QUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

It was, possibly, a gentle hint for Reinette to ask her to take the vacant seat opposite the two young ladies; and if so, it was not noticed, and they passed swiftly on and left the woman sitting there alone, with swimming eyes, and a peculiar expression on her face, as she looked after the fast-receding carriage. This was in October, and not long afterward Margery startled Reinette by telling her that she was going for the winter to Nice, and possibly to Rome.

"Mother has not seemed herself for several weeks," she said, and I think she needs a change of air; besides, I am most anxious to see Italy."

And so, two weeks later the friends bade each other good-by, and after one or two letters had passed between them, Reinette wrote as follows:

"Come home, Margery—come back to Paris, where I can see you face to face, for I must not write you any more. Papa has forbidden it. He says I have plenty to occupy my mind with music, and dancing, and society, without keeping up a promiscuous correspondence; and when I told him you were my only correspondent, and you were not promiscuous, he said it did not matter, I was not to write even to you. I never saw him so decided about anything, and when I rebelled and grew angry, as you know I did, and said I would, he grew angrier, and said I shouldn't; and so I promised him that this should be my last. But when you return I shall manage to see you again. So come at once, that's a dear old Margery. Paris is so stupid without you, and Madame Isaacs fits me horribly. Come, Margery, come."

But Margery neither came nor wrote, and there was silence between the two friends, who knew nothing of each other's whereabouts until each was startled to hear that the other was in America.

Such was in part the history of Margery up to the day when Miss Ethel Rossiter entered the room where she was sewing, and after moving about a little and inspecting the trimming of her dress, began hesitatingly:

"By the way, Miss La Rue, my brother has been telling us about our cousin, Miss Reinette Hetherton, who had just come from Europe, and she says she knew a Margery La Rue in Paris. Is it possible she means you? Did you ever know any one of that name?"

"Yes, oh yes!" and Margery's face was all aglow with excitement as she looked quickly up. "Yes, Miss Rossiter; you must excuse me, but the door was open, and I could not help hearing some things your brother said—he talked so loud; and I know it is my Queenie. I always called her that because she bade me do so. She is the dearest friend I ever had, and I have loved her since the wintry afternoon when she brought so much sunshine into my life—when she came into our dreary home, in her scarlet and rich ermine, and sat down on the hard old chair, and acted as if I were her equal, and said how much she liked me, and made believe I was she, Queenie Hetherton, and she was I, Margery La Rue, and I wore her scarlet cloak, and she my poor, plain plaid, as we drove in the Champs d'Elysees. And she has been my good angel ever since. She persuaded her father to send me to the English school where she was a pupil. She got me a situation as governess, and when I rebelled against the confinement and the degradation—for I was only as a block in the family—she persuaded me to take up dressmaking, for which I had a talent, and encouraged and stood by me, and brought me more work than any four of my other customers. Oh, I would die for Queenie Hetherton!"

Margery had talked rapidly, and her blue eyes were almost black in her eagerness and excitement, while Ethel listened to her intently, and thought how beautiful she was, and wondered, too, when or where she had seen a face like the face of this fair French girl, whose accent was so pretty and whose manners were so perfect.

"And she is your cousin," Margery said; "that is strange, for I always understood that her mother was an Englishwoman—one of the nobility, Queenie thought."

Ethel colored a little, and replied:

"Yes; her mother and mine were sisters. Mr. Hetherton's old home was in Merrivale. Did you ever see him?"

"Once, on horseback, in the Bois. I was driving with his daughter, and she made him stop and speak to us. He was very fine-looking and gentlemanly, but I thought him proud and reserved, and I believe he had that name in Paris."

Mrs. Rossiter had returned by this time, and, entering the room, joined in the conversation, asking many questions of the Hethertons and their life in Paris and at Chateau des Fleurs, which Margery described as a perfect palace of beauty and art.

"I was so happy the summer I spent there," she said—"happy in making believe it was mine instead of Queenie's. This 'making believe' was our favorite play, when I was the mistress and she the guest, and I wore her dresses and she wore mine and called herself Margery. We could hardly do that now, for I have grown so tall, and she is a wee bit of a creature."

"Is she pretty, as Phil says she is?" Grace asked, and Margery replied:

"You might not think her very pretty when she is quiet and her features in repose, but when she is excited and animated, she sparkles, and glows, and flashes, and shines, as if there were a blaze of light encircling her, and then she is more beautiful than anything I ever looked upon, and she takes your breath away with her brilliancy and brightness."

