Plot for Alhambra Court

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MAN IN THE MUSIC-BOOM. Locked in an awful horror. Madame Juliette stood rooted to the spot where she had first paused, the light blazing full and clear upon her white rigid features and glaring

Perhaps there was a subtle influence em nating from her presence that made itself It might appear so, for suddenly and with out apparent cause, the unconscious occupant of the room sprang sharply from the luxuriour chair he filled and turned his face to the

"Ah!" he exclaimed. With raised brows and a mocking smile h uttered that one ejaculation. Then he bow-ed low in mecking deference. Presently he lifted his eyes again but only to mock her with cruel smile.

Juliette glared stonily at him. grew tired of the scene. At last he spoke, his voice deep, mellow and finely modulated. His tone gave keen point to the

"You have not been looking for me, I perbefve?" he asked interrogatively.

He waited a moment, the mocking smile still curling his lips and then repeated his words.

Not a breath, not a quiver of the eyelids indicated that he had been heard.

"Bah!" he cried impatiently, advancing a ep or two, "Are you turned to stone! step or two. "Are y Why don't you speak?" Madame Juliette shivered and her stiff lips moved silently. Again she struggled to speak. Again she

"I have surprised you," laughed the mockwith the words he stepped hastily to her and touched the cold hand clenched at her The touch broke the spell.

She gasped, her eyelids quivered, her hand dropped from the stiletto hilt, and her voice hollow, cold, emotionless, burst its bonds.
"What does it mean? How is it you are At the low, icy tones the eyes of her hear-

er suddenly sparkled with anger. He answer ed sharply, emphatically:
"Not from the grave my handsome sister, I

Assure you."

Madame Juliette shuddered. That was all. He caught her impatiently by the arm.
"Come, arouse yourself," he said, leading her forward and placing her in a chair. Don't die on the spot. I expect to make use of you yet. I am aware of your worth,

She looked at him with straining eyes "You fired the shot?" she asked in the same hollow, icy voice.

He started. The question put just at that moment surprised him. The next instant he laughed, and with a cool shrug of his

shoulders replied : "I did. I owed you one, you know. Nevertheless, Celie, it was an accidental shot. In the first place I meant to take your life. But you looked so handsome, and it occurred to me that you might yet prove eful. I drew back my hand, but the brush, less merciful than I, sent a ball pretty near

He burst into asudden peal of low laughter. crying in stifled tones : Thunder ! Celie, you treated me to a capi tal scene. The way you defied me. did you think it was, my handsome tigress Madame Juliette looked up at him with the same strainized gaze, spoke in the same Why did you not show yourself?"

sked, never heeding his own question. He shrugged his shoulders with a cool I thought I would wait," he answered. negligently. Madame Juliette shivered.

He was so handsome, so cool, so frank, supremely himself. She knew him so well. too the fron hand and iron will. For what could she now hope? He broke in upon the dull, dreary thought.

How is it I find you living in such elegance ?" he asked. As he spoke he drew a chair close in front of her, and seating himself, cast an appreciative glance around. Again Madame Juliette shivered. But she

answered more naturally, though with a ring of entreaty in her tones that came strangely from those haughty lips.

"It is late, Ronald," she said.
"Yes, quite late," negligently answered er handsome visa-vis, leaning easily back in his luxurious chair and consulting his watch "So be good enough to hasten a litt e. I am tired and a trifle sleepy too, begging your pardon for the acknowledgment."

She yielded. No one knew better than she how useless opposition would prove. "I am here as Mrs. Urquhart," answered, spiritlessly, "widow of a certain

'Ah! that's the name is it? I'll remer "No, no," hastily corrected Madame Juliette. "I occupy that position, but am known as Madame Juliette Ecker.,'

Madame Juliette's auditor indulged low, prolonged whistle, his handsome black eyes questioning hers with vivid interest. "Hah! So deep as that, hey?" he ex-claimed. "Very good. Proceed Madame Juliette Ecker." claimed.

"It was Udy's scheme," continued Madame Juliette, in the dull tone in which she had first spoken. "But I determined to turn it to my own advantage and secure a "Bravo!" interposed her auditor with his

low, mellow laugh. "Bravo! I'd swear you'd never overlook your own interests. But go ahead. What next? If Udy's in it some pretty deep villainy may be expected, which compliment to him, understand, does not in the slightest degree reflect upon your lities in the same direction. Delivering this with a low bow, and the

who had said a flattering thing, Madame Juliette's guest disposed him listen again, his fine eyes twinkling with repressed amusement. Madame Juliette hesitated, trying to collect her thoughts preparatory to

upon her subject.
"So Udy brought you here?"

The question roused her.
"Yes," she repled, "he introduced and I established myself." From that she plunged into her story, gradnally warming with the recital. But not a hint did she give of the merciless rule she exercised over her confederate.

"Better tell too little than too much," she thought.

proceeded her vis-a-vis lost the nonchalant air he had assumed. His eyes lit, his lips parted, and leaning forward he clasphands over the chair arm, listen with fixed gaze and breathless intentness till she had uttered the last word.

CHAPTER XXVL

MASTERED. As Madame Juliette concluded her narrative, her listener threw himself violently Running his white fingers through the his fine head he exclaimed with fiery vehe-

mence:

For the first time I am compelled to proace you a fool, Celie !" Juliette stared at him in speechles

"Yes, a fool," he repeated. "A poor and-water plot like this. Are you Don't you see your opportunities? nty to get a noose about my neck don't run in that direction ant means, a luxuri us home and a

With these I shall be content. I have had enough of adventures and risks that aim at too much."

Madame Juliette spoke with mingled paspion and bitterness.

As she paused her guest slowly leaned forward again. Fixing his eyes piercingly on

ward again. Fixing his eyes piercingly on hers, he said significantly:

"Your ambition then has taken a different flight since a certain dark night which we both remember. When you left me dead, as you supposed, on that little street of the Strand, you were not thinking of the hangnan's rope, were you Celie?"

