TWICKENHAM FERRY.

"O hoi ye ho! ho ye ho! who's for the ferry?
(The briar's in bud, and the sun's going down.)
And I'll row ye so quick, and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town."
The ferry-man's slim, and the ferry-man's young,
And he's just a soft twang at the end of his tongue,
And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town.

"O hoi ye ho! ho ye ho! I'm for the ferry.
(The briar's in bud and the sun's going down,)
And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny;
And how shall I get me to Twickenham town?"
She's a rose in her bonnet, and oh she looks sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry,
"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham town."

"O hoi ye ho! ho!" you're too late for the ferry.
(The briar's in bud, and the sun's going down,)
And he's not rowing quick, and he's not rowing steady;
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham town."
O hoi! and O ho! ye may call as ye will;
The moon is a-rising on Petersham hill;
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in rowing to Twickenham town

QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By **Mrs. Mary J. Holmes**, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

REINETTE'S INTERVIEW WITH MARGERY.

Reinette did not ring, but entered unannounced, like one who had but one thought, one purpose, and was resolved to carry it out with as little ceremony as possible. It was fortunate for all parties that this was Margery's dull season, and there were no girls there with prying eyes and curious ears to listen, for Reinette was greatly excited now that the moment drew near when she could confront Christine, and she plunged at once into business by saying to Margery, "Where is your mother? I have come to see her."

"Mother is sick," Margery replied, "sick in bed with an attack of neuralgia; she is very nervous and cannot see anyone. I am sorry, but you will have to wait. Maybe I can do as well," she continued, looking wonderingly at Queenie, who, utterly disregarding what she said, had started for the stairs.

"No, you will not do as well. I must see her; it is very important and I cannot wait," Queenie said, still advancing toward the stairs, while Margery put herself between them and her friend, whose strange conduct surprised her so much.

"But you cannot see her. I promised none should disturb her," she said again, and now she laid her hand on Queenie's shoulder to detain her, for Queenie's foot was on the first stair and she looked resolute enough to storm a fortress as she persisted in her determination to go up.

But not less resolute than her own was the face which confronted her as Margery roused up and said in a voice Queenie had never heard from her before: "Miss Hetherton! You astonish me. I tell you mother is sick and cannot be disturbed. You must not go up."

"And I tell you I must. I have important news from Mentone, news which concerns your mother and me, and I must see her."

"News! What news?" Margery asked, thinking suddenly of the letter her mother had received from Mentone the previous night, and experiencing a vague feeling of fear and dread of some impeding evil. "What news have you heard which concerns my mother? Tell me," she repeated, looking steadily at Reinette, with who was regarding her fixedly, with a bright, blood red spot on either cheek, and a strange glitter in her black eyes.

Reinette hesitated a moment, kept silent by something in Margery's face, but when she said for the third time, "Tell me what news you have received from France," she replied: "Margery, it shall never, never make any difference between us, but your mother is Christine Bodine, my old nurse, whom I have been trying to find."

"Christine Bodine! My mother Christine Bodine! Impossible! She was Marie La Mille. How did you hear it?" Margery gasped as she clutched Reinette's shoulder with a grip which was painful.

"I have it from her agent in Mentone, who has received money for her at different times from Messrs. Polignac in Paris—money my father deposited for her with them years ago. Now let me go! I must see her!" Queenie said, darting up the stairs, no longer restrained by Margery, who had let her pass without further protest.

Clasping her hand to her head as if smitten with a blow, Margery staggered back, and leaning against the wall for support, tried to think what it all meant, while with lightning rapidity her mind traveled back over the past, gathering up a thread here and there until she had no doubt that what Queenie had told her was true. Her mother was Christine Bodine. But why this concealment? What was she hiding? What had she done?

Margery's first impulse was to hurry up the stairs to her mother's room, where there was already the sound of excited voices, her mother's and Queenie's blended together, as each strove to be heard, and once she caught her own name, as if her mother were calling her to come.

Then she did start, and was half way up the stairs, when the door-bell rang violently—a sharp, imperious ring, which she recognized as Anna Ferguson's. She was expecting that young lady, and knowing that however fierce a storm might be blowing, she must keep it from the world, she calmed herself with a tremendous effort, and opening the door to Anna, listened patiently for several minutes, while the girl examined her sacque and said it would do very well, only the price was too high.

"Ma never asked anything like that for a common sacque."

"Very well. Pay me what you like," Margery said, anxious to be rid of her customer, who had asked, in her supercilious way:

"Isn't that Queenie up stairs? And isn't she talking pretty loud for a well-bred person?"

"Oh, will she never go?" Margery thought, just as the bell pealed a second time, and Grandma Ferguson came in, bringing a bundle almost as large as herself, and entering at once into full details of what she wanted to have made, and how.

"I s'pose Anny is goin' to be married," she said, looking hard at her granddaughter, "though she hain't noticed me enough to tell me so right out; but everybody's talkin' it, and I thought I might as well have a new silk gown. My moiry antique is pretty well whipped out, and a nice silk is allus handy. I got brown—a nice shade, I call it," and she unrolled a silk of excellent quality, but of a yellowish brown, which would be very unbecoming to her.

"Oh, grandma, why didn't you get black instead of that horrid snuff-color?" Anna said, contemptuously, as she glanced carelessly at the silk, and then went out, leaving the old lady a good deal crestfallen, and a little doubtful with regard to the dress she had lately thought so pretty.

Margery did not tell her it was as nice as black, but she soothed her as well as she could, and heard her suggestions, and took her measure, and showed her some new fashion-plates, and did it all with her ears turned to her mother's room where the talk was still going on, now low and earnest and almost pleading, and again so high and excited that grandma asked if that was not Rennet's voice, and what she was talking so loud for. Then Margery excused herself for a moment and ran swiftly up stairs to her mother's room, the door of which was ajar, and that accounted for the distinctness with which the sound of voices was borne to the parlor below.

Mrs. La Rue had risen from her bed and put on a dressing gown which Reinette was buttoning for her while she was trying to bind her long, loose hair into a knot behind. Her face was white as ashes, and in her eyes there was a frightened, hunted look, as of one pursued to the last extremity. But when she saw Margery, their expression suddenly changed to one of fear and dread and thrusting out both hands, she cried: "Oh, Margery, go away; this is no place for you."

Advancing into the room and closing the door, Margery said in a low firm tone of voice: "Miss Hetherton, I don't know what all this is about, but mother is too weak and sick to be thus excited. Will you leave her until a fitter time?"

