

The Children we Keep.

The children kept coming, one by one, till the boys were five and the girls were three. And the big brown house was alive with fun. From the basement floor to the roof tree. Like garden flowers the little ones grew. Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care; warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew. They blossomed into beauty, like roses rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day. And leaning his head on his mother's breast, he said, "I am tired and cannot play. Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest." She cradled him close in her fond embrace. She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song; and rapturous love still lighted his face. When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes, who stood where "the brook and river meet," stole softly away into Paradise. Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet. While father's eyes on the grave are bent, The mother looked upward beyond the skies; "Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent. Our darling: were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by and the children began with longing to think of the world outside; and as each in his turn became a man. The boys proudly went from the father's side. That lovers were speedy to woo and win; and with orange blossoms in braided hair, The old home was left, new home to begin.

So, one by one, the children have gone— The boys were five and the girls were three; And the big brown house is gloomy and lone; With but two old folks for its company. They talk to each other about the past, As they sit together at twilight. And say, "All the children we keep at last Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

By Mrs. Alexander.

And so dance succeeded dance, and he saw the indefatigable Sir Frederic whirling round in a rapid waltz with the pale, quiet friend of the heiress, who looked just as unexcited as when she had been sitting alone.

"Now is my turn," thought Neville, and proceeded to search for the admired figure, which he soon descried, but, alas! leaning on the arm of a smooth-faced, accurately got-up, white chokered young exquisite, of the composite order—a mingling of Belgravia with Marshall and Snelgrove's. But oh! triumph! his eyes caught hers, and she smiled a smile of such undoubted, pleased recognition, that Neville was himself again. So he waited with renewed patience until the scramble called by courtesy a quadrille was over, when, advancing with an air of old acquaintanceship, he said, coolly—

"I am to take you into supper;—a command she did not dispute; for, court-courtesy to her partner, she took Neville's offered arm, asking, with a bright smile—

"Who says so?"

"I do; forgive my audacity, but I feared to lose you."

Miss Delvigne's soft cheeks glowed, and her eyes suddenly sought Neville's with an earnest, questioning look.

"I am a careless, rough fellow," he said gravely, replying unconsciously to the questioning glance; "but you asked me just now if my friend Compton was true. I think I can answer for myself that I am true, at least."

"I did not doubt you," she said, trying to resume the light tone of their first conversation; for there was a tenderness in Neville's accents that half frightened her. And then they reached the supper-room, where, over the usual indigestible mixture of chicken, tongue, lobster-salad, ice, jelly, and trashed champagne, they got more and more familiar—talking of feelings, and sentiments, and sympathy, and a dozen topics of which Neville never thought before. And as he marked the unmistakable sincerity, the earnest simplicity that marked his companion's tone, he felt more and more fascinated by this truest type of womanhood he had ever met. She was so cultivated and refined, too, yet so natural, that his own difficulties and *mauvaise honte* seemed to melt away under the genial influence of her frank manner and easy tact.

Again the music summoned the loiterers.

"Let us rest once more in this quiet nook," said Neville, pausing at the conservatory, and drawing his companion into its leafy shade.

"Are you shut up all day at that school?" he continued. "Do you never walk or ride, or go anywhere a fellow might see you?"

Miss Delvigne shook her head—the smile faded away from lip and eyes.

"Pray, give me some clue to your movements. I must see you again."

"Ah! Captain Neville, do not talk in that way. We have had a pleasant evening together, and now I suppose our roads in life will scarce cross again."

"They must! they shall!" cried Neville impetuously. "But I dare not go to see you?"

"Come and see me!" said his companion, shrinking from the bare idea, yet laughing at the picture it conjured up. "Miss Redoubt would faint at the sight of you!"

"Well, then do you never go out alone?"

"Never except—" she paused, casting her large dark eyes down, while a half mischievous smile played round her lips.

"Except! Except when? I implore you, do tell me—"

"I ought not—you know I ought not," returned Miss Delvigne, embarrassed, but yielding; then, brightening up a little—"I am a goose—you will forget all about it. I need not trouble myself—"

"Very well; having made up your mind that point you may as well tell me; do, Delvigne, if it were only to try my wits."

