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It is not so much what you say, As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you use, As the tone in which you convey it. Come here," I sharply said, And the baby cowered and wept; Come here," I cooed, and he looked and

> And straight to my lap he crept. The words may be mild and fair, But the tones may pierce like a dart; The words may be soft as the summer air, But the tones may break the heart.

Che Kome Fireside.

The Tone of Voice.

Few words but come from the mind. And grow by study and art, But the tones leap forth from the inner self And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you mean or care, Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate Envy and anger are there. Then would you quarrels avoid, And in peace and love rejoice,

Keep anger not only out of your words,

Whether you know it or not,

But keep it out of your voice.

## LADY THORNHURST'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS, Author of "The Double Life," "Tressilian Court," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLI. ANOTHER VISIT TO LADY THORNHURST Sir Victor Cheswick, pausing just with in the garden gate of Laburnum Villa, recognized Squire Todhetly in the moment that he was himselfrecognized. Heglancee at Todhetly's companion, and decided in his own mind that the tall, bloated, welldressed gentleman was no other than Captain Holm. That the two had come to the villa in search of Tessa was apparent. and the young Baronet experienced an in-

stant thrill of alarm. "How is Miss Holm this morning?" he asked, in an undertone, of the trim little maid, averting his face from the scrutiny of Holm, Todhetly and the police official. The maid's stolid, vacant face brightened, and she replied in a whisper too low to be heard by other ears, however anxious,

as she fixed her gaze on a stack of chimneys over the way. "She have gone, sir. Missus took her away this morning. And a note have been

She paused abruptly, as Capt. Holm came nearer, with the evident determination to over-hear the conversation.

"I am sorry not to see Mrs. Dennis," said Sir Victor quietly, and in the same undertone he had before employed. will try to call again." He raised his hat to the group of three | tation.

eager-faced men, and would have departed quietly, but Captain Holm cried out insolently : "You are Sir Victor Cheswick, I believe?"

The young Baronet bowed a grave assent, his hat in his hand. gentleman, "I want my daughter, sir."

Sir Victor looked amused. His lips curled slightly. " Allow me to recommend you to find herthen," he said half haughtily. "I have no knowledge of Miss Holm's present

whereabouts." "That is false, sir," cried Holm savagely, his eyes gleaming. "You stole her away from my protection; you persuaded her to an elopement; and I demand her at your hands !"

"I have not persuaded Miss Holm to an elopement," returned Sir Victor calmly. "Miss Holm has too much self-respect to elope with any man, whatever her friendlessness or distresses. And I have too much respect for myself and her to presuade her to any step which the world might misconstrue. It is true, Captain Holm, that I escorted Miss Holm to London; but business called me here. On my way to Wimborn Minster, on the night before last, I overtook a toiling girl in the snow. It was Miss Holm. She was on her way, on foot, to the town, and was already benumbed with the cold and staggering from exhaustion. I took her into my vehicle, took her to town, and escorted her on her journey to her friends, not leaving her until I had placed her safely in their care. I make this explanation in justice to her whom your inquries tend to defame. I may add that I have not seen her since yesterday, and that I do not know where she is !"

This explanation was uttered with a quiet frankness and sincerity that convinced the police official of its truthful. ess

"He speaks the truth, Captain," said the police serjeant, in a whisper, conceiving a cordial respect for the young Baronet and his title. "He don't know where she is. Our plan is to watch the house and Mrs. Dennis, or go out to Clapham."

Sir Victor did not wait for a reply. While the police officer was thus speaking, he turned to the vacant-faced maid, and inquired the way to the nearest omnibus

"This way, sir," she said, pointing to the eastward. "You'll find a bus in Kentish Town Road." Sir Victor thanked her and dropped a victory. We will go to my club in Pall coin in her hand, and received into his a tiny and minutely folded note. With

The girl stepped out of the gate.

Not till he was seated in a cab and on his return to Belgravia, did the young Baronet open and read his letter.

