Running the Gauntlet.

"You understand how it is, Captain Carter? These stores which you are to take on board are being sent up the river to the Turkish garrison at Abu Bekr, and between it and this place the Araba have just broken out in rebellion, and are raiding the whole country. If they know that you have Turkish stores aboard, they're certain to try and seize them; and even if they don't, they're likely enough to fire at the steamer as she passes, and try to pick off the man at the wheel, in order to drive the vessel ashore and plunder her. Now those stores must be carried through, come what may; but at the same time it's only fair to tell you plainly what you're running into, before you do it. Will you take the risk ?"

" Yes." The man who answered thus, as quietly as if he were only undertaking to post a letter, was a short, square, powerful figure, in the uniform of a merchant captain, with a thick brown beard which was just beginning to turn gray. There was nothing boastful or swaggering in his tone and manner as he accepted a commission which meant little less than certain death ; but in his firm lips and deep gray eyes there was an indescribable something which gave a sufficient assurance to his two employers that they had got hold of the right man

for their work. A few hours later all was ready for the start. The stores were on board, the Abbas | and now the Brandenburg estate, it is under had her steam up, and the perilous voyage up the Tigris from Busreh to Abu Bekr was just about to begin, when a shout was heard from the bank, and a young man in the dress of an English army officer came scampering down to the landing-place, carrying a gun-case in his hand, and followed by a sturdy Arab porter with a light bullocktrunk upon his bare brown shoulders.

"Just in time, Captain," said he, panting for breath, as he sprang on board, while the trunk was hastily handed up after him, heard there was a steamer just starting up the river, and up the river l've got to go somehow. Will you give me a passage if

pay for it?" "You're heartily welcome," answered Captain Carter, with a grim smile; "but I ought to tell you that we shall most likely be all shot dead on the way."

"Well, it's my trade to be shot," rejoined the young officer, as coolly as ever, "and I may just as well work at it here as anywhere else. Besides, it'll be a fine chance of trying my new rifle."

Away they went up the broad smooth river in all the splendor of a glorious summer sunrise. Onward, onward still, past curve after curve and point after point; but still there was no sign of danger; and the young Lieutenant, who had loaded both barrels of his rifle, and held it in his hand all ready for action, began to look rather disappointed.

"I say , Captain, cried he, " it looks as if there wasn't going to be any fun after

"Don't distress yourself," replied Captain Carter, smiling steroly. "If we get past this bend that we're coming to now without getting a hole in our skins, we may think ourselves precious lucky, that's all."

Just in front of them the river made a deep curve, from the right bank of which a vast sand shoal stretched more than half way across the stream; while the left bank, under which the deeper channel ran, was fringed with a thick belt of thorn bushes and prickly undergrowth, in which a hundred men might lie hidden without betraying a sign of their presence. Worse still, the current ran so strongly at this point that the steamer made way but slowly against it; so that the Captain might well expect to be attacked in a spot which seemed made expressly for the purpose.

But all was silent as death, and they had already gone some distance along the perilous channel without a sign or sound of darger, when all in one moment the whole thicket seemed to burst into a storm of fire and smoke, a deafening crash echoed from bank to bank, and a shower of bullets came ratting like hail upon the deck of the steamer.

The treacherous volley was not fired in Two men fell dead on the forecastle one shot through the head, the other through the breast. At the same moment the steersman fell forward on his face, with a hoarse, gasping cry, and the vessel, no longer controlled by her helm, began to swing round toward the fatal shoal.

With one bound the Captain sprang to the wheel, and clutching it as it escaped from the dead man's nerveless fingers. jammed it hard down, and turned the ship's head away from the fatal sand shoal-just in time. The next moment another volley flamed and crackled from the thicket, and the Captain's white jacket was instantly streaked with red; but he still kept his hold of the wheel as firmly as ever.

Just then, amid the blinding smoke that came rolling across the deck, the young Lieutenant's voice was heard calling out. "are you hit, Captain?"

"Not so badly but what I can hold this wheel a bit longer,' said the brave man, in a voice hoarse and hollow with pain. "Keep her steady, then, while I have a pop at these fellows. They think we have no fire-arms on board, and they're coming out of the bushes quite boldly.

