Alma was cherishing the day dreams of young and lovely maiden, in the pleasant grounds of a country mansion, when she was abruptly interrupted in her grapioyment by a woman of mean and disacreable aspect.

"I say," said the unwelcome intruder, "can I have your ear a minute to myself? I'd tell thee some at to surprise thee. Come a bit from here with me."

"Speak to me here, if you please," said lime. "There is no one near to listen. Do you want me to give you something?"

Prime. "There is no one near to listen."
In you want me to give you something?"
"I've been spending my allowance," she esid with a smile, "so I haven't much left."
The isn't money I'm after, miss, as you'll soon know. It's something of more wante. It's a child's love for its mother who's been too long cheated of it, and who's going to make a strike for it now. who's going to make a strike for it now. We don't look much like mother and daughter, do we?"
"What do you mean? I don't under-

Aims felt herself grow weak and faint.
Then a reaction took place, and gentle
Aims for once was indignant.
"The sway at once," she said with a
mamp of her liny foot, "or I will call

Would better be careful how you set,



Mrs. Churchill turned indignantly towards the insolent intruder

serry in all the land that'll deny a mother own child, and that's what you are, em yours, and you're mine!" A lady had approached the rustle sum-

As she heard the woman's last words her her grow pale and agitated, and she sped her hands convulsively to her

sourt, murmuring It has come at last. My poor little Alma! How can she bear this cruel truth have so carefully kept from her knowle

oth a great effort she controlled here and entered the peaceful rural recommends whose quiet had been thus rudely interrupted the meaning of this?" she fail with dignity, addressing herself to

" bon't son know mo, mismy" and the woman looked at Mrs. Charmill with he antent bravado in her gloaning black ores. er fr you don't, fill soon refresh your

Pay, Maria, is it you? I thought you Were the away in another country, And so I was," came the sullen and sweet "but when one's got a valuable

"Alma," interrupted Mrs. Churchill



and would break

into the house and on extracts for mer thing that has been said fo any word that all la ob mo of you! Do

Mrs. Churchill turned indignantly have fla the insolent intruder. " You are a wicked, merelless woman, wes did you not come to me for the month have given my heart's blood rather

par belong to me by right m who's got to know it, and she might some s to take her away. I'm hungry to

were something of my own to love."

Air. Churchill will spend his fortune

are the farthing in fighting your claim. Marie, so you had botter listen to reason, see south the You gave us Alma of your WHEN SPOR WITH

was a heartless slip of a girl then, was mad at having been deceived and left my say faithless lover. But I've come to feelings now,"

is would be best to gain Maria's good to pave the way to negotiations at Alma's guardianship, come to us this evening when Mr. webill is home, Maria, and we will

KREINELER OVER free Churchill alipped a gold piece man's hande nee and buy yourself some re-

AUNT RIN'S LEGACY. for your kindness."
Meanwhile another visitor had appeared another visitor had appeared assemble to his usual Meanwhile another visitor had appeared upon the scene. According to his usual habit, he had gone directly to the library without sending up his name, for Robert Aylmer was a constant and privileged guest at the Churchills'.

His surprise and consternation were great at finding Alma curied up in a huge easy-chair, her golden head buried in its cushions so that her face was hidden from sight, and crying as though her heart

sight, and crying as though her heart

At the sound of her convulsive sobs. Robert paused in dismay for an instant. Then he went forward and tried to turn

her face so that he could see her as he

"Please, Robert, go away; when you know what I do you'll never want to see

"When that time comes, my little Alma,

it will be when the sun stops giving its light. I couldn't live without seeing you

shall not let you out of my sight at all."
Alma raised her eyes with a piteous look up to the bright handsome face.
"That will never be, Robert. I have just heard the most dreadful woman say that I am not Alma Churchill at all, but her—that horrible creature's—very own."
"A very likely story," exclaimed Robert indignantly; "how did she dare?"
"But it is true. I saw it on mamma's face. She looked as though a death-blow

face. She looked as though a death-blow had been given her."