"Don't call me Miss Hetherton, as if you were angry at me," Reinette replied without looking up from buttoning Mrs. La Rue's dressing-gown, "I cannot go now. Your mother knew my mother and is going to tell me about her. She is Christine Bodine."

"Yes, yes, I am Christine. God pity me," the miserable woman exclaimed, and over Margery's face their swept a look of unutterable pain and disappointment.

She had said to herself that this which Reinette had told her was true; that her mother was Christine, and still there had been a faint hope that there might be some mistake; but there was none; her mother had declared it herself, and with a low cry like a wounded animal she turned away, saying as she did so: "There are people in the parlor, and your voices are sometimes louder than you suppose, and though they cannot understand you they will know you are excited and that there is trouble of some kind. Speak lower; do. If this thing I hear be true we surely need not tell it to the world; we can keep it to ourselves."

"Yes, Margery, that is what I mean to do," Queenie said, while Mrs. La Rue exclaimed with a ring of joy in her voice as if some unexpected relief had come to her: "Yes, yes, we need not tell; we will not tell; we will keep the secret forever."

"But you must tell me all you know about my mother," Queenie said, while Margery went swiftly down stairs, for the bell was ringing again and Grandma Ferguson was growing impatient of waiting to know if she should trim her brown silk with velvet or fringe.

This time it was Mrs. Rossiter and her daughters, and into Margery's mind there flashed the thought, "Are all the Fergusons coming here to day, and what would they say if they knew who my mother was?" But they did not know of the exciting interview in the room above, where Reinette questioned so rapidly and impatiently the woman who almost crouched at her feet in her abasement, and answered amid tears and sobs. The Rossiters had merely come to ask when Mrs. La Rue could do some work for them, and they left very soon, taking grandma with them, to the great relief of Margery, who locked the door upon them, determined that no one else should enter until Reinette was gone and she knew herself why the truth had been withheld from her.

Up stairs the talk was still going on, though the voices now were low and quiet as if the storm was over; but would the interview never end? would Reinette never leave her free to go to her mother herself and demand an explanation? Slowly, as it seemed, the hour hand crept on until it was twelve o'clock, and then at last a door opened and shut, and Queenie came down the stairs, her eyes red with weeping, but with a look of content upon her face which surprised Margery a little.

"She cannot be very angry with mother," she thought, and her heart began to grow lighter as Queenie came up to her, and putting her arms around her neck, said to her:

"Margie, it makes you seem nearer to me, now that I know your mother was my nurse, and I love you more than ever. But how white you are, and your hands are like lumps of ice. Are you sick?" she continued, as she looked with alarm at Margery's face, which was as white as ashes.

"Not sick, but a good deal upset with what I have heard," Margery replied; "but tell me," she continued, "what does mother say? What reason does she give for having kept silent so long? Why has she never told you who she was?"

"She says it was for your sake; that she feared lest I might think less of you if I knew you were the daughter of my former nurse," Queenie replied, and looking earnestly at her Margery asked:

"And you believe this? believe it to be the true, the only reason, don't you?"

"No, I do not believe it is the only reason," Queenie answered, promptly. "It is true in part, no doubt, but there is something else—something she did not tell me, and which I am resolved to find out. If there is a mystery I shall clear it up. My curiosity is great enough for that. But I did not tell her so, she seemed so scared—so like a frightened child. Margery, I believe your mother is more than half crazy."

"Yes, yes," and Margery caught eagerly at the suggestion. "You are right; she is crazy. I can see it now, and that will account for much which seems so strange. Oh, Queenie, be patient; be merciful, and don't let the world know what we do. Remember, she is my mother."

"And my nurse," Queenie rejoined. "She was with my mother when I was born and when she died. I shall not wrong her; do not fear me," and Queenie's lips touched Margery's in token that through her no harm should come to the poor woman who, in the chamber above, sat in a low chair rocking to and fro, with a sickening dread of the moment when she must stand face to face with Margery and meet the glance of those clear, blue eyes which might read the story she had not told Reinette, and which she could not tell her child.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REINETTE'S INTERVIEW WITH CHRISTINE.

When Reinette went up the stairs to Mrs. La Rue's room, she had no definite plan of action; indeed, she had no plan at all, except to confront and confound the woman who had deceived her so long, and whom she found sitting up in bed with so terrified a look on her face, that she stood an instant on the threshold gazing at her ere she plunged impetuously into the business which had brought her there. Secure in Margery's promise that no one should disturb her, Mrs. La Rue had grown comparatively quiet, and was just falling off to sleep when she was roused by the sound of carriage wheels stopping at the gate, and a moment after she heard Reinette's voice speaking earnestly to Margery, and felt that the hour she had dreaded so long had come at last. Reinette had heard from Mentone, and had come for an explanation.

"Fool, that I did not end it all last night, when I had the nerve to do it," she said, as, starting up in bed, she listened with bated breath until footsteps came up the stairs, and Reinette Hetherton stood looking at her.

But not long; the girl was in too great haste to wait, and advancing swiftly to the bedside she began, not angrily but reproachfully: "Christine, you see I know you; I have found you at last, traced you through Messrs. Polignac to your agent in Mentone, whose clerk put me on your track; so there can be no mistake. You are Christine Bodine, my old nurse, whom I have so wished to find; and you knew I wished it all the time and did not speak, did not tell me who you were. Why did you treat me so, Christine? What is your excuse? You have one, of course."

She spoke so rapidly, pouring out question after question, and her eyes blazed so with excitement, that for a minute Mrs. La Rue was stunned, and answered nothing, but sat staring blankly at her, like one in a dream. At last, however, her white lips moved, and she said, faintly: "Yes, I am Christine, and I don't know why I didn't tell you."

"You don't know why you didn't tell me? That is very strange," Reinette replied. "If there is nothing to conceal, if all your dealings with my parents were honorable and upright, I see no reason for hiding from me the fact that you were once my nurse. Christine, I did not come to quarrel with you," and Reinette's voice softened a little. "I have loved you too much for that, but I have come to hear about my mother. You were with her when she died. You nursed me when I was a baby. You know what mother said to me and of me. She loved you, Christine, and trusted you. I have it in a letter written to my father before she died, when he was away in Russia or Austria. And that is why he paid you money, was it not Christine?"

She was looking fixedly at the woman on whose white face blood-red spots were beginning to show, and who answered falteringly:

"Yes, that is why he gave me the money. Oh, Reinette, leave me; go away; don't try to unearth the past. There are things you should not know—things I cannot tell. God help me. I wish I had died before I ever saw your face."