"You must have heard her speak often of her mother, my sister," Mrs. Rossiter said, and Margery replied:

"Yes, many times; and at Chateau des Fleurs there was a lovely portrait of Mrs. Hetherton, taken in creamy white satin, with pearls on her neck and in her wavy hair. She must have been beautiful. There is a resemblance, I see, between you all and that portrait."

"Do you know where that portrait is now?" Mrs. Rossiter asked; and Margery replied by telling her that, nearly six years before, Chateau des Fleurs was burned, with all there was in it, and she believed there was now no portrait of Mrs. Hetherton in the family.

It seemed so strange to the Rossiters that this foreigner should know so much more than themselves of the Hethertons, and for a long time they continued to ply her with questions concerning the new cousin whom they had never seen.

After a time Phil came sauntering into the room in his usual indolent, easy manner, and was presented to Margery, whose blue eyes scanned him curiously and questioningly. She had heard enough of his conversation to guess that he was already far gone in love with Queenie, and she was anxious to know what manner of man he was. Something in his manner and the expression of his face fascinated her strangely, while he, in turn, was equally drawn toward her; and when at last her work was done and she started for home, he exclaimed, under his breath, as he watched her going down the street:

"By Jove, Ethel, if I had never seen Queenie, I should say this dressmaker of yours was the loveliest woman I ever saw. Look at her, will you? Look at that figure, and the way she carries her head, as if 'to the manner born.' I don't wonder Queenie raves over her; such eyes, and hair, and complexion—only a little too much like the Fergusons; and now I remember Queenie said she was like me. I must be confounded good-looking!"

"Oh, Phil, what a conceited, vain coxcomb you are; both his sisters exclaimed; and yet there was a resemblance between the handsome, fair-haired Phil and the young girl who was walking rapidly toward the cottage where she and her mother had rooms.

"Oh, mother," Margery began, as she took off her hat and scarf and began to arrange her hair before the little mirror, "I have such news to-day! Queenie—Miss Hetherton—is here!"

"Here! Reinette Hetherton here! and her father?" Mrs. La Rue exclaimed, springing to her feet as suddenly as if a bullet had pierced her.

But Margery's back was toward her, and she did not see how agitated she was, or how deathly white she grew at the reply.

"Her father died on shipboard just as they reached New York, and Queenie is all alone in Merrivale."

"Mr. Hetherton dead! dead!" Mrs. La Rue repeated, as she dropped back into her chair, while the hot blood surged for a moment to her face and then left it pallid and gray as the face of a corpse.

Something unnatural in the tone of her voice attracted Margery, who turned to look at her.

"Why, mother, what is it? Are you sick?" she cried, crossing swiftly to her and passing her arm around her as she leaned back heavily in the chair.

"I've been dizzy-like all the morning. It's nothing; it will soon pass off," Mrs. La Rue replied.

But when Margery insisted that she should lie down and be quiet, she did not refuse, but suffered her daughter to lead her to the lounge and bring her the hartshorn and camphor.

"Cover me up, Margery," she said, as a shiver like an ague chill ran through her veins. "I'm so cold and shaky-like. There, that will do; and now sit down beside me, and let me hold your hand while you tell me of your friend and her father, and how he died, and who told you. It will interest me, may be, and make me forget my bad feelings."

So Margery sat down beside her, and took the hot hand which held hers with a grasp which was sometimes actually painful as the narrative proceeded, and Margery told all she had heard from the Rossiters.

"And to think, her mother was an American, and that the Rossiters are her cousins, and her father's old home is Merrivale, where I have thought of going! Oh, if I could only go there now!" Margery said; but her mother did not express surprise at anything.

On the contrary, a more suspicious person than Margery would have said that the story was not new to her, for she occasionally asked some questions which showed some knowledge of Queenie's antecedents. But this Margery did not observe. She only thought her mother a little strange and sick, and was glad when from her closed eyes and perfectly motionless figure she argued that she was sleeping.

Covering her a little more closely and dropping the shade so that the light should not disturb her, she stole softly out, leaving the wretched woman alone with herself, for she was wretched—was always wretched even when the smile was brightest on her lips; and now would seem as if some lightning shaft had struck to the depths of her conscience and lashed it into frenzy. Clenching her fists together so that the nails left their impress in her flesh, she whispered:

"Dead! dead! Frederick Hetherton dead! and she sole heiress of Hetherton! Dead! and does that release me from my vow? Do I wish to be released? No, oh, no, a thousand times no? And yet when she was talking to me I felt as if I must scream it out. Oh, Margery; oh, my daughter, my daughter! Dead! And will his face haunt me as hers has—the sweet pale face of her who trusted me so? There surely is a hell, and I have been in it this many a year! Margery! Margery!"

