

Literary Miscellany.

THE FREE TRADER'S SONG.

Away with our farmers; send them to the States, To grow the cheap corn that comes in our gates...

A deal more they grow for us, too, besides meat, They are sending us flour and sending us wheat...

We don't need mechanics, that's one thing we know, We can buy of the States, where their prices are low...

There's our tailors and shoemakers, what good are they, When we get things made up cheaper over the way?

Our cars, locomotives, our engines and such, They can sell to us cheaper—oh, ever so much...

Our spades and our shovels, our waggons and carts, They sell to us wholly, or sell 'em in parts...

Our paints and our oils we can get from that side, Below what our makers can such things can provide...

Our hardware and tools, and our iron in bars, Comes here in whole shiploads, or piled upon cars...

In fact, scarce a thing that we make or we grow, From sky, earth, or air, or the waters below...

But somebody else, in some far distant place, With an article cheaper can our stuff replace...

Now those wicket Protectionists all come and say "Put on tariffs; shut out; till we make cheap as they..."

Keep our women and farmers at home, so shall we still have work, still have pay, and have prosperity..."

But that's all bosh and nonsense; quite humbug, of course, Mills says so, and Mills is of wisdom the source...

He says Free Trade's the thing; so it must be, we know, And we'll shout it, though straightway to ruin we go...

Hurrah for Free Trade, that shuts up all our shops— Hurrah for Free Trade that makes cheap all our crops!

Hurrah for Free Trade that makes prices all small! And leaves us no money to buy with at all. —Grip.

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued) The letter inviting Madame de Castellan to reside at Belcomb, was sent by return post...

CHAPTER XXX. THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH. It is the morning that immediately precedes Sir Richard's fête day, and all at the Abbey are as busy as a hive of bees...

On the morning in question, the post-bag, through some delay on the railway, did not arrive until the family were at breakfast...

"There is nothing for you, dearest mother," said he, in answer to her inquiring looks.

"Who, then, is that for?" returned she, pointing to an unappropriated letter he had placed at his left hand.

"Only a note for Forest, which I daresay will keep till we have left the table," said he smiling.

"Who is ill?" said my Lady rising. "I do not see why Mary's correspondence should be delayed more than that of any one else."

"For shame, Walter!" cried Letty. "Do you suppose mamma is capable of any such folly?"

M.R.C.S. from the capital of Wheatshire? Nothing of himself, was the baronet's stern decree; but it could be proved beyond cavil that the former was remotely related to the Davey Joneses of Locker Hall...

There were, however, some exceptions even to this Draconian system. Dr. Haldane, for instance, was impugned with an earnestness which Sir Richard would never have used to any peer of the realm...

"He has found it out," said she with a ghastly look. "He had that fit, as your father calls it, at the moment when he learned for the first time that the girl who came ashore alive and myself are one and the same."

"Dear mistress, I think it is Poor You who are most to be pitied. Here he, he will be here to-night, or to-morrow at the latest! To-morrow—in the midst of all the merry-making about Sir Richard..."

"Yes, Sir Richard!" exclaimed my Lady bitterly. "The poor bastard that thinks he is a baronet! But let him come, let him come. I say, my Lady, rose from her seat with clenched fingers and flashing eyes..."

"The solitary survivor!" continued my Lady thoughtfully. "Who is there to grieve, save this man?"

"Your own heart, dearest mistress," answered the waiting-maid solemnly. "That would not permit you deny him, even if your conscience would. Could meet him to-morrow face to face..."

"No, no," exclaimed my Lady shuddering. "I never could. I was mad to think of such a thing—so mad, that I trust the wickedness of the thought may be forgiven—I am to drive into Dalrymple this afternoon—about—what was it, Mary?"

"About your watch which ought to have come home last evening, my Lady."

"Indeed not, dear mistress; not an hour, I should say, if I were in your place. I tremble to look out of the window, lest I should see him coming yonder over the Windmill Hill..."

"Yes, fixed as fate, and furious with her who has deceived him. Poor fellow, who can blame him? I can see him now..."

"He is not there," returned my Lady in low, calm voice, "but I see him all the same. Pallid with scorn, yet bent on avenging himself. Resolved to claim his wife at any hazard, even in spite of herself..."

"Oh, my Lady, had you not better start at once?"

"No wonder, then, she was so uncommonly anxious to get Mary," observed the baronet. "And I am sure I wish she may for my mother's sake. I have no doubt that they are now both closeted together over that old dotard's letter from Coveton..."

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