RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, MAY 2, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 1032.

The number of defaulters is legion. Not a newspaper can be opened without a toler-ably full list presenting itself, not a neighbourhood visited without the same local story being told,—the most unlikely people in the most unlikely circumstances doing the thing that is not right, saying the thing that is not true, appropriating the money that was not theirs, and spoiling the character they have long got credit for. If there is any demon who specially presides over fraud, it would seem as if he had got special liberty to range, and had a peculiarly large number of people under his power. One surprise comes after another. No sooner has one exclaimed, "After that, anything," but something even still more unlikely turns up. While one is saying, "I would as soon have suspected my brother," there comes in another item of news which makes him almost add, "I would as soon have suspected

Persons who have been all their past lives specimens of spotless honesty and honour, suddenly break down,—are found to have "cooked" their accounts, to have appropriated funds, to be unable to "square appropriated funds, to be unable to "square their cash," and as a consequence to have gone off to parts unknown. What is the reason? Were they always dishonest? Were they nerely keeping up appearances? Were they always on the watch for some questionable advantage? We don't believe it. On the contrary we are convinced that in many cases they were led gradually and almost imperceptibly astray; that they meant to pay every one his own, but they were weak in yielding where they ought to have stood firm. They went into speculations from which they ought to have kept tions from which they ought to have kept aloof. They incurred expenses which their circumstances did not warrant. They thought it fine to give presents when they ought to have paid debts, and so one fine morning they wakened up, "defaulters," as much to their own astonishment as to others' disgust. It was a great pity. They were very wrong. They are to be greatly blamed. At the same time there is no use of making them worse than they are. They were weak rather than deliberately wicked. They were vain rather than corrupt. They were not prudent, but they did not intend to be speculators. Of course there are plenty who meant nothing short of theft. Restrained by no moral considerations, their

ance, one of the boatmen slapped his com-panion on the shoulder, and exclaimed, loud panion on the shoulder, and extramed, folde enough to be heard half over the house— "Bill, I know that gal!" "Pshaw!" said Bill, "shut up." "But I'm sure I do, Bill. It's Sal Flukins, as sure as you're born. She's old Flukins' daughter that used to She's old flukins' daughter that used to run the Injured Polly, and she used to sail with him." "Tom," said Bill, "you're a fool; and if you don't stop your infernal clack you'll get put out. Sal Flukins! You must know a sight if that's her." Tom was silenced, but not convinced. He watched the actress in all her motions with intense interest, and ere long broke out again-"I tell ye, Bill, that's her; I know tis. You can't fool me-I know her too well. You just wait; I'll fix her. Keep your eyes on me." Sure enough he did fix her. Watching his opportunity when the actress was deeply absorbed in her part, he sang out, in a voice which rang through the calleries. "Low Bridge!" From the force of galleries, "Low Bridge!" From force of habit the actress instantly and involuntarily ducked her head to avoid the anticipated co lision. Down came the house with a perfect thunder of applause at this "palpable hit," high above which Tom's voice could be heard, "Didn't I tell ye, old boy, I know'd twas her? You couldn't fool me."

Socialism in Russia.

Odessa is now recognized as the head centre of the revolutionary party in Russia. The towns affiliated with it are Nicolaiff and Rostoff, on the Don, from which points the secret societies in south Russia direct the operations of their propagahdists in the agricultural districts. A fortnight ago a body was discovered in the streets of Rostoff, literally perforated with revolver bullets. Tied to the man's coat was a paper with the inscription, "Shot for betraying the secrets of Socialism." At Nicolaiff the authorities are so apprehensive of an at-tempt being made to seize the dockyard by the Nihilists, who are known to muster seven soldiers, out of twenty arrests a week ago, for spreading revolutionary doctrines among the garrison. The armed resistance it worth my while to bring one?" made by a midnight meeting of Socialists to It was an admirable piece of act the gendarmerie of Odessa last month, has would have said this man was of iron; utled to the enactment of a law published a terly impervious to the whips and stings of few days ago that "armed resistance to the gendarmerie is to be punished by penal" "Well, it is not the insult that moves me gendarmerie is to be punished by penal servitude for six or eight years, and if the offence is perpetrated by several individuals at the same time, or occurs during the present time, or occurs during time time, or occurs during the present time, or occurs during the present time, or occurs during time time time, or occurs during the present time.

