[illegible]ong for a Boy I Love.

Keep ahead of the world, if you can, my boy,
'Tis the only sure way to succeed.
If you fall behind, 'twill be hard to get back
To the spot where you once had the lead;
And there's no way to win in the battle of life,
So easy, so safe and so sure,
As to have a few dollars ahead of your wants—
For most of life's ills 'tis the cure.

But you never get dollars till first you get pence,
As from acorns the mighty oaks grow;
Work hard, and work ever, and save as you toil
No matter if progress seems slow;
Thus be true to yourself in the years of your youth,
And you'll rest without worry when old,
Save the pennies to-day, into silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Let the fools try to tempt you to pleasures to-
That will take the small coin from your purse;
Store your brain in the hours they give to the world
With knowledge, you'll not be the worse;
For labor, and study, and saving in youth
Will give rest and content when you're old,
And the pennies to-day will be silver full soon,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Fair Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,
'Tis the place we have dreamed of alway,
But those Alps must be climbed by the stout limbs of youth
Ere by Tiber we pass age away;
So work, my brave boy, in the years of your strength,
If you want rest and plenty when old;
Take care of the pennies, to silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

L. J. Beauchama.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

And it was for this that she had come back to him through "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," bringing her baby with her.

Some strange feverish power seemed to enter into her and give her a fitful strength. She sat down at her husband's desk and began writing rapidly, and as the thoughts came to her; and when she had finished, she enclosed her letter with the torn fragment, and, after addressing it, sealed it carefully. As she did so she heard footsteps approaching the library, and slipped it hurriedly into the open drawer, and the next moment Sir Hugh entered with a telegram in his hand.

"I have been looking all over the place for you, Fay," he began, hurriedly; "and not a soul seemed to know where you were. Look here; I have just had this telegram from Fitz. He wants me to come up to town at once. I believe we have to start earlier than we intended."

And as Fay seemed to have no answer ready, he went on—"I am so vexed about it, my pet, for I meant to have driven you over to Pierrepoint after luncheon; you looked so pale this morning, and I had to arrange about so many things. Well, it cannot be helped; Raville is packing my 'Gladstone,' and I have not a moment to lose."

"Do you mean you are going off to Egypt now?" asked Fay, hardly able to articulate—her lips had grown quite white. What if she should be too late after all!

"Egypt, indeed! What a child you are, Fay; one can never make you understand things. No, I am going up to London to get what I want, and meet Egerton and Powis, the other fellows who are to join us. I shall sleep at the Club to-night, and you may expect me to be down to dinner to-morrow. The next day——" here he hesitated; "well, there is time enough to talk of saying good-bye then."

"Yes, yes, I understand now. Go and get ready; and, Hugh, don't forget to kiss baby."

"All right," he laughed good-humoredly; and then Fay stood quite still, holding the table, till he came back.

"My traps are in the hall; I must say good-bye quickly, darling." How handsome, how well he looked, as he stooped over her with his plaid over his arm.

He need not be fearful of her detaining him; there was no clinging, no agony of weeping this time. She put her two hands round his neck and held him for a moment, as her cold lips touched his, and then stood quite still and waved to him—sadly, quietly—from the window as he drove past, and that was all.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"GOOD-BYE—GOOD-BYE."

I never will look more into your face
Till God says, "Look!" I charge you, seek me not,
Nor vex yourself with lamentable thoughts
That peradventure I have come to grief.
Be sure I'm well, I'm merry, I'm at ease.
But such a long way, long way, long way off,
I think you'll find me sooner in my grave,
And that's my choice—observe.

E. B. Browning

Fay had made up her mind to be lost.

Could any one imagine anything so utterly ignorant and childish, and yet so pathetic? She was going to lay down her wifely rights and steal away, friendless and unprotected, into the great lonely world, so that Hugh might come back to his old home in peace.