"Well, they can't say you are not my wife after we are married; and you are the only girl I'll ever marry, whatever your name may be before it is Alma-

So when Mrs. Churchill came in upon them, instead of finding Alma in tears as

she had expected, she saw a face of bloom-

Her task had been rendered an easy one by the help of Robert's apparent in-difference to the discovery of the truth which had been so shocking to Alma her-

But away from Alma, Robert no longer

held that undismayed front. His mother was a proud imperious woman who had welcomed an alliance with the Church-

ills; but how would she regard Alma when

she should learn that she was only an

But youth is hopeful and brave, so Robert did not wholly despair of winning

All arguments proved unavailing with the woman who had thus burst in upon

the sunshine of happiness which until then had gilded the lives of the Churchills.

The only hope left lay in the decision of the tribunal before which the case was

Both sides of the case had been heard,

and apparently nothing remained but to

await the legal decision, which was to

give Alma either to the arms of the

adopted parents who had loved and cared

for her so tenderly during her whole life, or to the miserable, and until now, ne-

But suddenly there came a stir of ex-

citement as a respectable-looking middle-

aged woman rose and pressed forward to

led for good. I have been trying to find

Maria Connell to set right a wrong, and

to bring joy to an unhappy mother's

heart. I hursed her at the hospital, at

the I'm that another young woman was

ther who had apparently been deserted

by her husband, and had come there for

aid in her hour of extremity.

"After Maria left I found out that some-

thing had happened which had set every-

thing wrong, and since then I've done my

heat to get a chance to set it straight.

Maria was strong and hearty, but her babe as puny and weak and died.

"dust then the other young mother had

a faint which we all thought would end in

death, and the living healthy babe was

put in Maria's arms; the nurse who did

it thinking, no doubt, it made little dif-

as I said. I knew nothing of it till later.

I don't know whether Maria knew they

had changed the bables of note But

Upon investigation it was found that

Alma was indeed the child of the other

patient, and that she had no longer any

Her ime mother was the daughter of

a wealthy English gentleman, and had

fallen in love with a handsome, stalwart

young farmer, the son of one of her

Vielding to her lover's importunities,

While in search of work he had met

with an accident, and had been taken di-

rootly to the hospital, where he lay in an

During that time his unfortunate young

wife, who had been cradled in luxury

until ner marriage with him, had sought

a refuge as we have heard, and har fven

birth to her child in a charity institution

The roung couple had been reunited, but only to be separated by death in a

few months. Then Alma's mother had

Of course this change of parentage pro-

and Alma was given over to her adopted parents until her mother could be communicated with.

She came at once to America accom-panied by her father, and at last Alma we clasped in the embrace of her real

Robert Aylmer, too, put forward his

duced a corresponding change of affairs

gone home to her father's house.

she had sonsented to a clandestine mar-

riage, and accompanied him to America.

can prove what I say."

father's femanta,

cause to blush for her origin.

anconscious state for weeks.

of had been called out of the room, so,

former as to which had the little one.

from curiosity, but I find my su

"Please, your honor, I came in here

his mother over to his own opinions.

adopted daughter?

to be argued.

gleetful mother.

the front.

ing sweetness, marked with sorrow.

every day, and when we are married shall not let you out of my sight at all."

me again."
Robert's answer was to kiss her.

would break.

"Little Rin—that is what I have always heard you called. Pray, Miss Blanchford, what is your name?"

"I am named for my dear old-fashioned aunt Dorinda," she said, addressing Low-aid Liewellyn, who had asked the question. "Having two of the name in the family, I, the younger, am called Little Rin. It isn't a pretty name, or romantic, but very convenient, and so appropriate!" but very convenient, and so appropriate!