"Did you call me, mother? I thought I heard my name," Margery said, opening the door, and looking into the room.

"No, no; go away. You waken me when I want to sleep." Mrs. La Rue said, almost angrily, for the sight of that beautiful young face, and the sound of that silvery voice nearly made her mad; so Margery went away again, and left her mother alone to fight the demons of remorse, which the news of Frederic Hetherton's death had aroused within her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD LETTERS.

Reinette was up and at her window on the morning when Phil left Merrivale, and had his seat been on the opposite side of the car from what it was, and had his powers of vision been long enough and strong enough, he might have seen a little pair of white plump hands waving kisses and good-bys to him as the train shot under the bridge, round the curve, and off into the swamps and plains of East Merrivale.

"I shall miss him so much," Reinette thought. "He is just the nicest kind of a boy cousin a girl ever had. We can go all lengths without the slightest danger of falling in love, for that would be impossible. Falling in love means getting married, and I have been educated too much like a Roman Catholic ever to marry my cousin. I would as soon marry my brother, if I had one. I think it wicked, disgusting! So, Mr. Phil, I am going to have just the best time flirting with you that ever a girl had. But what shall I do while you are gone? Mr. Beresford is nice, but I can't flirt with him. He's too old and dignified, and has such a way of looking you down."

This mental allusion to Mr. Beresford reminded Reinette that he was to come that day for any papers of her father's which she had in her possession, and that she must look them over first. Ringing for Pierre, she bade him bring her the small black trunk or box in which her father's private papers were kept. Pierre obeyed, and was about leaving the room when Reinette bade him bring a lighted lamp and set it upon the hearth of the open fireplace.

"I may wish to burn some of them," she said.

The lamp was brought and lighted, and then Queenie began her task, selecting first all the legal-looking documents which she knew must pertain strictly to her father's business. A few of these were in English and related to affairs in America, but the most were in French and pertained to matters in France and Switzerland, where her father held property. These Queenie knew Mr. Beresford could not well decipher without her help, and so she went carefully over each document, finding nothing objectionable—nothing which a stranger must not see—nothing mysterious to her, though one paper might seem so to others. It was dated about twenty years before, and was evidently a copy of what was intended as an order setting apart a certain amount of money, the interest to be paid semi-annually to one Christine Bodine in return for services rendered; the principal was placed in the hands of Messrs. Polignac, with instructions to pay the interest as therein provided to the party named, who, in case of Mr. Hetherton's death, was to receive the whole unless orders to the contrary should be previously given. This paper Reinette read two or three times, wondering what were the services for which her old nurse received this annuity, and thinking, too, that there was a chance to find her. The money must have been paid, if she were living, and through the Messrs. Polignac she could trace her and bring her to America.

"I ought to have some such person living with me, I suppose," she said, "and I hate a maid always in my room and in my way."

The business papers disposed of, and laid away for Mr. Beresford's inspection, Queenie turned next to the letters, of which there were not very many. Some from Mr. Beresford on business—one from her father's mother, Mrs. General Hetherton, written to him when he was at Harvard, and showing that the writer was a lady in every thought and feeling, and one from herself, written to her father when he was in Algiers, and she only ten years old. It was a perfect child's letter, full of details of life at the English school.

"Queenie's first letter to me," was written on the label, and the worn paper showed that it had been often read by the fond, proud father.

Over this Reinette's tears fell in torrents, for it told how much she had been loved by the man whose hand she seemed to touch as she sorted the letters he had held so often.

"Darling father," she sobbed, "there's nothing here that a saint from Heaven might not see," and laying aside the envelope which bore her childish superscription, she took up a packet which to her aristocratic instincts seemed out of place with those other papers, in which there lingered still a faint odor of the costly perfume her father always used.

There were three letters in envelopes, inclosed in one large envelope, on which Reinette recognized her father's monogram. Taking out the largest one first she studied it carefully, noting that the paper was cheap, the handwriting cramped and uneducated, and Chateau des Fleurs, to which it was directed, spelled wrong.

"It looks coarse; it feels coarse, and it smells coarse," Queenie said, elevating her little nose as she caught a whiff of something very different from the delicate perfumery pervading the other papers. "Who sent this to papa, and what is it about?" were the questions which passed rapidly through her mind, as she held the worn, soiled missive between her thumb and finger, and inspected it curiously.