His rifle cracked as he spoke, and a howl of pain from the bank answered the shot, while the report of the second barrel was followed by a heavy splash, as if one of the enemy bad fallen headlong into the

The Arabs set up a wild yell of fury, and poured a third volley into the devoted steamer; but by this time the crew were all under cover, the Lieutenant had intrenched himself behind the mainmast. and Captain Carter, lying flat on the deck, with both hands clutching the spokes of the wheel, was quite invisible. Meanwhile the steamer glided steadily onward, and a few minutes more would see her around the bend, and beyond the reach of her assailante.

Then the Arabs began to fire viciously at the wheel itself, hoping to cripple it if they could not cripple the nassen heinsman. The flying splinters drew blood again and again from the stout Captain's hands and face. but he never winced, and still the ship mov-

ed on. But the greatest peril was not to come. Just before clearing the narrow channel the steamer had to pass under a projecting hank from which the Arabe (if they dared toxisk

Pleasant Cure

officer saw the dark figures clustering along the edge and held his rifle in readiness. Crack ! crack! Two men fell wounded, and at the same instant Captain Carter, with sudden twist of the wheel, drew the ship head several yards away from the bank, while the Arabs, darting wildly at the rig ging, missed it, and fell splash into the water ! The next moment the Abbas swept out of the dangerous channel into the open water beyond.

"Thank God!" said Carter, faintly, and his words were fervently echoed by the

Lieutenant. Not many months later that young Lieu tenant was famous throughout all India a one of the bravest men and best officers who upheld the honor of England during the great agony of the Indian Mutiny. As for Captain Carter, he is still alive in Bagdad and any one who goes thither may hear the tale from his own lips, and see the handsome gold watch presented to him by his employ ers in acknowledgment of his courage "running the gauntlet."

#### Millions in the Moon.

near Berlin, value \$8,000,000, which had been confiscated by the Government 188 be restored to the heirs, many of whom, it is stated, live in America. This is an old foe with a new face. Sometimes called the Lawrence estate, sometimes the Hyde estate, whatever name "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." There are no estates of any great value across the water awaiting American claimants, and none which have been hung up accumulating for a century. These estates are almost invariably gotten up to induce silly people to give money to scamps who pretend that they intend using it to make the last final investigations which are to convert their dupes into millionaires. So do not lend money to Brandenburg heirs simbly on the security of their German estates, which are about as much value as several square miles of land in the moon.

#### A Recommendation.

Dumley-That lawyer brother of yours. Brown, I s'pose, would defend about as mean and disreputable a case as any lawyer ip town?

Brown-Well, I dunno what Jim might do. You go and state your case to him, Dumley, and say I sent you.

#### Next Thing to a Fortune.

Woman-Have you been a tramp long Tramp—Pretty much all my life, ma'am; it runs in the family. My poor old father was a professional for twenty-seven years, but the other day he struck big luck. Woman-Did he come into an immense fortune?

Tramp-Well-er-no, not quite. Some influential friends of his got him into the poorhouse.

#### He Was No Night Hawk.

"Young man," he said sonorously, "are vou ever abroad in the early morning when the great orb of day rises in all his majestic and brilliant glory ?"

"Well-er-yes, sir, sometimes," replied the young man " but I generally try to get to bed earlier than that."

## An Auspicious Beginning.

"Vell, before I ontertake to gif you lessons on the fiolin, I vish to know if you haf a correct ear?

"Correct ear! Waal, I saw a feller play the peany with his nose in a show one time: but great scissors!! I didn't know ye ever played the fiddle with yer ear."

## Repartee.

"Oh, John" said Mrs. Bjones, "I have just found the most beautiful receipt for current j lly." "Well, I wish you'd find a receipt for your

dress-maker's bills." "Oh, no, John dear. That is not necessary.

I always have Madame Brunetti make my dress-maker's bills for me."

there is any such thing as luck in odd num-

Chipperly. "But there is, though. Why, my rich uncle that left me his money wasn't drowned until the third time he sank. Fact, ed as worthless. Standing wheat and bar-

#### A Serions Quarrel. "What time did young Sampson leave

last night, Clara?" asked her papa. "It was after midnight," replied the girl, with a haughty sneer. "We had a quarrel, and I bade him good-by forever." "If you quarreled, I wonder he didn't

leave earlier." "We didn't begin quarrelling until nearly 10 o'clock.'