She looked up with a bright smile; then, seeing Neville's eager, pleading eyes, and away with some coquetry, and pulling the blossoms from her bouquet, said "Well, then, and speaking quickly—

"The Boss lesson at Signor Carrara's own estimates it \$4,000,000. Where may that be?" asked the young man.

"It remained Albany Street," just back from Eng somewhere in St. John's Setway, the sables lie across the Regent's scimitar with the mat, hour?"

Victoria that he proposes."

urging that the alliance will, gazing into the advantageous to his people."

said Miss Delvigne, bracelet—one of dark from her arm, and needed to clasp it on

again. Unaccustomed to such offices, he contrived to catch the skin in closing the snap, inflicting sufficient pain to make her start and shrink.

"I have hurt you—I have hurt you!" he exclaimed, in despair; and following an irresistible impulse, pressed his lips passionately to the fair, round arm.

"Captain Neville!" cried the startled, confused girl, shrinking back, half frightened, with glowing cheeks.

"Forgive me!" Neville was beginning, when he heard Sir Frederic Compton call, at a distance—

"Neville, Miss Weston and Miss Delvigne are inexorably summoned home. Permit me—"

And then approaching the heiress, he offered her his arm with a deprecating glance at his comrade. Miss Delvigne accepted it, murmured a soft "Good-night!" and passing from Neville's confused vision, left him suddenly—deeply, passionately in love.

CHAPTER III.

As soon as Neville and his friend could manage it they escaped from the festivities of Saratoga Lodge.

It was a lovely night. "The young May moon" was beaming as though especially bespoken for the occasion, and the gentlemen, lighting their cigars, strolled along between the fragrant gardens which adorn the shady groves of the Evangelist, in the direction of town.

Sir Frederic was the first to speak—

"What do you think of the venture now, Neville?"

"Do you think I have any chance?" was the counter-question.

"You'll go in and win, I suppose. 'Gad! you are in great luck! I say, old fellow, I am more than half sorry I agreed to bestow the heiress on you; she is a delightful creature, one's *beau ideal* of a girl, so frank and unconventional."

"Compton, if you regret your proposition for a moment, I will give up the scheme."

"Nonsense! I was in jest. If Miss Delvigne was twice as charming, I look upon her as so completely your property that I do not give her a thought for myself. But there is something peculiar about that little quiet girl I was dancing with, and by Jove! her name is Delvigne too, for somebody spoke to her and your beauty answered, and then Mrs. Coleman—yes, it was Mrs. Coleman—said rather stiffly, pointing to my little partner, 'I mean this Miss Delvigne.'"

"It is curious! Devilish queer!" repeated Neville, thoughtfully. "By Jove! I shall be ready to cut my throat if my belle does not prove the right party. But there is a hansom—let us hail it."

Arrived at Morley's, Sir Frederic's first inquiry was for his valet, and Simmons soon made his appearance, but with a crest fallen air.

"Did you see Mr. Foster when he called here to-day?" asked his master.

"Yes, Sir Frederic."

"What did he want with me so particularly?"

"Can't say, sir, but—I beg pardon, Sir Frederic, it's very seldom as I forget, and I hope you'll look over it this time, sir, but in my hurry going out I quite forgot to leave this note for you. Mr. Foster gave it to me the last time he came, sir, and I just put it into my pocket to make sure of it, and it quite escaped—"

"D—careless of you," interrupted his master, angrily. "It might have been of the last importance: there, say no more about it; leave the room."

Neville had sat down dreamily in an easy-chair during this short colloquy, and looked on with a sort of lazy curiosity while Compton perused his grandfather's epistle; it was of some length, for a minute or two elapsed, and then Sir Frederic merrily laughed. Throwing himself on a sofa, he held out the note to his friend, "Here's a romantic dodge, Neville," he said, "read that."

"Read yourself," said Neville, drowsily.

"My dear boy," began the Baronet obediently. "I am a good deal annoyed at not finding you, as I am obliged most unexpectedly to leave for Paris this evening; you must therefore present yourself at Mrs. Coleman's alone. I have, however, a hint to give you. My romantic ward, Miss Delvigne, has a favorite companion, the French teacher at Miss Redoubt's school, of the same name as her own, and she intends, in order to test you, to pass her off as the heiress and pretend herself to be the French girl. I overheard the proposition myself, as I entered their sitting-room this morning. This is an excellent opportunity for you, and I lost no time in endeavoring to give you warning, but fear I shall not be able to see you before I start. You can hardly make any mistake, however, as my ward is much more distinguished and refined than the girl she has selected to fill her place. I hope to be back in a few days, when I shall, no doubt, find all progressing as I could wish.