It was from Tessa, and had been written at a late hour the previous night. It was stained and blotted with tears, and contained a few heart-broken words to the import that she loved him and honoured him, but that she could not become his wife. She said she had another besides herself to consider in the arrangement of her future, and that her duty to that other demanded her renunciation of him. Sir Victor was amazed and almost stu-

pified. "She cannot morn her father." he said, perplexed and anxious. "Has she made some new discevery? Has she some Quixotic idea that her father's character was a bar to our marriage? Ah, little Tessa," and he smiled with a yearning tenderness, "you do not know me yet. As if I should let anything come between me and my promised wife! You are minemy own--and not the whole world shall sever us! I will return to Kentish Town this evening and find from Mrs. Dennis

where my darling is gone." With this resolve, and with a very grave and anxious brow that belied his expressions of self-confidence, he returned to the West End and his sick friend.

Meanwhile Captain Holm, Todhetly and the police-officer emerged from the gate of Laburnam Villa, which was instantly closed and locked behind them.

After a brief further consultation, Holm dismissed the policeman with a liberal fee, and taking Todhetly's arm, the two strolled towards the Kentish Town Road.

"I tell you, Holm," said the Squire, "we ought not to have let that young fellow-Cheswick, you know-off so easily. He knows where the girl is, you may be sure." "I am of the same opinion," returned Holm gloomily. "He spoke of Tessa as if somehow she belonged to him. He's been making love to her, and the girl, of course, has promised to marry him.

"In that case he knows where she is." "He's a deep one," said Holm. has removed the girl this morning, and then expecting our return after the row we made last night, he came back like a casual visitor, and asked to see the girl, just to throw us off the scent. If I had only thought to follow him up !"

"The question is-where is the girl!" "If Sir Victor wants to marry her, he has taken care to place her in charge of some noble lady who can protect her, and whose protection will enchance Tessa's reputation."

"Lord Thornhurst is his relative," suggested Todhetly. Holm stopped short in the street, overwhelmed with a sudden and terrible ag

"By Heavens !" he muttered, "If he should have taken the girl to Lady Thorn-

Todhetly looked aghast. The two men were silent for a space; then Capt. Holm said huskily: "I am Captain Holm," continued that "What did the girl do with that infernal sketch you showed her of Ignatia?"

" Put it in her pocket." Capt. Holm breathed heavily. "Fool," he muttered. "You'd better have burned the Grange, if necessary to rid yourself of that cursed portfolio. Why any man of sense should have kept such a remnant of his foolish days, I can't see. thought you had more brains! You've ruined us! 'The girl took the picture with her in her flight from the Grange, being a romantic little fool. The Baronet asked her to marry him, and she simpered assent. Then like the young idiot she is-I know her kind-she must needs have no secrets from him, and so told him her history, her mother's story, her father's history, and how she had a mother living who was a titled lady. Curse her, and you, and everybody !" raved Holm "If I had

the power, I'd knock the earth into a cock-He looked so pale with his furious rage that the Squire trembled, and begged him to come with him to a drinking saloon which they could see on the next corner.

"A little brandy will set you up," he suggested. "Come, Holm. You'll have a fit of apoplexy if you take this matter so

"And you pretend to love the girl, and can take the matter so coolly?" askedHolm, caming at the mouth. "Are you a mole that you don't see the truth? This young Baronet is a relative of the Thornhursts. He knows that Lady Thornhyrst was the supposed widow of a Captain Digby Holm, who went out to Canada. When he heard Tessa's story, he put two and we together. He brought Tessa to Kentish Town, and went to Lady Thornhurs with his marvellous story. He came this morning and took her away to Belgrate Square, The Thornhursts are in town, or were the other day, for I saw a notice to that effect in some paper. And Tessa is a this moment with her mother, billing and cooing."

ly, in an utter consternation. "My head is not clear. I must have time to think-to plan. I hold the rein. yet," and Holm's eyes gleamed evily, "and I can see my way, after a little mought, to Mall, Todhetly. But first let us have

"By George!" muttered Squire Todhet-

this in his hand, he hurried away, and was They went on to the "gin palace" Todsoon lost to view, disappearing round a hetly had described, and called for brandy behind an ornamental silvered grate. The ing some forms of crime considerably mod- people who have business can pass along and water. Then, summoning a Han- breath of flowers made the summer-like lifted.

som cab, they hastened back to the West End, and to Chapley's Hotel. Some hours later, they strolled down to Holm's club in Pall Mall, with which he had renewed his membership since his return to England, and making their way into a secluded corner of the lofty, frescoed, gilded pillared dining room, called for a bill

fare and the daily papers.

