BY J. T. J First Part-Courtship. CHAPTER II.

" If we have nothing else to give We can give advice."-OLD PROVERE. Clara, though amply provided for, was not

without her troubles when her father was gone. Her chief trouble would have been Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, only happily that worthy woman was afraid of losing her situation by going too far. She was a strictly virtuous woman, in fact, full of virtue to the very brim. but her virtues were small virtues of a turbulent and effervescing kind, and she was a tyrant by nature; narrow in every-thing, meddling, fidgety, touchey, full of squibs and quibbles; always raising little difficulties to exalt herself; prone to boggle about triffes and stick when you least expected it ; never quite right or happy; unwilling to balance the good of life against the evil, but rather making a trade of her trifling troubles; one sometimes, but the sooner you get to business the better; there's all to this property to manage, and property is a of those people who make good servants but great responsibility. A penny saved merciless masters and mistresses. Had their merciless masters and mietresses. Had their [Stear responsionly. In period a box is situations bee, reversed Miss Clara would penny got, and if you take care of the pence have bod a bot time of it with Briggs and the pounds will take care of themselves. You have had a hot time of it with Briggs, and would add greatly to your income by reduc-ing your expenses and changing your amuseas the narrow understanding of the servant could not compound the larger sympathies of ments. You might keep a couple of pigs with advantage, there's waste enough in this the mistress, Mrs. Briggs hesitated to carry it with too high a hand, though she longed to rule the young lady and make her act according to her will.

"I itches to tell Miss Clara my mind," lost for the want of them. Your poor dear and boquets, giving them away right and left. father objected to pigs, and that shows what she would often say in confidence to her daughter Sally. "Young foolish thing as she is, a spending money on orphan asylums an' jails. Its a waste o' "I beg your pardon, aunt," apologized Clara, wearily. money in my opinion, them as gets children should provide for 'em. And her havin' use in the fall." them brats here to eat pears as would sell for money, it puts me past patience." Indeed Briggs was so outraged and annoyed by this " Of course," said Mrs. Montgomery, " and the other would sell and help you to pay last occurrence, that she plucked up courage Briggs her wages ; and if you cured you pig, and watched the markets, and bought a quarto speak to her mistress on the subject. who answered with a calmness that was " truly ter of beef when it was cheap, it would be a aggravating," as the poor discomfited woman saving, and cheaper than butcher's meat

said : "Why, the poor dear little creatures" cx for salted it would last you half a year. I am sure you'll excuse me, Clara, for giving claimed. Clara, rousing herself from a sad you a little friendly advice ; but you are reverie at the sound of the sharp voice at her elbow, "what I give is a mere drop in the really too foolishly generous in giving your honey to Briggs to sell for herself or allowsea. I have money enough and to spare, ing her to make use of it in the kitchen and the world is full of miserable, reglected Honey sells in Hamilton for a shill little children. As for the pears, Briggs, they would spoil before we could eat them. We ling Briggs is a sly woman, and what's your must give them away to somebody, and poor father the better, for her and Sally hav grown-up people don't enjoy half so thorough-ly as children, poor little souls. Why, Sally ing two new black gowns out o' your pocket to mourn for him ?" is an orplian, and you are one yourself, and so am I," with a sigh. "You are tired "Aunty, my father expressly told me to put them in mourning, and Briggs has i een with us for eighteen years, and is a faithful Briggs, and that makes you fidgety ; you must go to bed and take a good rest. I wish every little boy and girl in the world had as creature, I'm sure.' good a bed and a night gown without a brack ful or not. Clars, and I couldn't afford a black

in it." "Them pears would sell for money in the gown." "Well, Aunty, I'll buy you one." Hamilton market," said Briggs eagerly, "and they're wasted on them gutty little things, as "Nonsense. I don't want to take mone out o' your pocket, but to help you to save it bread and butter is too good for. It's a pity miss, you didn't know a little more about economy, I'll make bold to say; I fears of your garden if you'd give up cultivating's many useless flowers-not but they're very pretty, my dear, like yourself, but we can't have your eyes picked out o' your head.

" Not with you to protect me and take care live on beauty-and grow drumhead cabbage of my interests," replied the young lady with provoking good temper. "Economy is a potatoes; you might pick the potato hugs yourself, and burn 'em---it's safer than poison in a housekeeper, but no virtue great virtu But whatever you do. Clara." sinking he at all in a princess; now, though I am not a princess, I used not sell my pears or save money foolishly, or deny poor children their voice to a mysterious whisper, "ke-p your mortgage and title deeds in your own hands (unless you prefer giving 'em to me to take care of for you in my safe), and never trust pleasures. I hardly know why I am little here now my father is gone, but I am sure em a day to the lawyers, for the lawyers are not for that, keep to your own sphere, Briggs, and you'll shine like a brass kettle. and the devil's own-just necessary evils to help don't meddle, and trouble me, for indeed I us out o' scrapes, but not to be trusted unles you happened to marry one, and then your have trouble enough." But though Clara had put down Briggs for the time and subinterest would be his interest. But if you'r a wise woman, Clara, you won't marry with dued her, the memory of the scene, worried your property, unless, it should be some one of your own blood that you are sure cares for you, her over-conscientious nature, and she actually began to question herself as to the one propriety of doing what she liked with her you for those who marry strangers often get i