## Solid with the Dog.

"George, dear," said Mabel, "I thought you and papa were not very good friends." "Well, yes, that's so to a great extent, I'm sorry to say." "Why, then, did you send him that great

big handsome bulldog?" "Why, did I send him that dog?" George smiled a tender, thoughtful, far-away smile.

## Her Effective Voice:

Miss Screecher-Wel., dear, how was my voice to night? Did it fill the room? Miss Veracity-At first it did, but afterward-

Miss Screecher-Well? Miss Veracity—It emptied it.

Husband-" Wife, you are everlastingly reading books." Wife-"Yes, I find them very interest-"It's a pity I ain't a book; then you

A Convenient Husband

kind of a book." husband aught to be ?" A Permanent Cure. Flirtation and its Consequences.

If young ladies who pride themselves on their skill and tact in the art of flirtation could only hear all that is said of them behind their backs we think, says a New York paper, they would renounce their meretricious blandishments forever, and blush, if not past that wholesome indication of shame, for the false part they had so far played in society. The practical flirt is looked upon by all young men, save those green enough to be her victims, merely as frivolous piece of human trumpery, with whom it may be well enough to while away an idle bour now and than when nothing better in the way of amusement offers. She is freely discussed in the club-rocom conversation, and her tricks of fascination are subjects of she coarsests jests. Instead of the respect with which all honorable men regard true women, she earns for herself their contempt, while the good and amiable of her own sex look upon her with loathing. Of obtaining a desirable husband she has not the slightest chance, and the probability is that she will either die unmarried or accept, as a last resort, some wretch who will avenge upon her by his brutality the decep-During the last few weeks despatches have tion she has endeavored to practise upon been sent from various parts of the country better men. In either case she will deserve stating that there was a Brandenburg estate her fate. We would advise any young lady who is inclined to flirtation to ask some old jilt who has been through the mill whether years age, but had recently been ordered to she thinks that sort of thing pays in the

#### No Petticoats in the Cabin

"Why do not the commanders of vessels take their wives to sea with them?" was nity of the large cities, the law is rigidly en-

asked a shipowner the other day. principal one perhaps is because the owners of vessels are opposed to paying for the extra provisions which the presence of the wives would entail on every sailing vessel. A woman would not relish the regular bill of fare furnished to the ordinary merchant-

vessel without the captain's wife on board point. At the guard the diameter of the is always faster than another which has the | blade is diamond shaped and the two extra skipper's pride in the cabin. Why? Because the captain whose wife is on the land edges, which are razor-sharp, make a wound will not be afraid to crowd sail on his craft. which the auxiliary edges, more blunt than His thoughts will be on his vessel, and he | sharp, aggravate to a terrible degree. out of her. All can will be carried full, of a dexterous man that the Italian governwhenever possible, for the reason that he | ment has recently been experimenting with will entertain no fear of this stick or that it as a weapon at close quarters, and in the spar giving way. Now, if he has his wife | Massowah campaign several companies were on board, his first thoughts will be to keep armed with shields and long stilettos. The as far away from danger as is possible.

"Another reason, just as important, is ary dagger. that the captain might devote too much of his time to his wife if she were aboard. He might shirk his duty on deck to remain in the cabin, and his duty would be shoved off by him on one or other of the mates."