Both were supplied to them. The hour was early, and but few members of th club were yet in the dining-room, although groups of them were gathered in the read ing-room. Holm ordered dinner. then applied him Morning Post.

denly, looking up from his paper excitedly, "hear this in the 'Fashionable Intelligence.' It is the information we wanted: his eyes. "The Marchioness of Thornhurst is still at her town house in Belgrave Square. Her ladyship's health is, we regret to learn, less perfect than usual. Lord Thornhurst is still stooping at Brighton, where he has sojourned for the last fort-

leave on Thursday for a tour of the Conti Holm finished reading and fixed h steel-blue eyes on the face of Todhetly it a glance of significance.

night. The Marquis and Marchiones

" Perhaps they purpose taking with them the daughter of Lady Thornhurst by her ladyship's first husband," he sneered I must baulk their little game, to use vulgarism. I shall call at the Thornhurst mansion this evening." "Alone?

Alone!"

There was an expression on Holm's face that caused Todhetley to be glad, on the whole, that he was not to accompany the Captain on his expedition. He experienced a nervous thrill, and thought in his own heart that he was a happy man in not having Holm for an enemy.

"He would be as relentless as death," be thought. "Lady Thornhurst had better have a blood-hound at her throat than to have Captain Holm pursuing her."

The two men ate their dinner leisurely, and lounged an hour or two in the reading room. About eight o'clock, as the Club began to fill, they returned to Chapley's Hotel, and Capt. Holm made his toilet | ter which he unloaded at an immense profit. with great care. He had a love of fine dress, and was a dandy in his neatness, he assumed the title of Lord Dexter, and but he had too much taste to load his per- spent a great deal of money in laying out son with ornaments. He wore not even a shirt pin or a ring, but was quite satisfied

plated his reflection in the mirror. About nine o'clock he took leave of Tod hetly, who purposed awaiting his return at the hotel, in their private parlor, and departed for Belgrave Square.

The evening was dull and dark, with drizzling mist, upon which Holm congratulated himself, as he hurried onward under his umbrella. "She'll be sure to be at home on

night like this," he thought, "and it equal-

ly certain that she will have no visitors.

The Marquis is away at Brighton, and my coast is clear." Thornhurst House was shrouded in gloon as Holm saw when he approached it. No lights gleamed through the closed shutter of the drawing-room, and only a faint gleam through the half circle of glass over the hall door testified that the house was in-

habited. Holm mounted the steps, guarded on either side by stone lions, and rang the knocker thrice with a force that a postman would have envied. As he waited for admittance, he heard laughter and gay voices in the area, the windows of which were tightly shuttered, and he was thus made aware that the lower strata of the house-

hold was at home. A tall, powdered footman answered his peremptory summons, and Capt. Holm made known his desire to see Lady Thorn-

"Her ladyship is engaged," was the response. "Her ladyship gave orders that she could see no one this evening," "Be good enough to take her my card," said the Captain, stepping into the hall and producing a card, and a half-crewn, which he laid together in the footman's

hand. " I will await your return here." The servant took up a salver from : shelf, placed the card on it, and disappeared down the long, dimly lighted hall. entering a room at its farther end, and in the rear of the closed drawing-rooms A flood of light burst into the hall as the door was opened. Captain Holm waited for a few minutes impatiently. Then the servant returned with the empty salver. and the announcement that Lady Thornhurst would see him.

Capt, Holm followed the footman to the door of the room from which the light had flowed, and then waving him aside, opened the door and passed in, shutting the door behind him.

air deliciously fragrant, without rendering it oppressive or heavy.

