



**AN ACROSTIC.**

SOURCE of joy, unbounded pleasure,  
Uniting circles when at leisure,  
Calling gems from GRAPHIC'S page,  
Causing mirth for youth and age.  
Everywhere the cry's the same:  
Superior art in picture fame—  
Surely all approval claim.

Tales of woe, and mirth, and joy;  
Of sincere love (without alloy).

Then of Fashion, Colour, Dress,  
Household words of loveliness;  
E'en conundrums you may guess.

Never was there paper yet  
Ever stamped with inky jet  
Welcomed more—when GRAPHIC'S met.

Zealandia's pride—Illustrates  
Every feature, faithful drawn;  
And the thrilling tale relates  
Love's adventures, ably shown;  
And the few, select, elite,  
Nymphs of fashion, so complete,  
Drawn in costumes, rare and neat.

Give me but the GRAPHIC'S store—  
Rich in novel, picture lore—  
After which, I ask no more.  
Papers there may be—as good,  
Highly prized, least understood—  
I admit; to me they're stale  
Compared with notes by 'Dolly Vale.'

Addington.

H. CLARKE.

**THE HEYGOOD TEA-SERVICE.**

BY ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

**TWO ADVENTURES.**



**W**'E've no weapon,' whispered Fred, excitedly, 'but there are two against one.'  
"Do as I do!" Arnold whispered. He had resolved to spring upon the intruder the moment he set foot upon that last turn in the stairway, which would bring his back toward them. But the hand that held the pistol was presently withdrawn, the figure disappeared within the garret, and the light that had faintly illuminated the winding stairway was removed. There were stealthy steps in the garret above, and then a great stillness.  
"Let's rush up there!" whispered Fred, rashly.  
"Better wait till he comes down again," said Arnold.  
A moment later the figure reappeared, bearing a lamp that burned dimly, and was carefully shaded by the hand that still held the pistol—a very clumsy old weapon. The lamp-bearer's face was completely hidden by the hood of the waterproof cloak in which the tall form

was closely wrapped.  
"Slowly this mysterious figure descended; another step, and the turn in the stairway would be reached."  
"Now!" whispered Arnold.  
"Now!" answered Fred, bracing himself for the spring.  
But the figure stood still, peered over the railing into the windows—and laughed.  
"Sally!" exclaimed both the boys. Arnold burst forth angrily:  
"This is an outrageous prank, Sally! I'm ashamed of you!"  
"Sh!" said Sally, lifting her finger. You will wake the

colonel and frighten Cousin Dorina out of her wits, you boys!"  
"Well, that's cool!" said Fred. "He'll wake the colonel! He'll frighten Aunt Dorina! What are you up to, Sally?"  
"Did you hear any noise?" she asked, uneasily.  
"Of course we did," answered Arnold, "up there in the garret."  
"Well," said Sally, coolly, "I went up there—and found nobody."  
"Weren't you afraid?" Fred asked, in involuntary admiration.

"Yes, I was terribly afraid!" the girl replied. Her face was very pale, and she shivered slightly. "But there was only a bat up there, and I pulled the hood over my head."  
"Suppose there had been a burglar?"  
"I was much more afraid of meeting you two boys," Sally answered. "But I had taken care to provide myself with a pistol," and she laughed again as she lifted the clumsy old weapon. "Great-great-grandfather Heywood must have carried this when he fought the Indians. I thought it would match that ancient trunk, Fred."  
Fred laughed rather sheepishly, but made no motion to take the pistol.

Early the next morning Sally carried the pistol to Miss Dorina.

"You are a dear, thoughtful girl, Sally," said the old lady, with a devout faith in the effectiveness of the ancient family relic. "I don't approve in general of carrying deadly weapons; but self-protection is a duty, and must be remembered when a young man is going into distant parts."

Southshire had been very far away in Miss Dorina's youth.

As Miss Dorina never drove out, there was no need of a carriage in the Witheredge establishment, and the gig was too small to accommodate the Colonel and Arnold, both of whom wished to see their traveller safely in the train.

Fred, therefore, with his grandfather and his cousin, and the little hair trunk, took his departure for the town and the railroad station in the market-wagon.

It was just as he took his seat in this conveyance that Miss Dorina presented him with the pistol.

