MR. ESHOLT'S YOUNG WIFE

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

The date was a certain 3d of July when the present century was some forty years younger than it is now. The moon was rising in unclouded brightness when Miss Maria Granby, having seen that the preparations for supper were duly completed, entered the drawing-room, carrying a lighted lamp in her hand, and then to her surprise, perceived that the vicar was sitting alone in the dusk.

"Dear me, brother, where can Agnes and Wilmot have run off to?" she said. "I left them sitting on the sofa not a quarter of an hour ago, and now"—

"I don't know, I'm sure, my dear," replied Mr. Granby, rousing himself from one of those reveries which of late had become habitual with him. "I was under the impression that they were sitting there still."

Miss Granby without more ado took up the skirts of her dress and passed through one of the French-windows, determined to go in quest of the missing ones. "Surely," she said to herself, as she returned for her pattens, for which old-fashioned articles she entertained a private predilection, as being good for the constitution in damp whether —"surely Wilmot can never have been foolish enough to trail that girl down to the river and the grass as wet as it is!" With that she clumped away through the moist shrubbery, accompanied by Tiny, a favourite cat, who, being in a moonstruck mood, bounded on with elevated tail in front of her mistress, and then stopping to munch grass till she came up, rubbed against her feet, gave utterance to a plaintive mew, and scampered off as before.

Mr Granby. sitting with a faint smile hovering round his mouth, and one finger inserted between the leaves of calf-bound volume of sermons, was left alone in the lamp-lighted room.

Meanwhile, the fugitives had wandered slowly through the meadow which skirted the vicarage garden, and now stood, two lithe and youthful figures, watching the "gleaming river seaward flow from the inner land," and listening to its dreary slumberous murmur, but with very opposite feelings. To the ears of the girl it sounded like a mournful valediction whispered by the water sprites, for she and Wilmot were to part to-night, and her sinking heart responded "farewell," and tears sprang to her eyes, so that the moon looked blurred and dim. To Wilmot Burrel it sounded like the far-off murmur of the distant ocean over whose waters he was so soon to wander: and if any thought of his approaching separation from her he loved, or believed he loved, crossed his mind, it was but as a transient shadow which left no impression behind. "You'll think of me sometimes when I'm far away, won't you, darling?" he asked as he drew Agnes's arm closer within his own and turned towards the house.

"How can you ask!" she said with a trembling voice in which there was a faint ring of reproach. "You know that I shall think of you very, very often.'

"I knew you would before I asked; but I can't have the sweet assurance too often from your lips."—Then to himself: "Confound it all! I quite forgot to call at the *Red Lion* this afternoon for that half-box of Cubas which the landlord promised me. It's an awful nuisance. Too late now, of course, to fetch it."

They paced in silence for a little while, then Wilmot said; "And you'll write me lots of letters, won't you, dear? Never mind my short ones. You don't know under what disadvantages a fellow writes on board ship—so much to distract his attention—so many duties to attend to—so little time to himself, that it's almost Love's labour lost to attempt it.—Why, you are quite melancholy to-night. Cheer, up little one. Two years will soon pass away, and then—— But here comes aunty in search of us, so now we may look out for squalls."

But Wilmot was mistaken, for Miss Maria, who would probably at any other time have scolded them as heartily as she knew how, which at the best was but poorly, remembering that he had but two more hours to stay with them, was too much melted by the thought to be more than mildly cross, and was, indeed, more inclined for tears than aught else. "Come in, you foolish children, do!" she exclaimed with a little quaver in her voice. "You will catch your deaths of cold, and supper will be quite spoiled—though neither of you deserves any, after running away in this fashion."

"Don t say that, *ma chere marraine*," replied Wilmot gaily. Then with a sigh, which, however, had nothing of sadness in it: "Ah! many's the rough supper I shall have before I set eyes on either of you again."

On reaching the vicarage they found Mr. Granby slowly pacing the room with his hands behind him—a tall, fine-looking old man, but with an indefinable something in his expression which seemed to betoken a certain vacillation of purpose and infirmity of will.

Supper was soon over, for they were all too preoccupied to eat much. At the conclusion of the meal, Mr. Granby, having drawn the cork of a bottle of his choicest port, an operation he would entrust to no hands but his own, arose, glass in hand. "I drink," said he with much solemnity, pushing up his spectacles on his forehead, "to the health of the son of my oldest friend—to Wilmot Burrell. May he have a safe and prosperous voyage, and may we all be here to receive him on his return!"

