"Impossible!" cried Juliette. "And yet, now I

She put her hand to her brow and started violently. Certainly, this man called Mapleton, who appeared so suddenly at Maberly, this new and mysterious acquaintance of the colonel, about whom Mrs. Philbertquaintance of the colonel, about whom Mrs. Philbertson knew nothing, and whom the master of the manion merely mentioned casually as an "old friend whom he had known in India," certainly she had seen him before. She had always felt that, and now that Florence called it again to her mind, she knew where it was and all the circumstances. She soon remembered, as distinctly as Florence herself, that cunning face, coarse and ugly, those leering eyes, that black beard—why, the creature had not even taken the trouble to shave or alter his beard; and then she fancied she had noticed a defiant, sneering expression, which had rather courted recognition. expression, which had rather courted recognition, and rejoiced in the perplexity and terror which the ladies might be supposed to manifest when they should discover the identity of the gentleman visitor with the ruffianly robber.

with the ruffianty rooper.

Neither of the young ladies judged it wise to allude to the subject in the presence of Mrs. Philbertson, but each of them felt that there were mystery and hidden guilt in this secret.

Juliette went and sat at an open window which looked over the flower garden towards the wooded glades in the park. And now, in the faint summer moonbeams, the whole country looked like some divine landscape seen in a dream.

There was only one lamp lighted, and that cast a dim radiance over the vast and splendid drawing-room. Gleaming statuette and satin curtain, glistening mirror and gold inlaid furniture, all showed indistinctly in the grand but somewhat gloomy apartment.

ment.

Mrs. Philbertson slept on a low, luxurious couch.

Florence went to the piane, and began to play a
weird, brilliant fantasia; not a loud, clamorous morceau, but a fantastic melody, like dance music for the revels of elfins or the gambols of witches.

Juliete, looking out upon the moonlit country, and listening to the unearthly strains which seemed composed by some denizen of spirit land, fell into a reverie which speedily became a memory. That dark face of Mapleton—where had she seen it before? in what far off region of childhood? Ah, she rein what far off region of childhood? Ah, she remembered now. She had been travelling it seemed for days and days along a wild country, where stunted olives grew at the side of the mountain road. She olives grow at the side of the mountain road. She was in a large carriage with some one who wore a great cloak trimmed with fur. It did not seem like summer weather, neither was it winter. It was not the climate of England; it was hardly like that of France or Italy—surely some wild, remote land whither she had never returned since those days of infancy! The man in the furred cloak wore a heavy beard, his voice was gentle, his arms were folded lovingly about her, and his name was papa. How distinctly she remembered that!

distinctly she remembered that!

When she was hungry or thirsty he drew out cakes, bread, fruit, wine, or milk, from a large sack which hung in the carriage.

She loved this papa very much; she knew that. It seemed one night that she was carried into a large house full of light and change.

house, full of lights and clamour. There was music, there were the sounds of many voices speaking many different languages. She was taken into a room. and she heard a man say in French that there was and she heard a man say in French that there was "only one room to be had, the inn was so full." Papa placed her on his knees, and gave her milk and fruit and bread, and after that a little sweet, strong wine, for she was cold; and she was placed on a sofa (there was no bed), and covered with a cloak, and so she fell asleep until the loud noise of voices awoke her. She did not cry. She hadly knew why, but she was afraid.

Papa sat before the table, and there was a great heap of money in front of him. He was rubbing his

heap of money in front of him. He was rubbing his hands together and tears were coursing down his cheeks. Opposite to him sat a man whose face she could not see, but at the side was another man. Ah. she remembered now the deeply sunken eyes and the savage mouth, She had never really forgotten them since that terrible night, for most terrible, most tragic she felt that night had been. She heard papa

say: "I shall go to my tomb a sinner. I shall see his

"I shall go to my tomb a sinner. I shall see his eyes always!"

"Then," said Blackbeard, for so she named him in her childish terror, "you shall have as much as you see there for as long as you live, and all you have to do is to hold silence. 'A still tongue makes a wise head'—and a full purse. Be wise. You could not save him now if you would; and as for your child, she shall enjoy the full benefit of the earl's will, whatever it may be. Think what a benefit for her."