Once something prompted her to return it whence she found it—to put it away from her sight, and never seek to know its contents. But woman's curiosity overcame every scruple, and she at last drew the letter itself from the envelope. It was quite a large sheet, such as Reinette knew ladies seldom used, and the four pages were closely written over, while there seemed to be something inside which added to its bulk.

Turning first to the last page Queenie glanced at the signature, and saw the two words "From Tina," but saw no more, for the something inside which, slipping down, dropped upon her hand, around which it coiled like a living thing, with a grasp of recognition. A tress of long, blue-black hair—a woman's hair—with just a tendency to wave perceptible all through it.

Shaking it off as if it had been a snake, Queenie's cheek paled a moment with a sensation she could not define, and then, as she defined it, crimsoned with shame and resentment; resentment for the dead mother, who, she felt, had in some way been wronged, and shame for the dead father to whom some other woman had dared to write, and send a lock of hair.

"Who is this Tina?" she said, with a not gleam of anger in her black eyes, and how dare she send this to my father—the bold, bad creature! I hate her, with her vile black hair!" and she ground her little high heel upon the unconscious tress of hair as it had been Tina herself upon whom she was trampling. "I'll burn it," she said at last, "but I'll never touch it again."

And reaching her tongs, which stood upon the hearth, she took up the offending hair and held it in the lamp, watching it with a grim feeling of satisfaction, and yet with a sense of pain, as it hissed, and reddened, and charred in the flame, and writhed and twisted as if it had been something human from which the life was going out.

Through the open window a breath of the sweet summer air came stealing, and catching up a bit of the burnt, crisped hair carried it to Queenine's white morning wrapper, where it clung tenaciously until she shook it off as if it had been pollution.

"Tina!" she exclaimed again. "Who, I'd like to know, is Tina?" Then remembering the surest way to find out who she was, was to read the letter, she took it up again, but hesitated a moment as if held back by some unforseen influence; hesitated as we sometimes hesitate when standing on the threshold of some great crisis of danger in our lives. "If it's bad," she said, "I do not want to think ill of him. "Oh, father, it isn't bad; it must not be bad;" and the hot tears came fast, as the daughter who had believed her father so pure and good turned at last to the first page to see what was written there.

It was dated at Marseilles twenty years before, and began:

"Dear Mr. Hetherton, are you wondering who you do not hear from your little Tina?
——"

"Miss Hetherton, your grandmother is here asking for you," came from the door outside which Pierre stood knocking, and starting, as if caught in some guilty act, Reinette put the letter back in its envelope, and went down to meet her grandmother, who had come over for what she called a "real sit-down visit," and brought her work with her.

There was nothing now left for Reinette but to leave the letters and devote herself to her guest, who staid to lunch, so that it was not until afternoon that Queenie found an opportunity to resume the work of the morning. Meanwhile her thoughts had been busy, and over and over again she repeated to herself the words, "Your little Tina," until they had assumed for her a new and entirely different meaning from the one she had given them in the first heat of her discovery. There might be—nay, there was no shame attaching to them—no shame in that blue black tress of hair which she could feel curling around her fingers still, and see as it hissed and writhed in the flame. The letter was written after her mother's death. Her father was human—was like other men—and his fancy had been caught by some dark-haired girl of the working class who called herself his "Little Tina." She had undoubtedly bewitched him for a time, so that he might have thought to make her his wife. His first marriage was what they call a *mesalliance*; and here Queenie felt her cheeks flush hotly as if a wrong was done to her mother, but she meant none; she was trying to defend her father; to save his memory from any evil doing. If he stooped once, he might again, and the last time Tina was the object. He had meant honorably by her always, and tiring of her after a little, had broken with her, as was often done by the best of men. Of all this Queenie thought as she talked with her grandmother, answering her numberless questions of her life in France, and her plans for the future; and by the time the good lady was gone and she free to go back to her work, she had changed her mind with regard to Tina's letters, and a strange feeling of half pity for the unknown girl had taken possession of her, making her shrink from reading her words of love, if they were innocent and pure, as she fain would believe them to be, for the sake of her dead father; and if they were not innocent and pure, "I do not wish to know it. I should hate him—hate him always in his grave!" she said, as she picked up the letter and resolutely put it back in the envelope with the other two.

Once she thought to burn them, as she had the hair, and thus put temptation away forever; but as often as she held them toward the lamp she had lighted again, as often something checked her, until a kind of superstitious conviction took possession of her that she must not burn those letters written by "Little Tina."

"But I'll never, never read them," she said; and dropping on her knees, with the package held tightly in her hand, she registered a vow that as long as she lived she would not seek to know what the letters contained, unless circumstances should arise which would make the reading of them a necessity.