Wn. But a greater difficulty was Clara's aunt, peck o' trouble. The man may be good look ing enough, and yet he may be a scamp, in debt as likely as not, or there may be insan Mrs. Montgomery. This lady prided herself on being a clever business woman. She was much her husband's inferior in birth and education, but had managed that gentlemen and his property with such skill and dexterity that the property had speeduly doubled itsel in her hands, and her husband soon died leaving her the mother of an only son, but in absolute possession of everything " for the the term of her natural life," as the will ex-Thus it was that Mrs. Montgomery coun

pressed it. Education she deemed of no value, except as it tended to the increase of money. If a man understood the first four rules of arithmetic, and could write his name, when et letter bar of a could write his name, write his letter bar of a could write his name, write his letter bar of a could write his name, write his letter bar of a could write his name, write his letter bar of a could write his name, write his letter bar of a could write his his farm grad write his his farm grad write his his his his his his his hi pressed it. Education she deemed of no when at lest she took leeve for thing him hy the Canada

ABSOLUTELY HER OWN MISTRESS. Perhaps a stranger contrast was never seen she grew plump again, and her face looked uneasy, and was destined to receive another blue, whatever that means and you'll teach house wi' fourteen rooms in it, for my feyther at the house in the evening it was Mr. Brigge in one room than clara and her aunt when pensive, rather than sorrowful; if spring shock a week later, in the form of a brown us and save the expense of the governess, lived on his own land and his feyther before who encountered him and gave him the length that lady called three weeks after Mr. Mont gomery's death, to advise, counsel, and con-smiles too, and every opening leaf seemed to brooch, a massive gold cross and a lady's ring, Clara's face flushed a little and her eyes grandfeyther, and beside the bouse and barn laid a side his first crule gomery's death, to advise, counsel, and con-dole with her neice. Clara, wounded and stricken from her recent loss, looked like a than usual, and Jack released from the plough to show her how much the Mulrooney hearth rug with bricks, prattled on uncon-(for Mrs. Montgomery, exacted no work this had paid for them. Again she year) cantered about with his cousin every counsel with Jack, who advised fair young goddess in sore distress, as her aunt (in a rusty black gown, with a fat hand year) cantered about with his cousin every counsel with Jack, who advised her on each knee) sat before her, and laid down where, his sound commonplace face and to lay the thing before the parish priest, who

terns of embroidery and crochet, quite willing

For once she was puzzled with too great an

abundance of material, for a half bushel bas-

was provided for this crowning glory. Clara and her father kept the bonnet exploit to them-

She never met a neighbor without

speaking to him kindly, or bending her fair

stopped by three old women, who had never seen a railway, or been ten miles from home

dence." Jack, who was very proud of hi

cousin, often told of a scene he had witnessed

in the Hamilton market, between an old Bin

brook farmer, and a Glanford man from their

neighborhood, the Binbrook man was boast

"You see, it's no use fretting for spilt milk, the fair classical, queenly looking creature had no ether adviser, and felt Mr. Mulrooney's confessor, and as she as the saying is," she began. "Your poor father's dead, and all the tears in the world who rode by his side. With Jack for a pro-tection against assault and advice, Clara be sooner you look into your affairs and set treated all comers with a sweet gravity charm-with the jewels and authority to explain the and let her get a place for herself, and brush about and do some of the house work. You weary of his company, and longed for her rooney's attentions, as they were frightening rooney's attentions, as they were frightening and Briggs could do it all well enough, and father's, yet she unconsciously leant upon the his cousin, who was very nervous and sad

Clara, who felt every word a blow. "Well, well, it's natural to think of him she was popular in her neighborhood and all good priest by surprise, as Patrick had she hurt her spine ; pa's glad of that.'

woman's rival--indeed, the young ladies re-garded her as a harmless old maid--and no one felt jealous of her beauty, some even scarcely admitted that she had any, but all liked her in their different ways. She was " How de you knowshe was cross, you don't emember her ?"

liberal of household receipts, and rare pat- and they don't sting her." "I wouldn't do that to be made Pope," said house to feed them; all the vabbage leaves that any lady should have a dress exactly like the priest. "Well?" Well?" and potato peels and rotten apples are quite her own, and prodigal with flower seeds, roots "Well, that's all, sir," said Jack. "Couldn't room, thinking perhaps of the poor mother who had clung to this baby, in her pain, and grieved so sorely to leave him. "Dickey, if the boy is father to the man, many mill be a month, of practicality." abo "Well, that's all, sir, sau sees. Counter noting, you give him a light penance; a hair shirt or mother who big shore or something to keep him baby, in her Perhaps she considered imitation the soul of peas in his shoes, or something to keep him

a poor farmer he was. You are not attending flattery—as it is—and the somewhat auda traight?" to me, Clara." "And you call those light penances, do you? Your pretty cousin is without, you say. I'll go and speak to her," and presently the you will be a monster of practicality," she said at last, stopping and stroking his head. "What more did your father say of me?" "Look, my arch is up. He said you were silly about books and poetry and that, but to her superior taste, for she never refused 

statting for love. Once Mrs. Wellington that showed a white, even set of teeth, Swartz (a. U. E. loyalist) had the assurance "Good day to ye, Miss Montgomery; Swartz (a. U. E. loyalist) had the assurance to bring her daughter's wedding bonnet to Clara to be trimmed. "Because everything turns out o' your hands beautiful," and Clara he's soon cure you and give you something better to think of ; you could make up the frightening the beauty of the whole country household accounts-poor pa has to do them after he comes from the city-and you'd have asked papa's permission to do it in a coaring, and bringing disgrace on his priest and confidential whisper, and really succeeded ic his religion by his impudence; but I'll see to and bringing disgrace on his priest and to darn our stockings. We can't bear the way Bridget darns them. They hurt our heels. Pa says you can do it the German way and make the darn look just like the tacking. You observe to do getting as much pleasure and a good deal more fun out of the bonnet, than the wearer. him." Clara blushed deeply, and tried not to smile as she answered, but a dimple laughed out at Father McGrath in spite of her. "I am sure stocking. You showed my ma how to do as pretty as Clara, maybe she won't be so ket of artificial flowers, six yards of broad scarlet ribbon, and as much white and purple

its very wrong to ask a protestant to marry "Yes, Dickey, I did." purple him sir, and we thought you ought to Clara know."