Madame Juliette clenched her hands till

the blood started under the pink nails. But efore she could give voice to the passion blazing in her eyes he interposed.
"Let it go, Celie. I am alive and need you. That fact disposes of the matter. Now let us go back. You are afraid of this sharp

Madame Juliette nodded an affirmative her eyes angrily fastened on her white hands
"That for him," exclaimed her vis-u-vis, "That for him," exclaimed her vis-u-vis, snapping his fingers in the air. "From this hour I pit myself against him. Depend on me, my dear Madame Juliette. Your intereste are mine, I assure you. I will immedia tely take a hand in the game, and infuse a Madame Juliette's stiffed rage and anguish

ourst its way into passionate speech. "Have you come here to ruin me with your baleful presence and foolhardy schemes?" she panted fiercely. "Is not the world wide enough for us both? must I forever be tortured with your presence? Go your way and leave me to mine. I would that your bones lay at the bottom of the Thames, as I thought till this wretched night. I would—"

"My dear Madame Juliette, why waste smuch fire off the stage?"
Lying lazily back in his chair, her audito quietly interrupted her stormy protest with that cool question. Madame Juliette gazed at him an instant with wild, anguished eyes. The next she started up and cast herself on her knees be-

ore him., "Oh, Ronald, Ronald ! Ronald Chaillie stifled tones, stretching her clasped hands passionately toward him. "Leave me in peace. Leave me to enjoy this quiet haven of rest !'

"As you left me to enjoy the quiet of the ive," interpolated Chaillie, in grateful grave. Madame Juliette took no heed of the mock ng words. Passionately she went on : You have hunted me down-Again he interposed.

Without one suspicion of the splendic colconda upon which I was to stumble. had another purpose in hunting you down-purpose which perhaps you can conjecture urpose which per dadame Juliette." Madame Juliette was silenced. She gazed stonily at his pitiless face, with its mocking

He resumed. 'That purpose I wholly forgot in the angry excitement of laying my eyes on your hand-some countenance this morning. "But perhaps your memory is treacherous. will be more explicit, Madame Juliette.

esirecertain information-information which your dainty sister. my fair young wife, failed give before she widowed me, a-"
He stopped, startled in spite of his native Madame Juliette had sprung to her feet, Her graceful head was proudly possed. Her splended form grandly erect. Her dusky

eyes magnificently aflame, With nostrils passionately dilated, with lips passionately lips passionately trembling, she poured out the accusing words half choking her in their "Your fair young wife !" she repeated in

hushed tones, her hands clenched fiercely gainst her panting breast.

against her panting breast.

"Wretch! how dare you breathe her sainted name to me? You who destroyed her peace, her happiness. You who made her life a wreck, and the whole world a Hades to her, with your blighting schemes of evil. You, upon whom are lavished the fonders love, the tenderest devotion, the most patient hope! Wretch! how dare you how dare you take my poor dead sixter's name upon on take my poor dead sister's name upon our lips She unclenehed her hands and grasped him

"Rouald Chaillie, when you and I stand aised shakingly aloft-"Ronald Chaillie, when you and I stand there, it will be seen who made me the reckless adventuress I am THERE it will be known that Thor the MAN! There it will be proclaimed that to spare your fair young wife the distastefu task you had set her I became a party to your bold, ambitious schemes! Yes, to spare her I did it. And when she died—" Madame Juliette stopped, clench d her hands against her breast again, and wailed in

inighty woe. When my poor young sister died, whatwhat had I to live for? Nothing. No, nothing. So I went on in my reckless way—I still go. But—but, Ronald Chaillie, if I lie, it is thou who hast taught me. If

Once more she stopped. In a sudden aban lon of misery she flung herself upon her knee's 'Ronald, Ronald!" she moaned, " esteem the past enough. Go. Go your way, and

The rushing torrent of her words had se nterruption at defiance. But Ronald Cha lie had felt no disp sition to interrupt her He gazed at her, listened so her in spellound admiration. That last passionate appeal brought him to

He drew a deep breath, smiled, looked down at her good-humouredly, and gently stroked his sinky jet-black moustache with is shapely white fingers. His whole ain was the air of a highly flatter

d man. He rose to his feet.

'My dear sister-in-law," he smiled easily, good-humouredly, "you put it admirably. Nay, I may say magnificently, artistically. dramatically. But—it cannot be. At present my way lies precisely in the direction of yours. In that way I shall have splendid cope for my great abilities. You must put

"And now Madame Juliette since presses, I must perforce say au revoir. Expect me to-morrow as Dr. Ronald, with the admirable Udy, and never doubt that I shall the meantime work out a plot worthy o our united abilities. Au revoir, my dear madame, au revoir." With a deferential bow, and a graceful

wave of the hand, he walked to the sitting-In the doorway he paused, holding the door open with his hand.
"Ah! one thing more," he smiled affably. My fair young wife entrusted to your keep ing a certain treasure of hers. My dear ma-dame when time presses less we will talk it

over. And now once more, au revoir !" He bowed and closed the door, Groping his way to one of the carefully closed windows, he stepped out npon the colonnade. The next moment he was sliding down one of the p!lars to the ground.

And Madame Juliette?

As if turned to stone she knelt there. Her arms were piteously outstretched, the loose sleeves failing back and exposing their white dimpled beauty nearly to the shoulder. Her beautiful features were drawn, and her eyes fixed in anguished supplication upon the door through which Chaillie had van-

The swift moments sped on, yet still she kne t there.

Suddenly a gurgling, smothered moan escaped her pale lips and she tossed her white arms wildly above her head.

"Oh," she panted whisperingly, more than I can bear!" With that despairing cry she sank prone apon the floor, for a brief space wrapped in a

percuful insensibility. CHAPTER XXVII. THE GHOST.