Autumn Styles. brown, grey, and dark-green cashmere made | handle with the fingers and throwing the sleeves above, that are trimmed with Persian | dexterity. A small spring catches the knife galloon, like that on India wraps. The and holds it open. It is closed by pressure front laps to the left side where it has a uron a tiny "button" on the handle. pointed revers of velvet. There are also Though not as effective a weapon as the velvet cuffs on the coat sleeve, and a deep stiletto it makes an ugly wound when used velvet collar. Striped Indian cloth of pure by an expert and can be opened almost as wool but extra light in weight, checked and quickly as a stiletto can be drawn from its barred Scotch cheviots, and plain camels'- sheath. The ease with which it can be conhair fabrics, are made up in like manner. | cealed adds to the frequency of its use. The English tweed, Lincolnshire suitings, and handle is hard wood or bone. Ulster cloths in plaids or stripes have loose fronts attached to a yoke, and a closely The largest size cost \$5 and \$8. An importfitting back finished with a hood if pre- | ed molletta costs \$4. The price places the ferred, although hoods do not appear upon real Italian article out of the reach of many the choice imported wraps this season. of the knife-users, and they content them-There are also Directoire redingotes for selves with a species of small dagger, crude, after his death the will which he was known travelling, the skirt portion cut away but effective, and not infrequently made by slightly at the waist, revealing a little of themselves out of a well-worn table knife. the dress skirt beneath. These are made of plain pilot cloth, handsomely braided. English Newmarkets, made of Queen' tweed, are silk lined, and fit as snugly as walking dress. They are invariably accompanied by a jockey cap of tweed to match.

## The Afflicted Farmers.

Farmers report that grasshoppers have destroyed about two-thirds of the tobacca crop in the parishes of St. Esphrit, St. Alexis and St. Jacques de Lachigan. Others state that the excessive rain has had such a damaging effect upon the crops in genera and grain in particular that they are at Gysant. "Do you know, I don't believe loss to know how to provide for the winter supply. A farmer from behind Laprairie says all the habitants are heavy sufferers. Oats have lain on the ground for a fortnight, turned probably a dezen times and abandonley are actually sprouting. The pea crop promises to be entirely destroyed and the potatoes are rotting.

## The Trials of Business.

House maid (entering hastily). heavens, Mrs. Pancake, I'm afraid that nev boarder from the country has suffocated himself! His door's locked, and the hall's full of gas."

Mrs Pincake. "Dear me ! how dreadful And the gas bill's so high already !"

## Care in Diet.

mer resort)-" Mein cracious! Isaac, you little vool ! vat von ask for bret?" fadder."

Mr. Shentpershent-"Shust hear dat! He vants bret ven bret sell for only fife cents a loaf, an' he gan't est a kavater off a loaf, an' "You see, dearest, that dog and I are old I pay fife tollars a day at dis hotel. Here. Isaac, eat dis bettle of olives. Day cost von tollar a bottle."

## Wasn't Built That way.

"Here's a piece of pie," said a woman to a hungry tramp at the back door. "Thanks," he replied, catching eagerly at it and biting a horseshoe out of it. "Don't you want a knife to out it with ?" she inquired. The tramp looked hurt. "Madam," he said, in freezing tones. "do I look like a man who would eat pie with a knife?"

## Bothing to Fear.

She (in great agitation)-Oh, George, I hear papa at the front gate, and he is very "I wouldn't object if you were the right apt to be impulsive when he comes home

it) might spring into her lower rigging, and "An elmanac, so I can got a new one has owed the firm money for coal for over swing themselves on her dook. The young every party LILLACEDIAL ALC

THE ITALIAN AND STILETTO.

#### How It Is Made and Why Its Thrusts Are so Generally Fatal.

To the Italian laborer, a knife is as necessary to existence as the macaroni and aromatic conserva that make him forget his drud gery. It cuts his tobacco and divides his cheese, and if he practiced the art of the manicure would undoubtedly be effective in depriving him of his nails. He finds it ef fective with corns, and even with his beard and in his not infrequent fights, to which even an Irish shindig is incomparable, it is indispensable. There are a dezen kinds of knives more or less popular, but the stiletto is the prince of all.

The stilette is a distinctively Italian weapon, though used to a large extent by the Spanish banditi. It has a bad reputation. Their is no recognized scientific way of us ing it, and in the fencing school, for which Italy is, famous, it is ostracized. Among the brigands and the criminal class of the cities it is however, the most popular of all aggressive weapons. This is due to "handiness," the dexterity with which it may be used, its murderous execution and the ease with which it may be concealed.