and her father kept the bonnet exploit to them-selves, being really afraid to let it get abroad in their little society lest they should lose the dirty spalpeen and not be desiring what's lovely drink ; you'll make some for us, won't you ? And oh ! Miss Clara won't you give me these bricks when you marry pa ?" in their little society lest they should lose the dirty spapeen and not be desiring where caste But it was less her good nature than meant for his betters, so I will." said the her naturalness that made Clara popular priest whose eyes twinkled with fun as he with vonng and old. There was nothing spoke, "make your mind easy, my dear, I'll when I was younger than you, and taught the meant for his betters, so I will." said the anybody. Papa sent for them to England who received it with a roar of laughter, and repeated it to his friend Gustavus Adolphus the meant for his betters, so I will." said the anybody. Papa sent for them to England who received it to his friend Gustavus Adolphus the meant for his betters, so I will." said the anybody. Papa sent for them to England who received it to his friend Gustavus Adolphus the local with them I shall never part Browne who said " upon my word these old her haturainess that made Gara popular priest where eyes where eyes where we with the as he anybouy. rapa sent for them to high any bound and anybouy. The anybouy is the sent for them to high any bound and the sent for them to high any bound and the sent for them to high any bound and the sent for them to high any bound and the sent for them to high any bound and the sent for them to high any bound and the sent for them to high any bound and the sent for them to high any bound any bound any bound and the sent for them to high any bound and the sent for the s

with min, just let me know. Good-day and a better husband to you." For a time it really did seem as though the Mulrooney was subdued, but when the four-teenth day of February came, his spirit rose with them." "What would you like for tea to-night?" Danton, when she called to sympathize with young head with a smile in answer to his rough scarcely civil salutation, a courtesy not said Miss Clara evading the brick question.

unappreciated by the coarsest man of them and he sent Clara a gorgeous valentine, repre-all. After an excursion to Niagara she was santing two bloody hearts, stuck together by a " Honey and peach jam," returned Dickey, senting two bloody hearts, stuck together by a prompary. Senting two bloody hearts, stuck together by a blook would make you sick; chose when a block with the stores with the senting would make you sick; chose when you'll have." " Both would make you sick; chose when you'll have." " Peach jam," said Dickey, after a thought."

in their lives, and questioned about her 'Father McGrath, but Clara threw it into the journey and "the big fall," and Clara felt fire in disdaiu, and would not hear of such a 'Peach jam," said Dickey, after a thought fire journey and "the big fall," and Clara felt fire in disdaiu, and would not hear of such a '' 'I will. Do you love me a little bit, aunt Mrs. Mary Mulligan, declared she had never heard of "sich impi Perhaps Mr. Mulrooney weuld hav be Dickey ?" content with occasional little protests of this

I guess I do a great deal," was the reply. kind, had not a rival appeared on the scene "You will never give me up—you will al ways come to see me if papa will let you ?" and driven him to desperation. This rival was Mr. James Thompson a collateral branch "I'd come if he wouldn't. I'd run away

of the little Montgomery colony, a widower I'd go miles to play with these nice littl bricks. Clara shrugged her shoulders. "You are

your father's own son; a boy after his own heart," and when the little man was busy wid six bould children riddy made, an' that' with his meal she opened her letter. Thus it ahove all.'

poor

grieved

DEAR CLARA : We have known each other a long time and there's no need of formality between us. I have no doubt you often feel lonely now your father's gone and wish for a husband (and very natural too) and I want a

to that honor, for he was not considered by wife, so I think we had better make a match any means her equal; but husbands were of it. We could be a mutual benefit to each scarce and the lady wilful. He was a nephew other. I know nothing of your father's will, of Mrs. Montgomery, and an iron morger by trade, and no man in Canada knew better erty strictly on yourself and your children (i copious draughts of a liquor called

Miss Clara had paid for them. Again she took scious of the change, wrought by his reuela-counsel with Jack, who advised her to lay the thing before the parish priest, who was Mr. Mulrooney's confessor, and as she had no ether adviser, and felt Mr. Mulrooney's suit both alarming and ridiculous, and didit know why to do, she drove that year after. Lotty learns in music and do you can give to be the parish priest who suit both alarming and ridiculous, and didit to the best or be Lotty lessons in music and she need in go to o'your unbleached calico, for I wouldn't be rooney come now, for I want ye," and in a Miss Anderson any more. It will be nice to seen in it, and lived upon the best o' vittles few days there appeared at the Mulrooney won't wash him out of his grave, and the came very gracious to Aunt Montgomery, and noon to Father McGrath's and sent Jack in sooner you look into your affairs and sent action to see and authority to 'explain the yourself to work the happier you'll be, in my opinion. If I was you I'd pack off Sally and let her get a place for herself, and brush with the jewels and authority to 'explain the point of the see and authority to 'explain the sooner you look into your affairs and set yourself to work the happier you'll be, in my opinion. If I was you I'd pack off Sally and let her get a place for herself, and brush with the jewels and authority to 'explain the sooner you look into your affairs and set ing to see. She rather patronized Jack, tried waited for him. Jack gave him the packet in mand Macauley's history, often felt very and begged him to put a stop to Mr. Mul-Clara gave a short brusque laugh which star-tled Dickey, but his arch falling down at that he respected me, a woman as can do the but he promised largely and primed them 

him she was popular in her neighborhood and all good priest by surprise, as Patrick had give it to you. Then you have lots of money as one who carried weapons for defense that the divil was she doing in the garden, is a but never for attack. She was no that I should say so, at this season of the secret woman's rival--indeed, the young ladies reup. "I will see your mistress." "When she wishes it and not afore, hi!