Two wealthy wood-carvers in Massachus-

etts have founded a home for destitute members of the craft. Why don't some of our wealthy poets found a home for destitute poets? This could be done by roofing in one or two continents.

About twenty years ago the Bank of England purchased, for £40,000, the splendid land purchased, for £40,000, the splendid land purchased, for £40,000, the splendid land purchased. Which had haunted him since that nomination day at Slowcombe should lave occurred thus naturally to his son.

"Enemies, my lad!—why, of course I in why, of course I in why, of course I in white the would have scruples about I can easily ima-About twenty years ago the Bank of England purchased, for £40,000, the splendid residence, known as Uxbridge House, of the Marquis of Anglesey, and established a West End branch. The ball-room contained an exquisite alabaster mantel piece, for "Enemies, my lad!—why, of course have enemies. The man must be a ciph indeed who has not made such."

"But did you make one in China?" an exquisite alabaster mantel piece, for which customers of the bank have offered as much as £1,000, but the directors have lately put it up in the parlor of "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

In man must be a cipner making capital (as it may seem to her) out of making capital (as it may seem to her) out of her poor father's murder. I can easily imagine her shrinking from the public disclosures it would be necessary to make regardianly nothing to fear from that obscure ing the catastrophe itself."

LOST LOVE.

The heart of the simplest woman Is a mystery unrevealed,
And the love that seems transparent
Is most hopolessly concealed.

Lo! a hand comes forth from the shadows A touch that I knew of old— That could crown the gloomiest fancies With an aureole of gold;

And I think how that hand so loving. That craved but to lie in min Oft met an impatient gesture, Or found no responsive sign.

And from yonder painted canvas I catch the old, wistful look, So timidly, mutely jealous
Of the love that I gave my book.

And I only too well remember How I chafed at the dumb reproach, And swore that no thought of woman Should on my studies encroach.

Was I blind, or mad, or but heartless The face and the hand are gone, The light of my life has vanished, I am utterly alone.

The brain that her glances kindled Is blighted, and dead, and chilled, And the gorgeous dreams of the future Can nevermore be fulfilled.

l loved as a man who is selfish, She loved in a woman's way; And man's love compared with a woman's Is as darkness unto day.

As a spendthrift scatters his birthright. I wasted the dower she gave, And too late I find my ambition Has followed her into the grave.

BY PROXY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

They were vain rather than corrupt. They were not prudent, but they did not intend to be speculators. Of course there are plenty who meant nothing short of theft. Restrained by no moral considerations, their one thought has been how they could get most money with the least trouble. But don't let us put all defaulters in the same boat. The world is bad enough in all conscience, let us not make it worse than it really is. Do we know what has been resisted? Perhaps some who have fallen have fought a harder battle against temptation than many who have stood and are ready to condemn. We don't wish to palliate wrong doing in any of its phases, yet let us not forget that even the defaulter may mean well, and may have been so circumstanced as to make him quite as much an object of pity as of condemnation.

A Theatrical Incident.

Some years ago a manager of a well-regulated theatre along the line of the Eric Canal, engaged a young lady as a supernumerary. It happened that the young lady has a she was anxious to concesi. She evinced much anxiety to master the details of her new profession, and exhibited more than of a many comic talent. She was duly promotive, and the public. One night when she was to appear in a favorite part a couple of boatmen slapped in the famous comedienne. The house was crowded: and after the subsidence of the general applause that greeted her appearance, one of the boatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder, and exclaimed, loud converted by be havel duller, and exclaimed, loud converted by hard of the profession of the shoulder, and exclaimed, loud converted by half over the house are companion on the shoulder, and exclaimed, loud converted by half over the house. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. self up to such a degree of passion that she fell down dead from apoplexy, le-ving Nellie, the daughter, an orphan. Pennicuick had a son who was deeply enamored of Miss Conway, and had heretofore had his father's determined opp sition in the matter. Now to his (the son's) astonishment, he suddenly offered his concratulations, and did not object to a speedy marriage, as his conscience had begun to trouble him exceedinely. Moreover, the maiter had so preyed upon his mind that his health was failing rapidly. Miss Conwanow would not hear of the arrangement.]

THE DISADVANTAGES OF GREATNESS

I have not a doubt of it, my lad," ansvered the other cheerfully. "The Tories are very sore at the result of the elections, and I dare say they do not owe much love for winning a seat from them at Slow-combe."