The party were at the Osprey House, near the South Downs, in the finest of the fine summer weather; and, as the young lady spoke, she turned and pointed to one of the prettiest of the shore cot-

"There is my aunt Dorinda's summer house," she said. "Is Mrs. General Blenville your aunt?" asked Liewellyn with surprise. A moment more and the group had



"I am named for my dear old-fashioned Aun. Dorinda," she said

separated, Aubrey Villars taking Geoffrey Thorne by the arm, and leading him off to whisper in his ear; "Mrs. General Blenville is very old-

very eccentric-but the richest woman I know; and if Little Rin is her niece, she must be an heiress, as well as a belle an The others exchanged much the same a beauty.

confidences. Liewellyn alone said nothing, but walked away thinking. He had often wondered how a girl could

be as beautiful as Miss Blanchford and not be spoiled; and now it turned out that she was, in perspective rich, he marvalled still more Certainly Little Rin, with her accom-

plishments, her lightness and grace, did not seem fitted to be the wife of a poor man. He had better not dream of it. But the beach, with its fine outlook, its free breezes, its pleasant nooks, suddenly had lost its satisfaction. He grew restless; there was a gnawing pain at his heart. It amazed him to find that he had

The rustle of Miss Blanchford's silvergray dress upon the piazza aroused him. "It is very naughty to be idle," said a musical voice. "Come and take care of me while I go down on the rocks and eatch some smelts for papa's breakfast." She led the way down upon the rocks, merrily talking.

you?" she quoted. "We have nice social times here—the boarders are very agreeable; but it's so deliciously quiet out here it reats one."

He had baited her hook and put the rod into her hand. He then held a drooping branch of the single tree to shelter her Then he stood and watched the perfect contour of the roseate cheek and dimpled chin, while she dropped the hook he water and quietly waited. Suddenly the lovely eyes, bluer than the ribbons, looked full up. "Hasn't this been a delightful summer?"

"It has been to me," he replied. Something flashed from his gray eyes into her blue ones; the white lids fell quickly. "But it is past," he added after a pause. "I go home to-morrow." "I suppose we, too, will go before the

"Let me tell you why the summer has been so pleasant to me," he said; "because the sweetest woman I have ever known has been so much my companion. And I go to-morrow, much as I would like to stay, because—let me say it, for I say it without hope—I love her."

One little moment all was still but the clashing of the waters and the shrill cries of the snowy wheeling gulls. Then the blue of the lovely eyes shone out. "Why should you not hope, Lewald,

when she loves you?" He knelt down, took the oval face between his trembling hands so that there was no escape for the eyes of blue from his searching gaze. "Does she love me?"

"Dearly."
"God bless her!"
They she sprung laughing from his embrace, for a fish was running off with her rod. Help me, Lewald! help me!"

He laughed, too, as he caught it-so glad to be happy, hopeful.
"Let me do your fishing, Ladybird, while you sit there, like a queen, and tell me why you love me." "Because I trust you, and you suit me.

He strung the fish in silence. Your father will never consent." "My father does not want me to marry poor. He likes you, but you are not

rich, Lewald," "No, I am poor," he said bitterly.



Orinda forgives paps, I shall be rich."
"I do not want you rich," he replied, beently, his brow corrugated.

"You must have me rich, if at alr. "Let me tell you about it. My grand-father was poor, and his children had their fortunes to carve out. Dorinda, the eldest, was wonderfully good, brave, and capable. She taught school.

"Of the boys, who were Uncle Arthur

and my father, she made papa her favor-ite. She was anxious that he should prepare himself for college; she offered to pay, herself, the collegiate course. But he did not care for a classical education. He agreed, but wasted his time, took another course and bitterly disappointed her.

"For twenty years they did not meet or communicate. Meanwhile aunt had married General Blenville and grown old,

and I had been born. Though papa had not gratified his sister, he admired and respected her. He named me for her.
"It is only a few years ago since she drove one day in her carriage to call on us and see me. Then she sent me some lovely dresses, shawls, and jewels. But papa believes that she has never forgiven

papa believes that she has him, and I do not know." Lewald heard this story in silence. There was no possible fortune waiting for him. The times were bad, and growing worse. His importing interests had failed; his daily business as an art dealer was hourly becoming less. His partner's letters were daily more discouraging.

His lesse of his store and art gallery

only kept him still engaged in business. It had been a congenial occupation, but of late had been bitterly unprofitable.

He told all this to Mr. Blanchford that

"It is a very hopeless matter, sir, but I love your daughter none the less.' "I will be frank with you, Mr. Llewellyr said Mr. Blanchford.