Wilmot made a neat, sailor-like speech in reply, in which, after referring to the days of his childhood, all the recollections of which he said, had reference in a greater or lesser degree to the persons then present and to the old house in which they then were, he alluded briefly to the prospects of his manhood, and hoped, in conclusion, that a new and a sweeter tie would in a little while bind him still closer to those whom he had loved and honoured from his youth upward. There was a brief silent pause after he sat down, which was pregnant with pathos to all there except to the young man himself.

And now Miss Maria became restless and uneasy, referring frequently to the timepiece, and listening intently for the slightest noise, from without, for fear Wilmot might miss the night-coach by which he was to travel, although quite aware that it was not due for another half-hour. Presently she left the room for the purpose of satisfying herself that Wilmot's luggage had been brought down into the hall and was all properly labelled. Then the vicar took up his soft felt hat and went for a moonlight stroll on the veranda, and the young people were left alone.

"Let us go into the drawing-room," said Wilmot. "I want you to sing me *The Murmur of the Shell* and one or two other favourites which will haunt my memory when I am far away."

So Agnes seated herself at the piano and began to sing, while Wilmot bent over her and turned the music. One of his hands rested caressingly on her shoulder, and now and then his lips lightly touched her hair. But before long the striking of the clock warned them that in ten minutes more the coach would be due, and the same warning note brought back the vicar and Miss Maria.

The latter brought with her a long worsted comforter of divers colours, her own handiwork, with which she proceeded to enwrap Wilmot's throat and chest, and succeeded in tying it in an inextricable knot behind, notwithstanding his laughing resistance and a pathetic request that she would not make such a "guy" of him. Then the good old man drew Wilmot to his side on the sofa, and taking one of his hands in both his he addressed to him a few last words of kindly counsel and admonition. The young man listened with downcast eyes and a half-smile, wondering within himself why elderly people should nearly always be so much more prosy and tiresome than young ones. It was a relief to him when the sound of the distant horn put an end to the vicar's monologue. Juxon, the vicar's man, had already wheeled the luggage to the gate, and our friends now followed it, Miss Maria with a little white shawl pinned over her faded curls, to keep the night-air off. As they walked down the garden path, she pressed into Wilmot's unreluctant hand a silk purse of her own making—not an empty purse by any means. She was his godmother, and as he had lost both his parents when quite young, she had always looked upon him as being in some sort her own special property. The coach came rattling up. There was a last hand-shake for the vicar, a hearty kiss for Miss Maria, a more lingering one, or it may be more than one, for Agnes, with a whspered, "Do not forget me, darling, and write as often as you can;" and then Wilmot leaped blithely up beside the driver. A wave of the hand, a crack of the whip, a blast from the guard's bugle, and they were off—off, melting gradually into the summer darkness and seeming to become a portion of it, then detected by the ear alone, till that, too, failed and silence claimed its own again. Silently and sadly the three who were left went back to the house, over which a shadow seemed already to have fallen. Already they missed Wilmot's lighthearted laughter and the fresh brightness of his handsome face.

Little inclined for sleep was Agnes when she went to her own room. The moon threw its broad silver beams into her chamber, and the spirits of the night seemed to whisper sadly at the casement—one dear name. She blew out her candle and sat down on the low window-seat. All things spoke of him: the old summer-house, dimly discerned, where they had spent so many happy hours; the quivering poplars, up which he had climbed when a boy; the distant river, on whose banks they had so often wandered. She gazed, immersed in a thousand memories, till she lost all sense of time and place. Her spirit flew forth into the night to embrace his, pursuing him, swift as Ariel s self, along the road he had gone. And not on that night alone, but on many after nights, when the winds were high and the black waters troubled, did she wander forth in fancy through the waste of darkness in search of him she had lost.

Wilmot, meanwhile, was being whirled rapidly along toward his destination. He happened to be the only outside passenger, and in ten minutes after taking the box-seat he and the driver had become the best of friends. Both driver and guard must help themselves out of his cigar case, and as often as they stopped to change horses, each of them must have a glass of "something hot" at his expense. Wilmot dearly loved to play the part Don Magnifico in his little way.