With the rash impulse of despair—of a despair that hoped nothing and feared nothing—she was taking the most terrible step that a young creature could take. She was doing evil that good might come; she was giving up herself in complete renunciation and self-sacrifice in obedience to a miserable and mistaken idea. If she had been older; if her simplicity of character had been less childish, and her worldly knowledge greater, she must surely have hesitated before taking a step that must anger as well as grieve her husband. How would Sir Hugh's haughty spirit brook the publicity and the nine days' wonder of the world when they knew that his wife, Lady Redmond—the successor of all the starched and spotless dames who hung in the old guest-chambers—should so forget herself and him as to tarnish his reputation by an act so improper and incredible.

He might forgive his spoilt trip and all the trouble that awaited him in his empty home; but how will he ever bring himself to forgive that?

But Fay, poor mistaken child, thought of none of these things. She only felt that she must go and take her baby with her. There was no time to be lost, and she must make all her plans very quickly.

Fay's will was a strong one—there was no fear that she would falter in her purpose; but she never remembered afterwards how she carried it out, or from whence came the strange feverish energy that supported her. She was working in a dream, in a nightmare, in a horrible impatience to be gone—to be gone—where? But even this question was answered before many hours were over, for she was to make her poor little plans with the utmost precision. In the quiet evening time, as she paced restlessly through the empty rooms, she thought of a place of refuge where she might rest safely for a little. The moment the carriage had turned the corner, and she could see it no longer, she had taken the letter from the drawer and laid it on the table.

Such an innocent, pitiful little letter it was.

"Darling Hugh," it began, "do not be angry with me when you come back to-morrow and find your Wee Wifie has gone. What could I do—how could I stay any longer after reading your words. Indeed, I think I could have borne anything but this. No, this one thing I could not bear—that you should leave your home and country to free yourself from me.

"'You must go,' you say; of course it must be you," Darling, do you not know me better than that?

"I felt you could not love me, Hugh; but have I ever blamed you in my heart? I was too childish and young for such a man as you. Why did you marry me, dear—that was a great mistake. But perhaps you saw I liked you.

"I tried so hard to please you, but somehow I always failed. And then the baby came—our baby—and you did not care for him; and then, indeed, I thought my heart would break. I wonder if you know how I have loved you? I was not too young for that, though you thought I was. I never lay down to sleep without praying God to bless my dear husband, and sometimes—was it very childish of me, I wonder?—I put baby's hands together and made believe he was praying too.

"I think if you knew what I suffered, when they thought I was dying, and the angels would not come for me; I think—yes, I do think, Hugh—you would have been sorry for me then.

"Good-bye, my darling—I shall never call you that again, for I am going away for ever. You must not trouble about me, for I shall take great care of myself, and after a time I shall not fret so much. I shall take my baby—he cannot do without me, and I love him so. When he is older I will send him back to you. He is so like you, dear—a Redmond all over—and his eyes will remind me of you.

"I shall say good-by to you very quietly. When I try to speak there is a dreadful lump in my throat that seems to choke me; and I feel as though I could blush with shame for being so little and insignificant in your eyes. You are like a king to me, Hugh; so grand, and noble, and proud. Oh, what made you marry me? You did wrong there, darling, did you not?

"Good-bye, good-bye. I shall be quite lost. Do not look for me; only give me a thought now and then—one kind and gentle thought of your Wee Wifie."

She read through the letter dry-eyed, and kissed it, and laid it on the table. It would touch his hands, she thought. Later on she unsealed it, and added a short postscript. "Do not be anxious," it said; "I am going to some kind people who will be good to me and the boy."

She had placed the letter where Hugh would see it at once, and then she went upstairs. She wanted to have her baby in her arms, that its touch might lull the deadly faintness at her heart; and when she felt a little better she sent for Mrs. Heron and Janet.

Sir Hugh had gone off to London, she told them; they had telegraphed for him, and she was to follow him immediately. She would take her luggage with her, of course, for she did not intend to return to the Hall before going down into Devonshire; but they would see Sir Hugh again for a few hours—he would probably run up the following evening to give his final orders.

And would she be long away? asked Mrs. Heron. She thought my lady looked very ill, and required a thorough change.

"Yes," returned Fay, quickly; but she turned away as she spoke. She should most certainly be away all the time Sir Hugh was in Egypt. Janet must set to work at once, for they would have to start early. And then she explained that the cottage at Daintree was very small, and Sir Hugh had begged her to dispense with Janet's services, and only take nurse.