ness to Miss Montgomery's house, Brian the most sober driving the buggy and the rest "Pa said so last night, and so did uncle Clara says she's at home she is at home, and striding behind. They had decided that Pat should get into Miss Montgomery's bed room Tom," replied the little fellow. Tears sprang to Clara's eyes, and a sort is when site says she is'nt she is'nt ti! Brutus, Brutus, here, here, "exclaimed Briggs grasp-ing the door firmly and preparing for war. by the chimney. He had vague memories of a wide open fire place, that he had seen when of sorrowful green scorn came into her face. Ing the door firmly and preparing for war. Suddenly she rose and walked about the Now Brutus was a cross between a mastiff a boy before Mr. Montgomery bought the house and felt sure the lady slept in that room and a bull dog, and had a spirit and will of his own as well as Briggs and Mr. Thompson ; because there was always a light at night, sometimes all night. He had heard that sometimes all night. he came at her call slowly, but bristling his back and growling, Sally also arriving at the Miss Montgomery locked her door on the inside. The room was on the ground floor same instant with a wet mop and a broad and once in he could open the win dow easily and let in his com-panions, then they would gag the lady, place her in the buggy, and be off to grin on her face, and Jack Montgomery cantering up at this juncture, their combined forces recalled Mr. Thompson to his senses panions. and he beat a hasty retreat. Still angry and Hamilton before daylight. As it grew late and he beat a hasty retreat. Still abgry and unwilling to be beaten, he went to his aunt, Mrs. Montgomery, to enlist her sympathies, but she did not back him up as he hoped, having as we know other vie s for Ulara. or rather early, for it was 2 o'clock, there was no time to be lost, and while Mr. Mulrooney is mounting the roof in his stocking feet, and preparing himself for a descent down the "Women are queer creatures," she said, 'and full o' whims, and when it comes to he made with regard to the chamber on the marrying, James, why one is pretty much the same as another. I'd try somebody else, no ground floor with the light in it. Mr. Mont gomery had died there, but ' laid in state in fear of your getting a wife and if she is'nt another room, and for the present Sally Briggs slept there alone, because, in slyly try-ing her skill on Miss Clara's skates, she had spoiled." " Aunt Sarah," said Mr. Thompson solemn hurt her ankle, and was unable to get up "And you showed her how to make mead ly, "there's no excuse for a woman of stairs without difficulty; but she was half from the honey-comb, and pa says it is a thirty refusing a good offer; it's flying in the afraid to sleep in the room where her old thirty refersing a good offer; it's flying in the afraid to sleep in the room where her old face of Providence, and take my word for it master had died so recently, so kept a light

evil will come to Clara. This remark tickled Mrs. Montogomery's burning all night, unknown to the rest of the household. The fireplace, Mr. Mulrooney rehousehold. The freplace, Mr. Mulrooney re-membered, had been bricked up and papered over thirty years before to keep the draught from Mrs. Montgomery, who was in delicate health, and a stove substituted in its place. A little mistake is often fatal to a great en terprise; but Mr. Mulrooney, unconscious of his error, settled himself to his work like a London chimney sweeper, back at one side, him about his gout, and he being very deaf. and knees at the other : and, as he slowly wriggled down, the chimney widened. quite misunderstood the point of the story, and repeated it to his wife with strange varia triends were waiting quietly at the window below, and there was no one to observe his movements but Clara's big black cat Clutie. tions. Mrs. Danton who loved a bit of gossip repeated it to her maid Judy, who told her who told Mrs. This puss was not nervous like the majority Bridget Cassiday, who meeting Mr. Patrick Mulrooney returning from the air told him-what? "Miss Clara is to be wedded to with tit-bits and dainties; her calls attended Misther Thompson on the last day of March to, her wants considered ; she was lady para that's coming on, as I'm a living woman and mount in the kitchen; and a welcome guest God's above us all, the Vargin protict her, in the parlor. She had never been injured or teazed, and therefore feared no man, and only and sorrow go wid him that I should say now felt a natural curiosity as to what Mr so, for the manest hatchet faced man that iver sould iron wid a heart as hard as its self, Mulrooney might be doing in the c imney. She thereupon mounted to the top and looked down on him, leaning over to get a good view, and howiver she tuck him I can't concaive. me news Paterick Mulrooney an' the divil a as she had many a time looked down at the lie in it, and sorry I am to tell it, but Heaven's swallows, safe and indifferent in their nests a vard below her claws. As she looked down Mr. Mulrooney happened to look up, to see how far he had got, and lo! two great green eyes were fixed on his upturned face, shining fiercely. His knees shook, he lost his balance. One crowded hour of glorious life Is worth an age without a name." -OLD BALLAD. Mrs Cassidy's story roused the latent fire slipped, found nothing to clutch and went tumbling to the bottom, carrying with him

