

THE DOUBLE TEST.

By Beryl Willow.

Continued.

"And how can I thank you, sir?" she asked, "for all your kindness to me?"

"Simply, as I told you, Maggie, by being as you are now, virtuous, studious, and hopeful. Poverty may be hard, but intelligence robs it of half its sting. Come, let us go home."

Subsequently to this, day followed day with an unflinching regularity of discipline, almost instinctive. Reproof to the larger pupils was unneeded, and their example, tempered by some salutary laws, controlled the rest mechanically. Struck by the novelty of perfect order, all bent themselves to study with new interest, and surpassed each week the progress of the week preceding.

Still, foremost of all competitors for favor during the entire winter, stood Maggie Fulmer. From the day on which I had espoused her cause, although reserved as ever, in compliance with my advice, she determined to excel even her own past efforts. Her nights were spent, or partly spent, in application, and her daily recitations exhibited a depth of thought and vigor of understanding which astonished even me, and to the country bumpkins who recited with her she seemed to border on the supernatural. Nominally classified with her schoolmates, she was in reality passing far beyond them. Often were my leisure moments employed in explaining to her some abstruse problem, or in indicating more clearly the outline of some philosophic theory which her precocious intellect but dimly, yet sometimes almost comprehended. Frequent on such occasions was I startled at the range of her reflective experience, until I could not but wonder at the brilliancy of talents which needed but the hand of cultivation to resemble genius. From such daily associations with her I began to derive a new, indefinite pleasure in remarking the enthusiasm of this tireless scholar, which threw a charm around the dullest elements of science. By constant sympathy with the earnest rapture of the girl, I grew into a deeper admiration of herself. By degrees I forgot, in contemplating her extraordinary talents, her humble station, until I felt that she had created for herself an interest in my heart that could never be destroyed.

And so she grew, by delicate degrees, through pity, interest, and admiration, up into the higher regions of respect and love.

Thus sped the term. My patrons, pleased at the beneficial change in the school, extended my probation two months beyond the usual time; but the hours of that period ran goldenly away into oblivion until at last it came—the day which was to close my term—and within a short time after which I was to take my place in a law office in a distant city. The May, beautiful May, had long been in, and the breath of her greening meadows and adolescent blossoms melted in at the open windows where I was holding my last day's school session. But, not to linger, I had given the last encouragement which I was ever to offer in that humble room; the trustees and patrons had shaken my hand in rude congratulation on my success; the little ones had given me the last reluctant palm, and the larger ones had spoken the last tearful "good-bye;" and I sat, resting my forehead in my hand, gazing vacantly away into the supernal glory of the western sky, with an unaccustomed sadness on my brow and a regretful melancholy at my heart.

From the closing events of the preceding chapter we must stride forward twelve years. What unexpected changes these twelve years had wrought in my own fortune! Through all the grades of "lawyerdom," from that of a copyist of deeds up to the satisfactory condition of a legal "limb," in vistry, with an extensive practice, I had passed, and had finally come into the enjoyment, whether merited or not, of a handsome reputation as an advocate. During the year or two next succeeding the season which I spent in Smalley, I sustained a regular and frequent correspondence with Maggie. In all her letters were to be found occasional passages indicating the untaught wealth of a mind struggling to pour into the moulded patterns of expression the impressive fancies so peculiarly its own; but Maggie generally failed to communicate to the lifeless letters the simple eloquence which, when falling from her gifted tongue, and receiving an added spell from her mysterious beauty, had so often startled me like an electric shock. Accustomed, while in her presence, to connect the music of her words with her striking personal exterior, I had forgotten until I came to read the irregular epistles, in which the defects of her education were apparent, that she was, after all, but a crude child of misfortune, comparatively—nay, almost wholly destitute of those accomplishments which, if not the origin of love, are about the only alimant on which it can subsist. I was not long in concluding that my humble wall-flower, which had seemed so strangely brilliant from its coarse and rude surroundings, would, if trans-

