WON AT LAST.

A faint cry of despair reminded me of my selfish forgetfulness, and turning about I discovered Psyche standing at a little distance from me with her arms outspread, vainly endeavouring to see in the light that blinded her. There was a piteous bewildered look in her face that seemed to say, "I am abandoned. What shall I do in this world where each one goes his way?'

And then when I looked at her hair matted with the sand, her drabbled dress hanging heavily from her shoulders with the sea wash from the burrow, my heart reproached me for my ingratitude. For she had toiled as much as I, nay more; cheerfully ready at any hour of the night or day to bury herself in the wet sand, to dig and drag as she was bidden, suffering hardships with smiles, risking her life fearlessly day and night for months in the struggle to make me happy, and all for this—to be forgotten in the first moment of my freedom!

"Oh, you are not gone!" she exclaimed, clutching my hand as I touched her and spoke her name. "Not yet,' she added striving to open her eyes that she might see me.

"I shall never leave you, Psyche," I said; "I only forgot you for a moment in the first joy of seeing the world again."

"Is it so very beautiful?" she asked. I can see nothing but a light that makes me ache."

"The sun is right over our heads; it makes me blink to look up. When he goes down you will be able to look at the glory of it. But you feel the beautiful fresh air, don't you?"

"Yes, it is good. Like drinking when you are thirsty."

"Yes, that is true, and the sight of the blue sky is like that too."

"I wish I could look at it," she said, raising her pale face; and moving her head from side to side. How warm it is! Tell me what you see."

"Nothing but the sun, and sky, and cliffs, and some jackdaws playing about up there."

"I hear them, I hear them,' she said, joyfully—"Caw caw, caw!'

"We are surrounded by great masses of broken cliff; they shut out the view of the sea. But we can climb over them and make our way to the open shore as soon as the light fades, and you can use your eyes."

"Why should we wait if you want to get there? You can guide me in the light just as I used to guide you in the dark—do you remember?' she asked tenderly.

"Yes, I remember, dear. But I dare not venture now; the tide is rising, and we may be hemmed in. It will be better to wait till the tide ebbs; then we shall have nothing to fear, and shall both see. Besides we have our things to get; we should be laughed at if we showed ourselves in this state."

"I will put on my shoes; no one will laugh at me then."

A wave ran up between the rocks and touched our feet; it was time to return. We wriggled back into our burrow, the mouth of which I stopped as well as I could with pieces of chalk to prevent the inrush of sand, and backed into the cave, dragging the bucket after us with the sand dug out in our passage.

The eight hours that followed were the longest and most tedious I had yet endured. I had long ago decided upon the course I should take when he got out of the cave, and there now seemed nothing to do. To dispel the tedium I was almost tempted to make an expedition into French Peter's cave; I was deterred rather by the uselessness than the danger of the venture. The treasure was safer there than it could be anywhere else, and it would have been alike dangerous and futile to encumber ourselves with it in our flight.

At six o'clock my grandfather whistled down the well, and lowered a basket of provisions.

"You're got to do wirout bread to night, 'cause the baker ain't been to day," he called. "But you'll get double allowance to morrow mornin' if you behave yourself."

I emptied the basket, and sent it up without a word; but I mentally promised to behave myself in a manner that would astonish him before another day was out.

At eight o'clock we went into the tunnel, and had an hour's work in clearing away the sand washed in by the tide. At length the passage was free, and Psyche looking up saw the countless stars in mute wonder.

"Our work is done; we can put on our best now," I said to her.

We went back and changed our clothes—I trembling and my teeth chattering with excitement.

"Must we leave all?" Psyche asked in a low voice when she came from her alcove.

"Yes there is nothing here that we shall ever want again, please God," said I. "Wait, there is the food we put by in case of need. I will put it out for Caw.'

"Yes, poor Caw! He will never sit on my shoulder any more. We shan't have to scold him for coming on our table again."

I ran into the other cave and threw all our store on the slab that served us for a table while Psyche remained in the lesser one. Through the opening I saw her by the light of the candle that stood on the ground touching with her cheek the carving in the chalk on which we had spent so many hours together, and laying her hand tenderly on the hatchets we had used in our work, and when we descended for the last time into the pit she turned round and, spreading her arms towards the cave as if to take in all that was dear to her, she said—"Good bye!"