nnumerable dirty swallows' nests and landing of jealousy in the breast of the Multooney and at last knee-deep in the accumulated soot and out him to torture, and he was obliged to take dust of thirty years. Startled by the spirited conduct of Mr. Mulrooney, blinded by the Allen"-very popular in Canada-to keep his spirite up This cordial, taken in connection cloud of soot and dust that suddenly ascended. Clutie, who had leaned over rather too far, with another spirit which he and others call lost her balance and rolled down on the top the spirit of liberty, but I call the misused of him, digging her claws into his face and power of the press, roused Mr. Mulroonev to neck with such a screech as only a cat can madness, and ripened his passions for any rash and wicked deed. That Father McGrath give in mortal terror. What Mr. Mulrooney thought under these trying circumstances it had a great and good influence with his con-gregation cannot be doubted, but his power is impossible to say, but he certainly did not think, at least, at first, that it was a mere was a feather weight against the mighty force of the local newspaper and "old Allen" commortal cat, for the mingled yell and roar that he gave in hi terror quite curdled the blood bined. The local newspaper was Mr. Mulof his relatives in the yard below, drove Clutie rooney's sole mental food; he took no other; to madness. roused Brutus from a dee and made him tug at

CHAPTER IV.

-MERCHANT OF VENICE.

and the father of six children.

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady, I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes In graces, and in qualities of breeding"

The Binbrook man turned and looked, and Mr. James Thomson haā in his youth mar Clara at that moment, recognizing the face ried Miss Drayton, and not without much of an old neighbor, bowed with her sweetest opposition and many difficulties did he attain

"I'm beat. I'll up and skedaddle; we hain't got nothin' to come up to that." Mrs. Montgomery was not the only person

debt as likely as not, or there may be insan-ity in his family, or epilepsy, or poor rela-tions, and that's worse than all. No doubt you'll have offers, and if you come to me for advice, now your poor father is dead, you'l be pretty sure to do right, for I know the world, Clara, and you may thank heaven that I am au honest woman with only your inter-test at heart." Thus it was that Mrs Montgomery court.

belong to the U. E. Loyalists. He told me Mr. Thomson was an Englishman, and a as she read this letter. She did consult cousin for much too matter of fact to be ag

ing of the superiority of Binbrook turnips over those of Glanford, when he of Glanford suddenly turned the tables by pointing to Ciara as she rode through the market with her father. Maybe you're right about turmits, but don't be crackin' yourself up, for you never riz anything like that."

smile. "I'm done," said he of Binbrook,

that in her opinion was all that was neces sary in the way of book-learning; so when little Jack's god father, the Rev. John, sent her £50 sterling per annum for the boy's edu cation, she put it in the Post Office Sav ings bank, and sent the boy to the common free school, a proceeding which occasioned the Clara's father ever had in the only quarrel course of his long life. At first Mrs. Montgomery listened civilly to half a dozen successive remonstrances, but took her own way When, however, Mrs. Montgomery threatened to write to his brother and have the supplies cut off, her wrath rose, and a fierce battle ensued. At last, a compromise was affected both parties boasting they had gained the vic tory Mrs. Montgomery removed her son from the common school, and his uncle undertook his education for nothing. Clara assisted her father in Jack's education, but he discovered no taste for learning, and it was far more to their credit than his that they taught him to read and write, and pulled him through the mazes of arithmetic (as far as the rule of three, where he stuck fast). They read his-tory with him constantly, but he never knew the difference between the Habeas Corpus ac and Magna Charta. I have heard him assert that Henry the Seventh had six wives, and that Richard, the lion-hearted, killed the little

princes in the tower with his own hand; and his uncle and tutor, who was present when he made these extraordivary statements, blushed a bright scarlet for shame and vexation at the lad's ignorance. But Clara put her father into a good temper again by laughing and declaring that history was full of errors, and perhaps papa, and I shouldn't like to lay an oath who killed the little princes."

I have heard that Mrs. Montgomery with advice, but just give Mr. Jack a little was handsome in her youth, but more liberty, let him ride out with his cous m, this is a matter of tradition. At the time of let them be together as much as they like and Mr. Montgomery's death she was a short. the thing will come about naturally

stout, sharp-voiced, bad countenanced woman "I hope it will, she has lent him money to of fifty; keen as a hawk in business matters, buy a gun-much he wants of a gun indeed-I should be quite angry with her for encour determined to rule in great things and small; fond of power and dress and whist; aggressive, aging him in such a piece of folly but for th predatory and unscrupulous in grasping what hope that a match will come of it."

set her heart upon. The matter I think you have more reason to h uppermost in her mind at present was her pleased than angry," said Mr. Martineau marriage, and had she possessed the things seem to be going on very nicely in power of Catherine of Russia or Elizabeth of deed, but I would not give a hint of love mak England she would have married him at once, ing; it will be more likely to come about as you wish." willing or not willing, to his cousin Clara

who was ten years his senior. But she had So Jack was encouraged to take Clara out such an arbitrary measure they would only her father's death; "poor dear Clara is so laugh at her, so she must attain her end by lonely," said her aunt. He came in at the other means. She had no admiration for front door and went out at the back like a pet Clara, it was the property alone that attracted chicken; he plagued his cousin to sing, Though not averse to music she would got her to read to him, for he was mentally her. rather cat a lark any day than hear him sing, lazy and would rather be amused than exer so that Clara's musical attainments vere himself to study, and in spite of herself herself herself rather a drawback than a recommendation, did her good and beguiled her of her grief and as for her fancy work she considered it and continually broke in upon her loneliness cure waste of time and money. Her love of his noisy, jolly young voice echoing through history she despised as unpractical, for is it the house as he came. He claimed her atten not with the present we have to deal and not the past? The study of foreign languages she was often very much bored by his society she pronounced "folly and worse, for what nobody guessed it, not even Jack, for she need we care for any country but the one we roused herself as soon as he came and always She had never even heard of her received him with a smile. No one regarde niece's love of poetry, happily for Clara, but him in the light of a suitor, and Jack she thought her a strong, good looking, idle, never dreamt of such a thing; even Briggs good for nothing girl, because her work jealous as she was of her young mistress, did not tell, and no money came of it; on would have laughed outright at the absurdity the contrary, all her accomplishments tended to the spending of money on music, books, gomery had set her heart on the match, and silks and other useless luxuries. Had the Mr. Martineau, her lawyer thought it a very young lady been poor, she would have advised suitable one. As the winter passed the in her son to avoid his cousin Clara as he would a pestilence, but as it was she was obliged to -and of cousin Jack, whom she kindly toler a besite being in the set of the being the besite being the besite being being