She looked so pale and deathlike that Reinette bent anxiously over her, and bringing the camphor bathed her forehead, and held it to her nostrils until she was better, and raising herself from the pillows upon which she had fallen, she said:

"I cannot lie here. I feel that I am smothering. I must get up, while I talk to you, but oh, you'll be so sorry. You'll wish you had never come. Bring me my wrapper there on the chair, and my woolen shawl, for I am shivering with cold."

Her teeth were chattering, and her lips were blue and pinched as Queenie brought the wrapper and helped her put it on, kneeling on the floor to button it herself, and occasionally speaking soothingly to her, though her own heart was beating rapidly with a dread of what she might hear. Then it was that Margery appeared on the scene, and by suggesting that no one but themselves need know what had so long been hidden, changed Mrs. La Rue's intentions altogether. For a few brief moments there had been in her mind a resolve to make a clean breast of it, and to tell the truth, and then when that was done, she would kill herself, and so escape the storm sure to follow her revelations.

"Better die," she thought, "than live to be questioned and suspected by the Rossiters, and Fergusons and everybody, as I should be if they knew I was Christine."

But when the idea was suggested that only Margery and Reinette need know, she changed her mind, and in what she would now tell the latter there was to be a deep, dark gulf bridged over in silence.

"Help me to my chair, I am very, very weak," she said to Reinette, when Margery had gone.

Reinette complied with her request, and leading her to a chair placed her gently in it, and drew the shawl closer around her, for she saw how she shivered, though there was a fire in the wood on the hearth. At this little act of attention Christine broke down entirely, and throwing her arms around Reinette, sobbed out:

"Oh, my darling, my pet, my baby whom I nursed. I have so longed to clasp you to my heart, but dared not, and now I must, I must. I have hungered to hold you in my arms as I held you years ago, and to feel your soft cheek against my own. Reinette, Reinette, kiss me—because—because—I am—Christine."

It was not in Reinette's nature to resist such an appeal, and she kissed the poor trembling woman twice, and then drawing a chair to her side spoke very softly to her and said:

"Now tell me."

"Tell you what, child? What do you wish most to know?" Christine asked, and Reinette replied:

"About my mother—all about her. You are the first I have ever seen who knew her after she was Mrs. Hetherton. I have heard what she was when a girl—the sweetest, loveliest creature, they say, with eyes like the summer sky, and a face so fair and pure—not a bit like me—and I wish to hear from beginning to end all you know about her, and when you saw her first, and where, and about her death in Rome, when I was born, and only you there to care for either of us."

"Would you mind holding my hand while I tell you of my first days with Mrs. Hetherton?" Christine said, and Reinette took the cold, clammy hand between both of hers and rubbed and chafed it as tenderly as Margery herself would have done.

She was beginning to feel very kindly toward this woman who had known her mother; the insinuation in Messrs. Polignac's letter and her own suspicions were forgotten for the time, and she saw before her only one who had cared for her when an infant and had seen her mother die.

"Begin," she said. "I am impatient to hear."

And so Christine began, and told her of the advertisement for a waiting maid, which she had answered in person, and how she had been preferred to all the gay, flippant, airy applicants for the position, even though some of them boasted of having attended upon duchesses; told her, too, of the handsome rooms at the Hotel Meurice, and of the beautiful young lady who was so kind to her, and made her more a companion than a maid, notwithstanding that her proud husband frequently protested against it and talked of bad taste, which sometimes made madame cry.

"And did she tell you of Merrivale and her old home? Did you know she was an American?" Queenie asked, and Mrs. La Rue replied:

"Yes, she told me all about her home and Merrivale, and I was familiar with every rock, and hill, and tree, I think, especially the elms upon the common, and the poplars near her home. She was so fond of Merrivale and her friends, and used often to cry for the mother so far away."

"Was she very homesick?" Reinette asked, and Mrs La Rue answered her:

"At times, yes, when monsieur was away with his associates, or staid out so late nights, as he sometimes did."

Reinette's breath came quickly for a moment, and her voice shook as she asked, very low, as if afraid some one might hear:

"Was not father kind to her always?"

"If beautiful dresses and jewelry, and horses and carriages, and plenty of money means kindness, then he was kind, for she had all these in profusion; but what she wanted most she did not have, and that was her husband's society," Mrs La Rue said, and then Reinette drew back a little haughtily and answered:

"Christine, you did not like my father. I see that in all you say, but he was very dear to me, and I loved him so much! You were prejudiced against him, but I insist upon your going on just the same and telling me everything. Why did she not have his society? Where and how did he pass his time, if not with her? He loved her, I am sure. You know he did. You know he loved my mother."

She kept asserting this, for there was an expression on Mrs. La Rue's face which she could not understand and which did not quite lease her.

"He was very proud of her girlish beauty and in his way was fond of her, but I do not think it was in Monsieur Hetherton's nature to love any one very long, or more than he loved himself. Her habits did not suit him; his did not suit her; she breakfasted at nine and was up two hours before that as was her custom at home, she said; he breakfasted at eleven in his room, and frequently dined out, returning generally to see her dressed for the opera or concert, and dictating about her toilet until we were both at our wits' end. Her tastes were too simple for him. He wished her to wear velvet, and satin, and diamonds and pearls, while she would have liked plain muslin gowns and a quiet home in the country, with hens, and chickens, and pets. She was very happy at Chateau des Fleurs, and would have been happier if monsieur had staid more with her, but he was much in Paris, and Switzerland and Nice, and so we were alone a great deal and she taught me many things and was so kind to me."

"But why did not my father stay with her more?" Reinette asked, and Mrs La Rue replied: "He was fond of travel, and hunting, and racing, and had many gentlemen friends there, whose influence was not good, and he complained that Chateau des Fleurs was lonely. If he only had a child—a son,—he could bear it, he said, but as it was, the place was unendurable, and so he staid away weeks at a time while your mother pined and drooped like some fair lily which has neither water nor sunshine.

"Oh this is very dreadful," Queenie said, with a choking sob. "I am glad grandma will never know what you have told me of her daughter and my mother. But go on and tell me the rest. I insist upon knowing the whole."