Janet looked very disappointed when Fay said this, for she adored her gentle little mistress. "I don't know what master is thinking about," she grumbled, in confidence, to Mrs. Heron. "This new nurse has only been here six weeks, and does not know my lady's ways. And who will wait on her, I should like to know, if I am to be left behind? but this is all of a piece with his selfishness." But she worked with a will for all that, and all the time her boxes were being packed. Fay wandered about with her baby on her arm collecting her little treasures, and dropping them in the boxes as she passed. Now it was a book Hugh had given her, or a picture, or the withered flower he had worn in his button-hole; an odd glove he had left on his dressing-table, and which she clutched with the greediness of a miser; and even a silk handkerchief he had worn round his neck—she put them all in. Such a strange little assortment of odds and ends. Janet thought she was daft.

And she would have none of her evening dresses packed up, or indeed any of her costly ones—she would not require them in the country, she said, quietly; but she would have all her jewels—not those Hugh had given her, or the old family jewels that had been reset for her, but those that had belonged to her mother, and were exceedingly valuable; there was a pearl necklace that was worth five hundred pounds. Hugh had drawn out a large sum of money that he had given in charge to her—he meant to have left it for domestic expenses while he was away. Fay wrote out a receipt, and put it with her letter. It would be no harm to keep it, she thought; Hugh could help himself to her money. There would be enough to keep her and the boy for more than a year, and after that she could sell her necklace. She was rich, but how was she to draw any more money without being traced to her hiding-place.

The last act before the daylight closed was to go to the stables and bid Bonny Bess good-bye. The groom, who knew that he was to follow in a few days with Bonny Bess and another horse—for Sir Hugh had been very mindful of his wife's comfort—was rather surprised to see her kissing the mare's glossy neck, as though she could not bear to part with her; when she had left the stables, Nero, who had followed her about all day with a dog's instinctive dread of some impending change, looked up in her face wistfully.

"Do you want to come with me, Nero?" she asked, sadly; "poor fellow, you will fret yourself to death without me. Yes, you shall come with me; we will go to Rowan-Glen together."

For all at once the thought had come to her of a beautiful spot in the Highlands where she and her father had stayed many years ago. If she remained in England, Hugh would find her, and she had a dread of going abroad. Besides, what could she do with baby, for of course she must leave nurse behind; she would have to engage a stranger who did not know she was Lady Redmond. And then she bethought herself that she would call herself by her husband's second name St. Clair—she would be Mrs. St. Clair.

Yes, she and her father had had a very happy time at Rowan-Glen. They had been to Edinburgh, and to the Western Highlands, and had then made their way to Aberdeen, as Colonel Mordaunt had some old Indian friends there; and, as they had still some weeks to spare, they had come down to the Deeside, and had fallen in love with Rowan-Glen.

But they could not obtain a lodging in one of the cottages, so the manse opened its hospitable doors to them. The minister, Mr. Duncan, was old, and so was his wife, and they had no children; so, as there was room and to spare, and their income was somewhat scanty, the good old people were quite willing to take in Colonel Mordaunt and his little daughter. Fay had forgotten their existence until now; but she remembered how kind Mrs. Duncan had been to her; and she thought she would go to her, and tell her she was married and very unhappy, and then she would let her and baby stop there quietly in the old grey house.

Nobody ever came there, for they were quiet folk, and Mr. Duncan was an invalid; and there was a dear old room, looking out on the old fashioned garden, where her father had slept, that would just do for her and baby.

Fay had a vague sort of feeling that her strength would not last very long, and that by and by she would want to be cared for as well as the baby. Her poor brain was getting confused, and she could not sleep—there was so much to plan before the next day.

Ah, what a night that was. If it had not been for the soft breathing of her infant in the darkness, Fay must have screamed out in her horror, as thoughts of the desolate future came over her; and yet it was easier for her to go away than to stay on at the Hall an unloved wife—a millstone round her husband's neck.

When Janet called her at the proper time she found her up and dressed and beginning her baby's toilet.