The coach drew up in Dale Street, Liverpool, next morning as the clocks were striking six, by which time the young man was pretty well "slewed up" as he termed it; so he made his way at once to the *Crooked Billet* in Exchange Street East, where he ordered a bed and slept till four o'clock in the afternoon. He arose in the best possible humour with himself and everybody. He had examined the contents of Miss Maria's purse, which proved more valuable than he had expected; so, as he was to sail in the course of a few days and could not make sure of another evening to himself, he decided to seek out a couple of friends, whom he would treat to a first-rate dinner and a box at the theatre afterwards. Hang the expense! the little purse would stand it all.

He had not forgotten Agnes—by no means. He often thought of her, and always with a little self-satisfied smile playing round his mouth. By Jove! what a lucky fellow he was. Here was a girl, as pretty as you would see in a day's walk, who loved him with all the fervour of her fresh young heart, and had promised to wait till he should be in a position to marry her—a girl with good expectations, too, which made matters all the pleasanter. What with his living and his private income, the old vicar must be decidedly "warm," and he did not look like a man who would trouble this world many years longer. Wilmot Burrell felt that he would have given much for a peep at Mr. Granby's banking account.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The abstract of business done by the insurance companies of Canada last year has been issued by the Department of Finance. The five premiums received totalled $5,841,-628, an increase of a quarter of a million over 1889. The Royal, as usual, leads with $552,723, followed by the Western with $335, 190, the Liverpool, London & Globe $279,594, Commersial Union $318,697, North British $313,247, the Queen $262,485 the Lancashire $253,229. Of the total of $5,841,628 the British companies received $4,071,452 the Canadian $1,249,883 and the American $520,292.

HOW BURGLARS BURGLE.

One of the "Profession" in a Confidential Mood Tells How It is Done.

It is a mistake said a "professional" to us the other day, to suppose that we have any difficulty in getting into houses we wish to "crack."

Burglars can get into any ordinary house with ease. In many cases it is only necessary to break a pane of glass and thrust a hand in and turn the knob of a door or move the fastening of a window. An ordinary jimmy will open any wooden door or window. To force open any of the ordinary iron fastenings that are placed outside of dwellings is but the work of a few moments with modern burglars' tools. Bars are plied apart with slow and powerful Jack screws that are almost strong enough to raise buildings. The iron framework of an ordinary iron gate is easily displaced with a jimmy.

Ordinary locks are not the slightest protection against burglars. Simple skeleton keys will open common locks. If a key is left in a door it is the easiest thing for a burglar to put a wire through the keyhole and, working from the outside of a door, turn the key on the inside. This is a common practice with hotel thieves, and to guard against it bolts have come into general use. But even bolts can be pushed back by expert burglars. The latest plan of doing this is by working through a keyhole with a piece of steel wire and a strong cord. The location of the bolt is obtained either by observation in the daytime or by exploration at night. The skilful use of this steel wire and cord makes a strong bow, the string of which is used to shove back a bolt. This instrument is sometimes called "The Widdie," which is the burglar's way of saying widow. It is one of the various methods of working at the door locks through a keyhole. The modern chain bolt is easily opened by a burglar using a twisted wire. Of course, the chain bolt is not essentially a night fastening. It is mainly intended to hold a door while the person inside opens it to see who is outside, and as a precaution against being taken by surprise by having a door suddenly pushed inward by an intruder.

Burglars can push back an ordinary window catch by inserting a thin case knife. The newest window catches are arranged so as to prevent this. Fastenings on wooden window shutters or blinds are easily burglarized by means of boring and sawing. The professional burglars have an old-time method of breaking window panes without noise. They first paste over the pane to be cracked a complete covering of paper. Then when the pane is cracked by a slow, steady pressure, which is quite as effective as a blow, there is only a sort of crunching noise and no falling of glass. This is really an old method, and particularly applicable to most of the front doors in present use. It seems to be the universal custom to light front halls with side lights, every one of which is a constant invitation to the burglar to come at his leisure, break one side light, thrust his hand in the opening, and turn the knob or key. This is easily done, so as not to alarm a sleeping household, by taking advantage of the noise of a passing vehicle. It is tacitly admitted that no ordinary door under a front step is safe, because a burglar once there can work without observation at his leisure. Therefore most houses have iron gates to their basement doors.