Very sincerely yours, JOHN FOSTER."

"By Jove!" was all the thoroughly roused Neville could utter. "Then which was which?" he went on, as Compton continued to laugh and re-read the letter.

"Did your Miss Delvigne give you any clue?"

"No; she was rather silent, particularly after she found I was not Captain Neville's. I suppose she did not think it was necessary to do much in the talking line. Oh! yes—the little, quiet, pale thing must be the French teacher—she is a sweet girl, though Neville! I took a fancy to her rather, and would like to meet her again."

"Pshaw!—stuff!—you could not marry a French teacher!" said his more worldly friend.

"Why not?" returned the young Baronet. "But I do not want to marry any one at present."

"There is no doubt the two girls were playing into each other's hands," resumed Neville, returning to the more interesting question; "for my partner thought I was Sir Frederic Compton, and then, when she found her mistake, cross-examined me pretty closely as to your disposition, Fred, your temper, etc. Oh, yes! it is clear enough; and I am confoundedly glad your old governor has given us a hint, for it would never do to get into the heiress's black books; and I would not like to marry a foreign nobody. I do not care for money, but I like race, though if I ever met a girl that could turn a man's head, and make him forgo his resolution, that girl is Miss Delvigne."

"Well, every man to his taste! And, after all, your 'New Orleans gal' may have

had a half-caste for a grandmother! Don't look glum, old fellow. But what do you intend to do next?"

"Oh! see her as soon and as often as I can. She goes to Albany Street every Thursday and Saturday for a music-lesson, and the day after to-morrow I'll waylay her in the Park. If she has any old sorrow to accompany her, I will merely bow. If not—and probably this friend of hers will be with her—I will feel my way. She is a charming creature. Heiress or no heiress, I should feel very much inclined to run away with her. By the way is she a ward of Chancery? That would complicate matters."

"No; my grandfather is her only guardian, and I trust when the old boy returns will find all things progressing to our satisfaction."

"How soon after a first meeting ought a fellow to propose?" asked Neville thoughtfully.

"Can't tell! Suppose it depends. Never proposed to any one, Neville?"

"No, not marriage," said that gentleman gravely. "I feel as if I could ask Mary (her name is Mary, she pronounces it Marie) to-morrow! You see if I was rich, and she had not a penny, I would marry her. I would, by Jove!"

"If she was really the French governess?" put in Sir Frederic, slyly.

"That is a different matter and would not suit. But it is absurd to talk in that way. Look at the difference of the two girls—one had dependence stamped on her whole bearing."

"Yes, poor little soul," said Compton kindly. "I suppose she hasn't an easy life of it. 'Gad, I'd like to take care of her."

"Fate forbids such things to be," returned his mentor. "But let us to bed; this is a capital hint of your grandfather's. I'll not fail to profit by it."

CHAPTER IV.

The anticipated Saturday rose clear and fair. It was an exquisite morning, worthy of the month of May, with life and fragrance, and verdure, and all fresh loveliness lending beauty even to what had none in itself.

Neville after looking in all directions in vain, took refuge in a cigar, and placed himself under one of those islands of striping trees which dot the Regent's Park, near the broad walk. It was now close on two o'clock—what if she would not come! or came escorted by some duenna-like governess! perhaps the awful Redoubt herself! As these uneasy thoughts perplexed him, a light, active step approached; he turned sharply round, and she was before him—herself—fresh and bright as ever. Her cool looking muslin dress and scarf, so exquisitely becoming and appropriate—the quiet bonnet with its delicate white ribbon, bouquets of wild roses and artistic mingling of black lace, was enchantingly becoming and "coquet" and from the neat parasol to the dainty boots she was every inch a woman to be loved—a lady to be respected.

And Marie Delvigne was marvelously moved. She would have been scarce mortal, and certainly not an interesting mortal, had so brilliant a hero as ours made no impression on her mind. To tell the truth, this specimen of mankind, so different from all she had hitherto known, had scarce left her dazzled eyes since they first met. He was the "ocean to the river of her thoughts," and studies and exercises had alike been obscured by constantly pondering the question—"If, after all, I were to meet him in the Park?"