The moon had not yet risen, but the stars gave us, inured to obscurity, ample light to find our way between the rocks and over the scattered masses of cliff to the open shore; but it would have been another thing to have retraced our steps through such a chaos to the hole from which we had come. Happily we got clear of the sea-swept boulders while the tide was yet low.

Psyche gazed at the boundless expanse of sea and sky in silent awe for some time, and then she murmured half to herself, "Too large, too great!' But she was delighted with the stars, and when rounding Dead man's Point we came in sight of the young moon hanging over the water with the shadowed disc in its embrace a low cry of rapture came from her lips. We got on to the downs by the gap beyond Deadman's Point, and struck across for the old London-road, and now that we had no cliff beside us Psyche's wonder at the unbroken expanse around us was inexpressible. "No walls!" she said. And the soft grass under her feet in place of the sand she had always known was another marvel. She tried to scoop it up in her hand, and when I plucked some and put it in her hand she laughed at this new oddity in this new world.

We had not yet met a single living creature, but as we neared the road I heard sounds of footsteps and voices, and Psyche told me she saw two persons coming, one little and one big. A few seconds afterwards I saw a stout woman and a boy laden with bundles. Psyche slipped round and clung to my other arm to be safe, while she strained her eyes in wonder to see a girl so large and a man so small.

"Mrs. Bentam," I said, recognising my old landlady as we drew near.

"Surely that's not Mr. Bernard come back!" she exclaimed.

"It is indeed, and I'm on my way to take possession of my old rooms if you have not let them to anyone else.'

"Bless your heart, no, sir. There they are just as you left them. I shouldn't have had the heart to let 'em to anyone else if I'd had the chance. Little did I think you would ever come back to them; and it's a real comfort in the midst of my trouble to see you again. There, take the keys, sir, there they are all, and you know the look of 'em almost as well as I do. You haven't heard the sad news, I'll warrant; how should you when I've only just got the message by telegraph myself. The lad there brought it and scared me out of my wits nearly half an hour ago. My poor son has been landed from his ship at Southampton with a fever, and there he lies now in a stranger's house with no one to care for him. And now I'm on my way to Bonport to catch the last train, though while I am talking here I may lose it. I will write to you to-morrow and tell you more, and you will let me know all about your own affairs that I have no time to ask about now, though I am dying with curiosity to know how you have fared and everything.'

Everything included Psyche, whose uncovered head and bare arms drew her eyes from me in perplexity, even while her mind was so divided between thoughts of her son and myself. As for the telegraph messenger who was carrying a part of the old lady's hastily-packed luggage, he could scarcely close his mouth or take his eyes off Psyche, even when Mrs. Bentam trotted on calling him to come along.

"Who is that one that you spoke to?" whispered Psyche as we went our way.

"A dear old friend. We are going to live in her house."

"House—that is a cave."

"Yes, a kind of cave, I lived with her before I came to you."

"Not very long?"

"Yes; years—much longer than I have lived with you."

"Then everyone does not go a different way—some stay together."

"Oh, yes. A son sometimes stays with his mother even when he is no longer a child. A brother may live with his sister till they grow quite old.'

"Will you be my brother?"

"Yes, Psyche, that is just what I should like to be."

She hugged my arm close and was silent for a while. I pointed to the trees of the Chase Park as we neared them. She looked at them indifferently, reminding me that I had told her about them. Then presently, while I wondered what she was pondering, she said,—

"You like that old woman?"

"Yes; she has been like a mother to me."

"But you didn't talk to her as you talk to me," she said, smiling and shaking her head.

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I am sure of it," she answered with delighted satisfaction, "and that shows that you like your sister more than you like your mother.'

I laughed, and then having come to the cottage I told her it was where we were to live. She looked at it incredulously, for to her it seemed no more than a strangely-fashioned mass of rock, and could hardly believe her senses when I opened the door and showed her it was habitable.