planted to a fashionable parlor, appear a very ordinary blossom, the essence of rusticity. By degrees this impression, at first admitted suspiciously and with self-reproach, grew familiar to my mind, and I came to contrast our different positions and the probable unlikeness of our tastes and habits, until I tacitly concluded that to look upon Maggie Fulmer in a dearer light than as a valued friend would be rank injustice to us both. I had not outlived the memory of the words I had spoken when we parted, but gradually settled into a habit of thought that looked upon it as a boyish extravagance which she as well as I would eventually forget. And yet, at times, when some vivid reminiscence fell glowing from her pen, there would steal over me a temporary shadow of the same fever-dream, always relapsing, however, into that common type of thought in which the Maggie of old was a fabulous creature—bright, but indistinct; and sweet, but most unreal. As a friend, however, I could not but do her reverence; the thought of dropping her acquaintance was never for a moment entertained. The place she occupied in my esteem, and which in former seasons had appeared to be the highest station there, seemed lower as I grew in mental stature; but it was still far too elevated to be looked upon except with feelings of respect and admiration. Thus it came that I still maintained a correspondence with Maggie while slowly from the ragged scrawl of the school-girl and the meagre language in which her earlier written thoughts were clothed, her hand had gained a cunning with the pen, and her style had acquired a chasteness and coherency plainly an improvement on her earlier efforts, when suddenly she sank into impenetrable silence. I had already written her several unanswered letters, and many weeks had passed away before I learned, in answer to some inquiries which I had instituted in her neighborhood, that, in company with her family, she had removed to one knew nothing. All efforts to ascertain the new location of my girlish favorite were fruitless. For several months this circumstance occasioned me considerable inquietude, and formed a subject of constant speculation; new opening prospect drew my thoughts aside, until, finally, the matter ceased to be a daily topic of thought. Occasionally, it is true, I reverted, speculatively, to the antiquated theatre on which so brief and sweet a drama of boyish life had been enacted; but manhood's stirring incentives urged me onward, forward into a partial forgetfulness of every dream save that ambition weaves. Wealth, distinction lay before me, and I entered, with a natural zest, these new, exciting fields of action.

In these pursuits ten years went by, and found me, at the age of thirty, a citizen of R—, with a comfortable fortune and a constantly enlarging professional practice. Millions are born and die to whom the higher paths of social progress are sealed forever; but for me they had no barrier; and yet, though for years I had mingled in circles where feminine accomplishment and artifice combine to render female beauty irresistible, I had as yet escaped heartwhole. Perhaps the recollection of Maggie Fulmer was not least among the safeguards which exempted me from after passions, for it is certain that there arose at times from the unsounded gulf of memory, where the beloved are buried, a wizard countenance, whose unique and supernal beauty resembled the beauty of a spectre, and before whose lofty charms all common fairness seemed but imperfection, for it burned with the sublime reflection of a gifted soul. However this may be, I had never, thus far, gazed on loveliness which could compare with the capricious shadow that visited my dreams.

But to return. Assiduous confinement to business was fast exhausting me, and it was with an eager feeling of relief that I accepted a professional call promising to detain me several weeks in the comparatively rural city of B—. Perhaps no summer songster ever turned from the far southland at the call of spring, to revisit its familiar groves and cleave again with willing wing its native atmosphere, more exultingly than did I speed rapidly away from the bustle of the town, and approach the haven of respite. No feeling is so inspiring after protracted bondage as the sense of personal freedom; and when I trod the pavements of B—it was for the time with a supreme indifference to all time, past and future, and a complete absorption in the present. Society, in this retired town, possessed a genial freshness unknown to the conventional crowds of fashionable R—, and I entered with enthusiasm into every scheme which could promise enjoyment. In rambles and excursions amongst its surrounding forests, lakes, and rivers, and in cordial intercourse with its hospitable people, the brief season allotted to these unalloyed enjoyments melted insensibly away, until the necessity for my return to business stared me in the face, and revealed the unconscious zeal which I had thrown into my recreations. Not least among the many ties formed, even