Instead of being the first in the breakfas room the following morning, Madame Ju was the last. But not a trace of the

anguished dread which still oppressed her marked either face or demeanour. Parisian art had sufficied for the one and an indomitable will for the other. Her first words were a succession of anxious

Yes," replied Alba before her mother could speak, "Mamma is less well. She had a bad attack about five o'clock this morning, and I am going to send for Dr. Farnhan if she does not grow stronger by noon. It is high time that I should exercise my will a

The girl spoke with a brave effort to smile brightly, but it was evident that a great weight of anxiety lay on her heart.
"Oh, my love what nonsense," returned Mrs. Urquhart languidly. "I have flad as many attacks as bad, if not worse."
Madame Juliette, detecting a slight tone of

nnoyance in the reply, quickly changed the ubject by an inquiry after Craig Grahame "He is better and expects to rise after while, though he will not be able to get down stairs, I am afraid for a day or two yet. But here is Aunty Phemie. She has just een up with his breakfast, and can give us As Mrs. Urquhart spoke the last words she

turned to Aunty Phemie who, at that mo-ment, was loftily depositing one of her cul-nary marvels in the form of a parsley omette upon the breakfast table.
"How is Mr. Grahame now, Aunty Phe-'Right peart, mis'ess." answered Aunty

Phemie, stepping back and lovingly eyeing her handiwork. her handiwork.

"He tuk his mite ob a pa'sley omerlette wifout no coaxin". And Miss Alba," she added, as, after solemnly turning her head from side to aide, she advanced and straightened a little the dish before her—" And Miss Alba, he sent a heap ob tanks fur de rosebuds and things."

and things."
While the tell-tale blood rushed in a charm. ing tide to Alba's pale cheeks, Madame Juliette, who was steadily ingratiating hersel with Aunty Phemie, stepped to the latter's Well, Aunty Phemie," she smiled, in

her irresistible way "a man would have to be ill indeed to require coaxing with such an omelette as that before him. Why, Annty Phemie, the greatest French cook would be proud to equal that work of art-rival it he could not." There Aunty Phemie, that is a complilaughed Alba, as the housekeeper awelling with gratification and importance, dropped a smiling courtesy and waddled off. Madame Juliette seated herself at the

breakfast table, well assured that she had gained the highest pinnacle of Aunty Phe mie's favour. Nor was she wrong. We she The meal ended, Mrs. Urquhart went up see Cyaig Grahame, and Mme. Juliette sauntered to one of the French windows.

Stepping across the low sill she fixed her gaze upon the beauty without. It sent a chill to her heart. Yesterday it had been here.

ners. To-day— With a shudder she left the thought unand entered the breakfast-room gain. Alba was standing at the other window, looking over the morning paper. In a sudden horror of her own society she address-You are pale," she said. "Come, take s walk.

The girl glanced quickly up. The tone startled her. It seemed weighted with pain. But the next moment she decided it was her own fancy. The face she looked at expresed only kindly interest; for Madame Juliett was thinking just then, a strange sense of pity hurrying her pulses.

"Poor girl, poor girl! What is to be your fate with Ronald Chaillie at the helm!

Alba's voice broke in upon the thought. "It would be pleasant," she answered ently, "but I wan't to keep a close watch apon mamma this morning. Oh, Cousin allette," she brokenly added with a rush of linding tears, "she looks very ill, does she A She does," and mitted Madame Juliette but her best medicine is cheerfulness Keep a brave heart, Alba."

Madame Juliette spoke as she felt, warmly, gently. In her strange pity for the lovely, innocent girl, a sudden interest was awaken d-an interest which the girl felt as a new and pleasant sphere. believe I am about to love her

she thought, as a minute later, she stood watching the elegant form slowly disappear lown one of the gravelled paths. Madame Juliette was thinking too. "Am I really better than I imagined?"
she muttered half bitterly, half amazed. Is there still a glimmering spark of good ithin me? What has come over my hard within me? Why should I care whether honaid

Chaillie beggars or assassinates her, so long as I am safe? Or does my pity for her grow out of pity for myself? For myself in all that he has made me suffer through my poor Vesta? For myself in what he may yet make me suffer through Vesta's—" She wrung her hands in a sudden passion f despair and cried in sharp tones of hope

There, there lies his power over me, and he knows it! But let me forget it. Let me think of this poor girl. For her sake I could almost wish that I had never heard of Alhambra Court. For her sake I could almost-al-

nost undo what I have done." Suddenly she stopped and lifted her great yes up to the cloudless sky—eyes that were neavenly, soft and luminous under the wooing voice of her good angel.
"Shall I? Shall I?" she breathed in awed

A minute she stood thus; her lips parted. her hands tightly clasped. A minute, and then she flung her hands passionately apart.

"No, no. No, I will not!" she laughed harshly, scornfully.

"No, I will battle it out. Let him do what he will, Alhambra Court shall be my home. Court shall be my home. No sickly confessions for me. But-but one thing I will doyes, as beaven is my witness. I'll-The low, passionate words were lost in a startled exclamation, and for an instant she

neld her breath, her head bowed, and one white hand unconsciously raised as she listened intently. Presently her hand dropped, and sharply ifting her head she cast a swift, scrutinizing

glance about the shrubbery.
"Did I hear a stealthy footstep ?" she next moment, whispered. answered " who dare come stealthily here? Not Ronald As she thus disposed of the thought she

indolently directed her steps toward one of the wonderful flower-gardens for which Alnambra Court was famed—a monster pyramid rising tier upon tier, in low, narrow terraces of richest bloom of the slender flaming cacti which crowned its far-off point, In spite of her misery her eyes glowed dmiringly as they swept the unbroken sheet

of gorgeous bloom.
"Beautiful. Beautiful Grandly beautiful!" she murmured, set her foot upon the As she did so she stopped again and looked harply round.
"What has come over me?" she muttered

impatiently. "One moment I think I hear a stealthy footstep, the next I fancy that I hear a suppressed voice."