I lit a candle and took her through the rooms below, and then up the stairs to the rooms above and she was speechless with wonder at the strangeness of it and all the surprising contrivances it contained. When I got her to speak I found that she did not admire the rooms. After the caves they were as much too small as the world was too large. The low, flat ceilings and squared walls were ugly to her eyes. But the quantity and variety of colour everywhere delighted her. Two things astonished her beyond the rest—a looking glass, and a rose growing in a pot. The glass she thought must be water; the scent of the rose took her breath away. She was charmed with the canary that hung in the sitting room—it was such a wee little "caw," and so prettily coloured! I put it in her bedroom telling her that it would sing to her in the morning.

"Show me how I may take him out of his house," she said.

"No, you must not do that," said I. "He would fly away if you did."

She looked into my face in mournful silence for a moment, and then she said:

"Does everything that we love in this world fly away and leave us?"

CHAPTER X V.

MY GRANDFATHER SEES A GHOST.

When Psyche had called her last "good night" to me from her room, as in the cave it was her custom to do before composing herself to sleep, I stole out of the house to breathe again the fresh air and enjoy the full sense of freedom.

After standing awhile gazing all round at the heavens with an ineffable joy in my heart I passed through the garden, and turning instinctively towards the Chase, followed the familiar path to the park gates, my step growing quicker and more elastic under an elation that was easily to be accounted for. When I left the Chase I had no prospect more hopeful than that of realising Sir Henry Duncan's cynical suggestion by finding a Golconda. Well, I had found what to me was a Golconda, and now I could face Sir Henry and demand his daughter's hand.

It was nearly midnight; there was no light in the lodge keeper's window. The gate was unlocked, and not a hundred yards down the drive was a bend from which the house could be seen. With no excuse but a lover's folly, I passed the gate and walked to the bend, and there I stood for fully five minutes gazing at a solitary light in one of the windows, giving a loose rein to my fancy; and letting it carry me into a Paradise where I saw no face but Ethel Duncan's.

When at length I turned to go back I perceived a tall, grey figure standing in the ally formed by a footpath which turned from the drive at the bend. It was Sir Henry; I recognised him at a glance. There was nothing remarkable in his being there at this hour, even if the night had been less tempting to a late stroll. He was a man of odd, ascetic habits, sometimes confining himself for days together in one room, at others wandering on the downs night after night in weather that made even the coastguard shirk his duty.

"Who are you?" he asked, stepping forward. "Bernard Thorne.'

"I thought so," he said, and then placing himself before me with a stride as I was about to pass on he added, in a peremptory tone, "Tell me what you are doing here."

I hesitated to answer, feeling that I had placed myself in a ridiculous position.

"You have come here to see my daughter," he said in an angry tone of conviction. "You have written to her."

"I have done nothing of the kind."

"Is that true?' he asked in a tone that stung me.

"You have never known me to attempt to deceive you," I answered warmly.

"Indeed! You promised you would not return until you had a fortune to offer my daughter."

"And on that condition you suffered me to hope that I might make her my wife. It was an expedient perhaps to get rid of me. You did not expect me to return before you had married your daughter to a husband more to your taste than your late secretary. But you held out that hope to me; I accepted it; and now that you see me here you know the reason—I have a fortune to offer your daughter."

"It is incredible. I was told you had gone to America. Even there you have not had time to make a fortune—honestly."

"I dare not trust my tongue to answer you after that insinuation," said I, stepping aside in order to pass him.

"Wait," he said, putting his stick rudely before me. "Our estimate of fortunes may differ considerably. What is this fortune you have made?"

"I cannot tell you. It may be ten thousand pounds; it may be less."

"Ten thousand pounds! Do you know that my daughter may accept a husband with twenty times that amount. You mistake your position. What is ten thousand pounds?

"Enough to make me independent of your generosity, and that is all I sought. I dare now to ask your daughter to be my wife, and it is for her—not you—to decide whether I shall be her husband or not."

"One moment. One question at least I have a right to ask, and one which you, with the antecedents of your family before you, ought to answer. How have you come by this money?

"I am not in a state of mind at this moment to tell you my history. If I told you now you would think me more mad than my presence here at this time gives you reason to suppose I am. In a proper time and place I will tell you all."

"Before you speak to my daughter?"

"Yes." Upon that we separated without another word.