Lady Thornhurst was the sole tenant of this warm and fragrant room at the moment of Capt. Holm's entrance. She was leaning against the low marble mantel and was tearing Holm's card into tiny

She did not change her attitude as the Captain approached with a sinister smile but regarded him with a haughty and de

"To what am I indebted for this visit, Captain Holm? she asked frigidl The Captain did not reply immediately,

but regarded her with a look of admira-"I say, Todhetly," he exclaimed sudtion that deepened into a stare. He came yet nearer to her, his breath coming quickly, and a gloating expression gathering in

(To be continued.) Lord Timothy Dexter.

An advertisement in the Boston news papers announcing the sale at auction of the Dexter property in Newburyport brings o mind numerous stories current in that THE following lines will be found on a city respecting the eccentric individual who flourished there in the latter part of the last century under the self-assumed name of Lord Timothy Dexter. This was the fortunate merchant who, with brains either so scant or disordered that he was continually making himself an object of derision, still blundered into what in those days was considered astupendous fortune. It was Lord Dexter who, on consulting a waggish acquaintance as to a profitable way of investing certain moneys, was advised to ship a cargo of warming pans to the West Indies, and availed himself of the advice, to the great mirth of all who heard of the transaction. The cream of the joke, however, was that the warming pans found sale to the sugar manufacturers for ladles, and Dexter realized a great profit on the venture. A shipment of red

woollen night caps to the coast of Guinea, suggested as a joke, turned out a most fortanate speculation. Somebody wishing to humbug the old fellow, told him one day that news had come that all the whales were dying off. Dexter went to work and bought up all the whalebone he could get hold of, fairly cornering the market, af-Having at last blundered into great wealth attractive grounds about his house, but ruined the effects produced by skilful garwith his appearance as he finally contem- deners by setting up in every direction carved wooden figures of the most hideous description. Twenty-five years ago some of these figures were still to be seen on the grounds. Lord Dexter, becoming ambitious of literary distinction, published a book with the title of "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones;" but being conscious of weakness in the matter of punctuation, ing his readers that they might pepper and salt his production to suit themselves. A few years before his death he had mock funeral, and afterward beat his wife because she did not exhibit sufficient grief over his fictitious demise. Some time ago the house and grounds once occupied by this strange character came into the pos session of a wealthy citizen of Newbury port, who has made the place one of the

most beautiful residences in New England Ir from sickness, pain and infirmity, we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict

watch over ourselves. AN ACT OF KINDNESS, -We understand that a tenant at one time living in the Co Tyron, on the property of His Exceliency the present Governor-General, emigrated to the United States. Matters did not progress with him there satisfactorily. Lately his wife died, and he left the United States for Canada, Learning that the Governor-General was in this city he bent his steps in this direction. Having about fifty cents in his pocket, he waited on His Excellency, who gave him a cheque for\$150. a sum sufficiently large to release the unfortunate man from his difficulties. - Leader. Some light was recently let into the mind

drunk, and wandered into a disreputable house, and had been robbed. The disadvantages of publicity did not in his estimation outweigh the disadvantages of losing his money, and so he complained to a magistrate of the robbery. But the officual did not see the matter in the same light with the complainant at all. latter thought himself an ill-used individual; the former thought him a man more sinning than sinned against. To begin with, he declined to receive the deposition of a man who confessed that he was drunk centleman ten

SELECTIONS

COLLING WOOD is to have a literary society Two Peterboro' ladies belonging to the Church of England, are conducting a general store, the profits of which are to be given to the Church. They are doing a thriving business.

WHILE two boys named respectively Gouldie and Campbell were playing with a shot gun on Saturday, at Minden, the weapon was discharged, and Campbell was unfortunately shot through the head, and killed instantlyla an describing

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for November, price 30 cents, contains a choice collection of new music. The publisher will send the last four numbers for \$1. Address, J. L. Peters, Music Publisher, 599 Broadway New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for November, taken as a whole, is a ne of unusual excellence. Price of the number, 30 cts. For the year, \$3. A new volume begins with 1873. Address, S. B. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

tombstone in New Jersey: "Reader, pass on! \_don't waste your time On bad biography and bitter rhyme; For what I am, this crumbling clay assures, And what I was, is no affair of yours."