So Mrs. La Rue went on and told of the weeks and weeks which her mistress passed alone at Chateau des Fleurs, while Mr. Hetherton was seeking his pleasure elsewhere; of his great desire for a son to bear his name; of Mrs. Hetherton's failing health, and removal at last to Southern France, and then, as the season advanced, to Rome; of the great joy which came to her so unexpectedly and which she purposely kept from her husband, wishing to surprise him when he joined her in Rome as he promised to do; of the weary weeks of waiting, hoping against hope, for he was always coming in a few days at the most and never came; and then of a girl baby's birth sooner than it was expected, and the scene which followed, when the young wife died, with her little girl clasped to her bosom and her own head pillowed on Christine's arm.

Here Christine stopped suddenly and covering her face with her hands sobbed hysterically [illegible] she recalled that scene, while Reinette, to[illegible] [illegible]ed as she had never cried before for the dying mother in Rome, who had held her babe to the [illegible]ry last and prayed that God would bless it and have it in his keeping and make it a comfort and a joy to the husband and father, who was far away, joining in a midnight revel where wine, and cards, and women such as Margaret Ferguson never knew, formed a conspicuous part.

"Her baby was a great comfort to her," Mrs. La Rue said, when she could speak, "and she would have it where she could feel its little hands upon her face, even after blindness came upon her, and she could no longer see. The English physician had been in, and told me she probably would not last the night through, and that I should have some one with me. But she said, 'No; Chsistine and baby are all I want,' and when he was gone she made me sit by her, while she talked, as she had done many a time, of her home over the sea, of her sister, and her mother, to whom she sent messages. I remember her very words. 'Tell them,' she said, 'that I have never ceased to love them, and to long for them with such longing as only homesick creatures know, and if I have seemed neglectful, and have not written as I ought, it was because—because—I couldn't. I can't explain, only I love them—love them so much; and now if I could lay my head on mother's lap, as I did when I was a little girl, and it ached as it is aching now, I should die more willingly. Dear old mother! poor old father! with his hard brown hands, which have worked so hard for me—God bless them, and comfort them, when they hear I am dead!'"

"Oh, Christine!" Reinette sobbed, "grandma ought to know this—she and Aunt Mary, too. They have never heard one word of her last days, for father only wrote that she was dead, and did not even tell them of my birth. I ought to tell my grandmother; she will be so glad to know."

"No, no! oh, no! better not. You said you would not!" Christine exclaimed in terror. "It would lead to so much talk—so many questions about—about your father, and—Reinette, forgive me—but his record was not the fairest. Even you, his daughter would not like to see its blackest pages."

Reinette's face was crimson with shame and resentment, and in her eye was that peculiar gleam which so bewildered and confounded those on whom it fell. The fair structure she had built about her father's memory was tottering to atoms, but she would struggle bravely to keep it together as long as possible, and she replied:

"If there were pages so black in father's life, don't show them to me, lest I should say you told me falsely. He was my father, and I loved him so dearly. He was kind to me always—always—and I will stand by him forever. He might have been wild and might have sought his own pleasure, but he did not mean to neglect my mother. He loved her; he used to talk of her to me."

"Did he? Did he talk of your mother to you?" Christine asked eagerly; and Reinette, who could not say truthfully that her father had ever of his own accord spoken to her of her mother, replied:

"It made him feel so badly that he did not often speak of her unless I mentioned her first. I used to ask him about her; and he told me how beautiful and sweet, and good she was, and that he wished me to be like her; and then, if I was sitting on his lap, as I most always was when I talked to him of her, he would put me down suddenly and walk across the *salon* so fast, and once I saw him wipe away great drops of sweat from his forehead. He must have loved her very much, or he would not have held her memory so sacred. But you have not finished. I want to know just how mother died—want to see her up to the last."

So Christine went on and told of the long hours when the dying woman lay with her baby clasped to her bosom, and her head pillowed on the strong arm of her maid, who held her thus until the darkness was passed and the early dawn of the mild spring morning began to creep into the room, when Margaret roused a little and said:

"It is almost over, Christine. I am going home to Jesus, whose arms are around me so that I am not afraid. Tell them at home I was so happy, and death had no terror for me. Tell them I seem to hear the children singing as they used to sing in the old church in Merrivale, and the summer wind blows in and out, and brings the perfume of the pond-lilies with it, and the river flows on and on amid the green meadows—away—away—just as I am floating so quietly out upon the sea of eternity, where the lilies are fairer and sweeter than those which lift their white heads to the sunshine in the ponds of Merrivale. And now, Christine; place my baby so I can kiss her once more, for sight and strength have failed me."

"The child's face was lifted to the pale lips which kissed it tenderly, and then, just as the warm Italian sunshine lighted [illegible] the distant dome of St. Peter's with a blaze of gold, and all over the great city, and far out upon the Campagna the morning was warm and bright, the young mother lay dead in the silent room, with only her servant and baby with her."

There was a fresh burst of tears and sobs from Reinette as she listened to the story, and when it was ended she threw her arms around her nurse's neck and nearly strangled her with kisses, as she said:

"My darling old Christine, I can forgive you everything now that I know how good and true you were to my mother."

With something like a moan Christine freed herself from the girl, and went rapidly on:

"I did not know just where your father was, for he was never long in the same place, and as we could not wait to hear from him, and I did not know what to do, strangers took the matter in hand and buried her in the Protestant grave-yard at Rome, where your father has never been since."

"And I?" Reinette said. "You took me to him? took me to Chateau des Fleurs?"

"Yes, I took you to Chateau des Fleurs," Christine replied, while her face grew scarlet and then turned ashy pale, and Queenie never dreamed of the chasm she leaped in silence, or of the bitter remorse which brought those livid spots to the face of Christine, who did not look at her now, but shut her eyes and leaned wearily back in her chair.

"I am so weak, and talking all this tires me so," she said; but Reinette was not satisfied, and her next question was:

"What did father say when he first saw me? Tell me all about it."

Christine did not reply to this, but sat with her hands locked together, and a look upon her face as if her thoughts were far back in the past, and she was living over some painful scene.

"Tell me; how did he act? What did he say?" Reinette repeated, and then, with a smile full of irony and bitterness Christine answered:

"He swore because you were not a boy!"

"Oh-h! this is terrible," Reinette exclaimed, as her face grew very red.

But she was too proud to let her nurse see how she was pained, and she continued:

"Yes, I can understand how a man like him would he disappointed if he wanted a son very much; but he loved me afterward. I am sure of that. How long did you stay with me at Chateau des Fleurs, and why did you leave? Was it M. La Rue? You must have been married soon after mother died, for Margery is almost as old as I am."

"Yes, yes," and Christine caught eagerly at this unexpected help. "Yes, I was married and had to leave, but I saw you sometimes when you were a little child, playing in the grounds of the chateau."

