Night and Morning.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER III.

Continued.

Mita.—This Maetlente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden.

Every Man out of his Humour.

Pont.—Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

Ibid.—"Who, I, sir?"—*Ibid.*

After spending the greater part of the day in vain inquiries and a vain search, Philip and Mr. Morton returned to the house of the latter.

"And now," said Philip, "all that remains to be done is this; first, give to the police of the town a detailed description of the man; and secondly, let us put an advertisement both in the county journal and in some of the London papers, to the effect that if the person who called on you will take the trouble to call again, either personally or by letter, he may obtain the information sought for. In case he does, I will trouble you to direct him to ——yes—to Monsieur de Vaudemont, according to this address."

"Not to you, then?"

"It is the same thing," replied Philip, drily. "You have confirmed my suspicions, that the Beauforts know something of my brother. What did you say of some other friend of the family who assisted in the search?"

"Oh,—a Mr. Spencer! an old acquaintance of your mother's." Here Mr Morton smiled, but not being encouraged in a joke, went on,—" However, that's neither here nor there; he certainly never found out your brother. For I have had several letters from him at different times, asking if any news had been heard of either of you."

And, indeed, Spencer had taken peculiar pains to deceive the Mortons, whose interposition he feared little less than that of the Beauforts.

"Then it can be of no use to apply to him," said Phillip, carelessly, not having any recollection of the name of Spencer, and, therefore, attaching little importance to the mention of him.

"Certainly, I should think not. Depend on it, Ms. Beaufort must know."

"True," said Phillip. "And I have only to thank you for your kindness and return to town."

"But stop with us this day—do—let me feel that we are friends. I assure you poor Sydney's fate has been a load on my mind ever since he left. You shall have the bed he slept in, and over which your mother bent when she left him and me for the last time."

These words were said with so much feeling, that the adventurer wrung his uncle's hand, and said,—" Forgive me, I wronged you—I will be your guest."

Mrs. Morton, strange to say, evinced no symptoms of ill-humour at the news of the proffered hospitality. In fact, Miss Margaret had been so eloquent in Philip's praise during his absence, that she suffered herself to be favourably impressed. Her daughter, indeed, had obtained a sort of ascendancy over Mrs. M. and the whole house, some people are like dogs—they snarl at the ragged and fawn on the well-dressed. Mrs Morton did not object to a nephew *de facto*, she only objected to a nephew *in forma pauperis*. The evening, therefore, passed more cheerfully than might have been anticipated, though Philip found some difficulty in parrying the many questions put to him on the part. He contented himself with saying as briefly as possible, that he had served in a foreign service, and acquired what sufficed him for an independence; and teen, with the ease which a man picks up in the great world, turned the conversation to the prospects of the family whose guest he was. Having listened with due attention to Mrs. Morton's eulogies on Tom, who had been sent for, and who drank the praises on his own gentility into a very large pair of blushing ears—also, to her self-felicitations on Miss Margaret's marriage—*item*, on the service rendered to the town by Mr. Roger, who had repaired to the town-hall in his first mayoralty at his own expense—*item*, to a long chronicle of her own genealogy, how she had one cousin a clergyman, and how her great-grandfather had been knighted—*item*, to the domestic virtues of all her children—*item*, to a confused explanation of the chastisement inflicted on Sydney, which Philip cut short in the middle; he asked, with a smile, what had become of the Plaskwiths. "Oh!" said Mrs. Morton, "my brother Kit has retired from business. His son-in-law, Mr. Plimmins, has succeeded."

"Oh, then, Plimmins married one of the young ladies?"

"Yes, Jane,—she had a sad squint!—Tom, there is nothing to laugh at!—we are all as God made us—" Handsome is as handsome does!"—she has had three little ones."

"Do they squint too?" asked Philip; and Miss Margaret giggled and Tom roared, and the other young men roared too. Phillip had certainly said something very witty.

This time Mrs. Morton administered no reproof, but replied gravely,—

"Nature is very mysterious—they *all* squint."

Mr. Morton conducted Philip to his chamber. There it was, fresh, clean, unaltered—the same white curtains, the same honeysuckle paper, at when Catherine crept across the threshold.

"Did Sidney ever tell you that his mother placed a ring around his neck that night?" asked Mr. Morton.

"Yes; and the dear boy wept when he said that he had slept too soundly to know that she was by his side that last, last time. The ring—oh, how well I remember it!—she never put it off till then; and often in the fields—for we were wild wanderers together in that day—often when his head lay on my shoulder, I felt that ring still resting on his heart, and fancied it was a talisman—a blessing. Well, well—good night to you!" And he shut the door on his uncle, and was alone.

To be continued.

Late Rev. Dr. Clarke wrote Mr. Fellows.

While I was under the process of Erysipelas, the Hon. Dr. ——— called upon me; I told him how much of the Hypo. I had used. He said "Fellows' Hypophosphites is a good medicine, an excellent tonic, and no doubt had drawn the acidity that was in my blood to the surface, and thus prevented it from attacking some important organ of my system."

I have conversed with many who have used it and all say they were benefitted by it.

For myself, I have much pleasure in saying *it improved my health amazingly*. It gives a clear skin and healthy countenance. But to know its virtues it must be used, and were it within the reach of all classes, I believed it would be used universally; yes, by the well, to renew their age, and by the sick to make them well.

It makes an old person look ten years younger. "This witness is true." Would that I could more widely make it known for its many virtues. Long may its inventor live to see the happy fruits of his invention.

ALEX. CLARK D. D. Amherst, N. S. 4162.

Not Quite So.

"It is among the most savage and debased tribes only that the condition and comfort of the horse have been neglected." but we believe there are many in civilised countries who are guilty of the same neglect, and without the excuse of the former; here all may avail themselves of the use of an article which has done more than anything else heretofore known to improve the condition and relieve the suffering of the horse. Those who will not use it will be the losers, their horses the sufferers; to avoid both use "Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy," and you will be satisfied with the result. Remember the name, and see that the signature of Hurd & Co. is on each package. Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont., proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine dealers. 4162

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DELIVERED																							
10.00 a.m.	4.00 p.m.	7.30 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	4.00 p.m.	7.30 p.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.
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