"Remember, my boy, it is for defence only," she said, "and not to be vaingloriously displayed."

Fred took the pistol with a rueful glance at Sally, whose broad-brimmed garden hat hid her laughter.

"And whatever you do, don't lose sight of that trunk, Fred," Miss Dorina cautioned. "It's a good idea to sit on it."

"Cousin Dorina thinks you are going to sit there all the way to Baybridge, Southshire," whispered Sally, and the three young people laughed.

"Dear, dear! It's a very solemn occasion—a very solemn occasion, indeed," said Miss Dorina. "I wish you wouldn't laugh."

She wiped her eyes on a silk handkerchief, kissed Fred tenderly, and taking Sally's arm, walked slowly back to the house.

"Don't look after them, Sally, my child! don't!" she entreated, as they walked along the straight, brick-laid path that led from the gate to the front steps. "It is bad luck to watch a departing friend."

Miss Dorina was evidently depressed. Whether it was because she was parting with the silver or parting with Fred, she was disposed to take most gloomy views of life.

She had never been given to crying, but she sighed, and assured Sally again and again that this is a world of trouble, until the gay, light-hearted girl was taken with such a fit of sobbing that Miss Dorina herself cheered up.

"Come, come, child!" she coaxed. "It will never do to fall into the dumps, for we two shall be all alone until dinner-time. The colonel has business in Riggdon that will delay him, so we must do our best to comfort each other. We'll have some mulled wine and spice-cake for our lunch."

In the good old days that are gone forever, Sally, we always had mulled wine when we were droopy over a friend's departure. Old Martha shall make it by my Grandmother Heywood's recipe, the same that has been used in this family for many, many years.

"Yes, and we'll have it served in that silver bowl that was your Great-aunt Sally Witheredge Holly's christening-bowl; and I've changed my mind about the ladies, Sally. I'll give the ladies to Hetty (Gage Witheredge, and you shall have the christening-bowl; so do, my dear, cheer up!"

But Sally, notwithstanding this comforting assurance, only cried the more, and sobbed out that she did not deserve the christening-bowl.

Old Martha, who had been Miss Dorina's maid, and was now her self-willed housekeeper, came in, and made the mulled wine under Miss Dorina's vigilant eye; but they disputed over its compounding, and Miss Dorina pronounced the brew a total failure.

It did not taste at all liked the mulled wine her mother and grandmother used to serve, she said.

"Hit's you what aren't the same, Miss Dorina," said old Martha. She was younger than Miss Dorina, but had always patronised her.

"Perhaps so!" sighed Miss Dorina, and sipped and sighed again, while Sally's tears fell into her great-aunt's christening bowl. At that moment Sally hated the family silver, and wished she had never seen a piece of it.

Old Martha, who went out with a goodly portion of the condemned beverage for her own refection, remarked, as she shared the spoils with Caleb, her husband:

"Miss Sally is crying for some of her sins."

Meantime Fred was making the first stage of his journey from his home to the station. Arnold drove, with the colonel seated beside him; Fred was perched on the hair trunk behind them.

"Fred," said the old gentleman, over his shoulder, as soon as they had turned the bend in the road, "better give me that old shooting-iron. It's only fit to make you ridiculous, and get you into trouble, perhaps."

Fred got it up willingly.  
"It's a joke of Sally's, sir," he explained; "only Aunt Dorina would not take it as a joke."

"She need be none the wiser," the Colonel assured him, as he hid the pistol under the horse-blanket in the bottom of the market-wagon.

"How do you suppose I've managed with her all these years?" he grumbled, confidently; "and then, regarding this domestic treason, he began hurriedly to give his grandson a great deal of advice, the sum of which was that he must keep a strict guard over his tongue, and not be seen to watch the trunk too closely."

"Of course you can't sit on it all the way!" he concluded, testily. "Women, bless 'em, are too mortally exacting; but there's one comfort: once out of their sight, a man needn't do all they expect, poor things! Your aunt Dorina never was inside a railway train in all her days. She never saw more than the smoke of the locomotive across the river."

The old gentleman would trust nobody but himself to buy Fred's ticket.