I greatly regretted this meeting with Sir Henry and the avowal it had led me to make. For ardently as I desired to meet Miss Duncan, and put my fate in her hands—a desire that was now made more urgent by Sir Henry's hint that he had a richer husband in view, and the fear that by delay I might lose her—I felt that I must do my duty by my faithful little friend, and provide for Psyche's future happiness before I considered my own. I must wring a confession of the mysterious crime from my grandfather, and find the girl's family. I had promised not to abandon her, but without that promise my heart would never have suffered me to go away from her, as she pathetically put it, until I had found those who had a right to take my place as her guardian and dearest friend. If Sir Henry Duncan thought fit to question my grandfather about the fortune I had acquired, the old rascal, discovering my escape, would, to avoid unpleasant consequences to himself, get out of the way before I could draw a confession from him.

I reflected also that Mrs. Benham or the telegraph boy might spread the news of my return in Bonport, and that this would speedily reach Old Peter's ears and put both the old rascals on the alert. However, there was one simple way of securing my grandfather, and that was to forestall others by tackling him at the very earliest hour. With the determination to go over to the Half-way House as soon as it got light I returned to the cottage and lay down without taking off my clothes, that I might not oversleep myself. Nevertheless, it was broad daylight and past six o'clock when I awoke, and then it was only Psyche's cry of delight from the next room that aroused me. The canary was singing.

"Hark, the little caw," she cried.

I bade her sleep again until I called her, and slipped noiselessly out of the house, fearing my going would trouble her if she knew it.

Looking down to the shore from the cliff at Deadman's Point I saw the waves bursting over the scattered rocks where we had risen from our burrow the day before. The great blocks were so closely thrown together that it was impossible to distinguish the exact spot, and I knew that by this time the sea had washed in the sand and effaced all sign of our work. It seemed to me now hardly possible that we two could have been lying toiling under that fallen cliff for over four months. Something unpleasantly akin to a thirst for vengeance possessed me as I neared the Half-way House and thought of the old villains who had doomed me to perpetual imprisonment there, and who had robbed poor Psyche of all that makes youth and life worth having.

Turning the handle softly I found that the door was locked. The blinds were drawn down. Over the window pane I had broken to get into the place on the day of my capture a sheet of brown paper had been pasted. I wetted my fingers, struck it in the middle, and made a hole through the brown paper without noise My grandfather was stumbling about in the wash house, for this was about the hour when he sent down our breakfast. Taking advantage of the noise he made, I tore down the brown paper, slipped my arm through, and unfastened the catch. The next minute I had the sash up, and the minute after that I was standing in the little parlor.

The wash-house door was closed. I opened the door silently, and found my grandfather in front of me leaning over the well with the cord in his hand. For just one moment my fingers itched to slip that cord round his neck and pitch him down the well.

He was whistling lustily—a signal which either Psyche or I usually answered at once.

"Can't make the beggars hout," he muttered: "in gen'al they come fast enough for their grub, and it's a lucky day when that gallus Bernard don't holler out for extrys." He left off muttering, and recommenced whistling and jerking the cord.

"What's the marrer wi' you, are you hill?" he roared. After waiting a minute or two he drew up the bucket to see if it had been emptied. When it came up full he set it on the edge of the well and scratched his head.

"Good Lord, if one on 'em's dead!" he murmured; and then looking round in the scared way of those whose consciences are ill at ease, he caught sight of me standing within a couple of paces of him. His jaw dropped, his face turned grey, his eyes started from their sockets, and he staggered back to the wall, stretching out his quivering hands to keep me off. His old jaw closed and fell as he attempted to speak, and his breath caught in his parched windpipe with a click at each respiration. At length he gasped out:

"God forgive me if I ever done you harm. —Lord knows I've alust done for the best according to my lights.—'Twasn't me as put you down.—Father got to answer for all that—a gallus, wicked old man.—I've supplied ye reglar—denied ye nothing." He broke off with a choke terrified out of his wits by my silence and immobility. Then he gasped again, loosening his neckcloth with one hand and motioning me back with the other:—

"For God's sake speak—tell me you're not his fitch—tell me I haven't murdered my Sukey's boy."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TWO ROWED BARLEY.

Report of the Manager of the Central Experimental Farm.