"I remember it—yes; a woman came one day when I was with my nurse and kissed and cried over me, and gave me some bon bons; and that was you," Reinette said, and Mrs La Rue assented, while Reinette continued:

"And you lived all the time in Paris, and never let me know or brought Margery to see me; and, oh, Christine, when I found her up in that room that day and she told you of me, did you know then who I was?"

"Yes, I knew," was the reply, and Reinette went on:

"You knew I was Reinette, my mother's child, and never spoke, or tried to see me even? That is very strange. And did father know, when Margery was at school with me, and afterward at the chateau? Did he know she was your daughter?"

"Not then, no; but after she was grown he knew, and was not pleased to have you so intimate with her. You will remember that he tried to separate you from her. You wrote her something of it, when we were in Southern France."

Reinette did remember that her father had objected to her further intercourse with Margery La Rue, and that he had seemed very much excited and even angry about it, and that after this she had lost track of Margery until she found her in America. But why should her father object to friendship for a little girl whose mother had been so much to his wife? Why, unless he was offended with something in the woman?

"Christine," she began, at last, after there had been silence for a moment, "you may as well tell me the truth, for I am resolved to wring it from you, and I will not tell Margery either. You had done something to displease my father; now, what was it? I insist upon knowing."

"Nothing, nothing no, no!" Christine gasped. "He was very proud, and did not wish you to be intimate with people like me; that is all—everything."

"And was that the reason why after he was dead and you met me here you kept silent? Were you afraid I, too, was proud, and would think less of Margery, if I knew."

"Yes, yes; you have guessed it. I was afraid," Mrs. La Rue said, quickly, as if relieved that Reinette had put so good a reason into her mind.

She was very tired, and had borne so much that it seemed to her she could bear no more, and clasping her hands to her head, she said, imploringly:

"Leave me now, please; there is nothing more to tell, and I am so tired and sick, and—and—there is Margery yet to see. Oh, Miss Hetherton, make it easy as you can to Margery. Don't let her think ill of me. I could not bear that. I'd rather have the bad opinion of the whole world than hers. She is so good, so true, and hates deception so much. Go now, and leave me to myself. I believe—I think—yes, I am sure I am going mad."

Reinette looked at her in surprise, wondering that what she had confessed should affect her so.

"There is something else," she thought, "something behind, which she has not told, and I mean to know what it is, but I will leave her now," and taking Christine's hot hands in hers she said, very kindly, "Good-bye, Christine; I am going, but another time you'll tell me more of my mother."

Then passing the hand to her lips she ran down the stairs to Margery, who was waiting anxiously for her, and whose face was white and ghastly as she turned inquiringly to her friend. But Reinette's manner was reassuring. Throwing her arms around Margery's neck, she said:

"I shall love you better than ever now that I know you are the daughter of my nurse."

"Do you believe there was no other reason for concealment?" Margery asked, when told of the excuse her mother had given for her silence.

"I know there is something else, and I shall find it out," was the substance of Reinette's reply, and in her heart Margery, too, believed there was something else, which she, too, must know, and for the first time in her life she was glad when Reinette said good-bye and left her alone to meet the trial she felt was awaiting her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MARGERY AND HER MOTHER.

For a full quarter of an hour after Reinette's departure Margery sat motionless, with her head bent down, thinking of all the incidents of her past life as connected with her mother, and recalling here and there certain acts which, viewed in the new light shed upon them, seemed both plain and mysterious. Buzzing through Margery's brain, and almost driving her mad, was the same sickening suspicion which had at times so distracted Reinette, but, like Reinette, she fought it down. But not for the dead man whose costly monument was gleaming cold and white in the graveyard of Merrivale. He was nothing to her, save as the father of her friend, who, for his daughter's sake, had been kind to her so far as money was concerned. But it was for the woman upstairs, her mother, that her heart was aching so, and the hot blood pouring so swiftly through her veins. To lose faith in her whom she had believed so good, and who had taught her always that truth and purity were more to be prized than all the wealth in the world, would be terrible. And yet that mother's life had for years been one of concealment, for which she could see no excuse. That given to Queenie was not the true reason. There was something else—something behind; "and I must know what it is," she thought; "and if my fears prove true, I must keep it from Reinette."

Starting to her feet at last, and forgetting how weak and sick her mother was, she went half way up the stairs and called:

"Mother, will you come down, or shall I come up?"

The voice was not the same which Mrs. La Rue knew as Margery's. There was a hardness and sternness in it which boded no good to her, and mortal terror took possession of her as she thought:

"My hour has come. She will wring it from me. Well, no matter. It wlil be better for her, perhaps."

"Say, mother, will you come down, or shall I come up?" came again from Margery, and this time Mrs. La Rue replied:

"Oh, Margery, Margery! not yet—not yet! Spare me a little longer. I have been so tried and worried. I am not quite rgiht in my head; wait awhile before you come, dear Margery."

There was a world of pathos in those two words—"dear Margery"—pathos and pleading both as if the mother were asking mercy from her child. And Margery recognized the meaning, but her heart did not soften or relent. Indeed, she could not understand herself or define the strange feeling which had taken possession of her and was urging her on to know what it was her mother had hidden so long and so successfully.

But she did not then go up; she waited awhile, and going to the kitchen, prepared a tempting dinner, which she arranged upon a tray, and then took to the room, where Mrs. La Rue still sat just as Reinette had left her, her face as white as marble, her eyes bloodshot and dim, and her whole attitude that of a guilty culprit awaiting its punishment.

And she was awaiting hers, and when the first blow came in the person of Margery bringing her the nicely-prepared dinner, she seemed to shrivel up in her chair, and her head dropped upon her breast. But she did not speak, and when Margery drew a little table to her side, and placing the tray upon it, poured out her tea and held it to her lips, she swallowed it mechanically, as she did the food pressed upon her. At last, however, she could take no more, and putting up her hand, she made a gesture of dissent, and whispered faintly:

"Enough!"

How sick, and old and crushed she looked! But for this Margery would not spare her; or, rather, she could not, for the something urging her on and making her very determined and calm, when, after taking the dinner away, she returned to her mother, and sitting down where Queenie had sat, said:

"Now, mother, tell me."

"Tell you what?" Mrs. La Rue asked, and Margery replied:

"Tell me the whole truth every word of it, as you did not tell it to Queenie."

"What did I tell her?" Mrs. La Rue said, in a bewildered kind of way, as if the events of the last few hours were really a blank to her.