The encounter was such an unexpected fulfillment of her resisted hopes and imaginings, that for a moment her heart was still, and her cheek paled—then the color flushed quick over cheek and brow, and her heart beat vehemently.

The sight of so much irrepressible emotion gave Neville a sudden sense of his own importance and superiority, like a true man as he was, because the fibre of brain and nerve in him, of stronger and coarser texture, vibrated with less delicate accuracy to the promptings of the spirit, than in woman's finer organization. It was therefore with tolerable self-possession he raised his hat, and throwing away his cigar, smilingly addressed her—

"You have chosen the hottest part of the day, Miss Delvigne. It was much cooler an hour ago!"

"Ah, Captain Neville! I am surprised! but it is a pleasant place to lounge in with a cigar on so lovely a morning."

"Is it? Well, I never found it out before. Let me carry this for you—music, I suppose. What a thick roll—you don't intend to sing it all to-day? You'll be frightfully done up."

"Oh, no; I could sing more than is there without much fatigue. You see a good deal of it is the accompaniment."

"Is it really?" as if she had announced a wonderful fact. And when must you be with this singing fellow?"

"At half-past two."

"Well, it is now only two—so you need not quicken your pace—you are not afraid of a rowing, are you?"

"A rowing!" repeated Mary, puzzled.

"A blowing up!" explained Neville.

"He would be a flinty sort of a fellow that could be down on your misdeeds!" And he glanced tenderly into his companion's eyes.

"Ah! you mean that Signor Carrara would scold me. Yes, indeed he would; his minutes are very precious; but on the whole, I am a favorite with him—he is very good to me."

"I should think so," said Neville quietly, with another expressive look from his grave, gray eyes, which sunk into his hearer's heart, and called the color to her cheeks.

It was wonderful how much their relative positions had changed since the previous Thursday evening. Then, he was the humble, confused suitor, almost tremblingly informed by every crumb of favor; now, face what was the real condition of the besieged, he was more in love than ever, it is true, yet conscious of a lordly certainty, a mastery of the position that lent a sort of assured tenderness to his manner, which nevertheless was profoundly respectful.

So it is ever!—in the struggle between man and woman there is a perpetual ebb and flow—a constant balance—one cannot descend without elevating the other. Marie felt this, though she could not explain it; and, womanlike, was all the more fascinated, because Neville involuntarily exercised a sort of power by his very composure.

She fought bravely for self-control, and with feminine instinct changed the conversation.

"What a dreadful-looking man!" she exclaimed as one of those ragged, dirty, sullen types of humanity, which too often come "between the wind and our nobility" in this luxurious city, passed them after they had walked some way.

"Yes," said Neville; "an ugly customer for you to meet alone; by the way—though I am deucedly glad of it—why do they let you walk all this way by yourself?"

"Ah!" said Marie, her heart sinking so low that she thought she felt it beating in the soles of her feet. "You think I am somebody! You mistake me for my friend! I am but the French teacher—nobody at all, except to myself!" and she trembled.

"Oh! you are the French teacher, are you?" said Neville, quite unmoved—with a kindly sort of smile in his eyes—you could not see much of it on his lips, for like Esau, he was a "hairy man"—"but taken care of."

"Perhaps," said Marie, laughing, while her heart sprang back with a flash of electric joy—then he did not care—it was all the same to him—"but you know it is nobody's business," she continued aloud.

"Will you let it be mine?" asked Neville, half in jest, astonished at his own fluency; but this was going too fast, and Marie began to wish him away—to have time to recover herself and think.

"You have plenty to do, I suppose; you cannot smoke cigars here every day," she said.

"I can always manage one in this locality on Thursdays and Saturdays," returned Neville.

"No, no; you must not!" she exclaimed hastily. "It would not do! it would not be right!" and she stopped suddenly, her cheek flushing, and feeling really anxious to get rid of him—for they were now almost at the entrance to Albany Street, and Marie felt she could not be seen at Signor Carrara's door with so distinguished an escort.

"Good-by, Captain Neville," she said with sudden decision, and pausing abruptly. "Must it be good by so soon?" he replied.