A good deal of burglars' work is done by means of inside confederates, dishonest servants, or employees, whose part of the work consists in furnishing easy access to the skilled burglar, who does not wish to run the risk of detection while breaking into a household, but is able, once in, to break into a safe or a strong box. In such cases care is taken to remove suspicion from the inside confederate by making some marks on a door or window to look as if entrance had been forced that way.

In city houses the burglars often receive material aid to obtain entrance by upper-story windows by means of architectural adornments. In many cases the rough stones, the cervices, the carvings, the projections, and other ornaments of house fronts from convenient ladders by which burglars climb to upper floors and enter easily at points which are always less guarded than the entrances to lower floors. Once inside, the burglar makes his way first to the front door and prepares for easy egress in case of detection.

It might be supposed that a very efficient protection to a closed door or shutter would be a cross bar inside of wood or iron. Burglars, however, have a simple method of removing such an obstruction. They first locate the bar by boring, and then either lift it out of its socket or saw it apart.

The plan most generally adopted now to prevent burglary of safes that contain large amounts of valuable property is to place them in full light where watchmen or policemen passing may have a full view from the outside day and night by means of eye-holes in the shutters, or where these are not in use, through a certain part of the shop window. Another precaution is by means of electric alarms. But the burglars have begun to study electricity, too, and one of their latest devices is a method of fixing the wires so that no alarm will be sounded. The principal of the alarm is generally the breaking of a connecting wire. In some cases the burglars have managed to get along without even starting the electric alarm.

The general field for bank burglars is now in country towns, and the most successful house burglaries are in country residences, where interference from the outside is less likely. But one way and another, the best known burglars have come to much grief. They may succeed for a time, but they invariably fall over a trifling error of judgment and meet with their desserts.

In Canada and the States it is both a presumption of law and the experience of fact that burglars work with the intention to commit murder if necessary to enable them to escape. There, a burglar caught in the act may be justifiably killed, and there are occasional instances of sturdy householders tackling burglars with success. Police authorities are unanimous that the best way to tackle a burglar is to shoot him before he knows you have seen him, or to give an alarm so that assistants may come and help to catch him. Generally the burglar will drop his plunder and run if he can.

Noise is the best protection against burglars. A barking dog, a crying child, a stumble in the dark, a heavy walk, a late comer into a house, and occasionally a burglar alarm, will make a burglar drop his swag and run. The trouble with burglar alarms is that they often go off without apparent provocation when there are no burglars about the premises, and thus unnecessarily terrorize people at unseemly hours of the night. There have been some sad cases where honest people have been mistaken and shot for burglars.

Funeral Reform.

A movement in favor of funeral reform is gaining considerable strength in England. The present funeral customs are being attaked both from the sanitary and economical side; they are defended upon the ground of sentiment, in part sound and in part false. No one can find fault with the sentiment which calls for tender and respectful treatment of the dead; but the desire for ostentation with some and the tyranny of custom with others have led to some foolish and costly observances. To haggle over the expense of a funeral seems like a slight to the dead, and so many sensible people submit to an expense which makes a serious inroad upon their revenues and is an injustice to the living. Few individuals have the courage to withstand the oppression of custom and, in the case of burials of their own relatives, to take a course which will cause the tongues of the gossip-mongers to wag. The best way of overcoming the evil is by concerted action, such as that which in England is taken by several associations for the promotion of funeral reforms. One of the reforms which they advocate is the use of inexpensive shrouds and coffins in place of the costly things in which the remains are now enclosed. A sound and healthy sentiment should see no distinction between a coffin of pine and one of elm or walnut. In the forest the pine tree is as beautiful and graceful as any of its neighbors, and the uses to which it is put are no less honorrble. A casket of pine is not only cheaper than one of hardwood, but is recommended on the sanitary ground that it is more perishable and hastens the process by which the remains become incorporated with the earth, and the solemn words, "earth to earth," are realised. There is something barbarous in the idea of fashioning costly trappings for no other purpose than burying them in the earth; while the shrouds and dresses in which the body is attired are sometimes positively grotesque. What sentiment is gratified by enclosing the stiffened limbs in a full dress suit, with its associations of the ball, the banquet, the theatre, the gayest and most thoughtless hours of life? Surely a plain shroud would be infinitely more solemn and dignified. In these and other matters sound sentiment as well as economy and sanitary considerations are on the side of the advocates of reform.