"You told her you were Christine Bodine, her former nurse," Margery began, and her mother interrupted her with:

"And I am, Margery; that was the truth. I was Christine Marie La Mille Bodine; but I dropped the first name and the last, and for years was only Marie La Mille."

"Yes, I know," Margery returned. "You deceived me with regard to your name, and you kept your identity a secret from Reinette when you knew how much she wished to find you, and you gave her as a reason that you feared lest she would think less of me if she knew I was the child of one who had once served her mother."

"Yes that's it—that's it, Margie!" Mrs. La Rue gasped, as she clutched the skirt of Margery's gown and rubbed it caressingly.

"Mother," Margery said, and her voice was low and stern, "that excuse might do for Queenie, but not for me, who know all our past life. There is something else—something you are keeping from me, and which I must know. What is it, mother? Why were you afraid to let Queenie know who you were?"

"There is nothing—nothing—believe me, Margie, nothing," Mrs. La Rue said, still caressing the gown, as if she would thus appease her daughter, who continued:

"Yes, there is something; there has been a something always since I can remember. I see it now—recall it all—your fits of abstraction, your moods of melancholy, amounting almost to insanity, and which have increased in frequency since we came to America and met Reinette. The money you received at stated times was from her father, was it not?"

"Ye-es," came in a whisper from Mrs. La Rue's white lips, and Margery went on:

"You must then have always known his whereabouts. When we lived in Paris, and father was alive, you knew that Mr. Hetherton was there in the city, too, and did you ever see him?"

"Never—never! He would have spurned me like a dog," Mrs. La Rue answered, energetically, and Margery continued:

"But you knew he was there, and when Queenie came to me that day when I wore her scarlet cloak and she my faded plaid, you knew who she was, and did not speak?"

"Yes, I knew who she was, and did not speak," moaned Mrs. La Rue, and Margery went on:

"And when I was at school with her, and her father paid the bills, and when I visited her at the chateau, you knew, and did not tell me. But did you tell my father? Did he know who Queenie was?—know of Mr. Hetherton?"

"No, he did not," Mrs. La Rue replied, "nor was it necessary. I was a faithful wife to him, and there was no need for him to know."

"Mother," Margery began, after a moment's pause, "why did you wish to hide from Queenie who you were? I have a right to know. I am your daughter, and if there has been any wrong I can share it with you. I would rather know the exact truth than think the horrible things I may think if you do not tell me. Why didn you take another name than your own, and why did you not reveal yourself to Queenie, but leave her to grope in the dark for what she so much wished to find? Tell me, mother. I insist upon knowing."

Driven to the last extremity, and forgetting herself in her distress, Mrs. La Rue replied:

"I had sworn not to do it; had taken a solemn vow never to let Queenie know who I was."

"Had made a vow? Had sworn not to do it? Who made you swear? Who required that vow from you? Was it Mr. Hetherton?" Margery asked, sternly, and her mother replied:

"Yes, Mr. Hetherton, curse him in his grave! He has been my ruin. I was so happy and innocent until I knew him. He wrung the vow from me; he paid the money to keep it; he——"

She stopped here, appalled by the look of Margery's face—a look which made her cower and tremble as she had never trembled before.

Wrenching her dress away from the hands which still held it, and drawing herself back, Margery demanded:

"Tell me what you mean? You have said strange things to me, mother. You have talked of ruin, and innocence, and money paid for silence, and as your daughter I have a right to know what you mean. And you must tell me, too, before I look on Queenie's face again. What is it, mother? What was the secret between you and Mr. Hetherton? What have you done, which you would hide from me? Speak, for I must know, and I'll forgive you, too, even if it brings disgrace to me. If you do not tell, and suffer me to live on with these horrid suspicions torturing me to madness, I can never touch your hand again, in love, or think of you as I have done."

She had risen from her chair, and stood with folded arms looking down upon the wretched woman, who moaned:

"Don't, Margie, don't drive me to tell, for the telling will involve so much—so much! Some will be disgraced and others benefited; don't make me tell, please don't."

She stretched her arm toward Margery, who stood immovable as a rock, and said, with a hard ring in her voice:

"Disgrace to me, I suppose. Well, I can bear that better than suspense and uncertainty."

"No, Margie, not disgrace to you, thank Heaven! not disgrace to you in the way you think." Mrs. La Rue cried.

And with this horrid fear lifted from her mind, Margery came nearer to her mother, and said:

"If there is no disgrace for me, then tell me at once what it is. I shall never cease worrying you or leave this room till I know."

"Then listen."

And raising herself erect in her chair, while the blood came surging back to her face, and her eyes flashed with the fire of a maniac, Mrs. La Rue continued:

"Listen; but sit down first. The story is long, and you will need all your strength before it is through. Sit down," and she pointed to a chair, into which Margery sank mechanically, while a strange, prickling sensation ran through her frame, and she felt a sickening dread of what she was to hear.

"I am ready," she said; but her voice was the fainter now, for her mother's was calm and steady as she commenced the story, which she told in all its details, beginning at the day when she first saw Mr. Hetherton's advertisement for a waiting-maid for his wife.

For a time the story was pleasant enough to listen to, for Mrs. La Rue dwelt at length upon the goodness and sweetness of her mistress, who was always so kind to her, and who trusted her so implicitly; but at last there came a change, and Margery's eyes grew dark with horror and pain, and her cheek paled, as she listened to a tale which curdled the blood in her veins and seemed turning her into stone.

Without the sleety rain was beating in gusts against the windows, and the wind, which had risen since noon, roared down the chimney and shook every loosened blind and casement, but was unheard by the young girl, who, with a face like the faces of the dead and hands locked so tightly together that the blood came through the flesh where the nails were pressing, sat immovable, listening to the story told her by the woman whose eyes were closed as she talked, and whose words flowed on so rapidly, as if to utter them were a relief and eased the terrible remorse which had gnawed at her heart so long.

Had she looked at the girl before her she might have paused, for there was something awful in the expression of Margery's face as she listened, until the story was ended, when, with a cry like one in mortal pain, she threw up both her hands and fell heavily to the floor, while purple spots came out upon her face, and the white froth, flecked with blood, oozed from her livid lips.

Margery knew the secret of Christine Bodine!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MARGERY'S ILLNESS.

When Reinette left the cottage that morning she drove straight to the office of Mr. Beresford, whom she found alone, and to whom she communicated the result of her interview with Mrs. La Rue, telling him the reason given by the woman for her silence, and professing to believe it.