This last condition came to her mind she hardly knew how or why, for she had no idea that any circumstances could arise which would make the reading of the letters necessary.

Searching through her trunks and drawers, she found four paper boxes of different sizes, and putting the envelope in the smallest of them, placed that in the next larger size, and so on, writing upon the cover of the last one, "To be burned without opening in case of my death." Then tying the lid securely with a strong cord, she mounted upon a chair and placed the package upon the topmost shelf of the closet, where neither she nor any one could see it.

"There little black-haired Tina," she said, as she came down from the chair and out into her chamber, "your secret if you had one with my father, is safe—not for your sake, though, you blue-black haired jade!" and Queenie set her foot down viciously; "not for your sake, but for father's, who might have been silly enough to be caught by your pretty face, and to be flattered by you, for, of course, you ran after him, and widowers are fools, I've heard say."

Having thus settled the unknown Tina, and dismissed her from her mind for the time being at least, Queenie went back to the remaining package in the box—the one tied with a blue ribbon, and labeled "Margaret's letters."

"Mother's," she said, softly, with a quick, gasping breath; "and now I shall know something of her at last;" and she kissed tenderly the time worn envelope which held her mother's letters.

There were not many of them, and they had been written at long intervals, and only in answer to the husband's, it would seem, for she complained in one that he waited so long before replying to her. Queenie felt no compunctions in reading these; they were something which belonged to her, and she went through them rapidly, with burning cheeks, and eyes so full of tears at times that she could scarcely see the delicate handwriting, so different from that other, the blue-black haired Tina's, as she mentally designated her. And as Queenie read, there came over her a feeling of resentment and anger towards the dead father, who, she felt sure, had often grieved and neglected the young wife, who, though she made no complaint, wrote so sadly and dejectedly, and begged him to come home, and not stay so long in those far off lands, with people whom Margaret did not like.

"Dear Frederick," she wrote from Rome, "please come to me; I am so lonely without you, and the days are so long, with only Christine for company, for I seldom go out except to drive on the Pincian or Campagna, and so see scarcely any one. Christine is a great comfort to me, and anticipates my wishes almost before I know that I have them myself. She is as faithful and tender as if she were my mother, instead of maid, and if I should die you must always be kind to her for what she has been to me. But oh, I do so long for you, and I think I could make you very happy. You used to love me, Frederick, when we were boy and girl in dear old Merrivale. How often I dream of home and the shadowy woods by the pond where we used to walk together, and the moonlight sails on the river when we rowed in among the sweet lilies, and you said I was lovelier and sweeter than they. You loved me then; do you love me now as well? I have sometimes feared you did not; feared something had come between us which was weaning you from me. Don't let it, Frederick; put it away from you, whatever it may be, and let me be your Queen, your Daisy, your Margery again; for I do love you, my husband, more than you can guess, and I want your love now when I am so sick, and tired, and lonely. Christine is waiting to post this for me, and so I must close with a kiss right there where I make the star. (*). Put your lips there, Frederick, where mine have been and then we shall have kissed each other. Truly, lovingly and longingly, your tired, sick Margery."

"Margery, Margery? That was then her pet name, the name I like the best in all the world, because of my Margery," Queenie cried as her tears fell fast upon the letter, which seemed to her like a voice from the dead. "Poor mother, you were not so very happy were you? Why did you die? If I only had you now, how I would love and pet you," she said, as she passionately kissed the place her mother's lips had touched, and her father's too, she hoped, for how could he resist that touching appeal. He must have loved the writer of that letter, and yet—and yet—there was a cloud—a something between the husband and wife which cast its shadow over their child and made her weep bitterly as she wondered what the something was which had crept in between her father and his tired, sick Margery. "Was it the blue-black haired Tina," she said, as she clenched her fists together, and then beat the air with them, as she would have beaten the blue-black haired Tina had she been there with her. "Poor mother," she said again, "so tired and sick, with no one to care for her but Christine, who was so good to her. I know now why my father settled that money on her; it was because she was so kind and faithful to mother, who knows now, perhaps, that father did love her more than she thought; for he did, I am sure he did; and he loved me, too, and I believed him so noble and true. Oh, father, father, forgive me, but I have lost something. I cannot put it in words—but—but—I don't know what I mean," and stooping over the package which held her mother's letters, Reinette cried out loud, with a bitter sense of something lost from her father's memory which had been very sweet to her. "Oh, how much has happened since I came to America, and how long it seems, and how old I feel, and there is no one to tell it to—no one to talk with about it."