come to an end-Clara took a long breath his services. Montgomery coming again, give me instant prine s who lived in Ireland before warning, and let Sally saddle the pony at bloody Saxon set fut on the soil." once and bring him round to the back door She gives me great pain and annoyance when I see her alone, and I will never receive her again, unless Mr. Jack is with her. I am quite in earnest, and if you disobey me I shall be greatly displeased; for if she is a practical woman as you and she boast, so am and I will not be intruded upon.'

' My dear aunt—I kill a pig !"

a pound, and mark my

She has an eye to her own interest, faith

words

After this spurt Miss Clara sailed off to her oom and indulged in a long fit of weeping and as she had not the courage to face he aunt boldly and put her down at once and fo ever, she mounted her penv as soon as Mrs in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER III.

## "Go, light your cheeks at nature, do, And draw the whole world after you." LEIGH HUNT.

The next time Mrs. Montgomery saw here awyer she mentioned her scheme of joining Clara's farm to her own by a marriage be tween Jack and his cousin, and he quite approved, saying the little difference in age wa nothing, and five hundred acres would be a pretty estate. Then she told him of the girl' trange conduct in persistently avoiding her, Jack was right after all, "it's a long time ago, papa, and I shouldn't like to lay an oath who were you and not trouble away if I

by this rebuff, Mr. Mulrooney came to see Miss Clara, and Briggs thinking he came on business, pointed with her thumb to the gar den. Into the garden the Mulrooney marched a strong dark man, with beetling, thick eye brows, and a countenance like a thunder cloud. Clara started at the sight of him, and would gladly have run away had any retreat been open, and looked so tremulous and alarmed that Mr. Mulrooney must have been as blind as a bat if he had not seen that she

was afraid of him. What do you want ?" she asked, with a

sort of gasp. "1 want ye for a wife, as ye well know will ye marry me or will ye not," replied the

Mulrooney. "I will not," said Clara flushing and turn ing pale, and then flushing again with relief and hope, as she heard Jack's whistle. "Ye may say no a thousand times, but

won't take no," returned the Mulrooney " for I am tould whin the leedies say no the mane vis, and if ye won't marry me then I' be a bachelor foriver." At that instant Jack arrived, and Clara

passing them both, fled to the house without a word. "Good day," said Jack, scarcely knowing

what to say—" come to berrow some money I suppose ? Mr. Martineau does business for my cousin now, you know ; you should go to

What for thin would I borrow money replied Mulrooney, indignantly. "I have money enough to buy ye all up. I have more than ve all.'

Oh! well its a good thing to have plenty, said Jack, who had very little, owing to his mother's stinginess. "Good day to ye, and have a care how ye

cross me again, ye little pretinder," said the great man as he stalked off the premises. Jack always alluded to this as " the garden

scene," and said that in Romeo and Juliet was nothing to it, but Clara felt alarmed and

anada company as a reward for much too matter of fact to be agreeable com Mr. Mulrooney himself gave a pany; to him, a spade was a spade, indeed, and instant and wrote in her clearest hand Sir,-I have received your proposal, and as relief, and went sweeping down in her black robes to the kitchen, and thus addressed her housekeeper: "Briggs, when you see Mrs." wery different account of his origin. He ad-housekeeper: "Briggs, when you see Mrs." wery different account of his origin. He ad-housekeeper: "Briggs, when you see Mrs." You had but declared that he was "a descendant of the was "a descendant of Mr. Thomson to understand you; for if one-sir, Yours truly,

but declared that he was a descendant of hit. Included to a figure of speech, you lost bloody Saxon set fut on the soil." Be this his esteem. He remained a widower for two as it may, the Mulrooneys throve and grew years after his wife's death-that he considwealthy chiefly by rearing cattle for sale, ered a proper and respectable period-and now They pulled down the shanty which had first housed them, and erected a large stone house quite sure of success—being used to success cf the tea chest order of architecture, and so in the iron trade, and never dreaming that secon as Mr. Montgomery died, Patrick, who any woman in her senses could refuse him. 

sisters married and gone), determined to de rich and the case quite different. Success in ironmongering and success in love-making clare himself, and take home his bride, for he never doubted that the lady would accent him were, in his opinion, one and the same thing. But I wrong him by using the word love, a He had stood in too much awe of Mr. Montgomery to make an advance in his word he second as namby pamby and mean-lifetime, but the old gentleman had not been ingless, for he had no more romance in his Montgomery's gig appeared on the brow of lifetime, but the old gentleman had not been the hill and fled away like a frightened hare in his grave six weeks, before Mr. Mulrooney ingless, for he had no more romance in his nature than the iron which he sold, yet he admired Clara in his way and meant to marry sent a short note asking, nay demanding