"I like you, but my Little Rin is not fitted for poverty. To wed her to it would be disastrous. But, since she so evidently loves you, I hope—perhaps in vain—that a legacy from her aunt may facilitate matters

"My sister is very old and failing, and Little Rin will spend the winter with her as soon as she returns to town.

By the last of October all had flown city-ward. Mrs. Blenville's city residence was kept quiet during the fall, for she was very feeble and unable to receive; but she did not object to her niece entertaining er friends informally. Llewellyn came frequently to the great rich mansion, where rich carpets muffled his steps to soundlessness, and where wonderful pictures haunted his dreams.

Aubrey Villars came, too. He was well known in town, a young man of good family of French extraction, not as wealthy as it had been, but somewhat distinguished. He was handsome and agreeable, and at the seaside Little Rin had enjoyed an idle hour with him. But now, her heart deepened, all her thoughts another's, she cared little for his visits, and said so to Llewellyn.

"But he cares for you; I assure you he is serious," he replied, "and has been since you became exalted in his eyes as the niece of your aunt. He is my rival.' Little Rin laughed incredulously. But time proved Llewellyn's words true. Mr. Blanchford, unstable, and pressed for money, began to complain to his daughter that she had not preferred Villars.

Villars is of better p Llewellyn, and has more money than the latter will ever have-why are you so foolish as to prefer him?" he said irritably. "If you had a fortune it would not matter so much, but my family are long-lived; your aunt may live an invalid for a score of years. Let Llewellyn go, and marry Villars."

Shocked, grieved, distressed, Little Rin knew not what to reply. But then commenced a long, weary struggle. Her father reproached, expostulated, ins.sted. Rin knowing him well, temporized, hoping for better times.

The winter passed. The spring, however, was equally shrouded in financial depression. Mrs. Dorinda pursued the



Ten thousand pounds were hidden in the book

even tenor of her way, never asking if her brother were rich or poor. She was polite when they met—nothing more. To Rin she was kind and affectionate.

It the early summer, without special warning, Mrs. Dorinda Blenville died. When Mr. Cuthbert Blanchford met with the relatives to hear the will read, he shook like a leaf.

Several large bequests to various institutions and personal friends, and then "To my brother Cuthbert and his daughter, Dorinda, I bequeath, jointly, the Latin-grammar to be found in my library." The yellow old Latin grammar that she had pressed upon her brother in his youth

when life was all before him-it was a bit-She had not forgiven him. Rin's life, too, was spoiled. Must she marry for money? "Never," she said, and held out bravely; but her beautiful cheeks grew thin. Her father's hair became white.

And Liewellyn was wretched and help less as most men in a financial crisis. His business was ruined. At one time he offered Rin her freedom, but she smiled tenderly and shook her head. "Wait," she said.

For what? Llewellyn had a taste for antiquities. The Latin grammar was thirty years old, and one day he asked Rin for the privilege of examining it. She went for it. "It has not been opened," she said.

Not for long years, certainly—the yel-low leaves broke apart stiffly under his hand. He turned pale—paler as he conred to turn them. Little Rin came to his side. The volume was filled with bank-notes.

d pounds were hidden in the book. It was not satire now—but to Cuthbert Blanchford's conscience it was a reproach. But for his wilfulness he need not have needed so serely the bounty of a sister. He was happy only in Rin's enjoyment

Street-Car Conductors. Grap.: to Account of His Way of Making a Living, By an Ex-Conductor.

I landed in New York, almost penniless, and with a wife and three children to support besides myself. After hard trial I found it impossible to obtain such employment as I was fitted for, by my education and antecedents.

In my extremity I advised with a gentleman whom I had known in homical

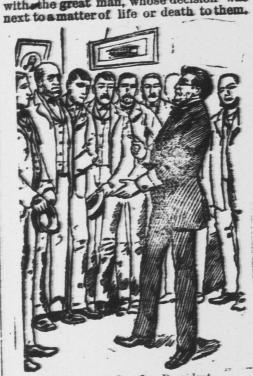
tleman whom I had known in happier times and happier circumstances. This was a terrible trial to me, but he received me with kindness, if not with the cor-diality which had characterized our relations when my social position was at least equal to his. I could not but notice, however, that he did not invite me to his house.