"It was very foolish in her, of course," she said; "for, if possible, I love Margery the better now that I know who her mother is, but there is no accounting for the fancies of some people. Christine seems very much broken, and does not wish to be questioned as she would be by grandma and Aunt Mary, if they knew what we do, so we will keep our own counsel. I can trust you, Mr. Beresford."

The lawyer bowed and looked searchingly at her to see if no other thought or suspicions had been suggested to her by her interview with Christine But if there had she gave no sign of it, and her face was very bright and cheerful as she said good bye and was driven home, where she sat directly down to write the news to Phil.

He had left Rome and was journeying on toward India, where she was to direct her letter. Telling Phil was just the same as keeping it to herself, she thought, for he was perfectly safe, and so she wrote a minute account of the affair, and gave him all the gossip of the place, and told him how she missed him more and more every day, and could not get accustomed to living without him, and how silly it was in him to fall in love with her and then go off, when but for this foolishness they might have been so happy together.

It was three o'clock by the time the long letter was finished, and as the rain by this time had ceased, and there was a prospect of fair weather by sunsetting, Reinette determined to take the letter to the office herself and then call upon her grandmother, and possibly upon Mrs. La Rue again.

Christine's pale face had haunted her all the afternoon, and, fearing that she might have been a little hard with her, she longed to see her again and assure her of her faith in and love for her.

"To be sure," she thought, "she is not just the kind of person I had fancied Christine to be, but then she is Christine, and I must kill all my old prejudice for her, and love her for mother's sake and Margery's."

In some things Reinette was easily influenced and persuaded, and though she did not altogether accept Christine's explanation as the real and only one, she was just now too glad to find her to doubt or question much; and as she drove again across the causeway to the village she felt lighter and happier because there was now some one who could tell her of her mother as Mrs. Hetherton.

Depositing her letter in the office, and bowing to Mr. Beresford, who happened to be passing in the street, she drove next to her grandmother's, but was told by the girl that Mrs. Ferguson had gone to see Mrs. La Rue more than an hour ago, and had not yet returned, though she did not intend to be gone any length of time.

"Very well, I will go there, too," Reinette said, and her carriage was soon drawn up up before the cottage where the doctor's gig was standing.

"Dr. Nichols here? Mrs. La Rue must be worse. I am glad I came," Reinette thought, as she went rapidly up the walk and entered unannounced.

"How is Mrs. La Rue, and where is Margery?" she asked of a woman whom she met in the hall, and whom she recognized as a neighbor.

"Don't you know? Haven't you heard? Margery has had an apoplectic fit, and is dying," was the woman's reply, and with a shriek of terror and surprise Reinette fled past her up the stairs to Margery's room, where she paused a moment on the threshold to take in the scene which met her astonished view.

By the window, which was raised to admit the air, the doctor stood, with a grave, troubled look, while near him sat Mrs. La Rue, with a face which might have been cut from stone, so rigid and immovable was every feature, while her eyes, deep-set in her head, with dark circles around them, seemed like coals of fire as they turned upon Reinette, who shuddered with fear at their awful expression. At sight of her the woman's lips moved, but made no sound—only her fingers pointed to the bed where Margery lay breathing heavily, but with no other sign to show that she was living. She looked like one dying, with that pinched, blue look about the mouth and nostrils which precedes dissolution. And she had seemed and looked like this since the moment she fell to the floor at the end of her mother's story.

For a few moments Mrs. La Rue had been as helpless and almost insensible as her daughter; then, rousing herself with a great effort, she knelt beside the unconscious girl, and lifting her head covered the white face with kisses and tears, and called upon her by every tender epithet to open her eyes and speak, if only to curse the one who had wrought so much harm. But Margery's ears were deaf alike to words of love or pleading, as she lay so still, and looked so awful, with that bloody froth about her lips, that, at last in wild affright, her mother called for help, and the woman who lived next door, and only across the garden, was startled by a succession of cries, each louder than the preceeding, and which came apparently from Mrs. La Rue's cottage. Entering at a rear door, and following the direction of the sounds, she came to the chamber where Margery still lay upon the floor, with her mother bending over her and shrieking for aid. To lift Margary up and carry her to her bed, and send for a physician, was the woman's first work, and then she tried what she could do to restore the insensible girl, who only moaned faintly once in token that she knew anything that was passing around her. When questioned by the physician who was greatly puzzled by the case, Mrs. La Rue said that Margery had not seemed well for some time—had overworked, she thought, and that she had fallen suddenly from her chair while talking to her after dinner. This was all the explanation she would give, and, more perplexed than he had often been in his life, the physician bent his energies to help the young girl who, it seemed even to him, was dying, for the most powerful restoratives and stimulants failed to produce any effect, or to move so much as an eyelid.

It was just then that Grandma Ferguson came in. She had remembered some directions with regard to the brown silk, which she had failed to give in the morning, and had come again to see about it. Finding no one below, and hearing the sound of voices above, she called at the foot of the stairs:

"Mrs. La Rue! Mrs. La Rue! Where be you all, and may I come up?"

"Yes, yes. Hush! Margery is very sick," the neighbor, whose name was Mrs. Whiting, answered, going to the head of the stairs, and putting her finger to her lips.

At the sound of Mrs. Ferguson's voice a kind of tremulousness seemed to creep all over Margery, whose head moved a little, and whose eyes partly unclosed as the old lady entered the room, and, in great concern asked what was the matter.

"I mistrusted something ailed her this mornin'," she said, "for she didn't appear natural at all, and her hands was just like ice. Have you tried a mustard paste the whole length of her backbone? My Margaret sometimes had such faintin' spells, and that always brought her to."

Grandma was standing at the far side of the bed as she talked, and when she mentioned her daughter Margaret, Margery's eyes unclosed and turned toward her with a look of recognition, and when grandma took one of her hands in hers she clasped it tightly, and would not let it go, while two great tears rolled down her cheek, and her lips moved as if she would speak. Then she was quiet, and did not stir again until Reinette came in, and at sight of her sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Oh! what is it? what is it? Margery! Margery! What has happened to her?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FAMOUS SHIP.

The well known American ship Three Brothers, formerly the steamship Vanderbilt, and one of the largest merchant vessels afloat, has been sold to merchants in Liverpool for £8,000, and she will hereafter sail under the British flag. The vessel was built by Jeremiah Simonson, under the supervision of Captain Peter Lefevre, at Greenpoint in 1855. Her frame is of live oak and locust, and she is 320 feet in length, 48¾ feet beam, 29¾ feet depth of hold, and 2,972 tons measurement.