Then papa covered his eyes with his hands, and

"My child, my little one that loves me so; she will go from me and never se

Hearing that, she had risen up, stretched out her baby hands, and cried: "Papa! Papa!" Whereupon the man with the black beard had rushed savagely towards her, had raised her all screaming and straggling in his arms. After that she was passed to her father, and carried out upon a stone terrace where the moon was beaming. A sombre and gloomy lake washed the shores of this terrace; great mountains reared themselves round about the inn. What district it was she could not now deter-

inn. What district it was she could not now determine. She had never seen anything like it since in England, France, or Italy.

She fell asleep upon the shoulder of the man whom she called papa. When she awakened again she was in a carriage that was moving rapidly. She looked about wildly for her father, but there were seated with her only strangers. Her wild, piteous cries, her desperate entreaties, her frenzied inquiries after her father were all of no avail.

From that day to this, a period of some fifteen

From that day to this, a period of some fifteen ears, she had never looked upon his face, or heard

years, she had never tooked upon his face, or heard his voice again.

She had been taken into cities, been received in fine houses, been tenderly nurtured by female hands. Change, and kindness, and amusements, had gradually weaned her infant mind from dwelling on the past—a pall had fallen, as it were, between her and

past—a pail had failed, as it were, between her and the memory of that mysterious night.

She had forgotten everything. She was the Lady Juliette, pampered and caressed. Her childhood and youth had been pleasantly and happily passed, although there were certain conditions connected with her future and linked in with her past which caused embarrassment and gloom occasionally to weigh down her spirits and cloud her brow.

weigh down her spirits and cloud her brow.

She had heard that her father had died in London, greatly involved. He had left her a great deal of property notwithstanding; but this had mysteriously disappeared. No account remained of it; the titlededs and all were gone. There was a hundred ayear left for her education, and there was a will consigning her at the age of nineteen to Sir Guildford Owen. Bart.

year left for her education, and there was a will consigning her at the age of nineteen to Sir Guildford Owen, Bart.

He was a merchant prince of enormous wealth. The noblest blood of England and Spain mingled in her voins. She could count titled dames and coronetted earls as cousins by the dozen. She was beautiful, highly gifted, highly cultivated; and although she was poor she was a noble prize in herself.

She was eighteen, and Sir Guildford Owen was fifty-six, and still she was not projudiced against the marriage as yet—her character was as peculiar as her face was beautiful, and she had made up her mind to marry Sir Guildford, provided she could respect him, and if he gave her as much liberty to carry out her favourite schemes as she desired. But meanwhile strange, wild doubts had risen up in her heart. Who was that strange papa whom she had never seen since that mysterious night? If she talked about it now, they would tell her she had been dreaming—that sudden unfelding of the scroll which memory had held hidden from her for so long, which memory had held hidden from her for so long, that scroll whereon she read the past as vividly as though it had been enacted that very hour, showed her her heart, and awakened strange questions in her

"I must find out the secret," said Juliette.

Then she arose, lighted a lamp, crossed the room, and went to a recess where over a cabinet hung a likeness of the late earl in a frame.

She raised the light and scrutinised the face curiously. Was it a likeness of that same papa from whom she had parted in the olive country fifteen years before? Alas! that papa had a black beard, large mild eyes, dark hair. "The earl was fair to see," with a bloom on his cheek, a blonde moustache, blue eyes, auburn hair, an expression gay and de-

Juliette turned away utterly astonished, and a dim and awful wonder filled her whole soul. At that moment a servant entered, and informed her that the

colonel was waiting for her in the library.

Juliette descended the wide staircase, crossed the hall, and entered the room. A lamp burned on the table; the colonel sat in an arm-chair. He raised his hand as Juliette entered, and said, softly:

"Shut the door and lock it, Juliette, I have some-

thing of importance to tell you."

Juliette closed the door as she was directed, and

approached her guardian.
"You must not be startled," continued the colonel,
"at what I am going to tell you."
(To be continued)

HAWKERS' LICENCES.—The duty on hawkers' licences in Great Britain, by the new Act (33 and 34 Victoria, cap. 32), of 2l. is to be ceased on the 1st of October next.

SCIENCE.