When he said he would give me a letter of introduction to the President of the -Street Railroad, who would perhaps give me employment, I accepted his offer.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT. Taking the letter in my hand, I re-paired, the next Monday morning, to the President's office, and was instructed to be at the same place on the following Thursday morning, when applications for conductorships would be received and

I was promptly on hand by eight in the morning of the appointed day. Early as it was I counted between forty and fifty other men on the same errand as I.

The time set for the interview with the President was nine, when certainly not fewer than seventy poor fellows, ranging in appearance from respectability to something like dilapidation, and of various ages and most diverse physical endowments, were awaiting the, perhaps to most of them, momentous conversation with the great man, whose decision was



Addressed by the President.

Slowly, one by one, men were admitted; slowly, one by one, they returned, some successful, others, and the most, as it seemed to my sick heart, certainly not. WEEDING OUT APPLICANTS.

I.om the reports of returning men, given in answer to questions from those in waiting, it appeared that the President refused to consider the application of those who, in his ready judgment, were too young, also of those who were too

old, tried by the same standard. The process of weeding out extended besides to all those who had previously held the position of conductor. My turn came after I had been waiting

about two hours. I was nervous but resolute to subdue the weakness. My wife had seen to it that I was carefully attired and brushed up, but my quondam friends would not have recog-

nized me in the dress I wore as I entered the office where sat the man who was the arbiter of my fate. His manner was tyrannical and repel-

lent. He surveyed me with thoroughness almost as disagreeable and insulting as his question: "Can you be honest if I appoint you?"

He added: "I think you will do, but I shall watch you particularly." I bowed.

He then said: "Wait down stairs until I call you." SUCCESSFUL APPLICANTS SPEECHIFIED.

In about half an hour's time I and the other fortunate ones, twenty-one of us, in all, were ordered back to the President's office. We meekly awaited developments, standing in a group. After surveying us in a body, the great man ose from his chair at the desk, ad-

vanced toward us, and pulling his coat

sleeves up almost to his elbows, made us "Now men," said he, "I have picked you of all those who applied to-day, not because of any letters of recommendation you brought me, but because I liked your general appearance and address. I have only three points which I wish to impress upon your minds : first, honesty ; second,

attention to business, and third, politeness. The first, bear this in mind, is the principal point." He then proceeded to tell us that the "spotter" would be placed on our track, whose business it was to see that our transactions with the road were perfectly square. The company, he said, could not afford to keep rogues in its employment, and he was determined to thrust

all such out. He was a truthful man, and was going to make all the money he could for the road; and woe be to the man whom he discovered trying to get ahead of him.

After the lecture, he sent us to the secretary of the road, who having first taken our names and residences, gave each of us a blank bond for a considerable sum, to be filled out and signed by the applicant and an acceptable bonds man, and returned the next day.

We were also instructed to take with it at that time, an amount of money nearly equal to the possibilities of earnings in a

THE BOND AND CASH AS SECURITY. "Twas with great difficulty I raised the money, and, as a last resort, from the gentleman to whom I had been obliged for m stroduction to the President, who also s. aed the bond.

When I returned to the company's offices and presented the required sum, I

was sworn in a perfunctory manner.

This matter being through, I received a printed slip, with my name written in it, as a conductor in the employ of the——Railroad Company. The slip served as my introduction to the starter, who forthwith nicknamed me Tom.

A GOOD-NATURED STARTER. Mr. Smith, as I will call the starter, inquired where my residence was, and en-tered my address on a little memoran-dum. He instructed me to buy con-ductor's cap. This cost me a dollar, afty.

When I returned from the last trip or the second day, I was on the footing of the full-fledged conductor. Mr. Smith toli me to be on hand at an early hour

the next morning. Great was my disappointment upon finding that I was, as yet, only an "extra," to be given a job when an extra conductor was needed by reason of sickless or other cause.