In Italy stringent laws have been passed against the stiletto. The fine for carrying a pistol is almost nominal, and even sword canss are tolerated to some extent, but the penalty for carrying a stiletto is so severe as to be seemingly oppressive. For each offense the law provides an imprisonment of from two to three years. In the more populated sections, and particularly in the viciforced, and suspected persons are searched "For various reasons," said he. "The without ceremony. A license can be obtained for carrying a pistol, but never for a sti-

Is a peculiar weapon. There is nothing of Canadian manufacture like it. In length it runs from six to fifteen inches. The blade is about twice the length of the handle, dagger edged, thick at the narrow guard "A second reason is because a sailing and tapering off to excessive thinness at the edges run almost to the point. The real will endeavor to get every grain of speed, effective is it, and so murderous in the hands he had twice to leave the room to collect his wespon is carried in a sheath like an ordin-

#### THE DEADLY MOLLETTA.

Another knife, commonly carried and frequently used by criminal Italians, is what Professor Scannapieco, the neopolitan fencing master, calls the "molletta." The molletta bears some resemblance to a razor, though considerably longer. There is only one edge, and the blade opens like a pen-For autumn travelling are protective and knife. It swings loose, however, and when very comfortable Normandy cloaks in golden- drawn is opened by catching hold of the with close coat sleeves, with long, open blade outward. This requires practice and

A small stiletto can be bought for \$3.

METHOD OF USING THE WEAPON. In nearly all the Italian murders in this country in the last five years the stiletto or some similar weapon has been used, and in ive instances out of six the wound inflicted na sbeen below the ribs. The ordinary mode o holding a dagger is with the thursbat the apper end of the handle. The It lians reverse this. He invariably grasps the handle with the upper part of his hand nearest the guard. This necessitates him giving an ader-thurst and accounts for the wounds ring in the lower part of the body. The weapon, if carried in a sheath, is concealed | not so. in the scarf or belt invariably worn by Italian emigrants and can be drawn with remarkable

## Mr. S. Butterworth on "Trust."

The "Detroit Free Press" has reprinted a former speech of Congressman Butterworth, who is a Republican, to show that he does not entertain on the subject of trusts the same views that the "Plumed Knight" holds. The speech was delivered in the House a short time ago, and he said I did not hesitate for one moment to assert that the most serious menace to Republican institutions in this country will be found in the power and influence of overgrown ping. wealth, and I am not alone upon this floor in the conviction that unless they are speedily throttled they will bave upon the throat of the Republic so firm a grip that nothing short of a revolution will compel them to relax their hold." Compare this with Mr. Mr. Shentpershent (at hotel table, a Sum- Blaine's utterance, that "trusts are private affairs with which President Cleveland nor any other private citizens has any particular Little Isaac-" I vant bret mit my meat, right to interfere." There evidently is quite difference.

## OCEAN SPRAY.

"Knows the ropes." - The sailor. Nautical misers.—Twin screws. A marine auction. - A sail at sea. "Alwayaup to date."—The compass needle Signal service.—Flag talk at sea. For crying children—The spanking breeze A mist-erious proceeding. -Going ahead in

Why would sailors make good hostlers !-Because they are always "hitching up." What part of the steamer is best to study astronomy !- The star-board side. As a general thing, a ship that is "run down 'at this season does require a tonic. On board the ocean steamers descending from a high berth has nothing to do with genealogy.

Mal de mer is just as disagrecable under "What sort of a book do you think a He (seemsringly)—Calm your hers dear, any other name, and in this differs from the mand aught to be?"

I'm in the soul business, you know, and he mes. You stick to your colors, said the flag to the pole on a reiny day.

know that there never has been and here Oratora. will be such a thing as a "born orator."