in so brief a period, was that of an acquaintance with one of the most fascinating women I had ever met. In the social world of B—mingled many beautiful and queenly creatures, but among them there was one whose loveliness outshone all others; and yet the spell surrounding Mary Seymour was not simply referable to mere personal beauty. True, a world of symmetry dwelt in the tall and stately figure, the contour of the intellectual features, and a world of sensuous beauty in the lustrous hair, and in the sweet expression of a mouth as daintily chiselled as a rainbow; but it was a something not wholly tangible, that dwelt in the unfathomable, soundless eyes, and swallowed up all considerations of mere outward beauty. Accustomed as I had been long to estimate the attractions of women with the cool analysis of a critic, I at first met Miss Seymour with the indifference with which, in my opinion, all feminine charms were most safely treated. This opinion, however, was within a little time, materially revised. I found her differing widely in all the cardinal points of character from any woman I had ever seen. It was neither the rumor of her princely wealth, the vision of her wonderful perfection, nor the magic of her countless accomplishments that set at fault my preconceived conclusions; it was something higher, more spiritual than those, which exercised at once an attracting and repelling influence upon all who entered the enchanted circle of her presence. Dazzled by the blaze of attractions that I could not analyze, it is no wonder that I yielded passively to the current of admiration by which the proud, the humble, and the gifted were swayed alike. Nor did this sentiment remain the same; the processes by which its shallowness verged nearer to the soundless depths of love, though imperceptible, were so rapid that I had scarcely marked the existence of a feeling deeper than admiration before I awoke to a consciousness that Mary Seymour had become the arbitress of my destiny. On what a passion so absorbing had been nourished it was difficult to specify—nay, a casual observer would have denied any ground for hope. But at times, when I approached her, my infatuated heart would fancy that it read beneath the assumed carelessness of her demeanor a thrill of pleasure. Even of this I could not feel assured; and so, involved in preplexing extremes of hope and doubt, I lingered on until the period positively fixed for my departure was but a day in advance. Existence had become to me a problem, and upon the positive or negative solution of these passing hours its whole result depended.

In the jostling, brilliant crowd which that evening assembled in the parlors of a wealthy citizen of B—I sought an isolated station from whence I could gaze with undisturbed delight upon the face of Mary Seymour. As I wandered for this purpose to and fro, I aimed instinctively to shun the object of my passion. She was there, radiant as ever; and as I gazed upon her eyes, which now flashed in the capricious light of humor, and then lost their brilliancy in a shade of utter night, I could not but acknowledge that the upire of my happiness, whether merciful or not, could never be other than an angel from heaven.

I have said that I aimed to shun Miss Seymour, as if there were in her presence a terrible fascination which it would be wise to avoid. In despite of this, long before the close of that portentous night, I found myself beside her, listening as ever to the sparkling or haughty utterances of her lips. Once within the sphere of her attractions, I sank at once into a creature of the winds swayed by her slightest whim, and listening or replying to her glittering sarcasm, or glowing periods, with a mind meanwhile stumbling in a maze of irresolution. Should I pin my eternal peace upon the cast of a die, and learn in one momentous instant my whole after fate? Were it not better to prefer an uncertainty, which at least permitted hope, to a decree which might forbid all but despair? My soul experienced a kind of agonizing pleasure in thus leaning over the precipice of doubt, seeking to fathom the intense darkness of the gulf beneath it. Than a reaction of this extreme agony suggested—"Your life at best is misery; can it be worse? And should your hopes be realized, what a heaven would earth become! Coward! who dare not stake a pain against a paradise!" I grew brave; I resolved; with the formation of my resolution a better mood came over me. I could gaze once more upon the regal beauty by my side with a soul all alive to the exquisite pleasure of the sight. At length she said:—

To be continued next week.

The Chinese never kiss, but a Chinese mandarin who has travelled in western nations has attempted to instruct the benighted Celestials. He says: "Kissing is a form of courtesy which consists in presenting the lips to the lower part of the chin and making a sound." Again: "Children, when visiting their seniors, apply their mouth to the left or right lips of the elder with a smacking noise." It is to be feared that this matter-of-fact description of the process is hardly likely to lead to its naturalization in the Middle Kingdom.

An amusing incident occurred at the Londonderry Assizes on Saturday. A jury having returned a verdict in which they assessed the value of a bust of the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, at £16 10s., Judge O'Brien asked on what basis the amount had been arrived at. The foreman said that, there being a difference of opinion as to the amount, each juror had put down what he had considered a fair sum to allow; the amounts were then added together, and the total divided by twelve, the number of jurors. This statement created much laughter in court. His Lordship refused to accept the verdict, and the jury, after another consultation, brought in a verdict of £10.

