saw a woman rubbing a crowbar on a stone. On inquiring the reason, she replied she was in want of a needle, and thought she would rub down the crowbar till she got it small enough. The patience of the aged female provoked him to make another trial, and he succeeded in obtaining the rank of one of the first writers of the Empire.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

May 10, 1872.

Market active and firm, at an advance of 10c to 20c per barrel as compared with rates of yesterday. Wheat in Chicago was quoted quiet and easier, at $1.57 to $1.57½ for June. Liverpool quotations have advanced 6d. to 1s. on Flour, 3d. to 4d. on Wheat, and 3d. on Corn, as per latest Cable annexed:—

	May 10th. 2.30 p. m. s. d. s. d.	May 9. 1.25 p. m. s. d. s. d.
Flour	28 0 @ 28 6	27 0 @ 28 0
Red Wheat	11 6 @ 11 10	11 4 @ 11 8
Red Winter	12 4 @ 12 10	00 0 @ 12 0
White	12 2 @ 13 0	12 2 @ 12 8
Corn	28 6 @ 00 0	00 0 @ 28 6
Barley	00 0 @ 3 8	00 0 @ 3 8
Oats	2 9 @ 00 0	2 9 @ 00 0
Peas	00 0 @ 39 0	00 0 @ 39 0
Pork	50 0 @ 00 0	50 0 @ 00 0
Lard	00 0 @ 40 6	46 6 @ 00 0

The advance above noted had a marked effect on rates here, and an increase in value of 10c to 20c per barrel on flour was established. The demand this forenoon was confined principally to Local dealers, but several transactions in round lots last evening were reported, including 1,000 barrels of Fancy at $7.00, and a parcel of Welland Canal at $6.80, all on the spot. Sales on 'Change include several hundred barrels of Extras at $6.25 @ $6.30.—Strong Bakers' at $6.90 to $7.10 to $7.15 to $7.25 according to quality, Ordinary Canada at $6.45 to $6.50, and No. 2 at $6.25 to $6.30. Lower grades [illegible]. Bag Flour fairly active at $3.35 for City delivered. Receipts reported by Grand Trunk Railway, 3,000 barrels; by Lachine Canal, nothing.

FLOUR.—Per barrel of 196 lbs.—Superior Extra, $0.00; Extra, $7.25 to $7.30; Fancy, $7.00 to $0.00; Fresh Super (Western Wheat) nominal; Ordinary Super (Canada Wheat) $6.60 to $6.80; Strong Bakers' Flour $6.90 to $7.25; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) $6.60 to 0.00. Super City brands (from Western Wheat) fresh ground $0.00 to $0.00; Canada Supers No 2, $6.25 to $6.40. Western Supers, No 2 $0.00 to $0.00. Fine, $5.85 to $5.95; Middlings, $5.00 to $5.62; Pollards, $4.25 to $4.75; Upper Canada Bag Flour, $3.15 to $3.35; City bags, (delivered) $0.00 to $3.25.

WHEAT, per bushel of 60 lbs.—The market was strong this morning, and transactions reported were at full rates. Sales included a cargo of U. C. Spring, on the spot at $1.55, and a small parcel at $1.56. White was taken at $1.60, ex store.

OATMEAL, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Steady at $5.00 for Upper Canada.

CORN, ₱ bushel of 56 lbs.—Held at 69c to arrive.

PEASE, ₱ bush of 60 lbs.—Firm, at 90c to 95c according to quality.

OATS, ₱ bush of 32 lbs.—Firm at 34c to 36c. 20,000 bushels changed hands in lot.

BARLEY, ₱ bush. of 48 lbs.—Steady, at 50c to 60c, according to quality.

BUTTER, per lb.—Market dull and inactive.

CHEESE, ₱ lb.—Firm. Small transactions in Factory Fine at 14c to 15c.

PORK, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market firm, New Mess, $15.25 to $15.50; Thin Mess, $14.

LARD, ₱ lb.—Steady, at 9½c to 10c.

ASHES per 100 lbs.—Pots easier. Firsts, $7.25. Pearls firm. Firsts, $9.00 to $9.10; Seconds $8.20 to $8.25.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

145. PUZZLE.

I am composed of eight letters,
My *first* in the ocean, but not in the sea,
My *next* is in apple but never in tree,
My *third* is in lady, my *fourth* is in child,
My *fifth* in untamed, but never in wild.
In my *sixth*, a production of China you'll see,
My *seventh* you'll find in the same product to be
My *eighth* is in hatred, but never in pity.
My *whole* is of India a principal city.

M. E. P.

146. PUZZLE.

That a very queer riddle I must seem to you,
Is certainly my sure conviction;
For while I am making a very loud noise,
I am silent—a strange contradiction!
But still, I assure you, 'tis ne'er the less true,
That the sound of myself I convey but to you;
For, if I were broken, 'twould plainly appear
That the sound of me never again could you hear.

JESSY.

147. ENIGMA.

I've been a wanderer from my birth,
I'm always wandering o'er the earth;
I never eat, but am often fed;
I never sleep, but keep my bed;
I have no thought, I have no care,
Yet many a load on my back I bear;
I've life within and life without,
But never know what I'm about.

J. C. R.

148. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am a word of nine letters. My 2, 3, 5, 6, is a shoemaker's implements; my 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a sort of mineral; my 8, 6, 7, 2, 9, is a sort of animal; my 1, 2, 3, 4, signifies pleased; my 1, 7, 3, 6, is a useful animal; and my whole is the name of a distinguished Englishman of the present day.

MAB.

149. FLORAL REBUS.

The queen of flowers, the theme of poet's song,
The flower that climbs the green hedgerows among.
The flower that is the gardener's hothouse pride.
The flower that, loved by Zephyr, lived and died.
The flower the brightest gem in crown of Spring.
The flower that Autumn says to beauty bring.
Take the first letters of these six fair flowers,
And feel for all thy follow-men
The word they form, in life's short hours.

A. H. B.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 18.

137. PUZZLE.—Extenuate (X-X-u-ate).
138. ENIGMA.—Intention.
139. NUMERICAL CHARADE.—Arithmetic.
140. REBUS.—CaB; ObI; UxoriouS; NottinghaM; TalaveraA; VyneR; OpticC; NecK—COBDEN VON BISMARCK.
141. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Harpy.

CORRECT ANSWER RECEIVED.

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