"Here, Janet," she said, with an unsteady laugh, "I don't think I am putting on baby's things very nicely, but I wanted to try, so nurse let me; but he cries so much that he confuses my head." And then she gave him up and went wandering through the rooms, saying a silent good-bye to everything; and last of all she went into her husband's library.

Ellerton found her there when he summoned her to breakfast. She would come in a minute, she said, quietly; she was only arranging Sir Hugh's papers as he liked to have them. Yes, she knew the carriage would be round directly, but Ellerton need not fear that she would be late. And then, when the old servant had closed the door, she went up to her husband's chair, leaning over it and embracing it with her two arms, while she rested her cheek against the carved ebony back. "This is where he will sit this evening," she said. "Good-bye, God bless you, dear; and then she left the room.

But she would eat nothing, and only asked for her baby. But just before she got into the carriage, she called Mrs. Heron to her, and bade her take care of the aged people at the Pierrepoint almshouses, and see they had their little packets of tea and grocery as usual; and then she shook hands with her and Ellerton.

"Good-bye to you all," faltered the poor child hurriedly. "You have been good friends to me, all of you. Good-bye—good-bye; and then she drew her veil over her face, and leant back in the carriage, while Nero licked her little ungloved hand.

Sir Hugh had sworn to love and cherish her until death, and yet he had brought her to this.

The journey was a very short one; but nurse afterwards remembered that Lady Redmond did not appear surprised, when they arrived at Euston, to find that Sir Hugh was not waiting at the station. "What are we to do, my lady?" she asked rather helplessly, for she was young and a country woman, and the din and bustle were overwhelming to her; but Fay was helping to identify her luggage, and did not answer. She told nurse to go into the waiting-room with baby, and she would come to her presently. And then she had her luggage put on to a cab.

"Nurse," she said, quickly, when she came back a few minutes afterwards, "will you give me baby a moment, and go to the refreshment room—it is just a little way down the station. I should like some sandwiches and sponge-cakes, and perhaps you had better get some for yourself, there is plenty of time;" and the woman obeyed her at once. Her lady looked faint, she thought; most likely she was disappointed that Sir Hugh was not there.

As soon as she had left the waiting-room, Fay went up to the person in charge, and asked her to give a sealed note to her nurse when she came back. "You remember her—the young woman with reddish hair who held baby just now; tell her I have gone to look after the luggage, and ask her to read it." And though the woman thought the request a little strange, she took the sealed packet without demur.

As Fay and Nero went outside the station, the porter who had loaded the cab was standing a little way off. Fay told the cabman hastily to drive off to King's Cross, as she wanted to take the Scotch express; and as the porter came up to claim his gratuity he found the cab driving off, but Fay flung him a shilling. By a strange fatality the cabman who drove them met with an accident that very day, from the consequences of which he died in two or three weeks' time; and this one thing checked all clue. When the inquiries were set afloat, the porter certainly remembered the little lady and baby and the big black dog, but he had not heard her instructions to the cabman.

Fay only took her ticket to York; she dared not go straight to her destination. When she arrived there she would not put up at the station hotel, but had herself driven to a quiet little hotel for the night. It was an unpretending place, kept by honest folk; but Fay found herself very comfortable. She made some excuse about not bringing her nurse, and the chambermaid helped her dress baby. She was almost too stupefied with grief and fatigue by this time to do anything but sleep helplessly; but she made the girl promise to call her early, and ordered a fly to the station; and when the morning came she got into it without telling any one where she was going, and took the mid-day train for Edinburgh.

It would be impossible to describe the nurse's feelings when she opened the packet in the waiting room and read her mistress's note. "Dear nurse," it said, "I am really very sorry to treat you so badly, but I cannot help it. I have gone away with baby, and I could not take you. Please go back to Singleton by the next train; you will find your box on the platform, and the porter will help you. Sir Hugh will tell you what to do when he arrives this evening.—Your affectionate mistress, F. Redmond." And enclosed were two months' wages. In spite of her youth, Fay had excellent business capabilities, only her husband had never found them out.

