

a cent, and remember, child, you will be doing a moral wrong," and he passed out on his next errand of charity, leaving the good seed he had sown in spite of all resistance to its silent unction.

Soon after Louise purchased a beautiful home on St. George Street. Friends poured in with wonderful quickness, for an heirress to fifteen hundred thousand is not too plentiful, and besides "so charming, my dear."

All the guests of Souvestres remembered meeting Miss Sheridan, but something always occurred till now to prevent their calling.

Louise received them with the same quiet grace she did when the paid elocutionist, considerably discomfiting them by her frequent allusion to her hard work.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a delightful evening, and "Alloway" was all brightness of Louise.

In front of the house lay a beautiful bed of flowers and Louise as chief guest was standing laughingly pinning button hole bouquets on a number of admiring swains.

On the verandah, sat Edgar Atheling in apparent conversation with George Frazer, whilst Beverleigh Romayne, leaning carelessly against a pillar, notes the frequent glances towards the flower bed, all unconscious that he too is watched.

We all have known a time of restlessness when we vainly strive to throw interest into our answers, when truant thoughts are dragging our only too willing self in another direction.

At last Edgar sauntered over when some counter attraction drew the crowd, and Beverleigh saw Louise stoop and pluck a calla lily, and after a moment's hesitation drew a shade nearer, and the sombre coat wore its lady's colors.

Beverleigh turned to answer a question of silly Mrs. Morrey, about a butterfly she had captured, and saw Zita Heatherleigh saying good-bye to her hosts.

Zita had grown up to love Mrs. Frazer and wonder at the perfect contentment of her crippled husband. She listened with curious awe to the warm interest he evinced in all the doings of the world, and yet there he lay, a man just in his prime, with little more motive power than he possessed forty years ago. Was it some inward strength supplied what nature had lost?

And as she rode through Rosedale, enjoying the evidence of a Creator in the sloping, green bank, fit chair for a Cleopatra with all her abandoned grace, stray streams with reflected drapery of slender green maples, and here and there without warning up rises a steep rock, imposing in its grandeur, yet so fashioned is the human mind, that even this slight girl exclaimed, "Oh, great spirit, whom so many proclaimed omnipotent, you are too intangible for poor mortals, for had you feelings kin to ours, why do I suffer so?"

None but the one who allows this soul to hear so bleeding a wound can understand what it is passionately longing for, and his healing comes in strange ways.

Zita had forgotten to guide her horse, and missing his step precipitated himself and rider headlong over the steep bank lying to the side.

Two workmen, passing some hours later, found her as they thought dead; but as she lay all crushed like a broken statue her eyelids moved.

Skillful doctors worked hard to save her, but had to acknowledge their inability to find a cure for death.

As the proud mother wrung her hands begging of her child not to leave her! and whilst man of dollars and cents bowed his head where lay his little daughter, his breast heaving with a man's terrible grief, they heard her whisper, "Louise."

Gone was all empty pride, for at the loved friend entering the house, the sorrowful mother wound her arms around her as something dear to her dying child.

In the room all alone Louise sat with her hand locked in Zita's. The hot tears shutting out the white face, as she listened to the weak voice telling how she had loved Beverleigh Romayne with "that love which was her doom."

The harm was wrought before she learnt of the bar pronounced by the minister of God.

She had striven against it just as he had against his unlawful love; each deprived of the poor consolation of their being a hope if such a marriage did not exist, for Zita had seen what Louise did not, and turned from the chaste young red.

But now all was over, the scales had fallen from her eyes and though the "eleventh hour" perhaps she would be received into the Vineyard. At her request Myles administered to the dying one, the boundless comforts the church holds out to the re-

pentant, to help them across that dark and lonely journey "from which no traveller returns."

With a smile on the sweet face for the sorrowing ones, the choice flower of society and the very pulse of her parents' hearts Zita closed her eyes in death.

CHAPTER XX.

Louise and little Pat had come to the country for a short holiday.

How fresh all is there, even the farmers' broad jokes. It seems as if the very width of the fields gives breadth to the mind, and men and women are such as the great God intended them, not hampered by form and rule, fearing to look through the right eye, lest society demanded more use of the left.

There the master and his man, the mistress and her maid meet on common basis as if they were human beings, alike coming from the one source and tending to the one end.

Louise gained health and strength after her sad vigil and though her heart was sore with the loss of her friend, she was young and the bright harvest day lured her out for a walk.

The downy clouds drifted lazily along in their inverted azure basin and Louise as she raised her eyes, did not wonder at Pluto so often choosing the heavens as a theme for a centre to weave celestial born thoughts, for even our most beautiful lower scenery can be actually touched there by destroying its ideality, but that other is a visible imagination almost realizing our conception of a Creator, giving us a thrill of intense gratitude that we were thought worthy to be even an insignificant unit in His handiwork.