TRIAL OF TORPEDOES.—A sea torpedo has undergone a trial at Plymouth. Several naval authorities were present on board the gunboat Pigeon. The first torped, towing on the port side, was used against the hulk Sea Horse, the gunboat crossing the stern, and the torpedo striking her port amidships about 10 ft. below the water-line. No. 2 torpedo, on the starboard side, was towed against Her Majesty's brig Squirrel, under canvas in the offing, and, striking her on the port quarter, came up under her bows. No. 3, towing to starboard, was then brought down upon the turret-ship Prince Albert, at shell practice, further out; the gunboat crossed the ship's bow, and the torpedo struck her port bow Sft. under water, and, passing under the bottom, came up on the starboard bow. With No. 4, to port, also used against the Prince Albert, the town line passed over the ship, and was allowed to run out to the end, the bight was then thrown clear, and the torpedo came up from under the bottom. No. 5, to starboard, was used against the brig Squirrel, and, striking her on the starboard-bow, at Sft. under water, came up under the starboard-quarter. Several other attacks were then made on the turret-ship Prince Albert in every conceivable direction, and in almost every instance with complete success, as the capsule was found to be pierced after every contact, showing that had the torpedoes been loaded with an explosive compound, the destruction of the vessels struck must have ensued.

The Pressure of the Ocean.—The pressure exerted by the water of the ocean upon whatever

been loaded with an explosive compound, the destruction of the vessels struck must have ensued.

The Pressure of the Ocean.—The pressure exerted by the water of the ocean upon whatever is submerged in its abysses may be readily calentated when the dopth is known. The weight of a column of sea water one inch square is almost exactly a ton for every 800 fathoms of its height; and consequently the pressure upon the bottom at 2455 fathoms depth is rather over three tons upon every square inch. This, however, has but very little effect upon the density of the water; for the compressibility of water is so slight that even the pressure just mentioned would certainly not reduce it by one-fortieth of its volume, or produce an increase in its density equalling the difference between sate and fresh water. It has been asserted in an "Advanced Text Book of Geology" that "at great depths sand, mud, and all loose debris will be compressed and consolidated;" as if these substances were being squeeged in a Bramah press, which should force out all their liquid, and bring their solid particles into the closest possible contact. The fact, now ascertained beyond all doubt, that sand or mud retain its ordinary condition at a depth of nearly three miles, under a pressure of more than three tons on the square inch, is perfectly accordant with the law of fluid pressure; for as such pressure acts equally in all directions it will be exerted just as much in forcing in water between the solid particles as it is in pressing these particles together; and thus, an equilibrium being uniformly maintained, the loose sand or mud of shallow water would remain absolutely unchanged in its condition, to whatever depth the bottom might subside.

New Process of Casting Metals.—A few

uniformly maintained, the loose sand or mud of shallow water would remain absolutely unchanged in its condition, to whatever depth the bottom might subside.

New Process of Casting Metals.—A few days ago a number of gentlemen from London. Manchester, and Liverpool, met at the works of the Lancashire Engineering and Compression Casting Company, St. Helen's Junction, on the Manchester and Liverpool line of railway, to witness the new process of casting, in brass and iron, chased and embossed work of the most elaborate description. The process, which was here for the first time exhibited in England, is an American invention, and its utility was shown to consist in this—that any design, whether in high or low relief, chased on metal of any required pattern or shape, whether flat as door-plats or round as a vase, can be reproduced by castings from it ad infinitum, and each casting will show upon it all the sharpness and beauty of the original chasing. Moulds are made with a preparation of fine clay from the articles to be reproduced. The making of one of these moulds takes a person from five to ten minutes. The moulds have then to stand twenty-four hours to air dry, after which they are baked in a furnace for eight hours. These clay moulds, into which the metal is afterwards poured, are to all intents and purposes encaustic tiles. These clay moulds are placed in a box, and the air is extracted from them so as to form a vacuum, after which the molton metal is forced into them, and in this way in ten minutes a casting can be completed. When the casting is taken out, the design, however intricate, is found to be perfectly represented, with the exception of removing a slight surface of clay from it, which can be done in half-an-hour, and the article is found to be kept from a fortnight to a month in the chaser's hands. In this way an enormous amount of cost and labour on ornamental articles in metal is saved.