"Here you are," he said dolefully, as he thrust the bit of paper into his grandson's hand. "Don't lose it. You'll change cars twice, remember. It will be by daylight, as near as I can make out, and you must be on hand in an off-hand sort of way, you know, to see your baggage transferred."

"Take care of yourself, dear boy, and if anything goes wrong, telegraph me at once. But—if anything should happen to you, your Great-great-grandmother Heywood's silver, better keep still the rest of your days, or your Aunt Dorina's days, poor soul!"

The bell rang, and Fred, with his heart in his throat and a strange mist that was not sorrow, in his young, eager eyes, was off at last. He felt like a bird let loose as he waved his handkerchief to Arnold and to his bare-headed old grandfather who stood uncovered in the wintry day to honour his grandson's departure.

It is not necessary to follow this inexperienced traveller all of his way from Haversham to the remote village of Baybridge. It suffices to say that he kept his eyes wide open by day, and only closed them at night when sleep overpowered him.

But he was not watching the trunk; he was taking in impressions that almost effaced his great-great-grandmother's silver tea service from his recollection. He remembered it indeed, when he changed carriages, and assuming an air of travelled experience, he sauntered forth to see his baggage transferred to his new train.

He had trembled lest the little hair trunk should be missing, but when he saw it he was ashamed of it, and turned away whistling, but greatly relieved in mind.

Having seen the trunk safely through the second ordeal of this kind about noon of the second day—it was a slow train, with many stops and delays,—Fred felt that he might congratulate himself upon having escaped all probable risk of robbery.

He expected to reach his destination at about ten o'clock that night, and already he pictured himself telegraphing his grandfather, "Arrived safely. Trunk intact." He had never sent a despatch in his life, and this one was of great importance in his eyes.

But late in the afternoon Fred heard news that sorely troubled him. He asked the distance to Baybridge, and was informed that the railroad, which was a new one, had not been completed as far as Baybridge. It extended only to Hollow-Cane, about twenty-five miles from Baybridge.

"Only twenty-five miles!" said Fred, between relief and despair. "How am I to get there with—with my trunk?" he stammered. The words were out before he knew.

His question was answered vaguely to a group of men in the seats opposite him. They all turned, and one of them said, running his eye over the lad's trim figure: "Well, youngster, if the worst comes, and your shiny shoes don't pinch, you can walk. Sling your trunk across your shoulders; onless it is heavy."

This was followed by a very boisterous laugh.  
"What sort of place is Hollow-Cane?" Fred asked, un- easily, of a sober-looking, middle-aged man, who sat apart, and only smiled when the others laughed.

"It's a roadside hotel," he answered, slowly. "Maybe you can get a bunk to sleep on."

"Could I get a conveyance on to Baybridge?" Fred asked. This time he did not mention his trunk, but he thought of it the more.

"There's a coach running regularly to Winwood—four miles. You might get a conveyance from there to Baybridge to-morrow."

Just as the whistle blew to announce their approach to Hollow-Cane station, the sober-looking man who had given him this information came from the other end of the carriage and sat beside him.

"The conductor tells me," said he, "that you can go on to Baybridge to-night. Tom Meyrick runs an open wagon three times a week, and this is one of his nights. He is a trusty fellow, has a good team, and the road is easy. I'll hunt him up and make you acquainted."

They stumbled out into the darkness. The station loomed up in the dim glare of two or three flickering lamps.

Fred, stiff and half-gladly with long riding, was conscious of a confusion of lights and sounds. How he managed it, he hardly knew, but he had singled out his trunk, and was seated on it when his self-appointed guide introduced Tom Meyrick.

He was not a very tall man, but was powerfully built. His hair and eyes were black, and he had a heavy black beard and bushy eyebrows that were knit in an unpre- posing frown. Fred did not like his looks. In his anxiety for the safety of his treasure, he exaggerated the man's hard expression, and felt sure he was a villain. The young traveller was very homesick and despondent.

"What time do we reach Baybridge?" he asked.

"Put you there by three o'clock. Start right away," Meyrick answered, with a rigid countenance.

"Not an agreeable hour to rout up a family. I suppose there's an hotel I can put up at?"

"Oh yes. Any baggage?"

"Only this trunk."

Meyrick snatched it up to fling it into the open wagon that was drawn up at the end of the platform.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed with a grin. "I picked up