As Louise walked by the roadside, she could hear the farmers gee-haw to their patient horses, mingling with the homelike rasping sound of flighy grasshoppers.

In a large field to her right she espied an immense Yorkshire bull glaring crossly over the fence.

She returned his looks fearlessly and then with a latent strain of Neil's mischievousness picked up a light stick, and commenced beating a tattoo on the fence, using her cloacatory powers in low growls.

It had its effect, for the irate animal began rooting the ground, and Louise in fancied safety redoubled her efforts, when with a tear he plunged at the fence.

She turned in a fright, and with the quickness of Pluto, was over the other fence bounding the road, before the enraged beast extricated his limbs.

But now he was making for the second defence, and he would certainly gore her to death. She could not keep jumping fences till help came, and to escape by running was impossible.

Beside her stood a stout old oak. In a twinkling she was up it, and secure in her vantage ground, watched her baffled enemy, as, after sealing the fence, he stood looking up with vengeance in his great eyes.

For a while she amused herself by making grimaces and pelting acorns, but when she saw him lie down at the foot of the tree in wait, she became terror-stricken as the bright summer day began to dim and no help near.

What if she had to remain up in the tree all night by a lonely country road? And worse still, if sleep should overcome her even for one moment and so lose her balance?

The last rays of the setting sun were looking on the cramped up figure in its aerial position as if loth to leave it, when there came the faint sound as of the bark of a dog, nearer and nearer it came, the beating of her heart almost preventing the hearing of the welcome sound.

Then there floated on the stillness, human voices, but so distant Louise could not tell if they were not of her own creation.

Again she listened with strained nerves, almost falling off her perch as she recognized good old Pluto's deep bay.

I like the famous American lecturer who "would not be sorry if he met his faithful dog in the other world," despite the irrelevant incongruity of the remark.

Pluto had run on ahead, heedless of the two men who tried to keep him close. Was it instinct made him when near his mistress's old fort wait for the familiar call: "Pluto, Pluto," and with a mighty spring land on the couchant animal.

The unexpected noise made the two men hasten.

"Pluto, old boy, what have you there?" "Oh! Mr. Atheling, I am so glad you have come," came in weak, pitiful tones.

"Good heavens, Louise," and the excited young man was near getting his death, in his eagerness to reach Louise, but his friend pulled him back.

"Take care, Atheling, or that brute will have you under his feet. Be patient for a moment, and Pluto will lure him off, and you came to liberate Miss Sheridan," for it was John

Morrey who was speaking in his stern logical voice.

The intelligent dog, as if understanding, kept worrying till the frantic beast tore off in an opposite direction, just as Louise sunk trembling into a pair of outstretched arms.

"My darling," Edgar hoarsely whispered, and there under cover of the quiet country fields their lips met in a lover's mystical kiss.

CHAPTER XXI.

We all know the sequence of an engagement.

Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Morrey taking possession of Louise gave orders for a stupendous wedding. The young girl was rather shy over it, preferring a simple one, but they overruled her, as too winsome to be passed quietly by, and besides she must do justice to being the wealthiest maiden in all Toronto.

The night before the wedding came and all the old time friends were gathered at "Alloway."

The groom-elect trying hard to not seem out of his normal condition, but the steel blue eyes would persist in softening as they rested on a slight figure with a flush on the delicate face, a tender smile playing round the sensitive mouth as she sat beside Neil with little Pat on her knee.

Beverleigh Romayne was to start the next day with Neil for a trip to the Holy Land. He said he needed a change and would like the lad for company.

Louise was pleased as she thought of her twin brother under Beverleigh Romayne's discipline and she thanked him with the old smile that made him wince.

Just then the servant threw open the door announcing, "Mrs. O'Kelly and child," and Beverleigh turning saw the wife he had not seen for seventeen years.

All his grand languor vanished, and the blood of those in the room ran cold, as they saw his face as he strode forward.

"What means this intrusion, Madam?"

Her eyes returned a malignant answer, turning to Louise asked, "are you Miss Sheridan?"

"Yes."

"Where is your twin brother Neil?" "Present," answered the owner as he stepped forward.

"Indeed, sir, I have come to claim my property as widow of the late Nicholas O'Kelly and mother of his child," rang out in hard metallic tones.

Louise's face paled, and she would have fallen but for Edgar Atheling's strong arm, as Beverleigh answered.

"Woman, you lie, you are my wife and none other."

She laughed her hyena laugh. "I was, I am not now. Did you not receive the papers of divorce I secured in California?"

"Yes; but I do not recognize them. I did not think you were so fond of the yoke, as not to profit by the dissolution and so win your pretty one," she returned, casting an only too meaning glance at Louise.

Edgar Atheling was beside her in a flash. "If you were not a woman, and once were Beverleigh Romayne's name I would make you eat your words."