After five days, in which, on account of his kindness and, may Isay? discrimina-tion, I made a little by occasional trips. I was delighted to hear Mr. Smith say:

"Here, Tom, I'll give you a car." FULL WORK. My first regular experience was for three days. I felt happy. I did not feel



A lady friend, the passenger of a conductor in reduced circumstances.

degraded in my work. The five days as "extra" had increased my repugnance for the enforced loafing which half starved my family, not to speak of my-

But I had learned some things in my period of intermittent service, and the principal of these was to decline the friendship of my fellow "extras," whose advances had as their object their convenience rather than my entertainment.

For example, one of them excitedly asked for the loan of twenty cents for change to run his car with." I hadn't money for him, though my inexperience was willing to make the loan. What I saw soon made me inflexible of purpose in such matters, as, I discovered, it was my duty to be. AN EMBARRASSING RECOGNITION.

Being a comparative stranger in a city where I had not been known in my palmy days, the chances were against my renewing acquaintances of an embarrassing sort. I did, however, once encounter the wife of the gentleman by whose agency had secured employment, whom I had not seen since she and her husband were my guests on the other side of the Atlantic, five years before.

A feeling of shame took possession of me and I turned my back as I saw here car There was nothing, however, to be done but to perform my duty and collect

With the sensibility of a true lady she divined what my feelings were, and was the perfect stranger to me, not showing the least embarrassment, and, bless her

heart! relieving me of mine. From that time forward I felt prepared for whatever might happen to me in the wa of meeting people who had known me heneverything and everybody smiled

A TRICKY "SPOTTER."

Persons who make it their business, for a consideration paid by the company, to act as spies on conductors, ply their unamiable work under various disguises. Sometimes they appear in the guise of laborers going to work, mechanics with tools of their trade, or even of old women

with baskets of fruit. A dishonest conductor may find opportunities to "knock down" better when his car is crowded than at any other time, but he had better not attempt it. A thousand chances to one he will be "spotted and the exact deficiency represented in the number of times he did not ring when he took fares, marked up against him in the office.

The "spotter" does not always speak to the conductor of his discovery, when he makes one. He works in the dark quite



The "spotter" disguised as a laborer

frequently, like the burrowing mole, and his labors appear to the conductor's consternation, and when he least expects it. I numbered among my regular passengers a man whom I suppose was a workman, a dogged and sullen looking person. The expression of his counterance was far from pleasing, and I ob-

served him with more than an ordinary

But I must admit it, I did not support that he was a "spotter," nor shou ever have known it, had he not found occasion to begin a conversation with me during which he did me the questionable compliment to suggest that I do the stealing and he share the "boodle," as his reward in roguery which, he assured me, should be rendered safe as well as profitable

I received his proposition in silence, and never referred to it in any way. Possibly, I thought, he is only tempting me, and I could gain nothing by exposing him to the company. A man who could actually mean what he proposed would be guilty as a fallow of the proposed would be guilty of falsehood to clear him-self. On the whole, I reasoned, my

My engagement as conductor lasted policy is silence. ks, when a better employ-

I tell you, sir, "hard times" have made

who kno Who knows where pins a

The Victoria BIDAY, FEBRUA

Where all the buttons Who knows where all th That somehow get awa Who knows how all the That wasn't touched a w baby got so black And never gets a fall Who knows whence all i And where they disar Why one brief month "fright"

Of what was "such a Who knows how little To such a prodigious Who knows, indeed, wh Beneath his very eye. Who knows just where When "business" ke Who knows when bes And when to wear a Who knows the time t

That she's no longer Who knows how best And how to hold he Vho knows the most To bring a friend to Who knows the half On clubs, cigars and Who knows one bonn A woman all her li Who knows the wom

Who knows why all t Are often last to go low all the ugly won Who never have a Why small men fancy And large men fan Who knows, in fact, h Is ever matched at

Who knows how far

How far to hate a

When sweetheart to

Just when to speak a And when a sturd Who knows-the gri Says sagely, say t The wisest man in Is he who knows Joint Stock

RY J. W. JOHNSON RIO BUSINI BELLE Conversion ships into Joint In Great Britain twenty hve years

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> manufacturers i convert their stock companies extend their tra tion of new capi oe obtained on ership or speci ciple, but only liability. The take the price paid up stock books under make the plant counts debto tive values to the man in th give him a stor mber of shar and stockholde as before descri Services Par

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