Scarcely had she uttered the words when another sound reached her ear-a sound impossible to mistake -- a low "hist, hist!" Withdrawing her foot from the terrace to the path again she turned slowly about, her lips set in a pale, tense line, and her eyes sternly sweering the blooming thickets scattered here and there.

As she paused in a momentary uncertainty heavy shuffling step came sharply from onof the thicket-screened paths—so sharply indeed, that it suggested the walker's having uddenly stepped from the grass to the path-

Involuntarily Madame Juliette hastened toward it. Directly after she came face to face with "On, it's you, Sambo!" she exclaimed. An unconscious eagerness in her to e and expression caught the keen old fellow's

foot, he answered, a little breathlessly:—
"Yes mis'ess; begging yer pardon, it is me. And begging yer pardon, may I be so bold as to ax did you see anybody?"
"See anybody?" echoed Madame Juliette.
"Yes, mis'ess. A man or a woman, I dunno which. I jes thought I seed somebody asseakur'roun'yar. But my pore ole eyes is awful 'ceitful and my legs not de quickest, so I could noways be sure. Jerry 'd know in a minute. I'il jest go an' git Jerry an' set him ter beatin'—" Madame Juliette interrupted him hastily, mperiously.

His words had rendered it certain to he

mind that someone was hidden in the vicinity and also that the hider, whoever it might be wanted her.

"Nonsense, Sambo," she exclaimed. "I've been wandering round here a long time, and you have mistaken me for some prowler. Moreover, if anyone had been here I must

certainly have seen him or her.

"Go back to your work, Sambo," she laughed, "and rest assured that if you saw anything that was not me it was my spirit."

Sambo fell back with perceptibly paling akin akin.

"De good Lor" forbid," he ejaculated.

"Ef it was yer gloos, MalameJul'ette, den de angel Gabriel habroome wight.

"Dem dat habe dar ghost's a follerin' arter 'em haint no yearthly diance. Dey am ripe fur de king'om, ripe ur de king'om, honey."

Controlling an irresistible desire to laugh, Madame Julistic sagerly seized upon the superatition as a means to her ends.
"You make The accommendation of the superation as a means to her ends." superatition as a means to her ends.

"You make me very uneasy, Sambo," she
answered gravely, for I know that there is no human being here but our two selves. That you have seen my ghost there can be no question—none at all. Oh, Sambo, I must

Madame Juliette little imagined what she was evoking. Sambo was the religious oracle of his fellow-servants, from Aunty Phemie down. In a moment the dim eyes fastened

awed gaze upon her own, lit with fanatical fervour. His tall, gaunt, powerful trame grew erect; his head slowly wagged; his his long arms awang monotonously to and fro. Directly the seething torrent of thought burst into speech.
"De sperit ob de Lord am 'pon me!" he cried, in smothered, sing-song tones. "De sperit what cries day an' night: 'Pent, 'pent, fur de king'om ob heaben am at han'!' 'Pent, 'pent, fur He's a-gwine ter gadder his wheat inter de heabenly barn an de chaff

He's done bound ter burn up wif his ortul, orful fire. Den 'pent, Ma'ame Juliette, 'pent. 'Pent and flee from de wraf ter come. 'Pent afore he lay de heabenly axe ter de root ob de tree an' cas's de tree inter H squeno'less fire. Oh, 'pent, 'pent, 'pent, 'pent, honey! 'pent, 'ur I see it a comin, a comin, a comin. I see it. I see it. De fire, and de smoke, and de brimstone, and de blood ! see it all, all, a pourin' out upon yer lubly head an' no me Juliette's icy hand upon his wrist

and Madame Juliette's shrill voice in his ea rought his abrupt sermon to a close. In spite of herself, the wild, rude eloquen had gone home to her guilty soul with thrilling power. d before the vivid picture of her doon "Man, man!" she cried with starting eyes and ashy lips, "what mean you? How dare

Sambo looked at her like one awakening rom a dream. "How dare you speak thus to me?" re peated Madame Juliette.

The old man dropped his eyes and shook "Don' blame pore ole Sambo. Madame
Juliette," he sighed. "Ole Sambo had
nuffin ter say. Sambo don' know nuffin 'tail

bout it, mis'ess. Twas de sperit ob de Lord, not Sambo, nobow. Lord, not Sambo, nohow,
"You'll forgive old Sambo, Madame Juli-With those words of entreaty he looked up again, and Madame Juliette forced her white lips into a single and be and had been supported in Yes I'll forgive you it you can tell me you are satisfied that there is no need to call Jerry -that you are quite sure that it was m

"It be easy 'nough ter say all dat, Ma'ame Juliette," returned Sambo, wagging his venerable head with pitying solemnity. "Shar use a callin objerry ter run down a ghos'. He paused an instant, still omino ging his head as be silently eyed Madam Juliette. Then with a deep sigh he stooped, picked up the tattered eld straw hat which had fallen from his hand, and made his best

"Sambo may's well go back ter his wuk," With this brief and sorrowfully-uttered de claration he shuffled off. Madame Juliette watched him well out of sight, her consciousness of relief at being so happily rid of him mingled with a curious

sense of awe and horror. "Pshaw!" she muttered. "Am I growing uperstitious ?" But in spite of her effort to thus cast off the affinence that clung to her, her face remained strangely pale. Repeating her impatient ejaculation, she turned and hurried back to the spot from

which Sambo's step had attracted her. As she was slowly and scrutinizingly pass ng a certain thicket, a subdued voice aspirated cautiously: "Madame Lascour. Madame Lascour!" Madame Juliette stopped as if suddenly

turned to stone, her already pale face settling anto the hue and rigidity of death. "Madame Lascour. Madame Lascour! atiently, sharply.