But Louise's hand was on his arm. "Hush, Edgar, may be the woman is in the right. Let Arthur Kavanagh judge her story."

And whilst they stood around too excited to be seated, little Pat toddled over and made friends with the little would-be relation whom Beverleigh was watching with feelings too subtle to be analyzed. Turning his face where afar off could be seen the dim outline of Mount Pleasant Cemetery, he thought of another graveyard where lay two, whose unwise work was doing more harm to-night than seventeen years ago, by injuring the woman more dear to him than his own happiness.

After Beverleigh had returned to bury his father, and made no sign but went on enjoying life, his wife left the country, and finally settled in Oakville, California, where she met Nicholas O'Kelly, and by a strange fatality they were married, having first procured a divorce.

Nicholas had gone on a trip into the Black Hills, and, as we know, was murdered by the Indians.

His wife, on hearing the news, followed with her child to see if it were true.

After three days' travelling, the party got off their bearings and died of starvation, except the mother and child, who were saved from death to be taken prisoners by a tribe of Indians, and there held for nine years, when some mounted soldiers released them.

On her return to Oakville she found that the two sisters of her dead husband had claimed his great wealth, there being no account of his marriage.

Just on the day when all was ready for herself and child to get their own, Louise

had won her case in Canada, and the property had changed hands.

But hers was an indomitable masculine nature that never flinched, and she set out for Toronto after again setting the powerful wheel of the law in motion.

Arriving in the city, Mrs. O'Kelly made enquiries about the family now enjoying the shuttlecock fortune, and also about the fortune of long ago, with strange inconsistency, pushing away the puny boy who bore the name O'Kelly, and again drawing him fiercely to her as dark thoughts of the past surged over the hardened heart.

She found that all she wanted to meet were centered in the one house, and the satisfaction of a "woman scorned," was hers when she dealt the double blow in striking Louise, for, like gentle Zita, she saw at once Beverleigh's hidden passion.

Her story was told and Edgar, opening the door, bid her leave, saying that before to-morrow night her ill-gotten wealth would be hers, as his promised bride deserved comfort now by the strong, clean hand of her husband.

[THE END.]

Hints for Making Presents.

The arrival of the busy Christmas season usually finds almost every one with an accumulation of unfinished presents on hand, things that must be finished, too often at the expense of sleep, or else others bought as substitutes; and with this hurry invariably comes the determination to "begin earlier next year." But the months roll by, the resolution is forgotten, and the same unfinished accumulation stares one in the face at the last moment.

A good plan is to make a memorandum of any new thing you see and may want to copy, and when you find yourself with leisure time, during the summer months, consult your memorandum, and make one thing at a time. You will find use for all you make, and Christmas giving will not be the task you have usually found it.

For a gentleman, quite a pretty and useful present for Christmas or birthdays may be made of the little, transparent drawing-slides, which can be found at all toy stores.

Get one of these about 4½x5½ inches in size, the frame rather wide, and with little metal corner-pieces if you can. Take out the pictures, and in place of these cut a piece of heavy writing paper to fit. On this print with pen and ink a gentleman's complete laundry list, leaving a wide margin to the left of the list.

Gild the frame by using two coats of liquid gold. In the top of the frame put a little brass ring and screw, such as are used on window shades, by which to hang it up. Draw a yard of very narrow ribbon through this ring and tie it leaving one end a little longer than the other. To one end attach a small piece of fine sponge, and to the other one of the tiny lead pencils with a ring in the top, such as are used on programmes, first gilding it to match the frame.

Make a pretty bow of ribbon about one and a half inches wide, and fasten this on the upper left-hand corner of the frame, using a small tack. Now insert your list under this glass, leaving the rough surface of the glass up, and you will be pleased with the effect.

These are very pretty if some graceful floral design be painted on the natural color of the wood, and then a coat of white varnish given it.

You might also add another use for it by inserting a card with "Memorandum" or "Engagement" printed on it, so that the recipient may use it for whichever purpose he chooses.

A dainty spectacle case, suitable for young or old, may be made at very small cost.

Get three-quarters of a yard of ribbon three and a half inches wide. Fringe on end about an inch, then fold a tuck two inches deep, so that the edge will just meet the fringed part. Overcast very neatly the three edges of the ribbon together leaving the folded edge and the top of the tuck free, so that it forms a pocket. Now make another one just above this, leaving a space of about an inch between the two. Cut two pieces of bolting cloth the size of the pockets, and on one point an owl's head in the shades of golden brown, and on the other a pair of spectacle frames in gold. Baste these on the pockets—the owl's head on the top pocket—finish the edges with bronze and gold tinsel cord.

Old Gentleman—"You haven't been quarreling with that young man who calls on you, have you, Julia?"

Julia—"Why, no, pa; why do you ask such a question?"

Old Gentleman—"I noticed that he has kept away somewhat lately. He has only been here six times this week so far."—[Boston Herald.]