How to Breathe.

"Our young people do not know how to breathe," said an old doctor to an anxious mother whose daughter, a young girl, of 17, had had for some time a severe cold that had slightly affected the upper air passages of her lungs, "When the child inflates her lungs as I direct her you can hear the crackling of all the dissued air cells that for the first time have been brought into play this winter. You see," he went on "the tendency of all persons is to use only the upper portions of the lungs. It is only after the fatigue and exertion consequent on unusual exercise that the lower part is utilized at all. And just as people can live for years with only one sound lung, so can everyone use only the upper portion and feel well enough at the time. Girls, therefore, draw their corset strings and say it doesn't hurt in the least to wear their strings a little tight; and apparently they are right. They play tennis and ride and row and even swim in their well-pulled-in stays; but let illness attend them, let them need all their lung power to provide pure blood or breathing room to resist disease, or let the cares of maternity come upon them, then they may regret that they wilfully sinned against nature.

"But many err, too, simply through laziness, a lack of knowledge, or through bad habits of partial breathing contracted in youth; but, be that as it may, not one person in 10, or even 20, knows how to breath. If I had my way I should teach breathing in every school in the country. Here is an exercise I want your daughter to practice night and morning; and so excellent are its effects that I have known it even to cure incipient consumption. While you count 15 slowly, let her take a long breath, so that she can feel it inflating all the air cells of the lower part of their lungs. When you reach 15 let her begin slowly to expel the air from her lungs and keep on until another 15 are counted. A few times will tire her much at first, and bring on fits of coughing; but let her persevere and she will soon be able to do it 10 or 12 times at each exercise. And I think I can promise you material benefit."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Poison at a Wedding Feast.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 28.—From the effects of poison taken at the Snooks-Hirr wedding at Lynden, Wednesday evening, Frank Guthrie, one of the wealthiest and best known residents of Louisville, died this morning, Mrs. Guthrie and her sister, Mr. Robt. Gray, are down as victims of the same poison. The attending physicians are confident all are suffering from arsenic poisoning, and they believe the drug was put in the coffee at the wedding dinner for the purpose of killing some one. Every symptom of the sufferers indicates arsenic, and if the physicians are correct a most diabolical crime has been committed. By whom such an act could have been committed has not been even conjectured. That such a thing could have been an accident is impossible, as there was no arsenic about the place. The condition of B. K. Sutcliff,'s daughter and Miss Herr is alarming. The Rev. T. T. Martin, who performed the cermony, is in a very critical condition. The eight guests who are at Mr. Herr's house are all very ill. Mr. and Mrs. Snook's started on their bridal tour soon after the wedding, but were taken suddenly ill in Cincinnati Thursday, and were compelled to return to Louisville. The condition of both is now said to be critical.

The trouble with regard to the Chilian outbreak seems to be that nobody outside has any chance of finding out how matters are going. With the telegraphs and post-office arrangements in the hands of the Government, who have also shut up all the newspapers but two, which they now employ in issuing fabricated news, it is hard to judge of the progress of affairs. Action is reported to have been taken by the British Consul to secure from the Government heavy damages for the losses incurred by British Subjects, and it seems probable that these claims may be backed up in London.

SPRING SMILES.

The peach crop may fail, but the hen's never.

Death is a wonderful mimic. He can take anybody off.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles—a fondling asylum.

Judge—"Single or married?" Prisoner sighs deeply. "Oh, yes, I see—married."

A man naturally finds it necessary to have recourse to his "uncle" after he has "auntied."

In spite of all that can be said in favor of Adam and Eve, they were undoubtedly a shiftless pair.

It doesn't follow, because a pedestrian is a milesian, that he can make a mile easier than his competitors.

A man can subdue the elephant, the lion and the rhinoceros, but the "tiger" generally gets the best of him.

When two girls meet they kiss. When two men meet they don't. This shows plainly who want kissing the most.

Loquaciousness in a man is a great nuisance to his friends. It is a great pity that those who are disposed to dilate do not die early.