"I make allowance for party feeling sir; but personal accusations have been made, and it seems to me of such a kind that they should be answered."

Mr. Pennicuick desisted for a momen from trimming his once universally admired beard with some elaborate instrument of the toilet, to smile good-naturedly upon his off-

spring.
"How charming it is to find you still so young, Raymond! Is it possible that you have reached the legal years of discretion, and yet can advocate a man's attempting to set himself right with a newspaper? It was done once—by Richard Cobden, if I remem-ber rightly—and with tolerable success; but the exception only proves the rule. If a Bengal tiger tore the clothes off your back you wouldn't go and ask him for them, I suppose, nor yet for an apology. If you couldn't shoot him—and you can't in this case—you'd be very glad to leave the beast

"Still, there are questions of fact, sir, I don't know how you may take things now in a Parliamentary sense, but when I read in the paper that my father told a lie, it

makes my blood boil."
"Does it, indeed, my lad?" replied the several thousand strong in the town, that troops have been detailed off to protect the blood must be in! A newspaper, and espeplace. Do what the Government will, it cannot crush the Socialists in the south.

Fifty arrests were made in Odessa last month, and a court martial is now trying seven soldiers, out of twenty arrests a week make it feel by means of an action for libel. Now," (this with a light touch of scorn)

It was an admirable piece of acting. You

valence of martial law, the penalty is to be what happened at Dhulang. Everybody 'death by hanging, or banishment to the knows, who knows anything about it, how mines of Siberia for life.'" loyally you stuck by your friend. And loyally you stuck by your friend. And these inuendoes are abominable. Have you any personal enemy, do you think, who knowing something of what you did, endeaknowing something of what you did, endeavors thus cruelly to misrepresent it?"

It took Ralph Pennicuick "all he knew," as he would himself have phrased it, to keep

writing to me about? He opened the letter, having rapidly scanned the contents, and threw it down execration.

"I hope there is nothing the matter, sir," said Raymond, who feared there might be some evil news from Sandybeach. He did not love Nelly the less because he had

lost her.

The elder Pennicuick in his selfish egotism forgot the cause which had aroused his son's

anxiety.

"Matter? There, you may read it for yourself if you like. It is monstrous—it is infamous, that I am persecuted by every human upon this infernal subject." And he

kuman upon this infernal subject." And he threw the open letter upon the table.
Raymond read as follows,—

Dear Sir,—The interest which you have so strongly manifested in Miss Ellen Conway must be my excuse for addressing you concerning a matter that affects her nearly. She has, to our great distress, suddenly resolved upon leaving our roof—or rather the house that has for the last few months represented it—and on maintaining herself, in London, on her own slender resources and the small pecuniary aid which her pencin may afford her. The reason of this I need not go into; she is quite determined upon the table.

Raymond read as follows,—

"You are too impetuous, Raymond—far too impetuous, and you take advantage of my—what is the word!—yes, my failing health. But if the girl wishes it—and if you think it my duty, and if I am equal to it—the thing shall be done.—Now, I think," here his tones assumed their old petulance, "you have done me mough mischief for one morning, and—oh, I have no doubt you didn't mean to kill me, but when one is out of health, one doesn't want to be pulled down still lower by bad in that case had been casily accessible, but you will kindly ring the bell, Raymond. Hat the small pecuniary aid which her pencinary afford her. The reason of this I need not go into; she is quite determined upon the subject, and will no doubt carry out her intention. It is in vain that we have besought her to accept, even for the present, such assistance from us as would at least put her above the necessity of practising what I fear must be called sordid economies. She will take nothing, she says, but what she earns, or to which she has a right. The poor soul, though (as my wife says, who loves her like her own child) she deservest everything, has a right as far as we know, to nothing. Still, it strikes us both that everything, has a right as far as we know, to nothing. Still, it strikes us both that there is a course by which she may be benefited through your means, though, as I understand, she has refused to do so at your expense. I had the pleasure of reading the telegram to-day which announced your reattention to anything that has been done amiss far better than any private individual, and I venture to suggest therefore that you will press upon the Ministry, of which it seems you are a supporter, the propriety of doing something for Miss Conway in the way