Clara's hand in marriage, telling her he had her; considered it a good match for her. Her person was handsome; her property suitable she was not too young; she was fond of childloved her many a day, and now was the time to take him : a letter which shocked her al most as much as if it had been a bombshell ren, and he had six : he had known her many She was good tempered and, h She consulted Jack about it, and he laughed years. so loud and long as he read the letter that thought, tolerably sensible, but rather spoilt by indulgence, a defect easily set right by a his cousin thought proper to bring him to imself by a smart box on the ear. little seasonable strictness on the part of he What are you laughing it, sir. The husband. Mr. Thomson made his proposal spelling? It's not a bit worse than your own. Do be serious and tell me what I am in a letter, which I presently intend to lay before the reader, and this letter he entruste to do ?

to his little son Dickey to take to Miss Mont gomery. Clara was exceedingly kind to Mr. Thomson's children, and especially fond of "Why answer it of course," said Jack, and

between them they framed a stiff decided no. Dickey, the youngest, a long-tongued, prattl-ing little fellow of seven, with a silky brown scarcely cool, certainly not grateful for the compliment intended. Far from being daunted head, an old puck's face, and a cast in the eye. She encouraged this little chatter box partly because he had been a pet of her father's, and partly for his own sake, and he often came alone to see her and made himself more at home than Briggs liked. He did not scruple to put his arms round her neck and kiss her on both cheeks, taking an ear in each hand to steady himself: caress always well received and generally re turned. This little chap, with the momentous letter pinned firmly inside his coat for

sufety, came struggling through the suow, and up to Miss Montgomery's on a stormy March day. Seeing him see ran out and received

him with open arms ; kissed him affection ately, took off his wraps, and placed him in warm chair with his feet to the cosev fire.

" I'm going to stay to tea," he gasped out as soon as he recovered breath a little, " may I play with the bricks, please ?" "Yes, you may dear," rubbing his hands in hers to warm them, " and I'll walk home with you to the very door; a brave little man

you are to turn out to day." "That's a letter," said Dickey, producing

it. "A love letter from my pa. to marry you—isn't that nice ?" He's going "Why, Dickey, you, little goose, what

makes you think that ?" "Oh! I know it," said Dickey. "I had ear ache last night-don't you see the wool in

my ear ?—and I cried to be with pa and Uncle Tom in the parlor. I laid on the sofa and they thought I was asleep, and they talked about you, and pa said he was going

marry you.' You were a very naughty boy to listen, Dickey.'

" Oh ! They knew I was there. I couldn't go to sleep because of my ear, and I begged to bring the letter, and pa said no at first, but 89.'

Uncle Tom said you would like it better if I brought it, so then he let me. We're going to have such a nice time when you're my We're going

CLARA MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Thompson rubbed his eyes when he had read the note and read it again.

"She can never be such a fool as to refuse me in earnest," he said to his brother ; " im-possible. But women are fools one and all, they like to be palayered and made love to. and precious little time a man of business has man commit a murder, and he is at once a for that Still she's a handsome woman, and subject of the greatest interest, but let him and then there must be an end of this non-

age sense. As you are going that way Tom, you entirely worse than murder, and he is the might call and leave a boquet with my love. hero of the day; then let him profess penit-ence and say his heart is broken, and the fit's thawing rapidly, and the flowers wont freeze in carrying. They're precious dear at this season, that's the worst of it, get the cheapest, I suppose it will cost a dollar. public are delighted with him. his popularity is complete. The papers teem with the history of the crime in all its minutiæ -that of There are four more orders to fill, and then course-but that is not all. We have his his

tory, his early piety and how he fell. anecyou may go.' Clara returning from a walk was over taken lotes are related of him, phrenologists feel by this messenger of Cupid at her own gate. He checked his horse and lifted his hat with his head, and doctors examine it to see if

there is a crack in it experts, often being smirk of recognition. brought from a great distance for that pur-" My brother desired me to give you these

bloght from a great distance of that par-pose, the public paying their expenses. He is placed in a very comfortable cell, he is fed on the finest butchers' meat, the sweetlowers with his love," he said. "I decline to take them," said the lady frigialy. " Has your brother received my let est of bread-the authorities are careful and particular on this point—pleasant books are provided to calm his mind, he sees the mornter ?'

"Yes, he has, Miss Clara, and he feltivery much hurt and cut up, I assure you," he an ing and evening papers, tracts are showered upon him by benevolent ladies, the best wered, still extending the boquet.

"I will not take those flowers, Mr. Tom." "Why, what shall I do with them?"

criminal lawyer in the Dominion is paid a monstrous sum for defending him. If his monstrous sum for defending him. "Anything you please, sir. I wish you ood afternoon," and making him a superb friends are too poor to pay for counsel, and good afternoon. bend, she walked in at her own gate and closed it. Mr. Tom, though a less practical man than his brother, did not like to waste a dollar, so he took the flowers home and put them in water, and when James returned he pointed to them and said briefly, "she would-'t have them." An arbitrary feeling akin to that which burned in the breast of the Mulrooney, made Mr. Thompson utterly unwilling to take no for an answer; an obstinacy, a letermination not to be beaten, but to force way to his end, had carried him through many a difficulty. "I will go up and talk to her," he said, and

after dinner he went. Miss Clara had been playing the evening

hymn, and "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost" carolled out in her sweet, powerful young voice, greeting Mr. Thomson as he opened her gate. What then was his surprise when Briggs answered his question at the door with a prompt "not at home, sir." "She is at home; what do you mean telling me such a falsehood?" asked Mr

Thompson sharply. "It's no more a falsehood for me to say she's not at home, than for you to ask if she