The repetition of the call rent the paralyzing onds which had rooted Madame Juliette to

the spot. With a low, fiercely-anguished cry she dashed to the thicket. Extending her arms the madly tore the luxuriant branches apart, As she recklessly crushed them down a secon cry broke from her white, stiff lins.
"()h!" she gasped, in hollow tones. Great Heaven !- another-my ghost inleed l'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARIE. It was a woman's face on which Madame Juliette's eye had fallen—a pale, quiet face but indicative of a powerful will and unalterble purpose.

The woman returned Madame Juliette's gaze with one of calm indifference, slightly bending her thick-set figure in salutation. "Yes," repeated Madame Juliette, her gaze fixed in a changeless, atony glare uponthe woman's face—"yes, my ghost—the ghost of my past. Oh!—" The sentence died away in an inaudible

murmur, and she sank unconscious at the woman's feet. I woman's feet. With a smothered ejaculation of mingled surprise and impatience, the woman seized her and hastily dragged her among the shrubbery. Her first care was to restore the bent branches. That done, she looked down upon

Madame Juliette's rigid features, mutter ing:
"Broken—a good deal broken, he said. should think so, indeed. It's well I aiways carry sal volatile. Who'd a thought of HER With the words she stooped and applied

perself to the task of restoring Madame It was soon done. The blood flowed too hea thfully in madame's veins to permit of protracted faint. At first she stared confusedly at the face above her; the woman answered the look

with one of silent composure.

Madame Juiette quickly shut her eyes again with a stifled mean. Dir ctly he struggled to a sitting posture. Drawing up her knees she clasped her hands round them, and bending her head, rested her clammy forehead against them.

With unrufiled composure the woman rose, folded her arms, and gazing down upon the Presently Madame Juliette's lips moved

The way of transgressors is hard," she The words, strangely enough, aroused her

ative spirit of defiance. She haughtily lifted her head. The next moment she sprang to her feet, pale and tremulous to be sure but with the old naughty blaze in her eyes.
"Ah!" ejaculated the woman; a brief de

claration that to this phase of passion she had been accustomed.

Madame Juliette turned upon her. "What brings you here?" she demanded proudly, rapidly, "Why are you in America instead of England? What business have instead of England? What business have you to be prowling in these grounds, endangering my position here?"

Then, without giving the other time to answer, she crushed back the pliant branches

of the shrubbery, and pointing to a shady, secluded path, cried imperiously:

"Go, go! and rever show your face to me again."

The brief command awakened a storm o assion within her breast. With fierce vinictive passion she burst out:
"Am I doomed? Am I to be forever confronted by these ghosts of the past? Is there no such thing as carving out a new life? Is the——"

She broke off abruptly, suddenly conscious that the woman displayed no intention of obeying the command.

"How dare you stand there when I tell you to go?" she demanded, with double hauteur. Go at once—this instant?"

"Not so fast, Madame Lascour," answered the woman could be her common use absolutely

the woman coldly, her composure absolutely

indisturb-d.

"I am here with a purpose, and like your self, I never leave my purposes unaccomplish She made that reply, and immediately drew note from her pocket and held it out to Madame Juliette.

Madame Juliette.

Madame Juliette took it, glanced at the uperscription and then at the woman's inscrutable countenance.

"So!" she aspirated haughtily.

"So, Madame Lascour," assented the woman.

At this repetition of a justly dreaded name,
Madame Juliette's white face grew still whiter.

"You know well that I do not bear that "I beg your pardon. I meant no effence. I will remember."
Madame Juliette scarcely heard the rep'y "So you are in his employ?" she said. crushing the letter against her palm. "He

brought you over, I suppose?"
"He did. But my time with him has expired. I am in search of a new place Madame Juliette gazed steadily at her, but made no answer. The woman went on:
"You know that my equal as a waitingmaid does not exist. I am anxious to enter ur service again." Never.

That one word rushed across Madame Juliette's lips with passionate intensity.

It did not seem to surprise the woman. Indeed it might be supposed that she had expected that reply, and none other. Without the slightest change of either voice or counter nance, she said calmly, deliberately : "I suppose you deemed the convent Saint Agnes a safe abiding place for—"

Madame Juliette broke in upon her, her thick, husky tones scarcely audible and her great eyes wild with deadly despair.

"Oh, no, Marie! oh no," he cried.

The letter slipt from her her nerveles asp and she seized the woman's arm with oth hands. Unconsciously shaking her, she gasped with sudden fierceness:

Woman, what do you mean? Has Ronald She paused, incapable of uttering another ord. But her eyes mutely asked the question choked from her lips. Marie understood and answered. Utterly

unmoved, her low, metallic tone, fell evenly "No," she said, "but he will if if you repeat that NEVER."

Madame Juliette stared at her a moment Then her stiff lips slowly parted.

"Conquered!" she whispered to herself.
"Conquered sgain, and and punished through by swin crimes. Does Sambo a future hold anything worse for me It Marie caught a word here and there she made no sign. Composedly she waited.
With a shiver Madame Juliette address

her again :
"How long have you known = " "And you are sure he does not know?" Madame Juliette put the question oarse, unnatural tones. Marie shrugged alders slightly, then answered : "One can never be sure of what Mr. Chaillie does or does not know. I think he does not. But he is deep. He may."

A suppressed groan slipped across Madame Juliette's lips. The next moment her cyc ighted. He does not!" she thought, "He does not, else he would have taunted me with the knowledge! Thank Heaven!" Under her relief of the thought her aughty sprit asserted it elf again. to Marie, she asked, harsh y:

" By wnat means did you discover-Hold!" she cried, abruptly interrupting herself and extending her open palm imperiously toward the woman. "Hold! what does it matter? Let us go back to the question of your entering my service. Make your application in a safe way. With Mr. Chaillie to counsel you, you are not likely to make any mistake, ! (To be Continued.)