That the success of every business man depends upon his ability to advertise cannot be gainsaid. Indeed the efficacy of printer's ink lies in its proper application. The man who knows how to advertise the goods he really keeps, and not the goods he does not keep, is the man who will thrive best. Many merchants nowadays judiciously spread their advertisement all over a popular newspaper; but when the buyers visit their places they find that their best goods exist only on paper. This class of men know how to pay for an "ad," but they do not know how to advertise. It is a rare thing to find a house that comes up to its advertisement in these times, and rarer still are those that the advertisement does not do its own part. During my travels in search of news I have found one of the rarer specimens, and the way I happened to find it was through the following unique advertisement:—

"Carrie, dear," said her father, and he said it with a good deal of satisfaction, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, Pa, that's the first bill of mine you hasn't objected to." Carrie had evidently not been purchasing her

Household Furniture

from OWEN MCGARVEY & SON, Nos. 1849, 1851 & 1853 Notre Dame Street, or there would have been no objection to the bills sent. Owen McGarvey & Son carry a most complete stock of parlor, dining-room, library and fancy articles, such as the most beautiful odd-piece suites, in plushes of all the newest shades, with ladies' desks, easels, statuette tables, gill chairs, ottomans and piano stools, with the newest and largest assortment of rattan rockers, easy chairs, reclining chairs, swing cots, cribs, and a full line of the very much admired bed furniture from Vienna, Austria, and their prices are acknowledged the cheapest—quality considered—in the city; and to provide for Carrie and Willie's further and future wants, we have now daily arriving, the very finest stock of

BABY CARRIAGES AND PERAMBULATORS

ever on view in this city, varying in price from 7, 8.50, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75 and up to 85 dollars, the highest priced ones the finest styles and finish yet made in the United States, will be found at Owen McGarvey & Son's oldest and largest furniture store in the city.

When I read this advertisement my curiosity was naturally aroused, and I went to McGarvey's expecting to find, as I had found elsewhere, the best of his goods to exist on paper; but I was mistaken. I found that the advertisement did not come up to the house, and that it takes six spacious flats to hold the very best of his goods which are not mentioned in the advertisement. For example, there is no mention made of the pieces of furniture that captured foreign medals at the various exhibitions. There is a mention made of the fact that Owen McGarvey & Son can furnish a house from bottom to top, but there is no mention made of the fact that the goods are substantially the stock from which the samples are taken that brought the firm several bronze and silver medals, together with a diploma for exquisite workmanship. The prizes were awarded by the Paris, Belgium and Indian Colonial Exhibitions. Mr. McGarvey, who by the way is a most affable gentleman, took me through every one of his six flats, where I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the finest furniture I have ever seen, and that's saying a good deal when the fact is considered that I have seen some of the very best New York affords. The pieces of furniture that took the prizes, a set of which is given above, consists of a drawing room chair and a centre table.

The table is made of ebony, with sides of free ornamental scrollwork carving, the legs similarly treated, to which brass claws are attached, and the chair is of that kind known as wire backed, upholstered very richly in crimson and old gold brocade.

The real merit and beauty of these articles is beyond my power of description. In order that the real beauty of the elegant furniture may be seen to advantage, Mr. McGarvey has a portion of his second flat divided into apartments. These are furnished with some of his best furniture in such a way as to resemble a palatial dwelling. A parlor, dining-room, bed-room and even the hall-way are so luxuriously arranged as to suggest the rich blessings of a home made beautiful by the exquisite touch of the experienced housewife. These apartments are models of perfection, and any housekeeper who gets a view of them will turn green with envy.

After making a tour of the various departments on the upper flats we made a descent in the handsome elevator to the first floor, where the pleasant recollection of childhood days came up before me like a dream, when I beheld the perfect gems of baby carriages displayed to public view.

I wished a wish—but then 'twere vain,
To wish one's self a child again.

I must confess that never since I was an "infant terrible" was I so completely carried away with a baby carriage. I will not attempt to describe any one in particular, but will venture to say that any one of them would take a prize at an exhibition if held to-morrow and this is not saying a great deal.

J. A. ARNEAUX

OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,
1849, 1851, and 1853 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

CASH SALE.

Come and see our great Bargains in

FURNITURE.

We will sell for the next 30 DAYS our well known and well selected stock at prices that will astonish every one.

Our \$35 Bed-room set for \$25.

Our \$30 one for 23.

Our \$20 one for \$15.

Everything in proportion for the next 30 days

Come along and you will get a

Bargain.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

Kent St., Lindsay.

What a Correspondent says of The House of

OWEN MCGARVEY & Son,

What the Proper Application of Printers' Ink has Produced

—A model piece of Furniture that Captured Foreign Medals.

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