Just then there was a second knock at the door, and Pierre announced Mr. Beresford waiting in the library. He was a prompt business man, and had come for the papers, Reinette knew, and, bathing her flushed cheeks, and crumpling her wavy hair more than it was already crumpled, she went down to meet him, taking the papers with her, and trying to seem natural and gay, as if no tress of blue-black hair had been burned in her room, no letters from Tina were hidden away in her closet, and no sting when she thought of her father was hurting her cruelly.

Queenie was a perfect little actress, and her face was bright with smiles as she entered the room and greeted Mr. Beresford, who, being a close observer, saw that something had been agitating her, and guessed that it was the examining of her father's papers, which naturally would bring back her sorrow so freshly. There was a great pity in his heart for this lonely girl, and his manner was very sympathetic and gentle as he took the box from her and said:

"I am afraid this has been too much for you, going over them so soon."

Instantly the great tears gathered in her heavy eyelashes, but did not fall, and only made her all the sweeter and prettier, as she sat down beside him and said:

"I must read some of them over for you, for I don't believe you understand French very well, do you?"

"Not at all—not at all," he replied, glad to be thought ignorant of even the monosyllable *oui* if by this means he could sit close to her and watch her dimpled hands sorting out the papers, and hear her silvery, bird-like voice, with its soft accent, translating what was written in them into English.

Especial pains did she take to make him understand about the money paid to Christine Bodine and why it was paid.

"She was so kind to mother, who requested him to care for her. I've been reading all about it in mother's letters to him," she said, without lifting her eyes to his face, for in spite of herself and her avowed confidence in her father's honor, there was in her heart a feeling of degradation when she remembered Tina, as if the shame, if shame there were, was in some way attaching to her and robbing her of some of her self-respect.

But Mr. Beresford had no suspicion of Tina, or anything else, and only thought how lovely she was and what a remarkable talent for understanding business she developed, as they went over the papers together and formed a pretty fair estimate of the value of the Hetherton estate.

"Why, there is over half a million, if all this is good," she said, looking up at him with pleased surprise. "And I am so glad, for I like a great deal of money. I have always had it, and should not know what to do without it. I want a great deal for myself, and more for other people. I am going to give grandma some, because—well," and Queenie hesitated a little, "because I was mean to her at the station when she claimed me; and I'm going to give some to Aunt Lydia, so she can afford to sell out her business, which is so obnoxious to Anna, and if that girl down at the Vineyard proves to be my Margery, I shall give her money to buy Aunt Lydia out, and then I shall have her all to myself, and you'll be falling in love with her—remember that! You'll be in love with Margery La Rue the second time you see her!"

"Margery La Rue! Who is she?" Mr. Beresford asked; and then came out the story of Margery mixed with so extravagant praises of the young lady that Mr. Beresford began to feel an interest in her, although the idea of falling in love with her was simply preposterous.

Splendid as he was, and sensible, too, he had a good deal of foolish pride and would have scouted the thought of a dressmaker ever becoming Mrs. Arthur Beresford. That lady was to be more like this little dark-eyed fairy beside him, who chattered on, telling him what she meant to do with her half million, which it seemed was literally burning her fingers. She would give some to everybody who was poor and needed it, some to all the missionaries and churches, and even some to him, if he was straitened and needed it.

Mr. Beresford smiled, and thanked her, and said he would remember her offer; and then she added:

"I'll give some to Phil now, if he wants it, to carry on his business. Does it take much money, Mr. Beresford? What is his business—his profession? I don't think I know."

"I don't think he has any," Mr. Beresford replied, and Reinette exclaimed:

"No business! no profession! That's smart! Every young man ought to do something, father used to say. Pray, what does Phil do? How does he pass his time?"

"By making himself generally useful and agreeable," Mr. Beresford said, and in his voice there was a tinge of irony, which Queenie detected at once, and instantly flamed up in defence of her cousin.

"Of course he makes himself useful and agreeable—more agreeable than any person I ever saw. I've only known him a day or two, and yet I like him better than anybody in the world except Margery."

"Phil ought to feel complimented with your opinion, which, I assure you, is well merited," Mr. Beresford said, while a horrid feeling of jealousy took possession of him.