But unfortunately for the bewildered household at Redmond Hall, Sir Hugh never arrived that evening. First came a hazy telegram, informing them of a change of programme, and later on a special messenger came down from him bringing a letter from Sir Hugh—a very affectionate farewell letter.

Fitzclarance had acted on impulse as usual, and he and Sir Hugh had started that very night, leaving Powis and Egerton to follow them.

(To be continued.)

Scholarships for Canadian Universities.

Robert Bruce, a market gardener, who lived on the St Foy road, at Quebec, died a few weeks since at the age of 90, leaving a fortune of $120,000. His three daughters, all above middle age, have no children; only one of them, indeed, is married. To them he leaves the interest of his money during their lives; but on their death, without issue, the fund is to be vested in a trust consisting of the principals, or presidents, ex-officio, of Morin College, Quebec; Dalhousie College, Halifax; Bishop's College, Lennoxville; McGill University, Montreal; Queen's University, Kingston; Toronto University and Manitoba College, Manitoba, to establish bursaries and scholarships, of the annual value respectively of $25 and $100 each, to be called "The Robert Bruce Bursaries and Scholarships." The holders must be matriculated students of one or other of the universities named, actually pursuing a regular course of study in arts or science. The scholarships are to be divided into two classes, one for candidates at matriculation, and the other for third year's men.

A G. T. R. Brakeman Saves a Lady's Life.

Wm. Jepson, of Niagara Falls, a Grand Trunk brakesman, has been tangibly rewarded by the company for his presence of mind in saving the life of a lady passenger at Prairie siding one day last week. The Pacific Express passes the accommodation at that point, but the former does not stop. The lady was stepping off the accommodation, and, not noticing the approaching express, was standing on the track. Jepson took in the perilous situation at a glance and caught her by the cloak and pulled her back. Her escape from instant death was very narrow, and, as it was, she was severely injured by a blow from the cowcatcher of the express engine.

Heaviest Truss in the World.

The first truss of the Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) bridge was swung into position on the 7th inst. It is 525 feet long between the centres of the towers, 82 feet deep and 35 wide, being the largest and heaviest steel truss in the world. It rests on steel towers 100 feet high, which stand on masonry piers, the foundations of which are 125 feet below high water and rise 30 feet above high water, and its total height from the foundation is 337 feet. It carries a floor system on top for a double-track railway, and is capable of supporting a rolling load of 3,000 pounds to the running foot on each track.

A Small Favor Asked.

Conductor (after the accident)—"Well, sir, we have at last found your valet, but sad to say he's cut in two."

English tourist—"Aw, vewy distressing! Sorry to trouble you, doutcherknow, but I've never travelled in this country before; would you see in which half is the key of my trunk?"

Natural History.

A Quincy teacher recently in giving primary language lessons wrote upon the blackboard the words "Ingrain," "Brussels," "Wilton," and requested her pupils to write each a sentence containing one of these words. One boy displayed his igenuity as follows: "A hedgehog has Brussels on his back."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Easily Suited.

"Will you give me some cold victuals?" asked a mendicant at a Prospect avenue door yesterday. "We have none," was the reply. "Oh, well, hot ones ll do," said the beggar briskly.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Sir Charles Tupper arrived at Ottawa yesterday, and will probably leave for Washington on Monday.

Committees of leading workmen's Radical clubs held meetings in London yesterday, and decided to organize the fullest force to oppose the police edict closing Trafalgar Square on Sunday. Sir Charles Warren, the Chief of Police, demands that the police be reinforced with cavalry. Mr. Robert Graham, member of Parliament for the Northwest Division of Lanarkshire, an Advanced Liberal, will attempt to speak in Trafalgar Square on Sunday next in order to test the legality of the police edict closing the square on Sundays.

LATEST RAILWAY NEWS.

An Appliance to Prevent Accidents from Leaving Switches Open.