"I see you are growing a moustache, George," said she, as she caressed the lapped of his coat. "Ye-es," stammered George, blushing furiously. "I—I am trying to cultivate one, Arabeila." "Don't it feel funny hp?" she asked. "Well, no," he laughed, regaining his composure : "it seems to be quite natural." "I wonder how a moustache would feel on my lip," she said, that it clung to the skin too tightly and caused these spots you steak of." with a far-away, absent look in her eyes. You needn't wonder long, then," George, as he bent down. "Oh, you forward thing!" she exclaimed; "I've a good mind to make you take that back again," And he

id. -Somerville Journal. The old lady who retused to believe her sailor son's narratives of hebergs and water-spouts, but devoutly swallowed the story of finding one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels in the Red Sea, does not stand alone. In the recent xamination of a Sheffield bankrupt cutler, books rev aled a "Tara Trust Fund," which he had misappropriated, and to which subscriptions amounting to £227 had been received. The object of this fund was to enab e the Anglo-Israel society to defray the expense of digging into Mount Tara, in Ire and, to recover the deeds which were given to the prophet Jeremiah when he purchased While the crop of tools lasts

the sharpers will be on hand. A story is told of a backwoodsman in one of stern States who boa ted that he once brought down ninety-nine ducks with one he did not say a hundred when he was at it. replied that he would scorn to tell a lie for the sake of a duck. The scrupulous accuracy of this gentieman has, however, been equalled by the Admiralty officers who reently conducted the steam trials of the iron-lad turret ship Edinburgh. According to the officials' account of this vessel's perform ances it appears that the speed be attained under trial was 15 999 knots per hour. ascientious regard for the truth exhibited in this statement is equalled only by the nicety of the observations of the gentlemen who were able to fix the exact rate of speed cal mile, or, in other words, a length of six

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarth, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a postive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has feltit his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Seat by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block Roohester, N. Y. Consumption Cured.

WUMAN'S KINGDOM.

The Thrush in the Old Convent Garden Glad prophet hidden in the leaves,
Thy sudden flute strikes through the rain;
The air a thrill of hope receives,
The day begins to breathe again.
The dull day weeping ceaseless rain.

The world may weep, yet sound of tears
But faintly stirs this cloistered space,
Where noiseless feet of passing years
Fall on soft lawns and leave no trace,
But cast fresh spells about the place. Ah, not for us such green repose,
Gray wall-girt stillness, brooding air,
Where floats the soul of each dead rose
The endless years have seen unclose,
And pass, sweet ghost, to haunt the air.

Sing loud, and bid us dream no more Sing 'mid the falling leaves thy song
Of hope, though Autumn's breath is here;
The day is short, the way is long.
Up ! let us labour and be strong,
Nor falter till the end appear.

Useful Hinte for Women, A litt'e baking sods placed upon a burn ill soon remove the fever. Lamp tops, when boiled occasionally in ittle soda and water, are as good as new.

Lemon rubbed on the face and hands tends remove freckies and whiten the skin. When peeling onions place a pin tightly between the front teeth. This prevents the ars from coming.

Pancakes are easier to pour when prepared in a tin kettle with a spout. A small one can be purchased for the purpose. Persons who perspire freely should put a little ammonia in their toilet water. It is pleasant and dries the skin very effectively. A hall window may be made very pretty by pasting on it stained glass paper, which can be purchased for a small sum of money and

easily applied. Never wash in warm water before going out in the cold sir. Such a practice will roughen the skin. Warm water should be used only

To keep the feet narrow, they should be tightly bound every night in bands of linen. When drying the face always rub down, as subbing both ways tends to roughen the skin. In a flat apartment much more room and a rettier effect may be obtained if the door are removed and portiers of some Persian or Turkish stuff put up on rods or brass rings.

A very palatable dish can be made of mashed potatoes and a little finely chopped meat of one or more kinds, mixed together, flavoured with salt and pepper, and fried in small flat cakes.

To brighten the eyes for a ball or party eat a half hour before leaving home a lump of sugar on which are ten drops of cologne. This generally proves effective. A very odd and pretty hanging basket ca be made out of an old clay pipe. Fill with rich earth and plant a few vines of creeping Charlie and Wandering Jew. Suspend from a bracket by a gold or silver braid.

Oatmeal is excellent for the skin. Soak cupful in a little water for three or four hours. Apply to the face and hands before returing and do not rub off. Dry oatmea rubbed on the skin after a bath is also very peneticial. Flannel cakes are great delicacies fo

reakfast these cold mornings. Take a

quart of prepared flour, one egg, a cup of sweet milk, and a spoonful of sugar. Mix with water into a batter, then fry in a hot pan with a little lard or butter. Every one who can spare the room should have a nursery for their children. It saves the rest of the house and allows the little

enes more liberty. A wainscoting of newspaper pictures pasted on the walls will make an interesting feature of such a room.