Why would girls always prefer an indolent, easy-going, good-for-nothing chap like Phil Rossiter, to an active, energetic, thorough-going man like himself? Not that he had heretofore been troubled by what the girls preferred, for he cared nothing for them in the abstract: but this restless, sparkling French girl was different, and he felt every nerve in his body thrill with a strange feeling of ecstasy when at parting she laid her soft, warm hand on his, and looking up at him with her bright earnest eyes, said to him:

"Now you will write at once to Messrs. Poliguac and inquire about Christine, and I shall write, too; for I must find her and bring her here to live with me. Grandma says I ought to have somebody, some middle-aged, respectable woman, as a kind of guardian—but, ugh! I hate guardians!"

"Oh, I hope not?" Mr. Beresford said, laughingly, managing to retain the hand laid in his so naturally. "In one sense I am your guardian, and I hope you don't hate me."

"Certainly not," Reinette said. "I think you are very nice. You are father's friend, and he said I must like you, and tell you everything, and I do like you ever so much, though not the way I do Phil. I like him because he is so good and funny, and my cousin, and—well, because he is Phil."

"Happy Phil!" Mr. Beresford said. "I wish I was good, and funny, and your cousin," and giving a little squeeze to the hand he could have crushed, it was so small and soft, he bade her good afternoon, and rode away.

"I hope he is not falling in love with me, for that would be dreadful. Falling in love means marrying, and I wouldn't marry him any sooner than I would Phil. He is too old, and dignified, and poky," Reinette thought as she watched him going down the hill, while he was mentally registering a vow to enter the lists and compete with the young man who was so much liked because he was Phil.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LITTLE LADY OF HETHERTON.

Within a week after Phil's departure the whole town was full of her, and rumor said she was running a wild career, with no one to advise or check her except Mr. Beresford, who seemed as crazy as herself. Everybody thought her wonderfully bright, and fresh, and pretty, but her ways astonished the sober people of Merrivale, who, nevertheless, were greatly interested and amused with watching her as she developed phase after phase of her variable nature—visiting Mr. Beresford at his office two or three times a day, ostensibly to translate foreign letters and papers for him, but really, it was said by the gossips, to see the man himself; galloping off miles and miles into the country on her spirited horse, with the little old Frenchman in attendance; worrying Mrs. Jerry by having chocolate in her room in the morning, breakfasting at twelve, dining at six, with as much ceremony as if a dozen people were seated at the table instead of one lone girl, who sometimes never touched the dishes prepared with so much care—dining, too, in all sorts of places as the fancy took her; on the north piazza, on the south piazza, and even in the summer-house; giving her money away by the hundreds to the Fergusons, and by the tens, and fives, and ones to anybody wh[illegible]; sinking a little fortune on [illegible] Hetherton Place, which she was entirely metamorphosing, with fifteen or twenty men at work there all the time, while she superintended them, and gave them lemonade or root-beer two or three times a day, and once had treated them to ice-cream, as an incentive to swifter labor.

Such was the state of affairs when Phil, improving the very first opportunity for leave of absence, came back to Merrivale. It was 10 a.m. when he reached the station, and exactly half-past ten to a minute when he found himself at Hetherton Place, his hand locked in that of Queenie, who, in her big garden hat, with trowel and pruning-knife, led him all over the grounds, where the fifteen men were at work, pointing out her improvements, and asking what he thought of them. And Phil, who had promised his mother to check his cousin if he found her going on recklessly, as they had heard from Anna, proved a very flunky, and instead of checking her, entered heart and soul into her plans, and even made suggestions as to how they could be improved. So useful, in fact, did he make himself, and so much skill and taste did he display, that Queenie forgot entirely to chide him for his lack of a profession. Indeed, she was rather glad than otherwise that he had no profession, as it left him free to be with her all the time, and to become at last the superintendent of the whole, with this difference, however, that while he directed the men, Queenie directed him, and made him her very slave.

Queenie never shrank from anything, but plunged her white, fair hands into the dirt up to her wrists, while Phil took off his coat and worked patiently at her side, transplanting a rose bush or geranium to one place in the morning, and in the evening to another, if so the fancy took his mistress. She could not always tell where she wanted a thing until she studied the effect of certain positions, and then, if she did not like it, if it did not harmonize with the picture she was forming, it must be moved, she said. And so the moving and changing went on, and people marvelled to see how rapidly what had at first seemed chaos and confusion began to assume proportions until the grounds bade fair to become more beautiful and artistic than any place which had ever been seen in the county. What had been done before Queenie's arrival was for the most part unchanged, but the remainder of the grounds were entirely overturned. The plateau and summer house, on which Queenie had set her heart, were made, and the terraces, and the new walks, and the pasture land, west of the house, was robbed of its greensward for turf to cover the terraces and plateau, which were watered twice each day until the well and cisterns gave out, and then the heavens, as if in sympathy with the work poured out plentiful showers, and so, notwithstanding that it was summer, the turf, and the shrubs, and the vines, and flowers were kept green and fresh, and scarcely stopped their growing. Everything went on beautifully, Queenie said, as she issued her orders, and, busy as a bee, worked from morning till night, with Phil always in attendance, while even Mr. Beresford at last caught the fever, and went himself into the business of planting and transplanting, and working in the dirt. The Hetherton gardeners the people called the two young men, Phil being the head and Mr. Beresford the sub; but little did they care for the merry-making, so long as that little, bright, sparkling girl worked with them in the dirt, and then at night rewarded them with a bouquet, which she fastened to their button-holes standing up on tiptoe to do it, and looking up at them with eyes that nearly drove them crazy.