Some time since N. E. Springsteen, Michigan Passenger Agent of the Erie Railway, secured a patent on a railroad switch of his invention. The appliance is designed to prevent the accidents which occur almost daily through the carelessness of employees in leaving switches open. The models were submitted to a number of railroad men, including Chief Engineer Masson, of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railway, and he at once ordered one put on at Pontiac for the purpose of testing its adaptability. It is so constructed that the movement of the train of cars operating on a cam placed on the outer side of the rail controls the switch, closing it if it has been left open and locking it as well. A test was made on Thursday on the main line at Pontiac. Four engines were used on the main line. The switch was left open and the engineer tested its working, running at a speed of from 8 to 22 miles an hour. It worked to perfection, and on Monday next a party of local railway magnets will go to Pontiac to witness another test. A company will at once be formed to manufacture the switch.

Twenty-two miles of grading have been completed on the Northwest Central Railway.

To-day's News Notes.

George Russell, formerly of Paisley, Scotland, hanged himself in No. 2 Police Station, Toronto, on Saturday. He came to look for work and could not get it, and got disconsolate.

Louis Goettler, of Sebringville, cut his throat from ear to ear the other day. It is believed the suicidal mania was hereditary in his family, as his father took his own life some years since.

A Bothwell man named James Lesley has an affliction of the nose, called by the local physician glanders, which is said to be very contagious. Lesley is cut off from society as effectually as if he had leprosy.

A delegation from New Brunswick had an interview on Saturday with Sir Charles Tupper and other Ministers on the question of extending trade relations with the West Indies, which Sir Charles promised to bring formally before the Cabinet on his return from attending the Fisheries Commission.

Dissatisfied with the Music.

As an item of interest it might be stated a pile of strength that would reach half way to the moon is wasted in these parts every year by people holding up a hymn-book in church who don't know a B flat from the howl of John Thomas cat.—*Jasper (Tex.) Hesperian.*

Only One of Her Kind.

Visitor (to dime museum freak)—"Beyond being a very pretty young woman, I see nothing remarkable about you, miss. What is your specialty?" Freak—"I'm the girl who thinks she is homely, sir."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Paris-Ite.

"Pa," said little Johnny McSwilligan, "here's a piece in the paper about parasites, what are they?" "Parasites, my boy, are people who live in Paris. I think you ought to know that, and you in the third reader."

Who Supported Atlas?

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?" "It was Atlas, ma'am." "And who supported Atlas?" "The book doesn't say, but I guess his wife supported him."

Elegant English.

"Why, Miss Howjames," said the Chicago girl, "you don't mean that it is all over between you and Mr. Grimshaw?"

"What I have told you," replied the Boston young lady, haughtily, "is the—the undraped actuality."

It is proposed to bridge the North River from Hoboken to New York.

James P. McCabe, the murderer of Michael Riley, was hung at Honesdale at 12 p. m. yesterday.

Dr. McGlynn states that he will soon go to Europe, and make addresses on economic questions in England, Scotland and Ireland.

The Central Iowa Railroad was sold yesterday, and bid in by James Thompson, of New York, acting in behalf of the Stickney Reorganization Committee, for $2,400,000.

O. H. Anderson, a lunatic, was being conveyed to the insane hospital in an ambulance at Chicago yesterday morning and heard of Lingg's attempt at suicide. He concluded it would be a good idea for him to do likewise, and took a razor from his pocket and cut his throat. He will die.

UNCHANGED.

In the merry days of boyhood
Of mischief he was full,
And at the teachers faces mad
Behind their backs at school
He's now a portrait painter
Noted for his skill,
And to his predilections true
Is making faces still.

—The Princess Beatrice is convalescent and her infant is in excellent health.

—To-night the Young Men's Liberal Club will meet at 8 p. m. Friends invited.

—The thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.

—The chestnuts are just beginning to fall from the trees and almanac makers are very busy.

—An exchange says: "Never go into the water after a hearty meal." We don't. We go to the restaurant after it.

—Peoria *Transcript*: "The Canadian papers are calling Mr. Chamberlain a 'Jonah.' Well, Jonah perhaps made a more extensive investigation of the inside of the fish question than any other man that ever lived."

—Once everybody used to send silver plate for wedding presents, but now cut glass and bric-a-brac are the rage. A Philadelphia bride received so many of the latter that she can hardly find house-room for them. Out of two hundred presents she received not one was in the silver line.