"Yes."

"But why?" he was beginning, when with uncommon astuteness for a John Bull, he reflected that it might pain her to say she must not be seen with him, and he was silent.

She held out her hand—a little, daintily-gloved hand—and he took it in his, where it lay, lost to sight, but certainly "to memory dear," when a moment after, Neville stood alone, the last wave of her dress floated round the turn into Albany Street, out of sight. He stood alone, and furious with himself for losing her so soon, without some arrangement for a future meeting, without some link being fastened in the chain which was to bind them together. What a sweet frank creature! What a graceful little figure? Surely she was not indifferent to him! and thus added the merit of discrimination to her other charms.

A second interview in the same locality on the following Thursday was secured by Neville's watchfulness; it, however, furthered his projects but little, for Miss Delvigne was less at her ease, more timid, and apparently anxious to get rid of her admirer, even while she betrayed her growing interest in him. Neville, fearful of starting her by too sudden an advance, was left in a painful state of perplexity as to his next step. Time was pressing, too, and to stave off present necessities he was obliged to let his friend lend him five hundred pounds. How he chafed under this complication of worry may be imagined, with his strong, impatient temper, and proud unyielding nature; for Neville, though popular among his comrades as a fine fellow, was not an amiable man.

He followed up the game, however, with so much skill and perseverance that Marie Delvigne seldom left the house without encountering him. Were she accompanied by any of the governesses or young ladies he merely lifted his hat with grave courtesy; were she alone, he managed to join her, his quiet, respectful manner putting her at her ease for the moment, yet not blinding her to the indiscretion of which she was guilty, in listening to him, and allowing herself to contract a certain degree of familiarity with a man of whose antecedents she was so ignorant. She knew she ought not to let him assume a sort of right to meet her, and yet it soon came to be a sacrifice too great for her strength to bid him farewell.

Yet if their conversations had been reported very little that could be defined as love making would have been found therein. Nevertheless, day after day Neville parted from her with more and more of reluctance, and a constantly increasing conviction that he was gaining ground, though Marie was very shy, and liable to panics, and fits of coldness that, so far from allaying her lover's feverish impatience, added fuel to the fire. Sometimes, too, she had pensive, almost melancholy moods, that nearly set him wild with an overpowering desire to clasp her to his heart, and implore her to trust herself and her future to his guidance.

To Marie it was a most trying time; she never bid Neville good-by without telling herself it was most probably forever, as the whim which made him seek her might at any moment either fade away or be replaced by a fresh fancy. It was this ever-recurring doubt which gave an uncertainty to her manner, her *maintien*, that Neville did not understand, and by which he was at times chilled and repulsed; still she grew every day more dear, more necessary, and in moments of excitement he could scarce keep back the declaration he feared to make prematurely.

"Miss Delvigne has already saved me some hundreds, I fancy," said he to his friend, as they sat at dinner a few weeks after Mrs. Coleman's party; "for since I have entered into this scheme, it seems to have left me no room or time to care for anything else; and as I do really love the girl, I am fighting a perpetual mental battle. I want her—I am determined to have her; but then my first move must be to get hold of her money when she is my wife, and if she knows my necessities, she will distrust my motives. Poor little soul! She played the governess trick very transparently—was all in a tremble, and evidently expected I would politely say good morning, and leave her. Ah, Compton, what a light came into her eyes when she saw I was undisturbed by her announcement. By Jove, I feel like a regular

swindler. But if she will have me, she shall never repent it."

"No, of course not; and you must never let her find out that you knew she was the heiress till you have been married a good long while, and then get over it the best way you can. I really see no other line open for you—I mean as regards her. After all, your debts are a mere trifle compared to her fortune. However, don't grow sentimental. What shall we do next? I think you had better, at the present stage, shell the fortress with a few rounds of fiery love letters."

"I do not fancy I should do that sort of thing well, Compton. I do not mind writing straightforward, asking her to be my wife, and telling her I am a poor devil in debt and difficulty—suggesting that we should fight the battle of life side by side—that's a good idea; but then we must reconnoitre the premises, and see how we could get a letter conveyed. We must be careful. If Saturday is tolerably fine, I shall endeavor to see her once more before I open the battery."