A pandsome of toman may be made of an old same box. Pad the box with old pieces of carpet or cotton, taking care to have it smooth and firm. Then cover with an old broach shawl, or a dark red married described. roach shawl, or a dark red merino dress, an old red rep curtain re-dyed, or any similar material. Chintz will also prove a pretty Mothers can easily make their little boys the now fashionable polo caps. Take a piece of clo h and cut a circular crown that will

ust cover the crown of the head. Then on

off a strip three or four inches long and sew

t firmly and evenly to the crown, making the

seam come in the back. A silk or muslin lining is made the same way, and then sewed in, the seams facing those of the cap. Removing Wrinkles "Dou really mean to say that you can re-

move wrinkles from the face?' "Nothing is easier, provided little patience and a little-money. several preparations that will effect this result. One way is this :—Some o this white liquid, called the 'Secret of Beauty,' is first rubbed over the face. Mercury in it? I'll prove that there is not. See, I have poured some ammonia upon it, and it doesn't turn black or muddy as other preparations do that contain mercury. Well, then a salve is rubbed on. These two applications soften the skin. Then one of these masks, linen on the outside and medicated wool on the inside, is applied to the face and kept there about an hour Daily repitition of this peration will in few months quite remove all wrinkles, be sides immediately clearing the skin of dis agreeable blackheads, tan, freckles, sunburn, to, and making it of velvety softness. Did you say a friend of yours had tried a mask and her face wa covered now with red spots She must have used a rubber mack, which we long ago discarded for the very reason

Skirts and Sleeves Skirts are fulier all round, and are les gored than they were a few seasons ago. and very pre ty way of arranging a skirt is ompose it of wide, plain breadths jo ned by killing. This has a mewhat the appearance of very large box-pleats without the thickness and consequent waste of materials. Part of the killing should be arranged exactly in p am breadths. Puns and waterfalls for back drapery are still in vocue, but the newest nethod is to have a deep ruffle headed by still deep-r will puff. To trim leeves with braid or velvet ribbon commence the first row t the extremity of the outside seam of the sleeve and apply the others about their width above it. Car y them all upward with a slight curve to the centre of the upper side and then turn slightly downward and extend acros the sleeve to the inside seam, and from there pass along the under side, chang ng direction so that they strike the outside sear at a point quite distant from the hand and afterward are brought down diagonally to the curved portion of the topmost row, beneath which the ends terminate. For close sleeve a fancy garniture is to have a round cuff facing of contrasting material applied about the wrist of the sleeve and turning. apward nearly to the top of this is a row o lace, showing a heavy pattern and having no fullness whatever a lowed in its application Ben ath the upper edge of the cuff facing sewed another row of lace, which is turned up flatly around the sleeve. Either white or of lace, which is turned black lace may be employed in this decora tion, black being the most useful and whit the most dressy.

Charming Women and Women in Earnes It is the business of a woman of the world to be agreeable. She spares no pains to make herself just as good-looking as possible, and just as charming. And she is always tolerant. She may think you a fool for your beliefs, but she doesn't tell you so brutally, or try to crush you with an avalanche of argument. She tries to look at the matter from your point of tries to look at the matter from your point of view; in short, she feigns a sympathy, if she have it not. Your women with a purpose think it wrong to feign anything. They won't pretend to be sympathetic, any more than they will powder their faces; or let their dresamaker improve their figures. That's why they are so being; they are too narrow

to be sympathetic and too conscientious to be polite. It is earnestness does it; earnestness is naturally narrowing. It is earnestness, too, sets their nerves in a quiver and makes them so restless. They can never sit still; they are always twitching don't you know? That's earnestness. It has a kind of electrical effect. earnestness. It has a kind of electrical effect, Women in earnest have no repose of manner. But a woman of the world feigns that, just as she feigns sympathy, because it makes her pleasant to other people. Oh, there's no doubt of it; women with a purpose are vastly better than other women, but they are not

The Female Form Given a small, straight, flat figure, with a face delicate in its features, and the problem of making a girl look like fifteen until he is altogether pa-t her teens is not exceedingly difficult. It can be very simply worked by refusing to let her petticost grow to a mature length, eschewing all devices of bodice that produce artificial undulation, and enjoining an innocent simplicity of carriage and man-ner. That was what had been done with the bride whom I have mentioned. There was in her family the usual incentive for thus retard ing her apparent growth from childhood to womanhood. Two elder sisters wished to matrimonially place themselves before their iges were emphasized by the youngest daughter becoming an adult. Why, I remember that one evening at a reception the dear girl came down to the parlour in a lovely cos-tume of white tulle, as simple and infantile as a christening robe, and with the hem no lower than the tops of her high boots; but she had presumed to give a slight roundness to her corsage. That was an amendment to the family resolution which was instantly voted down, though she pleaded hard to carry

"I'm a woman, and I want to look like one," she pleaded.
"You may be a woman, but you've got to look like a cuild as longas nature will let you,' said the maternal mandate. She had to go back to her room and flat.

ing.
"I'll develop all of a sudden, the first thing they know-see if I don t," she said to me or that occasion.

And she did it on her wedding day, for certain. The dignified little creature who ragged a train up the centre isle of a fashionable church was no longer childish. Her babyish braids of hair has become an elaborate coiffure; the ankles were out of sight, and instead of their stockinged display, there was a charming disclosure of bare arms that were far more plump and tapering than anybody had expected, and as fair as eighteen years seclusion could make them; her bodice, or the first time, was shapely—by exactly what means is none of the public's business. Improved? I should say so. If the bridegroom had fallen in love with her former aspect he had every reason for ang-menting his passion as he beheld her in bridal

With regard to the recently published British Association statistics relative to the size of men in the mother countries, "J.K.C." writes to the Scotlish American

from Fort Wayne, Ind.:
"In a late number of the Journal I see it stated that according to statistics of height and weight in Scotland, the Gallowegi were found to be the tallest, averaging 5 feet My inches. I was not surprised at that being the case. The stature of men in Glenkens, that is the four mountainous parishes of Kircudbrightshire, north of achken, has often been remarked upon. The hill farmers live, as regards animal food, chiefly on black-faced mutton, which is not only easily digested food, but very nutritious. Sheep's head and trotters singed, mealy puddings, and haggis are good bone-forming food. Many of the tenant tarmers in my day were called by the name of their farms, and some of their ancestors had been on them since the reign of James VI. Some of since the reign of James VI. Some of them were quite well offs and owned estates, although living on rented farms. Plenty of exercise without hard labour, and mountain air, would perhaps account for their tall figures, and being decended from a pure unmixed raisal Scotch race. The men are mostly lean, although there tions. The late Mr. Archibald Wallace of Knockgray was an exception; although a short man, he weighed nearly 22 stone, and was a rema kably healthy man. A man in this country informed me that he went there on business once, and Knockgray, who measured everybody's appetite by his own, gave him a sheep's head and four trotters to keep