There has never yet been an instance of a hecoming famous who did not be a minuted to the second terms. crator becoming famous who did not apply himself assiduously to the cultivation of himself assiduously to the cult art. Many even had to overcome great phy. less for them to adopt the career of a pub speaker. The best known instance is that of Demosthenes, who passed seme month in a subterranean cell, shaving one side d his head so that he could not appear in pub.

lic. He there practised with pebbles in his mouth to overcome a defect in his speech and gesticulated beneath a suspended sword to rid himself of an ungraceful movement d the shoulder. Even then he was himed from the bema in his early efforts, but he persevered—the world knows with what success. When Robert Walpole first spoke in the House he paused for want of words and continued only to stutter and stampe. Curran was known at school as "stattering Jack Curran," and in a debating society which he joined as "Orator Mum." one will also recall Disraeli's failure when he rose to make his maiden speech, Cob den's first effort was also a humiliating ful. ure. But one should not conclude from these instances that every speaker who break down is sure to blossom into fame subs quently. We have been quoting the exceptions to the general rule. More frequently, speakers' mishaps are like that of the Eul of Rochester. "My lords," said he, on one occasion, "I—I—I rise this time, my lord; I—I—I divide my discourse into fee ardonable weakness; but I was for branches." Here he came to a more fee. branches." Here he came to a woeful page and then he added:

house I give you leave to cut me off root and branch tor ever." Many of the best oraton have, even to their latest efforts. have, even to their latest efforts, felta treme on rising to speak. Erskine said that a his rising to plead for the first time he should have sat down in confusion had he not felt his children tugging at his gown. The Eur of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," al ways knew when he was going to speak wel by his nervousness on rising. This was also a characteristic of Canning. At a dinner given by he Mayor of Liverpool he was nervous before being called on to speak the thoughts. This may have been, however, owing to the comparative novelty of his me sition. Many an orator outside his accuston. ed haunts is completely lost. Lord Eide said he was always somewhat nervous in speaking at the Goldsmiths' Dinner, though he could talk before Parliament as though he were addressing so many rows of cabbas plants. Mr. Cobden, speaking of Lord Joh Russel, said : "On the boards of the Hour of Commons Johnny is one of the most sub. tle and dangerous of opponents; take him off these boards and I care nothing for him! To few was it given as to O'Connell to say mak' me greet, an' my puir heart ceed equally with all audiences. Before be entered the House he was declared to be mere "mob orator;" but in 1830 he wa returned and in 1831 he was recognized as leader. Whether in swaying a multitude a hillside, appealing to the more educated Assembly in Parliament, or in persuading jury in a court-house, he was equally a

## Making Wills.

It is an astonishing thing that lawyer and men who are most careful in all other business matters often show the greater carelessness with respect to their direction for the disposition of their property after death. The late Lord Chancellor St. Leonards, for instance, wrote much respecting the importance of drawing wills so clear as to leave no room for litigation, and to have executed could not be found, and the courts were asked to determine whether its contents could be proved by his daughter, who declared that she could repair them from memory. Mr. Tilden, als though an able lawyer, left a will white rendered legal proceedings almost necessary to its interpretation. This week also it has been discovered that the late Courtland Palmer, of New York, the founder of the Nineteenth Century Club, left two wills and two codicils which are conflicting One would think that men would pay part cular attention to the proper transaction so important a piece of business, butitis

## A Noiseless Clock for the Sick Room.

A curiously considerate invention has been produced by a Frenchman in the shape of noiseless clock, for use more specially in sich rooms. In place of the usual pendulum, the hands are set in motion by the unrolling o a chain, the end of which is fastened to bouy floating in a tank of liquid. This fluid escapes at a uniform rate, and can be utilized to feed a lamp wick, thus giving the appar atus the double character of clock and lamp When the lamp is lighted the necessary dim inution of liquid takes place by combustion, at other times by carefully regulated drop

## Keeping Still.

Young Tommy is a very talkative boy. The other day his uncle promised him cents if he would go an hour without speak. ing a word. Tommy wanted the dime very badly, and set out bravely to keep perfectly still from

five o'clock until six o'clock. He watched the clock very uneasily and eagerly, however. By and by the bands pointed to half-past five. Tommy looked up.ard exclaimed, at the top of his voice, W'ell half the time's gone, any way!"

## Was He the Jonah?

Gustave Gundersen, steward of the steam. er Thingvalla, survived six ocean disaster prior to the recent one between his vesse and the Geiser. Beginning in 1866, ne The shipwrecked on the coast of Norway. The next vessel on board which he served foundered off Cape St. Vincent in 1868; the third is 1872; the was wrecked off Australia in 1872; the fourth was dismasted off the Cape of good Hope in 1873; the fifth was lost in a great gale on the voyage from New Zealand to Australia in 1874, and the sixth 1978 down and sunk off Port Adelaide in 1878.

