

"Jean! Jean! What is the matter? Where is the locket?"

The locket! Jean sprang up. His lethargy departed. He understood, and tottering towards his brother, fell senseless at his feet.

Ten days later the French salesman reappeared. In vain Reginald Fontaine recounted these facts and urged delay until the swindler was captured and the locket recovered. The Frenchman only shrugged and listened, and at the end repeated, "Settlement!"

Fontaine at last drew a check for the amount of his indebtedness, and the Frenchman disappeared.

Time passed. No trace was found of Barton nor his lovely wife. One day, in New York, Reginald visited the Rogue's Gallery at Police Headquarters. He saw many faces there not in the collection of his home officials—among these, F. F. Barton, and the French salesman who had commissioned the locket!

Although the police could not explain this coincidence and scouted his conclusions, Fontaine always believed himself the victim of a double conspiracy; that the knaves traveled the globe with ample capital, one placing jewels stolen abroad in the hands of responsible dealers in small American towns, the other following to recapture the prizes, and the original conspirator returning to demand payment for the loss.

But while he never placed hand or eyes again upon the French salesman, he had the satisfaction of adding his testimony to the catalogue of evidence against Mr. Barton at a later day, and of seeing him consigned to prison. The Versailles Locket, however, never reappeared, but Mr. Reginald Fontaine concluded that his experience was worth the two thousand five hundred dollars which it cost him. He deals no more with unknown foreign manufacturers, neither does he trust valuable jewels among strangers.



MRS. HENRY WOOD.

She was born about 1820, Ellen Price, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Price, head of a large glove-manufacturing establishment at Worcester. She married, early in life, Mr. Henry Wood, who was engaged in the shipping trade in London. Her first published writings appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine" and in "Bentley's Miscellany." She wrote "Danebury House," which was published in 1860. In the following year she produced "East Lynne," a domestic story of highly original conception and of much romantic interest, which at once gained strongly on the minds of a great multitude of readers. "The Channings," "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," and "Verner's Pride," kept up the success that she had won; they were followed by "Lord Oakburn's Daughters," "Oswald Cray," "Trevlyn Hold," and other striking tales. "Roland Yorke," a sequel to "The Channings," appeared in 1868; and, in 1870, "George Canterbury's Will," reprinted

from *Tinsley's Magazine*. The authoress was appointed editor of the *Argosy*, for which she wrote, in and after 1870, "Dene Hollow," "Within the Maze," "The Master of Greylands," "Pomeroy Abbey," and several other tales widely approved; but the series entitled "Johnny Ludlow," begun in 1880, presents not the least characteristic and effective qualities of her mind, and of her matured habit of thought and sentiment.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

DOLLIE.

She sports a witching gown,  
With a ruffle up and down  
On the skirt.  
She is gentle, she is shy,  
But there's mischief in her eye;  
She's a flirt.

She displays a tiny glove  
And a dainty little love  
Of a shoe;  
And she wears her hat a-tilt  
Over bangs that never wilt  
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams  
Are the fabric of her dreams—  
But enough!  
I know beyond a doubt  
That she carries them about  
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls  
She exasperates the girls  
Past belief;  
They hint that she's a cat,  
And delightful things like that,  
In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare!  
But what does Dollie care  
When the beaux  
Come flocking to her feet  
Like the bees around a sweet  
Little rose?



ERIN-GO-BRACH!

Footing the merry jig to the soul-inspiring strains of Mr. Patrick Fannagan O'Flaherty's fiddle, which has been handed down as a family heirloom for the last three hundred years.



A REALIZING SENSE.

"YOUNG MAN," said an apostle, so solemnly: "do you realize, when you retire at night, that you may be called before the morning dawns?"  
"Yes, sir," responded the young man: "I realize it fully. I'm the father of a three weeks' old baby."

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.



"I shall be out late to-night, my dear," said young Professor X. to his wife: "there are some educational matters that must be attended to."

"Very well," replied the patient wife.

Then Professor X., on educational matters intent, slipped over to the Polo grounds, and taught the young female idea how to chute.



THE END OF THE TOBOGGAN SEASON



SANITARY ITEM.

Lady—"Have you had much experience as a cook?"

Applicant—"O, indeed I have. I was the cook of Mr. and Mrs. Potorby for three years."

"Why did you leave them?"  
"I didn't leave them. They left me. They both died."

"What of?"  
"Dyspepsia."

CANADA will soon thirst for peace if she goes to war on codfish.

VENISON is reported dear, and yet a great deal of it is not deer, although it passes for such.

THE FASHIONS.



1. Hat.—Bonnet of cream cloth; borders of genuine brown otter; knot of black velvet; white lace; cream aigrettes and silk ties.



2. Back of a dress in green willow velvet, red surah and ombroidory.



3. Back of a dress in light violet surah and dark velvet.