CHAPTER XL. of pension. Her father was not killed while on military service, and it was even urged, when the matter was before mooted, that he was put to death for a grave offence which insulted the whole Chinese nation through their religion, and, in short, admitted of no palliation, far less of recompense. You, however, will be in a position to state the facts of the case, which, from poor Nelly's own account of her father's character, I can scarcely believe are in accordance with these statements. You have already shown your willingness to assist this dear poor girl with your purse; I am sure, therefore, you will not refuse—since that sort of private aid is distasteful to her—to give your voice to the advocacy of her claims in Parliament. No one so well knows as you do what actually occurred at Dhulang, and as the nearest friend of her father, you are certainly the fittest man to undertake the cause. to her old lodgings in Gower Street, the landlady of which is a kind motherly sort of woman, she savs. and where dear girl has made up her mind to of woman, she says, and where, it seems, there is a room suitable for a studio. Her first step will be to provide herself with some suitable drawing-master.—so that she will have to educate as well as to clothe and feed herself upon what is, in fact, a mere pit-The urgency of the case will theretance. The urgency of the case will therefore, I am sure, excuse my addressing you upon the matter.

l am, dear sir, Yours truly,

JOHN WARDLAW,

"Now, what do you think of that?" said Ralph Pennicuick peevishly. "You know this fellow well; I don't—at least, scarcely to nod to; and yet he writes to dictate to me what I am to do as soon as I take my seat in Parliament. I call it a most infernal liberty. As to Miss Nellv, I have not a word to say against her." So furious was his mood, that he now remembered for the his mood, that he now remembered for the first time that there had been a love affair between the two young people. "But I put it to you, Raymond; if you were in my place, would you not think it deuced hard?"

"However hard it was, father, I should take care that no effort of mine was wanting, were I you, to urge my dead friend's daughwere I you, to trige my dead riend's daugh-ter's claim, as Mr. Wardlaw suggests. She, unhappily, refuses aid from those who think it an honor and a pleasure to help her, and therefore there is no resource for her but a public grant. It is plain she will be in pen-

ury, if not in absolute want—"
"That's her own fault, sir," broke in the other petulantly. "She is too proud to take anybody's money, though, as you are a witness, I have offered her enough and to spare. Her view—quite contrary to that entertained by those who go into the work-house—is that it is less humiliating to be-

come a pensioner of the State."

"I don't see that this is her view at all, sir. Mr. Wardlaw takes it for granted that it is so, and this is all we know about

gging letter. It is from Mr. Wardlaw."
"Wardlaw? What on earth should he be iting to me about?"
He opened the letter, having rapidly thank Heaven, baseless and contemptible,

blush to read?"

The expression of Ralph Pennicuick's face, who, at the commencement of this impassioned speech, had stared at his son with angry eyes, had wholly altered during its progress. It had worn such a look of mute appeal when Raymond painted Nelly's wretched condition, that you would have thought the description of it had pierced his listener's very heart (as indeed it did);

By have been seen from them had she stood on the cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the say in stead of on the cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the dark cliff behind her, which must have seemed almost one with her black dress. Her mind, always alive to "color," seized on this fact almost as soon as it grasped the awful peril of her situation.

In all probability she was doomed to die. Before the sunset came and painted yonder ocean with its gorgeous hues, she would be living hearth if the shore with the dark cliff against the sky instead of on the cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the dark cliff behind her, which must have seemed almost one with her black dress. Her mind, always alive to "color," seized on this fact almost as soon as it grasped the awful peril of her situation.

In all probability she was doomed to die. Before the sunset came and painted yonder ocean with its gorgeous hues, she would be all the shore with the dark cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the dark cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the dark cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the value of the shore with the dark cliff behind her, which shore with the dark cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the shore with the shore with the dark cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the dark cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the dark cliff against the sky instead of on the shore with the shore wit and now, when Raymond spoke of what his own feelings would be if his father should refuse to urge Nelly's plea, should she herself desire it, changed again to an expression of patient but pained submission.

