—FOR—

LOVE OF A LANCASHIRE LASS:

A ROMANCE OF FACTORY LIFE.

BY J. M. FOSTER,

Author of "A Fit Brow Lassie," "The Black Moss Mystery," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A SLAVE OF THE RING.

It was a warm sultry morning at the beginning of September, a couple of hours before noon. The day was Monday. The numerous cotton mills on each side of Millgate were in full swing, and the low, incessant hum of the countless machines in the adjacent factories filled the quiet air with their vibrations.

The wide space of pavement at the bottom of Millgate was almost deserted, only here and there was a stray mill-worker to be seen, and the street itself was wearing its most tranquil aspect. In an hour or two the wide thoroughfare would be busy enough when the many storied buildings were emptied for a brief space of their toiling spinners.

Presently a hansom cab came rolling down the street and drew up to the edge of the curbstone right opposite the Star. The driver, who was sprucely attired, jumped from his seat, and, after dallying a moment or two beside his horse, marched into the old hostelry.

A little further up the street, at the corner of the entry wherein the "Factory Queen" and her unknown mother had been found that wintry morn so long past, two or three slatternly women were standing, discussing their own and other people's affairs with the freedom that marks creatures of their class.

The arrival of the cab and the unwonted smartness of appearance of its driver at once aroused their curiosity, and one of the small knot of slatterns instantly remarked to her companion:

"What's up at the Star? That theer carriage looks lahke o' weddin'."

"It is o' weddin'," another broke in. "Eawr Dick towd me last neet as Nellie Pemberton is going to marry that theer young gentleman as wurks at Dick Harwood's—Meester Mayhew they ca' him. That'll be it, sure enuff."

A chorus of exclamations flowed from the lips of the other women at this statement, some of them disputing its accuracy, others accepting it without question, but all commenting freely on the change of lovers the factory lassie had so suddenly made.

"The wench 'as soon forgot Mark Eliot," one of the gossips muttered, with a sneer. "He's haply not deead yet, but that doesn't matter. Eawt o' seet, eawt o' mahnd, it seems."

"Nellie knows wor hoo's doing," another laughed. "O' gud-lookin' wench lahke 'er thinks hersel too gud for a workin' chap. Hello, theer the weddiners are!"

As the last speaker uttered these words Nellie Pemberton and her foster-mother, Nancy Ashton, came out of the Star and seated themselves in the vehicle waiting at the door. Then the cabman mounted to his seat and the cab was taken swiftly up Millgate.

When the conveyance next came to a standstill it was near to the side entrance to the Warringham parish church, and on alighting the girl and her companion at once made their way towards the old stone porch of the sacred edifice.

The two women were well but soberly attired, and from their dress an onlooker would not have been able to divine that their mission there was a matrimonial one. Nellie was closely veiled and the unwonted paleness of her sweet face was hidden from her dear foster parent.

But it was impossible for the girl to hide her agitation from Nancy. Her pulse was throbbing fiercely, feverishly, the hand that lay lightly on her companion's arm shook like that of one who was ague-stricken, and her faltering steps and quick breathing revealed what her veil concealed.

"What is the matter, Nellie?" Nancy asked tenderly as the porch was gained and they paused for a moment in its shadow. "Are you ill, wench! Yo're tremblin' lahke o leaf."

"Nancy!" Nellie cried in a strange, broken voice, "I have made a mistake—a terrible mistake! This thing is a sham. I do not love him as a woman ought to love the man she marries! Is it too late to stop it? I wish I were dead!"

The girl's great eyes shone like stars through the meshes of her veil as she stood there facing the woman who had for nearly a score of years been to her a mother, and the despair in her heart rang out in her low impassioned words.

"Not too late, wench, if yo' think yo' cannot be happy wi' him. But why did you promise? Think of the bother it will cause now."

"Why did I ever promise?" Nellie echoed in a hopeless way. "I was mad to do it. I thought I might learn to care for him in time; now I know that I shall never love again!"