As the Vanderbilt she was employed in the New York and Havre Line until the command of Captain Lefevre, until the beginning of the Rebellion, when she was presented to the Government by Commodore Vanderbilt. Her cabins were torn away from the deck in a single night, immediately after her return from a trip to Havre, and in a few days she was converted into a war vessel and went to Fort Monroe, where, after having her engine beam and smoke-pipe protected from the shots of the enemy, she was put in condition otherwise to meet an attack from the Merrimac, and to sink her if possible. Captain Lefevre and Chief Engineer John Germain were transferred to the Government service with the Vanderbilt, and remained on board of her during the time she was Admiral Wilkes' flag-ship in the West Gulf squadron.

After the Rebellion was closed the Vanderbilt was sold in San Francisco, fully equipped as a steamer, for $42,000, to the three Howes brothers, the firm of George Howes & Co., which failed recently. The vessel was entirely rebuilt and converted into a sailing ship in 1873, and was named the Three Brothers. She has been employed in the New York and California and the Liverpool trade since then, and has made some of the quickest voyages on record.—*New York Tribune.*

THE SPANISH BABY.

Brilliant and Interesting Ceremonies.

MADRID, Oct. 21.—Forty days having elapsed since the birth of Infanta Mercedes two curious ceremonies, took place in the palace to-day on the occasion of the first appearance in public of Queen Christina. Before ten o'clock this morning crowds of people assembled before the palace, and carriages deposited many ladies wearing black or white mantillas. Ministers, generals, and diplomats followed in full uniform. When they got to the galleries on the first floor, they found them filled with a brilliant company and the Chapel Royal already occupied by marshals, judges, grandees, and the royal household. Many priests and choristers clustered around the altar, which was splendidly lit up, and the Cardinal Patriarch of the Indies and the Primate were both ready with a cross borne aloft with pallium and holy water to Queen Christina. They all went to the door of the chapel to await the Queen, who appeared, preceded by grandees, gentlemen, lords and generals, all in full court dress. The Queen looked pale under her diadem and magnificent lace mantilla. Her long pale pink train of satin and lace was borne by two dukes. The King was in marshal's uniform, and wore the *toison d'or*. The Queen took the Infanta Mercedes from the arms of her governess, the Duchess of Medina de las Torres, and knelt on a velvet cushion, holding her child, while the Cardinal Patriarch read the gospel of purification over her. Then she arose and entered the church followed by the princesses, all in light blue satin trains and light mantillas. The King and Queen during the mass, which was beautifully chanted by the choir of the Chapel Royal, were under a dais of curious and antique tapestry three hundred years old. The courtyards and staircases of the palace were occupied by thousands of people eager to enter, but in vain. Directly after the Papal Nuncio arrived at the palace, with his suite, in state carriages, escorted by the royal horse guards and troops. In the courtyard he was received with royal honors. The Nuncio was conducted to the throne room by the Lord Chamberlain, and there the Cardinal read to the King, surrounded by his ministers and courtiers, a papal brief, in which Leo XIII. expressed great sympathy for the Sovereign of Spain, and sent his particular blessing to the Queen and her infant daughter. The Nuncio, accompanied by the King and his ministers, went to the chamber of Queen Christina, who was standing with the Princess and her ladies. The Infanta Mercedes was held in the arms of her governess, the Duchess Medina de las Torres. The Nuncio, after a short address to the Queen, opened a splendid alabaster and gold embossed casket, containing two magnificent dresses in satin, several beautifully embroidered covers for cushions destined for the Infanta, several precious relics for the Queen, and also a papal brief and relic for each of the infantas Isabel, Eulalie, and Paz. The principal relic, a cross of brilliants, was immediately hung round the neck of the Infanta Mercedes. The antechambers were crowded with the nobility and ladies anxious to see the papal presents. Tomorrow Queen Christina and Infanta Mercedes go in state to the Atocha cathedral for a *Te Deum*. On Saturday a *levee* will be held in the Palace, and a banquet of 120 covers will be given in the ball of the columns to the ministers and chiefs of the diplomatic corps.

A GALLANT DEFENDER.

A Young Man Claims Pay for Protecting a Young Lady.

Before Judge Dwight, in Supreme Courl Circuit, at New York, on Tuesday, Charles Dean sued to recover from Theresa P. Belt for services rendered as an escort and general attendant. The court room was crowded with spectators. In his complaint Dean avers that while in San Francisco in 1878 he met the defendant, who engaged him to travel with her as an escort, and render her such service as should conduce to her safety, convenience and comfort, and the protection of a large amount of valuable property, which she intended to take with her, and agreed to pay for such services the reasonable value of the same. Dean, who is a young man of fine appearance and of fashionable address, testified that under the defendant's instructions he traveled as her brother, and escorted her to balls, receptions and parties in different cities of the Union, and also accompanied her to Paris, where he was discharged. One of his duties was to carry with him $250,000 worth of diamonds when not in use by the defendant.

The defense is a denial of any bargain and an assertion by way of counter claim that owing to an attachment procured by the plaintiff in the Supreme Court of Brooklyn, she was detained in this city at an expense of $300 a week. The defendant, who is a young lady about 26 years of age, and who appeared on the stand handsomely dressed in brown silk trimmed with golden braid and profusely decorated with diamonds and jewelry, testified that she took care of the plaintiff out of charity and in order to help him find friends, who, he claimed, resided in Europe. The case was submitted to the jury at 4 o'clock, and a sealed verdict was returned.

—There are two different ways of conducting stock business out west. The one is to buy young steers, keep them two years on your range, and sell them as four-year-olds. Per head the increase in value varies between $10 and $15, thus enabling the ranchman to double his capital in a short time if his losses do not exceed five per cent. and he has luck. The other method is to raise stock, buying Texas, Oregon or Utah cows and the necessary number of eastern or English bulls. This, if you make up your mind not to sell a single animal in the first three years, is in the end more profitable than the feeding up of stock. At first few men went into it, the capital needed being large, but as in the last few years the larger profits of the business became known it is the favorite with men tempted by the chance of making a fortune in five or six years.

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J. H. MICHENER, M. D., PHYSICIAN Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his drug store, Osborne Block, Main street. Residence, opp. Post Office, Main st.

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COUNTY OF PERTH. — THE Warden will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's Office, Stratford. 38

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DR. J. A. BURGES
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L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Regian street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially nvited to visit us whenever convenient.
DR. J. A. BURGESS,
Master