"You are too impetuous, Raymond—far too impetuous, and you take adventage of

but which in that case I, for my part, should

speech in the House of Commons about him.
It would be one lie from first to last. Alone and unfriended—a scanty pittance—and his daughter. It is frightful every way. His face was so ghastly that, as he pulled out a drawer in the breakfast-table and produced a Member of the House of Commons can call attention to anything that has been done amiss far better than any private individual, brandy, which he poured from the bottle in-

A FRIEND IN NEED. Grief, it is said, does not always disincline ladies to love : m leed, there is a famous classical story—I am not classical my-self, only devout, and I have read it as it appears in Jeremy Taylor-of a widow who, even while weeping over her husband's tomb, became filled with the tender passion for somebody else; and at all events, grief forhids mere flirtation and makes matters serious. So, in Miss Ellen Conway's case though she never thought of Love, her very sorrows made her more accessible, as I have said, to one who it was easy for anyone else but herself to see had become her lover. To her the talk about her father and his fate was so incongruous with any notion of "being courted," that it did not occur to her that she was undergoing that operation; but Mr. Herbert Milburn was not for his part so overcome with melancholy but that he could think of other things than the Tomb—such as the Altar. Another thing, too, conduced to the young people being together" more than otherwise would have been the case, namely, Miss Milburn's oppo-sition. By Nelly it was simply disregarded;

but "dear Herbert" resented it exceedingly, and redoubled his attentions to his fair enslaver in consequence.

After a few weeks he was summoned to London again on business for a day or two, and then it was for the first time that Nelly felt—through her sense of loss—how agreeable a companion he had been to her. If her mere affection for each had been weighed, it would probably have been found that she liked Mrs. Wardlaw much the better of the two; but then Milburn could sympa-thise with her, while her kind hostess could only pity and pet her. The young rogue affected to encourage her views of independence and artistic toil—though in his heart the intended to knock all such projects on the head by marrying her—while Mrs. Wardlaw utterly scoffed at them. "She had no patience with such nonsense," she said. "What did Heaven send us friends for but to make your of them?"

to make use of them ?" There was a certain generous scorn about her, which I venture to think was as fine in its way as those Spartan precepts about living on a crust of one's own winning which Nelly preached, and indeed burned to practise. She was getting convinced that her pencil was retrograding rather than improving, and that she must place herself under

professional guidance.
In vain Mr. Herbert Milburn had recommended himself as a competent teacher. "You draw no better than I do, sir, nor yet so well," she had replied, which was quite true, as he laughingly acknowledged. Now that he was gone she missed his laugh, his gentle, earnest talk, and perhaps (though she would not have called it by that name)

even his devotion.

More thoughtful than usual, but with her thoughts fixed on her future, not her past, she took her solitary way one afternoon along the shore. Some fancy—or it might be a disinclination to choose the favorite route that had so often been enlivened by his companionship — made her seek the southern bay, where the projecting cliffs are steep and high, and the beech level and sandy without a stone. As she crossed the from shore like an arrow, urged by her long jetty she passed an artist at his work; his steady strokes and by the favoring wind. She color-box was on the stone step, and she in-advertently struck it with her foot. "I beg

your pardon, sir."
"Nay, it was my fault, not yours," said voice attracted her by its exceeding gentle-

barbarian, though he would even yet have liked to cut his pigtail off and his head with it.

"The whole Chinese race are my enemies," said he quietly, "but I have no quarrel with any one in particular."

"I of course refer to some European; and "I should have to demand of the Prime Minister a night all to myself to bring the mat
"And very right too," put in the elder ness. He was an old man—or rather looked its brown hair and beard were plentifully streaked with grey, and his face was sharp and worn with grey, and his face was sharp and worn —as though it had been held to the grind-stone by harsh Fate. His eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, flamed at her with an exister a night all to myself to bring the mat
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"I sh "I of course refer to some European; and one who has communication with this country."

"I how of no such foe, my lad," said Pennicuick thoughtfully.

"Well, there is some malicious scoundred at work in this matter, sir, I feel confident and fortunately we can dispose of his slam ders. Milburn, who accompanied you went were to the papers —"

"Not a word," interrupted the other violently; "I will not have a syllable written on the subject. Pray permit me to manage my own affairs, sir." His face was pale with passion, but he controlled himself, "Come, my lad, let us go to breakfast."

On the table, duly spread for that meal.

"Come, my lad, let us go to breakfast."

On the table, duly spread for that meal, was a large heap of letters. "Ab, that is was to find the point of this orphan girl in thought so; strangers every one of them. They want churches endowed, chapels built, the Liberal cause supported—that is to say, from £5 to £50—every one of them. I wish they may get it."

"I know that handwriting," observed Raymond, pointing to one of these communications, "and I promise you it is not a begging letter. It is from Mr. Wardlaw."