Honest Nancy Ashton stood there, her comely, rosy countenance mirroring all the perplexity and concern she felt at that moment. Inside the church were her husband and Walter Mayhew waiting for the coming of herself and the fair, unwilling bride, and there Nellie stood, her face as white as the lace which covered it, and her heart torn by a hundred doubts and fears.

What was she to do? the despairing girl asked herself. Step into the church and link her life for all time to that of a man whom she loved not, and yet had been cajoled into promising to marry; or fly while she was quite free and face the annoyance, the scandal her flight would breed?

While the half distracted lassie pondered that question, circumstance threw itself in the balance against her. She half made up her mind to fly from the porch when the inner door of the church opened and Dan Ashton and Walter Mayhew came hurriedly into the porch.

A little crowd of curious people had by this time collected beside the church door, and were now regarding the bridal party with wondering gaze. This fact only intensified the extreme difficulty of the poor girl's position.

How could she explain her hesitance—her fears and qualms in the face of that staring group of bystanders, who would perceive that a hitch of some kind had arisen.

Had Mayhew been with her alone she would have told him all—would have cast herself upon his generosity and implored him to release her from the promise she had made.

But it was too late now—too late; and so with a sigh, almost a sob of despair she resigned herself to her destiny, and walked down the aisle with the bridegroom like one who was being led to the sacrificial altar.

The last four months had been a period of intensest trial to the sweet-faced factory girl. First there had been the strange, the inexplicable silence of Mark Eliot. Twice had she written to him without receiving a word of reply, and in face of that utter silence she had been compelled to think him false to her and the vows he had so often made.

Then came the intelligence of the Conemaugh disaster, and when, after this terrible event, no letter came to her, she had given up all hope of ever hearing from Mark Eliot again.

If alive he had ceased to think of her, but that he still lived she never for a moment dreamed. Among the unknown thousands who had perished in the flood and fire she reckoned her lover, and so thinking she mourned him in a double sense—for he had not only been false to her, but had died in the most awful manner.

But even when she had convinced herself that Mark had been unfaithful she found it difficult to drive him from the inner sanctuary of her fond loving heart. Thinking him untrue she had striven to banish him from her thoughts had endeavored to forget how much his love had been to her.

And then her old admirer had again entered the field. One evening about a month after the Johnstown flood, Walter Mayhew had come to her saying that the promise he had made a little while before had no force to bind him now that Mark Eliot was dead, or appeared to be so from his silence.

He had besought her love with an ardour, a tenderness that could not fail to stir her breast with pity, even if it awoke no fluttering of love. Here, at least, was one man whose love was lasting, she was forced to confess, and although she again said him "Nay" she uttered the negative, tenderly, even regretfully.

But Mayhew would not take "no" for a final answer. Again and again he returned to the siege of the lone lassie's heart, and was again and yet again repulsed. But she could not chide him for cherishing such an unswerving and unselfish passion for her poor self.

And the manner of Mayhew's wooing had now undergone a complete change. Reverently, humbly as a noble knight of the olden time might have wooed a high-born dame, did Walter woo Nellie now. His love for her seemed to have ennobled him in every way, and to win her was the one great object of his existence.

Ever since Mark Eliot's departure from Warringham, Dan Ashton had zealously lent himself to the furtherance of his ally's suit. In season and out of it mine host of the Star had urged upon Nellie the advisability of discarding the absent one and accepting the proposal of Walter Mayhew.

All along Dan had insisted that Mark's silence was due to the fact that out there in America he had come across some woman whose dollars had made him forget the sweetheart he had left behind in Warringham.

And later, when the Johnstown catastrophe was in the mouth of everyone, he had declared, not once, but many times, that Mark Eliot was among the victims; that she would never hear from him again, and he would conclude by saying that such a pretty lass as Nellie was foolish to trouble herself with thoughts of a dead man who had been false to her before he perished.