Sweet and bitter
A girl is sweet but, oh! how bitter
The same girl is when her dress don't fit her!

Watts—"Poor Timmins! I fear he is losing his mind." Potts—"Well, there is one consolation. When a man looses his mind he never misses it."

Politician—"Are they in favor of the secret ballot in Minnesota?" Thespian—"Yes, I should judge so. They have prohibited the ballot in public.

Bloobumper—"They called in Dr. Piller, it seems, to set Jones' leg." Dr. Kineen (a rival of Piller)—"Piller set a leg! Why, he couldn't set a hen!"

Mrs. Noear—"Do you think my daughter will be a musician?" Professor—"I gant zay, madame. She may. She dell me she gome of a long-lived vamily."

"I like your cheek!" exclaimed the girl when the young man kissed her. "So do I like yours, but I greatly prefer your lips, was the audacious reply.

"Is she really your rival?" "Yes." "Great Scott! If I had a rival that looked like that, do you know what I would do?" "No." "I'd give up the girl."

People who are constantly talking "what is due society" often forget altogether what is due to themselves, to say nothing of what is due to the butcher and baker.

Colonel Yerger—"Who is that tall young lady over there?" Gilhooly—"Well, she was my future wife a couple of months ago—before the engagement was broken off.'

He taught his wife the sin of dress
With eloquence and power,
And then played billiards all day long
At sixty cents an hour.

Hicks—"Maria, I don't believe you would wake up if Gabriel were to blow his horn!" Mrs. Hicks—"You would; the faintest suggestion of a horn would rout you out early."

"I have tried many ways of getting ahead," writes a subscriber. "Can you give me some advice?" Our temperance editor suggests. Why don't you try mixing your drinks?

"Why is it that you write your bills on rose paper with perfumed envelopes?" "Because," answered the tailor, "the young fellow will imagine it's a love letter and are sure to open it."

Love may be blind, but Love can see
That there's plenty of room for two
On one small chair if they sit with care
And stick just as close as glue!

"I liked the sermon so much to-day," said the old lady to the clergymen. "Indeed!" said he, evidently pleased. "Yes," she went on; "it reminded me so much of one I read when I was a girl."

Teacher—"Where do we obtain coal, Freddy?" Freddy—"From the coal beds, ma'am." Teacher—"Right! Now, Jimmy where do we obtain feathers?" Jimmy—"From the feather beds, ma'am."

Well-dressed Party—"No, I've got nothing for you. Ain't you ashamed to be begging? 'Beggar—"You are the one to be ashamed—dressed up like a gentleman and never a nickel in your clothes."

A correspondent wants to know why green turtle is the sort almost exclusively used for food. We are not very sure, but we surmise that the green turtle is caught easier than almost any other kind.

The character of a man is told
By the way his jaw runs in,
So, too, a woman may be judged
Quite easy by her chin.

"I find in looking over your bill of college expenses, my son, that almost all the charges are for beer and wine, but nothing for kerosene. It seems to me that you are—" "But, dear, father, a fellow can't drink kerosene."

There has been a pleasant exchange of civilities between the Queen and M. Carnot since her arrival in France. The President of the republic sent the following message to the British sovereign: "Beg your Majesty to graciously accept, on the occasion of your Majesty's arrival at Grasse, my wishes that your stay in the province may be as pleasant as were your previous visits to Biarritz and Aix. I would ask if I can be of any service to your Majesty, and I tender to your Majesty, with my respectful homage, the renewed expression of my sincere regard." The Queen replied as follows: "I thank you with all my heart for your very kind telegram. I am deeply touched by the cordial welcome which I received everywhere in my passage through France and on my arrival here in this beautiful country."

From figures lately published relating to the liquor trade in America some idea may be formed of the proportions of the rum power in the country. In New York city alone, having a population of a million and a half, the trade in liquors is estimated at $80,000,000 annually; while in support of its churches of all denominations, which may be supposed to represent the chief counteracting moral agency, not more than $3,000,000, it is believed, are annully spent. In the whole Union, representing a population of 62,000,000, $900,000,000 are spent each year for rum, while over and above this there is an annual charge of $400,000,000 for the maintenance of prisons. poorhouse, hospitals, and asylums, whose inmates are, for the most part, the victims of the steadily extending trade in drink.