"Wardlaw? What on earth should he be the village for a cry of help to reach it. Still she knew that was her only chance, for though there were ships in sight they were miles and miles away, and she could scarcely have been seen from them had she stood

> ocean with its gorgeous hues, she would be lying beneath it. She was too young for this awful thought not to affect her exceedingly. Now that death was so near she no

this: turn your back to the wind, and hollow your two hands—so—and then shout."

Every word of good advice is a seed that depends upon the soil on which it falls for life, and on occasion for development. Ray-

mond's words seemed to fall upon her ear exactly as they had done half a score of years ago, and she put both her hands together (firm they were as the fluted capital of a pillar), and shouted "Help, help!" to the eager wind. It sped upon its course carrying this plaintive pusie with it would the seven the second to the seven will be added to the seven the second to the seven the seven will know the seven the sev eager wind. It sped upon its course carrying this plaintive music with it, round the southern arm of the bay, till the sound grew faint and was left for dead upon the jetty.

Its last breath, however, caused the old artist, who was still sitting on the same step to start up and listen. It would not have been so had he been attending to his work: but neither pencil nor brush had he touched since Nelly went by him two hours ago. He had been staring out to sea, and frowning this plaintive music with it, round the souther was common place enough, and walked quickly home.

Her adventure was commonplace enough, and would have been so even if it had ended fatally; but he who had shared it with her was certainly not a common character. It was difficult to guess his age, but she put it at about fifty-five; that he was ill and poor to an extreme degree: but she felt that he was a gentleman and had a good heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

had been staring out to sea, and frowning and muttering to himself, and at times giving a great sigh and shutting his eyes, as though nothing was worth looking at: when presently over his face would steal a gentle smile, and the tears would fall two by two,

without a sound. without a sound.

He might not, as Nelly suspected, have had all his five senses about him, but he had certainly the sense of hearing; for, faint as it was, he had caught that inarticulate cry. It might have been the whimper of a sea-bird for all that he could gather from it, kut it had been sufficient to arouse his ear nest attention. He too, like Raymond, had read books of travel and adventure, or had perhaps, in visiting foreign lands, had occasion to practise shifts and expedients, for he turned the curled brim of his wide awake into the shape of what is called a coal-scuttle bonnet, and under that improvised sounding-board looked all ear.

Again the piteous sound came wailing round the point, and died like a ghost on the same spot, as it had died before; but this time, because he had been waiting for it, he recognised it for what it was.

He started to his feet, and hurried down the sea-worn slippery steps of the jetty as well as his weak limbs would permit; when in motion you could see clearly how feeble and shattered was his frame. Indeed, since walking was such a toil to him, he had come even the short distance from Sandybeach in a boat, which lay moored close by.

He scrambled into this, and seized the

oars with trembling hands. The wind was dead against him, and his arms were weak but the will, as you could read in his glit ering eyes was strong within him, and his first few strokes you saw that he was fa-miliar with his oar. He had an oarsman's in telligence, for he urged the boat up to the promontory and then along under its lee, instead of making straight for its head. The rounding this against wind and tide was his difficulty, and it strained all his powers. The sweat came out upon his forehead, and his lungs labored with his laboring arms, and for minutes—that seemed to him years—the ed and reached the comparatively smooth water of the bay beyond.

At the edge of its semicircle on a mere

ridge of sand, which in a quarter of an hour would be sea, stood Nelly, with one hand fluttering a handkerchief, with the other shading her eyes as she gazed on the coming succor; directly she had caught sight of the black stem of the boat she had ceased to call for help. The felt sure that help was coming—if it could. The ridge of sand had contracted to a riband when the boat reached her, but she stepped into it dryshod. was about to pour forth her thanks to her deliverer, but he put his finger to his lips; his face was wet, but, notwithstanding his his face was wet, but, notwithstanding exertions, without a trace of color; and his breath came in great gasps. "Great hea-

or earn came in great gasps. Great heaven!" said she, "you are killing yourself for my sake. I am strong—I can row; give me the oars!"

He muttered a faint protest, but she took had learned how to use the oars from Ravmond—the second accomplishment of his teaching which had stood her in good stead teaching which has stood near in good stead that day. Her companion's eyes regarded her with the same hungry loak as before, but the voice attracted her by its exceeding gentle.