Even the large-hearted, loving Nancy had come to look at things with her husband's eyes, and believing that Mark had ceased to care for her foster daughter, even if he were not dead, Mrs. Ashton had hinted that Nellie might do much worse than marry Mr. Walter Mayhew.

And so at last the sorrowing tormented lassie had given way—had spoken the words which gave Mark Eliot's rival the right to call her his affianced; and the end had been that scene in the church already set down.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MAYHEW SHOWS HIS HAND.

It was the evening of Nellie Pemberton's wedding day, and, contrary to arrangement, both bride and bridegroom still remained in Warringham. It had been purposed that the newly-wedded couple should go to a quiet little seaside village in North Wales for their honeymoon, but the condition of the bride had prevented this arrangement from being carried out.

After the marriage ceremony was ended and an adjournment made to the vestry for the purpose of signing the church register, Nellie had fainted; and when she had recovered from the swoon she was so weak and ill—so utterly prostrated by the ordeal through which she had lately gone, that even her husband was compelled to admit that it would be dangerous to take her away from home.

So much upset was Nancy by the poor lassie's condition that she suggested that it would be advisable to take her back with them to The Star for a day or two.

But Mayhew would not hear of such a thing. At last Nellie was his—his long scheming and patient waiting had been crowned with triumph—and henceforth the woman he had won would share his dwelling-place with himself.

And so the party of four on leaving the church were driven to the neat little villa in the quiet suburbs of the town, near Balcarres Wood, which Walter Mayhew had provided as the future home of himself and his lovely wife.

The wedding breakfas was a very festive "function." The bride was still far from being well, and Nancy was seriously afraid now that she had lent herself to a scheme which might wreck the happiness of her dear girl's life.

In a little while Dan Ashton and his uneasy spouse went home, and then, pleading illness and fatigue, Nellie sought her room, there to cast herself despairingly on her bed and to weep as if her heart was broken.

The full force of the great, the irredeemable error she had committed was pressing upon her now. Between herself and her husband the form of Mark Eliot rose like a ghost, telling her that the man whose life she had vowed that morning to share was nothing to her.

There, in the solitude of her chamber, she scourged herself with bitter thoughts and self-accusations. For what had she bartered away her freedom? What was this man into whose keeping she had given herself body and soul? Why had she done it, loving, as she did, the memory of a false and dead love better than the true and living one whose wife she had become?

Like a silly will-less girl she had permitted herself to be led into an alliance which could never be anything save a sham. In marrying Walter Mayhew she had sold herself into a bondage which was worse than slavery; and had betrayed the man whom she had falsely sworn to love, honor and obey.

Out of such a union neither happiness nor peace could come to either man or wife; and it might be expected to breed distrust, disquiet, jealousy, inharmony, and every other concomitant that flows from marital war.

And thinking of these phantoms the poor young wife became filled with an infinite despair. Before her mental vision the long, barren, loveless years stretched themselves, each one armed with an influence for evil, not one illumined with a single ray of love, hope or peace.

Too quickly, and yet too late, had she realized that the memory of her lost love was still a living, a powerful force within her heart and brain; and that the man she had wed would never be able to quicken her pulse, stir her soul with a single throb of passion.

And there she lay in her disarranged bridal robes; her sweet face white and tear-stained; her long masses of brown hair flowing in dishevelled waves about her shapely shoulders; and her breast besieged by many spirits of unrest.

Some knowledge of his wife's trouble had entered Mayhew's mind at the outset, when he and Ashton had discovered Nellie and Nancy standing there in the church porch, with evident signs of distress and doubt written on their faces.

But he had said nothing. All that he desired then was to make the girl his wife—to bind her to him with chains that no power could break. For her love he cared little at that moment. When the words were spoken that would make them one the girl must perforce forget the past and live with him in the future; and as his wife—his constant companion, she would learn to love him as she had loved the man whom he had displaced.