"Perhaps it would be as well," returned the stanch counsellor; "but I should like to have the matter finished, and you away on your wedding expedition, before my grandfather returns. It will be a treat to see the old gentleman open his eyes when he hears the news."

How to open communications with some of the functionaries of Miss Redoubt's establishment was now the difficulty; and even if this could be done there was a great reluctance to compromise Miss Delvigne in the eyes of any servant.

(To be continued.)

\$10,000 Damages for a Rat Bite.

The Rev. George W. Baker and his wife, Mrs. Caroline H. Baker, have instituted suit against Mr. W. A. Huff, proprietor of the Markham House, for \$10,000 as damages for several bites from a rat which Mrs. Baker received while a guest of the Markham, in June last. In the petition, which is filed by Mr. Baker, he sets up that he is a Baptist minister, and is engaged in the sale of books of a religious character, and at the time of the injury for which he seeks damages his wife was selling a book, on every subscription to which she received from a dollar and a half to two dollars in commissions; that her average monthly earnings were \$200 up to the time she was bitten by the rat, and that without that injury she would have continued to earn that amount. In the month of June Mrs. Baker, in the prosecution of her work, came to Atlanta and became the guest of the Markham, of which hotel Mr. Huff is the proprietor. She was assigned to a room on the second floor, which she describes as one of the highest-priced rooms in the house. At night she retired after extinguishing the light, when suddenly she felt the cover on the bed move. She reached out her left hand, when her arm was seized by a large rat, which she says was so infuriated that before she could take the hand away she was bitten in eight places. The wounds became inflamed, and the arm became badly swollen, and erysipelas set in. The arm appeared as if it would mortify, and it seemed that Mrs. Baker would lose it, and perhaps her life. Mr. Baker recites the trouble, expense and pain which have been caused to himself and wife, and puts the damages at \$10,000, \$600 of which is set down as an actual loss, as what would have been his wife's earnings for three months, and \$500 as an expense for medical attention. Mr. Baker says that Mr. Huff should have kept his beds free from vermin.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Court's Mistake.

Judge Davis used to tell some admirable stories of an old Illinois judge, one of which we chance particularly to remember. One of the judges was rather remarkable for conveying to jurors in his charges to them his own opinions with regard to the merits of the case. In one case he had done so with great plainness, but to his amazement the jury hung out for hours without coming to an agreement. The judge inquired of the bailiff what was the matter, and learned from him that one juror was hanging out against the other eleven. He sent for the jury at once, and stating to the jurors that he had plainly intimated how the case ought to be decided, said he understood one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He proceeded to rebuke the juror sharply. The obstinate juror was a nervous little man, and as soon as the judge was done he rose and said:

"Judge, may I say a word?"

"Yes, sir," said the indignant judge, "what have you to say?"

"Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only feller that's on your side."—Peck's Sun.

Sir Garnet's Thanksgiving.

Sir Garnet Wolseley will be pleased to learn from the French journals that while he was in Paris the other day on his way home from Egypt he had a touching interview with a Frenchman who saved his life in Zululand. This man, Pierre Letrez by name, had enlisted as a volunteer in the English army on the Cape, and Sir Garnet, having heard him very favorably spoken of by the officers of his regiment, made him his orderly. At Udangue he killed a Zulu soldier who was just about to throw his assegai at Sir Garnet, who, failing to induce him to come to England, lent him \$1,000, with which he set up a small shop in Paris and prospered exceedingly. When Sir Garnet passed through Paris, Letrez called at his hotel and paid him back, with interest, the money lent. Sir Garnet was compelled to accept repayment, so earnestly did Letrez plead, and could not even induce him to accept an invitation to dinner.

A jury of twelve sober citizens have been called upon in St. Joseph, Mo., to decide whether flowers sent by a man to a woman constitute a promise of marriage.

Since Christmas Day, 1066, when William the Conqueror was crowned in Westminster Abbey, England has been governed by 1 Kings, 4 Queens and 2 Protectors of the Commonwealth. One King, William and one Queen, Mary Tudor, associated the husband, Philip of Spain, with her Government.

Hon. Thos. Ryan and Alfred Bro'n the latter a director of the Bank of Montreal have put forward a scheme for a railway to Hulseon Bay. They are asking the Government for a land grant.