When they had rounded the point, and there in the Ark?—Preserved pairs.

not make so much of the matter; I heard and stand it in the oven on a trivet until the you cry for help, and rowed across yonder. It took me half-an-hour, it is true: a few grain will be separate and quite white.

"You have been ill, then?"
"Yes, I was taken ill abroad; I am reduced to this;" he held out his skinny hand against the sun, which almost shone through it. "Let us talk on a worthier subject—

yourself. Who are you?"

"My name is Ellen Conway: I am an ormy name is Ellen Colway: I am an or-phan, but I am staying here for the present with some kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wardlaw. You must come and receive their thanks, for they value her you have

saved far beyond her merits."
"They are good friends to you, then?"
"No one had ever better." "And rich?"

"Yes, they are very well off."
"Rich and good friends, and yet you are poor you say. I do not understand that sort of friendship."
"Oh, it is not their fault; I could live with them all my life, I believe, if I were so minded; but I prefer to be independent."

"And you have a talent with the pen "I sometimes think I have : at all events I take a great pleasure in it. Perhaps it is hereditary, for my dear father did the like."
"He was an artist, then?"

"No, a soldier."

Nelly held out her hand; he took it and carried it rapidly to his lips, which startled

Weeping after Kissing.

Mr. Punch has derived great amusement lately reading the commentaries of sages of the English press on the following passage: "And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept."—GEN. XXXIX., 11.

The following are the different explana "If Rachel was a good-looking girl, and kept her face clean, we cannot see what Jacob cried for."—Daily Telegraph.

"How do you know but Rachel slapped his face for kissing her, and he cried in conequence?"—Ladies' Treasury.

"Weeping is frequently caused by excess of pleasure, joy, and over-happiness; per-haps it was so in the case of Jacob."— Hardwick's Science Gossip.

"The reason why Jacob wept was Rachel's efusing to let him kiss her the second time. Nonconformist. "We are of the opinion that Jacob wept

pecause he had not kissed Rachel before, and he wept because the time was lost."-City Press.
"The young man wept because the damsel kissed him."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Jacob wept because Rachel encouraged

him to kiss her twice more and he was afraid o do it."-Methodist Recorder. "Jacob wept because Rachel threatened to tell her ma."—Sunday Gazette.

"He wept because there was but one Rachel for him to kiss."—Clerkenwell News. "He wept for joy, that was delicious."lewish Chronicle

"We believe that Jacob wept because eachel had been eating onious."—British Rachel had been eating onious." Standard. "We believe that Jacob wept because he

found that kissing was not half so good as it was said to be "—New Zealand Exami-"A mistake—it was not his eyes but his mouth that watered."—Ladies' Chronicle.

"He was a fool and wept because he did not know what was good for him."—English-woman's Adviser. "He wept because it was not time to kiss

her again."—Express.
"Peace, all of you! Is there anything beneath this starry firmament or the golden orb of day, in nature or in art, equal to the irst kiss in sweetness and entrancing feicity? Our word for it, there is not: as Jacob had never kissed a pretty girl be-fore, his first enjoyment of the most delight-ful pleasure of life fairly overcame him, and he wept for joy and blissful happiness."-Horsey Hornet.
Mr. Punch is constrained to differ from the

ppinions, because he knows from experience that the young man wept because his nose long, so that he was unable to imprint a kiss squarely on the lips of his sweet heart.

THE new Pope can be very bitter in speech. When a Nuncio at Brussels he dined with the Marquis X., a Freethinker, to whom nothing is sacred. The gentleman, thinking to horrify him, drew his attention to his snuff box, with a naked Venus on the lid. Cardinal Pecci remarked. good, very fine—a portrait of the Marchion-

KITCHEN STUFF.

Valuable Hints for the Housewife.

Jelly Cake—Two eggs, one cup sugar, half cup sweet cream, one cup flour, half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream tartar.

LEMON JELLY CAKE-One cup sugar, two eggs, beaten together, one-fourth cup of cold water, one teaspoonful baking powder in one and a half cups of flour.

HASTY PUDDING — Place three pints of sweet milk in a kettle over a brisk fire; thoroughly beat three eggs, and one-half pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Stir, and pour into the boiling milk. Stir until thoroughly cooked. Serve hot; eat with sugar and cream.