# A Lucky Man.

"Fortunate! quoth Ridgeley, enthusing tically. "Fortunate? I should say Wilking was fortunate? I should say will fully twenty thousand dollars a year, and I don't believe his expenses foot up over thirty thousand."

CHAPTER VIII. JOHN MONAGHAN.

ther Nature ! on thy ample breast pers necessity has driven him forth
He has naught but and the strong hand stronger heart thou for day after the old woman's

cottage, our servant James absent for a week without asking leave, any intimation of his intention. three cows, and a numerous fe besides having to chop all the i sired for our use. His unspected coused noismall trouble in the when truant at last made his Moodie discharged him altoge The winter had now fairly set ininter of 1833. The snow was u ep, and it being our first winter in d passed in such a miserable dwe It it very severely. In spite of basted fortitude—and I think my endurance have been tried to the noe my sojourn in this country the climate subdued my proud, i ent Eoglish spirit, and I actually y womanhood, and cried with experienced, and unaccustomed

ouse I give you leave to out again in this My husband did not much relish e meantime commenced an activ ra man to supply the place of the was to be had.

It was a bitter, freezing night. ind howled without, and drove ow through the chinks in the do the hearthstone, on which two cocks of maple shed forth a cheer rightening the narrow window-p sking the blackened rafters ru e heart invigorating blaze. The toils of the day were over, t hings cleared away, and the door he night. Moodie had taken up he sweet companion of happier he earnest request of our home s ervant girl, to cheer her droopi

y playing some of the touchin irs of the glorious mountain land chivalry and song, the heroic N ore retiring to rest, Bell, who h uisite ear for music, kept time oot and hand, while large tears n her soft blue eyes.

"Ay, 'tis bonnie thae songs when I think on the bonnie bre days o' lang syne." Poor Bell! Her heart was

hills, and mine had wandered far to the green groves and meadows sir land. The music and our re alike abruptly banished by a upon the door. Bell rose and when a strange, wild looking lad ed, and with no other covering than the thick, matted locks of r ness that hung like a cloud over h

sunburnt visage, burst into the r "Guidness defend us! Wi here ?" screamed Bell, retreating ner. "The puir callant's no can My hushand turned hastily ro the intruder, and I raised the c the table the better to distingui while Bell, from her hiding-place him with unequivocal glances mistrust, waving her hands to m

ing aignificantly to the open silently beseeching me to tell h turn him out. "Shut the door, man," sai whose long scrutiny of the strar fore us seemed, upon the whole

"we shall be frezen." "Thin, faith, sir, that's what the lad, in a rich brogue, which out asking, the country to which ed. Then, atretching his bare fire, he continued, "By Jove, si er so near gone in my life!"

"Where do you come from, your business here? You mu that this is a very late hour to by storm in this way."

"Thrue for you, sir. Bu knows no law : and the condit me in must plade for me. Firs come from the township of Da masther and nex to that, bed something to ate. As I'm alive thousand pities that I'm alive for shure God Almighty never misfortunate crather afore nor had nothing to put in my head away from my ould masther, yesterday at noon. Money I ar; the divil a cent. I have I to my foot nor a hat to my hea retuse to shelter me the nigh

contint to perish in the snow, trind in the wide wurld." The lad covered his face wit and sobbed aloud. "Bell," I whispered, "go to and get the poor fellow some The boy is starving.

" Dinna heed him, mistress, his lees. He is ane o' that W wha ha'e just stepped in to rol Nonsense! Do as I bid ye

"I winna be fashed about bides here, Ill e'en flit by o' the morn." "Isabel, for shame! Is thi

Christian, or doing as you

Bell was as obstinate as a making to put down any foo and lad, but reiterating her the house if he were suffe husband, no longer able and abourd conduct, carnest, and told her t that he did n

leave as to whom he re I for my part, had n realise her threat. Sh loved the dear baby. Yes will think better of mid I, se I rose and pla which the runaway

you quit yo could live wid I'm a poor fou shoved out

to the wi