Prof. Saunders, of the Central Experimental Farm, near Ottawa, has presented a report of experiments with barley with a view of proving that two rowed barley, which is the only kind valuable for export to Great Britain, can be successfully grown in Canada. Professor Saunders, in his report, says that the barley crop is one of great importance to the farmers of Canada. The annual product of this cereal for the past seven years in Ontario alone is estimated by Mr. Blue, in his agricultural statistics of Ontario, at nearly twenty millions of bushels, while the crop for 1888 is put at over twenty-three million bushels. Statistics from other provinces in the Dominion are not available, but their products would largely augment the figures given. Canadian barley is usually of good quality, and the surplus not required for home consumption has heretofore commanded a ready sale at remunerative prices to maltsters in the United States, and such sales have averaged, during the past eleven years, 9 135 455 bushels annually, yielding a yearly revenue to Canadian farmers during the period of $6,587,592 The export of barley has materially decreased of late years, and as the country becomes more thickly settled and a larger area of land is brought under cultivation, there will no doubt be still larger quantities of this grain to dispose of. During the eleven years referred to the production of barley in the United States has increased from about 42 000,000 bushels in 1878 to 58 000,000 in 1889, but increasing consumption was kept up with the increased supply and hence the demand for Canadian barley has until recently been maintained. The demand for barley for the manufacture of beer in the United States has of late been lessened by the use of various substitutes. From the official returns published in the United States it appears that while 2½ bushels of barley were used in the manufacture of a barrel of beer in 1888, only one bushel was used for the same quantity in 1889, the balance chiefly being made up of corn, rice and glucose. As those ingredients enable the brewer to make his beer at less cost than from barley alone it is scarcely probable that Canadian barley, however good it may be, will continue to find a market in the United States in such quantities and at such prices as in the past. It is important, then, for Canada that other outlets be provided for her surplus barley, and the only other country which requires more barley than it produces is Great Britain. The average importations of barley into the United Kingdom for the past eleven years has been about 33 000,000 bushels, the imports for 1888 having been over 40,000,000 bushels. A considerable quantity of this is six-rowed barley, but that is used only for grinding and distilling and commands but a low price. The grain used for malting, for which there is a very large demand, is two rowed barley, and of this there are many varieties, all of which, when of good quality, bring relatively high prices. The quota of barley which Canada has sent to Great Britain for the ten years ending with 1887 averages 112 000 bushels. In 1878 it was 524 569 bushels, and in 1887 only 5 827 bushels, showing that we have practically lost the small market we had there, and for the reasons that we have not grown the varieties of barley which the English maltsters require and that our six rowed barley has commanded a better price in the United States than could be obtained for it in Great Britain. The British brewers' preference for two-rowed barley is very strong and the question is sometimes asked whether that preference is founded on the greater intrinsic worth of this sort or on prejudice arising from long usage. To submit this point to practical test, a sufficient quantity of the best two rowed malting barley was imported from Great Britain in the early part of 1889 and a like quantity of the best six rowed barley was purchased here. These were sent to a competent Canadian maltster and brewer, and both lots were made into beer, and from the report received of the results of this comparative test we learn that the two rowed barley yielded 13 per cent. more of extract than the six rowed, showing that the preference for this barley is well founded. A number of experiments were carried on at the Experimental farm. The results thereof are given in detail and the report says:—"The results submitted of the test of these leading varities of two rowed malting barley over a very large area in Canada are sufficient to show that even in the unfavorable season for barley growing there is a wide territory over which two rowed barley for the English market can be grown with advantage, and the yield obtained from the samples sent out as well as in field culture at the experimental farms would indicate that heavier crops of two-rowed barley of the varieties named could be raised than of the ordinary six-rowed barley. It is not practicable to entirely change any important crop in a single season, especially when it covers so large an area. It is better for many reasons that such a change should come more slowly, but it does seem feasible to bring this about to a very large extent within a comparatively short time."

Don't Come to the City.