SUET PUDDING-One cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of raisins, one cup molasses, half a cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, three cups of flour; cloves and nutmegs to suit your taste. Steam three hours; serve with sarce. with sauce.

To Boil Rice for Curry - Take one one pound best rice, put into two quarts boiling water, boil until three parts cooked, then drain it on sieve, butter a stew pan, in which put the rice; place the lid on tight

WELSH RAREBIT-First put a small tea-WEISH KAREHT—First put a small teaspoonful of butter in your spider; then cut into small pieces one pound of cheese, and let it melt slowly with the butter (don't let it brown); beat three eggs well, adding one teacupful of sweet milk; pour this into the melted cheese and stir until it thickens; dish it up and dust with black pepper. I think it an excellent supper dish, though it is very rich.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING-Three-quarters of a YORKSHIRE PUDDING—Three-quarters of a pint of flour, three eggs, one and a half pints milk (perfectly sweet), pinch of salt. one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder; sift the flour and powder together, add the eggs beaten with the milk, stir quickly into a rather thinner batter than for griddle cakes, pour it into a dripping-pan plentifully spread with fresh cold beef dripping, bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes serve with roses oven twenty-five minutes, serve with roast beef.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING-Boil a quart of milk and turn it on to a pint of sifted Indian meal; stir it well so as to scald the meal; meal; stir it well so as to scald the meal; mix three large spoonfuls of flour gradually with a pint of cold milk, getting it free from lumps, and stir it into the pudding. Add one nutmeg, a pinch of salt, and sugar to taste. When cool enough add three eggs well beaten. Serve with butter, and bake it two hours before you serve it. This you will find to be good.

amount to about one gallon; when it is cool stir in a couple cups of yeast to start it. It is very nice, white yeast. If you prefer thicker yeast don't add so much water. It

Sover's Mulligatawany Sour-Cut up a knuckle of veal, put into a stewpan with a piece of butter, half pound lean ham (not smoked), carrot, turnip, three onions and six apples; add half pint of water; set the stew pan over a sharp fire, moving the meat round occasionally let remain until the bottom of the stew pan is covered with a brownish glaze; add three tablespoonfuls of curry powder, half a pound of curry paste and half a pound of flour, stir well in; add a gallon of water, a spoonful of salt and half one of sugar. When boiling place at the corner of the stove, simmer two hours and a half, skimming off all the fat as it rises; then strain into a tureen. Trim some of the pieces of veal and put back in the stew pan to boil; serve with oiled rice separate.

Pour Les Dames.

Olive and blue are worn together. The most stylish slippers are without bow

Beads are used even on the flounces of imorted dresses. Black parasols lined with white or cardin

al red are very stylish. All the kilt walking dresses have a broad ash across the front. Cairo, Ill., has a nine year-old girl who

beats everybody at checkers. Plaited waists are both stylish and approriate for all cotton goods. Black and white lace over black satin is fashionable for elderly people.

For summer waterproof there are thin English twills that come in greys and fawn

Later observances confirm the statement that grey will be a favorite color next sum

Real acorns and filberts are ocvered with velvet, and, with leaves, are used to trin bonnets.

Pipings of contrasting colors will be much worn, but they will not be round as former ly, but flat. Mrs. Anna P. Seaver left \$100,000 to Harvard College, and her estate is appraised at about \$327,000.

Scarfs are draped round the Princess dresses and knotted behind, with the ends falling over the train.

Paris letters say that plain and dotted Swiss muslins will be in demand for evening toilets this summer. Black skirts with white dots in them are

now sold in London, they will hardly super sede the white articles. Many of the colored silk fringes are mixed with chenille, which adds both to richness and lightness of texture.

Mrs. Pratt is the mother of "Little Men," whom Miss Louisa M. Allcott, Mrs. Pratt's sister, has made famous.

The "Countess of Rosebery" is a new combination of the finest ostrich feathers of the most delicate shadings. So fine and handsome are some of the Scotch ginghams that it is a compliment to the spring silks to compare them.

Mary Fosdick, of Boston, has been nominated by the Fovernor for the Chaplaincy of the Prison for women in Ohio.

A PEASANT, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is no consequence," replied the peasant, "you may set it down a waggon load; for my wife and I are going to fetch the re-

mainder very soon.' WHILE growling at her husband last sumcon.—What kind of sweetmeats were lightning and instantly killed. Ladies should paste this paragraph in their hats.