And when victory was assured, when the marriage was an actual fact, Walter Mayhew's joy was past all measuring. At the wedding breakfast he and mine host had helped themselves freely to the good things provided; and when the Ashtons had betaken themselves home, and Nellie had sought her room, the elated bridegroom remained behind to smoke, drink, and gloat over his own triumph.

In the afternoon Mayhew had sent a servant to tell her mistress that he wished to see her, but Nellie had excused herself from coming down on the plea of illness. Mayhew had laughed on hearing this. The captured bird was only half tamed yet—well, he could afford to wait.

Slowly the hours slipped away, and still Nellie remained in her room. Below her husband was still regaling himself; thinking over his great scheme as he wafted the white smoke wreaths from his lips and sipped the tumbler of potent liquid at his elbow.

At length the afternoon merged into evening, the evening wore on to night, and the gaslights in the Warringham streets were flickering, the stars and moon shining clearly overhead, and here and there people were discussing the quiet wedding which had been solemnized that morn in the parish church.

Then Walter Mayhew cast the butt end of his cigar into the grate, drained his glass, and putting on his overcoat and hat went forth, after telling the servant to inform her mistress that he had gone out for a stroll and would be back shortly.

Bank house, the residence of Mr. Richard Harwood, lay a little further up the green lane in which the newly married pair had taken up their abode, and it was towards the home of the Warringham millowner that Walter was now making his way.

It was a lovely evening. A thousand scents of summer floated in the quiet wind that lazily sang among the thick leaves; and the warm stillness of the summer night was only broken ever and anon by the low murmuring of rambling lovers' voices, the lowing of a cow in the fields near, and the sharp cry of some watchful dog at one of the adjacent farms.

Bank house was a pleasant enough place in the season of summertide. It stood back from the highroad about fifty or sixty paces; in front there were a lawn and flower beds; here and there old wide spreading trees reared themselves; and a fine orchard and garden stretched out in the fields behind the house.

His relations to Harwood had often taken Mayhew to the place, and, consequently, the young man knew his way about it. Entering the grounds he took the narrow path which led to one of the side doors, wondering as he paced the white gravel beneath the dark trees if he would find his master at home.

Suddenly, as Mayhew drew near the house, he saw Richard Harwood approaching with noiseless slippered feet, a large dressing-gown, carelessly donned encasing him, and a cigar in his mouth.

"Good evening, Mr. Harwood. A lovely night is it not?"

The young man's voice had in it a certain unusual ring as he paused beside the mill owner, who had come to a standstill also; his florid face was a little paler than customary, and his small ferrety eyes scintillated beneath his flaxen brows.

"Hullo, Mayhew! That you?" Harwood cried as he took his weed from his lips for a moment and addressed the other. "Yes, it's a splendid evening. Was just taking a turn after dinner and enjoying a cigar. You might try one. I suppose you wish to see me?"

"Yes, Mr. Harwood, I wish to speak to you," Mayhew responded, as he helped himself to a cigar from the case the cotton spinner extended.

There was a tremulous shake in Mayhew's voice which his companion could not avoid noticing. Now that Walter was face to face with the work he had set himself its difficulty and unpleasantness seemed to increase tenfold.

"What about?" Harwood asked. Then he added in a quick way, "Why I had forgotten all about this morning's business. Allow me to congratulate you, Mayhew, on your marriage. Suppose we go inside to talk over this matter about which you have come to see me; and also to drink your pretty wife's health?"

As he spoke he turned towards house, but the other stopped him.

"No, Mr. Harwood. What I have to say had better be said here—where no one will interrupt us; and where no one can hear what passes between us."

The millowner turned round suddenly upon the speaker, and his dull eyes fixed themselves earnestly, questionally upon the younger man's face.

"It is a matter of importance, then?" he said with a marked change of tone.

"Of great importance!" was Mayhew's laconic and lowly uttered rejoinder.

"Concerning what or whom?"