him up till dinner time.
"Many of your Galloway readers will remember old Charlie Stewart, the spaver, a Wigtonshire man. He was a man of gigantic strength, was about six feet in height, and of uncommon massive build. He measured 50 inches round the chest, and weigh ed between 18 and 19 stone without being fat. He had a ruddy healthy complexion, gray head, and huge unmistakeable S. otch eatures. On one occasion when Lord Gallo way's tenants were having a celebration of ome kind 'when the Baroa's retainers were blithe and gay,' and putting the stone and throwing the hammer, &c., were being practised, old Charlie threw 10 men in succession in the Scotch or Border style, by sheet strength. It was found impossible either to lift him or bend his enormous back. Of course

none of his opponents were professionals. At the Bellevi le Salvation Army meeting Wednesday night, Capt. Nellie Ryerson stated that if in future the collections were not ore liberal, the army would have to retreat

from Belleville. IS THE TIME TO CURE SKIN HUMORS.

It is at this season when the pore open freely and the perspiration is abundant that Disfiguring Humours, Humiliating Eruptiens, Riching Tortures, Salt Rheum or Ecsuma, Psoriasis Tetter, Ringwerm, Baby Humours, Scrafula, Scrafulaus Scres, Alecessee, and Disekarying wounds, and every species of Itahing, Scaly and Pimply Diseases of the Skin and Scalp are most specify and counduically oured by the Cutt. CURA REMEDIES.

IT IS A FACT.

Hundreds of letters in our possession (copies of which may be had by return mail) are our authority for the assertion that Skin, Scalp, and Blood Humours, whether Scroftness, Inherited, or Contagious, may NOW be permanently cured by Euricuna Reselvent, the new Blood Puriele, Duretto and Aperient, internally, and Cuttoura and Cuttoura Soar, the great Skin Cures and Beautifiers, exter a ly, in one half the t me and at one half the expense of any other season. CREATEST ON EARTH. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case Sait Rheum in this county. My mether had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast, and head were covered for three years, which nething relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT INTERNALLY, and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O. CREAT BLOOD MEDICIAES.

The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTIOURE REMEDI S. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURE REMEDIES, CHAS. A WILLIAMS. Providence, R.L.

CURE IN EVERY CASE. Your CUTICURA REMEDIES outsell all other nedicines I keep for skin diseases. My customers and patients say that they have effected a cure in every instance, where other remedies lave failed.

Franklin Falls, N.H. W. BROCKWAY, M.D. Sold by all drangists. Price-Cuttogra, 50c, RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

BEAUTY For Rough, Chapped and Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Infanile Humours, use Cottoura Soap, a real Beautifier. NORTHBUP & LIMAN, Toronto.

AGRICUL

We will always be plea of enquiry from farmering agricultural intere given as soon as pract

ENGLISH SE

The celebrated seed-Co., of Reading, Engla with Professor Tanner, Agriculture, South Ker ence to having some of ties experimented upor Tanner wrote them as fo thank you for bringing 1 series of experiments you ried out in different distr tion to you that at the (tion to you that at the G
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Old Country." Prof. Br
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Oakshott & Co. with rea
Oakshott & Co. with rea varieties of wheat, two

> and one of peas, which the Department of Agrica CATTLE DISEASE

The latest enterprise Department of Agrical is the appointment geons, one for every cou Nothing is more needed ordinary farming, not to ing, is carried on to such surgeons are to be paid by for what they actually do. has seen the very minim horses and cattle. At t only been a few isolated glanders in horses; pink-e isease, pleuro-pneumon and tubercle have neve no case of any kind of pigs has been observed. nary surgeons are especial on the alert along the b universally to shoot dow horse and burn it or burground. All will be effect expense to the Govern regulations will be strictly ances of the spread of

COUCH G

amongst animals will be

for information regarding

the above-named weed,

given. The weed is know names, Among them Co Wheat, and Quack Gras name being Triticum repe very tenacious of life, and rapidly are exceedingly They go deep into the soil, and multiply in all direct can produce a new plant, not destroyed, will produ number. The best mode o elect a time when the wea are in the driest state, and and rake the rooks into her rake, when they should operation will have to be r of turnips, whose broad l and arr, and the frequent d soil in hot, dry weather. duing it, while cutting the in wet weather only prod larger crop. In the early strike horizontally and obliq down till the growth of the tby the cold of winter. Europe, where burning is has been discovered where foul by couch grass the lar

crop of turnips.

THE POINTS OF A "Inquirer," writing from "Will you kindly give me thoroughbred Jersey cow, colour, marks, and any oth interest."

The average length of a to 50 inches. They are of the light fawn being the favo ple keep them simply for dark, almost black ones, richest milkers. Although bodies often girth from six they are set on short legs. characteristic is the great let hang out in milk, good Jer quiring to be dried are milked, as a rule weeks from calving. The milk is exceptionally high, cream running up to one-th demonstrated by Mr. Fuller lands, near Hamilton, Ont. of cream was regularly gati gailons of milk.
In referring to Mr. Fuller

pleasing to those who tal

Jersey cows to hear that on

and that he has a standing

of \$20,000 for Mary Anne,

ditional offer of \$10,000 for

e eldest daughter of Mary

one year, the party making desirous of having her ser Eurotas, he to keep the calf.

LIVE STOC

Scarcely any two cows of same appetites. It is impo avoided. A variety of food e ful digestion, and upon this owners largely depend.

A sale of fine bred short the hero's of Bichard Gibso Gibson & Winthrop, of Wes Williams, of San Francisco, exhibition grounds, London presence of a large number parts of the country.