ZELL'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. - We are in receipt of a number of a new Magazine bearing the above title. It is a popular review of Literature, Art and Science, containing 40 pages, exclusive of advertisements, in each number, and illustrated with numerous engravings. Both the appearance and contents of this new magazine are excellent. T. Ellwood Zell, Publisher, Philadelphia, U. S. Price \$2 per

A cue to the troubles in Spain may be found in the fact that at the last census there were 5,000,000 men and 6,800,000 women, who could neither read nor write; leaving only 2,414,015 of the former and 715,906 of the latter who have attained these accomplishments. It must be a fearful task to govern this mass of ignorance and no wonder that the changes in the Spanish Government are bewildering in their rapidity.

Every industrious man, by his labor, nanual or mental, depends upon his personal exertions for fortune and fame. Every indolent man depends for subsistence upon the labor of others, upon patrimonial resources, or upon trick and fraud. One adds to the common stock of wealth and human enjoyment; the other adds nothing The last are like the grain-worms, which consume our crops, without rendering any equivalent to society.

MOTHERS; the kind words that you say and the kind acts that you do for your children may at times seem wasted and unheeded; but be not discouraged. In the years to come-perhaps after you are in put all the periods, commas, semicolons, your graves—the memory of those kind and the like, at the end of the book, tell- mother-words will be the "pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night" that shall guide your loved ones through the wilderness of life into the heavenward! paths of truth and usefulness.

DEACON HUNT was naturally a high-tempered man, and use to beat his oxen over their heads, as all his neighbors did. It was observed when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why." said the deacon, "formerly, when my over were a little contrary, I flew into a passion, and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm-tune has surprising effect upon my oxen."

WORDS TO WORKINGMEN. -- Workingmen must set their faces -not against the introduction of machinery, for that is a foregone conclusion-but against letting all the profits of it slip through their fingers. Let the new beginners confine themselve to the production of some one article "get up their name" for making it deserve that name, and they will do well and find it does not need much capital to begin. The dozen of large factories for turning out the many articles for house of a man who had been robbed, by an Eng- hold use, farm implements and the like, lish magistrate. This person had got in different parts of the Province, have almost all been begun by handy and ingenious men, with determination and "push." but with very little money, and generally begun on a very humble scale, and with the manufacture of a single article.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Bolton, Ont. Standard suggests a good way for young men to spend the long winter evening Here it is :- Every father and all mother especially, are very anxious that their sons and daughters remain in doors these long winter nights. Now, I would say to young men who have a home in their father's when the circumstance of which he com- house, provide yourselves with a room, plained took place. Then he fined the lights, good books, ink, pens, pencil and shillings for being slate, then try and improve yourselves, drunk, regretting that the law did not per- and when you are tired of this, go to where It was a lady's parlour or boudoir in mit him to make the penalty greater. To your father, mother and sisters are sitting, which he found himself, with wide French | wind up with, he read the complainant a and read to them, or sing and play on windows opening upon the small town gar- lecture: he intimated that those who got some instrument. Then, my dear boy, I den. Its walls were hung with choice pic- drunk and went to low haunts were en- think you will enjoy your winter evenings, tures; its floor was carpeted with velvet; a couragers of vice, inasmuch as they not and keep out of mischief, which you will carved piano stood in a niche that had only put temptation in the way of thieves, never be sorry for. The boarding hours been builtin the wall to receive it; conches but supplied them with the means of car- is the best place for the boarders to be. and easy chairs abounded; a mellow light rying on their traffic, and made it more and the people where they board would like that of day fell softly from the glitter- profitable for them to steel than to pursue much rather have them stay in doors than ing gasalier, and a genial seacoal fire an honest calling. The gentleman left the running about at night. Keep from the burned cheerfully, with darting flames, magistrate's office with his ideas concern- streets and bar-rooms at night, so that our sidewalks with pleasure.