"Yourself and Nelly Pemberton—my wife!"

An audible gasp broke from Richard Harwood's lips, and his lightly fingered burning cigar fell to the ground, scattering its fire on the gravel. He crushed it beneath his slipper, as his mouth clenched itself suddenly, and his heart gave a great throb.

"Come this way—I hardly know what you mean. What is it that concerns myself and—your wife?"

Walter did not make an immediate reply. He was engaged in lighting his cigar with apparent effort to appear cool; and he followed the other along the dark walk which led to the orchard.

For a short space neither of the men spoke. Harwood was telling himself that the long threatening sword was about to fall. The bubble had exploded at last; and the secret was no longer in safe keeping. The man at his side knew all—his manner showed that quite clearly—and as Nellie Pemberton's husband he would be certain to claim for his wife all he could obtain.

Presently a little dark arbor in the garden was reached; they entered it, still in silence. The elder man flung himself into a rustic chair; the other followed his example more quietly; and then Harwood demanded, with a defiant ring in his voice,

"What's this you say about Nellie Pemberton? What can possibly concern me in conjunction with her?"

Now that the danger was actually facing him, Richard Harwood's courage rose. It would be foolish, he felt, to show any signs of weakness, and, after all, the blow might be less heavy than he anticipated.

"You know, Mr. Harwood—know quite as well as I do!" Mayhew said with a forced laugh. "There is only one matter which concerns you both."

"Speak plainly. Let us have no beating about the bush!" Harwood cried. "What is it you have to say? Why are you here?"

"Let me say first of all, Mr. Harwood," Mayhew replied in a voice which indicated that he was settling down to the work before him; "that my wife unwittingly made a false statement this morning when in signing the church register she called herself Nellie Pemberton. As you know, her name—that is her real lawful name is Harwood."

He paused to permit the other to retort, but Richard Harwood was silent. The elder man was satisfied now that his companion knew all about the secret, and he was wondering to what use he intended to put such knowledge.

"If necessary I will speak even more plainly," Walter added. "My wife is your niece—your brother's child, George Bentham Harwood and Margaret Milnes were legally married; their child was born in holy wedlock; and to prove all these things would be a matter of little difficulty. Such proof will perhaps not be required—by you. I would only ask you at this point what claim you consider my wife and I have upon you? You who for twenty years have held possession of all that was hers by right?"

"Dan Ashton told you this!" Harwood hissed between his teeth.

"No; at all; I discovered it myself," was Mayhew's reply, and he proceeded to enlighten his companion as to the way in which the event had been revealed to him.

"I understand now, Mayhew," the millowner said sneeringly, "why you married the factory lass."

"Perhaps you do—perhaps you don't. But I am not come here to talk of that. What I want to know is this: what do you mean to do?"

"What do you mean to do? Tell me that," was the quick retort.

"Whatever action I take will be the result of your own, sir. I am a comparatively poor man, and I should be a fool, or worse, were I to neglect my wife's interest and my own."

"Your price—what is it?" Harwood cried.

"In my place would you ask for less than total restitution?"

"Total nonsense! For twenty years I have held undisputed possession, and I believe the law would uphold and ratify my claim now. How was I to know that my brother had married and left a wife and child behind him?"

"But you did know within a year or thereabouts after your brother's death; and for nearly a score of years you have held possession of everything knowing that the rightful owner was living at your very door. And if your possession was not disputed you only maintained it by a suppression of the truth, which every judge in the land would say amounted to felony. Nay, further, for all these years you have bribed a man to keep the identity of the legal claimant a secret. You know that all I say is true, Mr. Harwood. What would the world think of you if these ugly facts were made public?"

"Do you intend to make them public?"

"Not unless you force me. If you will only agree to make some fair arrangement with me the matter can be kept a secret still."

"Does your wife know of your coming to see me?" the mill owner asked.

"No. She does not even know what her real position is—knows nothing, in fact."