"Come, stand aside, woman, I must see

your mistress; 1 have special business with her." said Mr. Thompson, who was much the cheors and tears ziven to bullying in his own warehouse, and Montgomery was not related to a sheriff or a felt his temper rising. "You forget who you judge, as this lady was, had apparently no are, and who you're speaking to. Let me protector but a fat boy of eighteen. This

"I'm speaking to James Thompson, as ma. We won't have any nasty old governess then, for pa says you are a regular Martha Briggs, as was born in a good brick

quack almanac that and a were the only sleep, literature he ever indulged in. He was by no chain with a furious bark, and caused Sally means deficient in the power of reasoning, and had the mental quickness peculiar to his Briggs to bound out of bed as if shot from a catapult, and rush up stairs screaming "murnation, and the newspaper soon taught him how ho might gain the beautiful Clara, and der" as she went, varied by the cry of 'Mother! Mr. Jack! Miss Clara!" distinguish himself forever at the same time. finally fell sobbing on the floor of her mother's Having studied his paper for years, and learnt

tion, exhibit towards criminals.

CHAPTER V.

room. through its medium the spirit of the times, he knew-who does not?-the peculiar ten-"Stop screechin' or I'll leather 'ee," cried Briggs, whose dialect was always strong when derness which Canadians, as a naunder excitement. "What's up for goodness sake?" shouted Jack (who by an accident happened to be staying in the house) as he struggled into his nether garments, while perpetrate some nameless and shocking out-Clara tremblingly slipped on a dressing gown at the same time, which is almost or and slippers, and struck a light in her own

"Thieves or I don't know what, I heard a

dreadful yell in the chimney," said Sally. "An owl as likely as not," said Jack ; "they do make a queer noise. You've started Brutus," and with the new gun in his right hand and a candle in his left he sallied down stairs, feeling every inch a hero. He cocked the gun as he opened the front door, and whether it was that he was unaccustomed to firearms or that he was nervous, he touched the trigger accidentally and off it went with a bauging report that made Brian's horse run away and his brothers run after him, as fast as their legs could carry them, for the bullet had whizzed past their coat tails. So they left Pat to his fate, "for a gun in the hands of a woman is a divil of a wippon," said Con, they never know where they fire."

( TO BE CONTINUED.)

-BEACONSFIELD'S ABSENCE OF MIND. - At the criminal has the misfortune not to belong the close of the debate in the House of Lords to the noble order of Free Masons. Orange on the Candahar question a curious incident men or Fenians, why the great large hearted s said to have occurred. After the division, wrong headed public steps into the gap and in which the Government was beaten by 80 provides a defender. If he belongs to any otes, an unexpectedly large majority, as the these orders, the expenses of his trial are Conservative majority in the Peers is only 63 paid by the fraternity. The jury generally Lord Beaconsfield, apparencly in a dreamy fit takes the popular (i. e. crooked) view of the case, and acquits him, but if the judge's of abstraction, walked slowly up to the Freasury bench as if he were about to resum: charge is so severe that his countrymen have the front seat he occupied when Prime Minis nendation to mercy. Instantly a petition is set on fcot and signed by thou ter. On reaching it and finding Earl Gran-ville in occupation he smiled to himself. nuickly turned round and crossed the House sands, and his sentence is commuted to the Opposition benches. At this there was from ten years to five. He is taken to Kinga general laugh, Lord Beaconsfield himself joining in the hilarity—a thing never seen ston and taught a trade, little accounts of him appear from time to time to keep the public before by mortal man. Had the adverse manterest alive. He writes to his family and ority been in the other Chamber this might he letters are published and copied from one have been thought to foreshadow the return paper to another. Another petition. His sentence is still further shortened, finally he of Endymion to his old place, but as thing are at present, the move towards the Treasur is liberated, returns to the bosom of his family, is received with open arms and a kind enches appears to have been made a littl too soon.

of ovation. At the time of our story a case - One of the oldest churches on the Ameri of peculiar interest was filling all the papers an continent is the Tumacaco Church near a case of abduction, and no one watched the result with a keener attention than Mr. Mul Tubae, Arizona. It was built by the Franciscans in 1554, and has consequently reached the age of 327 years. Fifty six years ago rooney, for the lady was of high rank and well was at home when you knowed h at the connected time," returned Briggs coolly. "She don't brutality. The local papers were, of course, in favor of the criminal, to whom the lady don't want to be bothered with them as 'ad had been engaged, but who had actually broken off the match because the poor fellow broken off the match because the poor fellow the beat home. As you like truth, sir, broke of "old Allen" than she approved Indians murdered seven priests within walls, and twenty-five years ago several priests came from Rome and dug from a sepulchre on the right side of the altar \$80, 000 in coin and jewels.

-Miss Flora Torrey, stepdaughter of udge W. R. Wagstaff, of Paola, Kan., has A very light sentence was given the prisoner who left his native city for Kingston amid of the crowd. Miss just been admitted to the bar. after a search ng examination. She is a handsome blonde, highly educated, and accomplished in music This and painting.

lady had shown great courage. Miss Clara he felt sure was a coward ; she trembled and -Lord Airlie has recently made a large never owned a have of land in Hingianu, and turned den, and when he once rode up to her side of den, and when he once rode up to her side of horse back, she whipped her pony and fiel horse back, she whipped her pony and field from him at a mad gallop, and when he called purchase of Land in Colorado, on behalf of a relative who intends to settle there as a farm-He is the author of an interesting article er. in the Nineteenth Century, on the United States as a field for agricultural settlers.