I have heard country girls talk of coming to the city for employment, giving as one reason that they wanted more social life. Well, that is just what they will not get; the woman of business is not a woman of leisure, and she has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home even if she be a worker, than she could ever have in the city, and there is no lonesomeness more absolute than the loneliness of a stranger in a crowd. Salaries are not large enough to permit of much relaxation in the way of entertainments, and after the day's work is over one is too tired to go in search of enjoyment. In the country home in these days the daily paper and the magazine comes, so that one may keep in touch with the world, even if she be at one side of the bustle and confusion of city life. The fashion articles tell her how to dress her hair and make her gown, and gives her the latest notions in small toilet details. No town is so small that it has not its public library, where all the new books come; and the lecture and concert are not infrequent in visits. Railways and telegraphs have brought the corners of the earth together, so that one is never far away from the centers of things. There are occupations, too, for the girls who stay at home, and particularly those who stay in the country, and these will be talked about by and by. Do not throng to the cities in search of employment, for you will be doomed to bitter disappointment. The country stores employ women as well as the city stores, and many a woman makes a good beginning in them. I myself know country towns where a few years ago nearly all the positions in stores were held by women. Everywhere it has come to be quite the accepted state of things that women shall sell goods.

The Religion We Want.

We want a religion not merely of creeds, but of conduct; a religion that softens the step and gives gentleness to the voice, that checks the impatient word and hasty rebuke; a religion that is respectful to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends; a religion not merely for the church and the Sabbath, but that lives in the family and keeps the husband from being cross if his dinner is late, and the wife from fretting if the husband sometimes forgets the scraper and the door mat; that keeps the mother patient if the baby is fretful, and can amuse and interest the children as well as govern and instruct them; that cares for the comfort and welfare of servants as well as pays them; that projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig tree, bearing at once the beauty of its tender blossoms and the glory of its ripened fruit. "I would not give much for that man's religion," said Rowland Hill, "whose very cat and dog are not better for it." Every Christian should so live as to be able, with the good Methodist brother, to say: "If you don't believe I am a Christian, ask my wife." We want a religion not merely for the prayer meeting and the public profession; but for the home, for the counting house, for the marts of business, for the entire life—one that shall smooth the rough places of the world, and make daily life brighter and better, cherishing the spirit of Heaven here, and so preparing for Heaven hereafter.

The Real Gentleman.

To a sensible woman a gentleman ought to be the equal of any one that wears a title, no matter what his rank or what his nation. To be a thorough gentleman is to be that which neither money or estates nor insignia can buy. It is peculiarly a birthright. It is inherited in the blood and is sure to make its appearance, even under the most unpropitious conditions.

There is a sort of false gentility that is soon acquired, and is affected by snobs and the parvenues that have suddenly accumulated riches. But this is a very cheap device in comparison with the sterling article. No one can be deceived by the counterfeit, because the mark of a real gentleman does not alone consist of entering a drawing-room gracefully, or of making a bow in the proper form. These accomplishments may be necessary in order to help one to fix his position in polite society, but they are really nothing compared to those graces of mind, manner and morals that a true gentleman is sure to possess.

A good definition of a real gentleman is one that adheres closely to the spirit of the wise utterances of the Savior: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." A strict following of this golden precept is infinitely better for the individual and society than all the finished bowings and scrapings under the sun.

Advice to Young Mothers.

Mothers, tell Bible stories to your little ones as they gather around in the early evening; nothing interests them more. In the dear old homestead of my childhood, how I well remember our pleasure in listening to our mother when she told us of Moses, and Joseph, and Noah, and about the ark! Her vivid imagination furnished the many "perhaps" and "it may be," which added greatly to the interest. Bible stories, more than any other instruction, impress the young mind with the lessons of God's boundless love and his over-ruling hand, and wonder working providence. Early teach your children the simple and inimitable "Now I lay me." I once heard a little girl of twenty months lisp this verse after her mother. She was rocked for the night; her little hands were clasped together. Even though she understood not the meaning, it was a beginning in the right direction. God listens and hears.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try.

As your children grow older teach them hymns suited to their ages. The Lord's Prayer should daily be repeated by them; the Commandments should early be committed to memory, as well as the wonderful Sermon on the Mount and the Twenty-third Psalm. But all this instruction, excellent as it is, will surely fail in producing the best results unless your children see in your daily lives a Christ-like, patient, loving spirit

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.—Landor