"And the arrangement—what is it that you have to suggest?"

"A free and an equal partnership in all your mills. That is not too much to ask, I think, under the circumstances."

"No, it's not much, Mayhew!" Harwood cried with a little hard laugh. "Your proposal is very moderate indeed, as it only means handing over to you a half share in a concern worth about a £100,000."

"Do you accept my offer? That's the question," the younger man exclaimed with some spirit. "I only ask you half when the whole might be obtained. But I want no quarrel with you, Harwood. In your place I might have done as you did. What do you say? Is it to be peace or war between us?"

There was an instant's silence, and then Richard Harwood said lowly:—

"Peace! . . . . But you must promise to keep this compact from the world. Not even your wife must know anything of it."

"I promise."

"It's settled, then. You've managed the game cleverly, Mayhew, and won a handsome stake!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHEELS.

BY JULIA H. LIPPMAN.

Oh, the hum of the wheels, as they tireless turn!—
The wheel of fortune, the wheel of fate,
The wheel of love, and the wheel of hate,—
How they circle slow for the hearts that yearn,
For the hopes that beat in the breasts that burn!
But in truth they fly with a splendid speed,
Else how should we hear their hum, indeed?
"Come, come!" 'tis the fortune wheel.
"Some, some of the world's wealth steal;
I will not last—it will soon be past—
But gold is my god, and I bid you kneel.

Oh, the hum of the wheels, as they fling and fly!—
The wheel of fate, and the wheel of love,
The wheel of hate, —ah, we hear above
The whir of the fortune wheel hard by
A dreary drone that has drawn us nigh,
To haunt our heart with a hint of woe,
And pierce our peace with a poison slow.
"Fear, fear!"—'tis the wheel of fate.
Near, near, though I seem so late,
I draw at last, and your joy is past,
Be it ne'er so pure,—be it ne'er so great,"

Oh, the hum of the wheels as they whir them around—
The wheel of Love and the wheel of hate;—
The rhyme that rang in our ears so late
Comes faint and far, like the softened sound
Of the city's stir by the distance drowned
Our ears are deaf with the din and groan
Of the hurling hate wheel's monotone.
"Woe, woe!" is the hoarse refrain,
"Low, low, do I grind like grain
My victims there, nor for sighs forbear,
Till faint they fall in their grievous pain."

Oh, the hum of the wheels as they disappear!
The wheel of love that the rest downbore,
With their flashing speed and their rush and roar,
Has gained at last, and has drawn full near;
And our heart is free of its fret and fear.
For the wheel turns slow, and we know 'twill lend
Our steps a stray to the journey's end,
"Blest, blest!"—so the wheel sings low;
"Rest, rest from the griefs that go
To make the strife of a human life.
'Tis love alone can the beat bestow—
—New [illegible].

THE TANGLER.

Divers Enigmas and Odd Conceits for Bright Wits to Work Out.

Any Communications Intended for This Department Should be Addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.

106.—Enigma.

I am something mysterious; I bother the brain,
And am quite out of character when I am plain;
Though you mind I may torture and keep you awake,
You often seem pleased with the bother I make.

In various guises my shape appear;
Numerous my forms and extended my sphere.
If you ask what's unknown in earth, air or sky,
I'll tell you the truth when I say it is I.

The scientist sees me in searching for facts,
When he wishes to show how Dame Nature acts;
I am found in the books that wisest men write,
In the Bible you find me in very plain sight.

I am dark and opaque to the eye of the mind;
I keep out of sight what you most wish to find;
But should you succeed in making me clear,
Like a vanishing ghost, I would then disappear.

But why should I try in a mystical way
My features to show or my form to display?
For I'm now in your thoughts and so plain to your view
That of guessing 'twould seem there's nothing to do.

NELSONIAN.

107.—Transposition.

He was left a lot of money,
A *really* handsome one.
His temper it was sunny,
And life was just begun.

And so it seemed that pleasure
Would e'er attend the boy,
And crown his heaped-up measure
With bliss without alloy.

But, seeking recreation,
He soon was counted "fast,"
Risked cash in speculation,
And lost it in a *last*.

BITTER SWEET.

108.—Diamond.

1.—IN SPRING PALACE.
2.—TO SWELL.
3.—AN EXTORTIONER.
4.—AQUATIC ANIMALS OF THE RADIATE TYPE.
5.—A CREEK PROPER NAME.
6.—IRON-BLACK ORES OF SILVER.
7.—INTRUSTED.
8.—TO LEVY A TENTH PART ANEW.
9.—A KIND OF VESSEL.
10.—A LATIN CONJUNCTION.
11.—IN TEXAS.

DOMINIE.

109.—Charade.

First of meanings has a score,
And I know not how many more.
It means to move upon the feet,
As when one walks along the street;
It means to pass, advance, proceed,
To circulate, turn out, to lead,
To undertake, decline, apply;
To leave, to tend, to reach, to die.
I know not *second's* pedigree;
It some relations has, I see,
For all about it I can find
Speaks of relations of some kind.
That of condition comes to view
Of action and employment too;
And another blood relation
Is that of outward situation.
Whole is an animal I've seen;
Perhaps you know the one I mean.
Some secret orders, it is said,
Are partial to this quadruped.

NELSONIAN.

110.—Anagram.

I am perplexed and in a fret;
I'm over head and ears in debt;
My creditors annoy me so
To get their pay for what I owe
I have no peace—where shall I go?
I have no means with which to pay—
Perhaps I'd better run away,
And seek a home in Canada.
Sometimes I think a rope or knife
I'll use "to put an end to" life.
I know that to economize,
And thus save money, would be wise;
I might abandon beer and rum;
"To leave off" smoking would save some;
But those I'm owing will not wait,
Alas! Alas! I am undone,
No hope for help from any one;
"I notice duns," and I must run.

J. M'K.

111.—An Alleged Myth.

[To Students in History.]

7, 2, 10, 3, 9, 8 was a celebrated French painter, born at Greville in 1814. He was a pupil of the famous historical painter, Delaroche.

1, 9, 11, 4, 2, 6, 7 was a king of England, who substituted the murderous practice of single combat for the trial by jury, and compelled the people to put out their lights at the sound of the curfew bell.

It is stated by some, whose opinions are entitled to much respect, that no such person as the *total* ever lived, but that his romantic story is merely a his orical fable. We shall continue to believe in him, however, until the most satisfactory proof shall be adduced as to his mythical character.

R. E. A. DING.

112.—Syncopation.

WHOLE.

"A boisterous wrangler" is a pest,
His noisy tongue is ne'er at rest;
Always shouting, blustering, yelling,
In a way there is no quelling;
Quarreling without a cause—
Subservient to no social laws.

LAST.

Like *whole* I too keep up a cry,
Disturbing those who're passing by.
You often hear me in the street
Where various venders have their beat;
Sometimes in pulpits I appear,
And at the bar my shouts you hear.
Both *whole* and *last* in lungs abound.
And lack of sense make up in sound.

NELSONIAN.

113.—Curtailment.

Whole is open, gaping;
Second is a crack;
The *last*, if good, seems swaping
A face which, else, would lack.

BITTER SWEET.

Answers.

97.—Excuse excesses; I am in exurberant spirits.
98.—Cannon.
99.—Masquerade.
100.—

P
PED
CERES
CARICAS
PERICARPS
PERICARDIUM
DECARDING
SARDINE
SPINE
SUG
M

101.—Rarefaction.
102.—Pest, step, pets, sept.
103.—

FENCE
IDIO M
NABOB
ANONA
NOTER
CUBA R
IN DI A
ACHES
LOGO S
LODGE
YIELD

104.—Love suit.
105.—Varnish, vanish.

WAITING.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughter and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.