Nor was Hetherton Place the only spot where Queenie was busy. A few days after Phil went to the seashore there had come to her a letter from Margery, who wrote:

"MY DARLING QUEENIE,—You do not know how surprised and delighted I was to hear that you were in America, or how sorry I was to hear of your loss. You must be so lonely and sad, alone in a strange country. What is Merrivale like? and do you think it would be a good place for me? Is it not funny that I had thought to come there, and have actually written to a Mrs. Ferguson, who turns out to be your aunt? But she asks more for her business than I feel able to pay, and so the plan has been abandoned for the present. But I must see you, and, remembering all the kindness in the years past, you will not think me intrusive when I tell you that before the summer is gone I am coming to Merrivale just to look into your dear eyes again and see if you are changed. I like your aunt and cousins so much; they are genuine ladies, and I am glad they belong to you."

The first thing Queenie did after reading this letter was to mount her horse and gallop in hot haste to the village, where she astonished Mrs. Lydia Ferguson by offering her more for her business than she had demanded of Miss La Rue.

"It is my Margery—my friend, and I am going to have her here if I turn my own house into a dressmaker's shop," she said, and she talked so fast and gesticulated so rapidly that Mrs. Lydia grew quite bewildered, but managed to comprehend that a price was offered her which would be well for her to accept, as it might never be offered her again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WEST LORNE SENSATION.

Quarrel Between Lovers, who Indulge in a Rough-and-tumble on the Highway.

(Free Press.)

A correspondent writing from West Lorne, Elgin County, says several court cases have been exciting a good deal of interest among a certain class in our village during the past week, and subjecting our country squires to a considerable amount of innocent banter. Two of these were from the neighborhood of Rodney. The parties are named Johnston and Coffin. They figured in a seduction case some time ago in St. Thomas. Miss Coffin is of mature age, although not of a disagreeable appearance. Her course of love did run smooth, and it has now been turned into hate, so she determined to be revenged on her former lover. Johnston first arraigned her for assault, for which a sentence of ten days was imposed. This time it was Miss Coffin's turn, and she hauled him up for assault and battery. It appears that the parties met on the highway. They could not let the opportunity pass. A set-to ensued. Miss Coffin for self-defence selected her national weapon, a stout shillelah, and Johnston got hold of a cudgel. The former, who conducted her own case before the court, detailed how she lost her shillelah in the first round. In the second she was knocked into a ditch, and claimed a foul because Johnston tore all her clothes off here while she was being suffocated in the mud. At this stage of the proceedings she displayed before the gaze of an excited crowd of young men and boys, who graced the trial with their presence, an astonishing amount of damaged finery. From the wet and muddy aspect of the material it certainly did appear as if Johnston had handled his old inamorata in no very gentle or loving fashion. Miss Coffin was able to give a better account of herself in the third round. Having become divested of all superfluous incumbrance in the shape of clothing she was very much in the condition of Cutty Sark, and fit to give the best account of her muscular development, but Johnston's younger brother appeared on the scene at the critical moment. The fight was wholly unequal now, and Miss Coffin again went to the grass. The issue of the trial was that Johnston was fined $20 and costs or twenty days in jail, and his younger brother $1 and costs.

—The tradition that Cologne cathedral would never be finished took its rise as follows: A young architect in despair at the refusal of his plans by Archbishop Conrad went to the banks of the Rhine meditating suicide, when there appeared the devil himself, who offered him, in exchange for his soul, the plan of the cathedral as it stands to day. The young man demanded twenty-four hours for reflection, and submitted the matter to his confessor, who suggested that on the morrow, when Satin showed him again the design, he should seize it with his left hand, and drawing rapidly a relic of St. Ursula from under his robe with the right, strike the evil spirit with it on the brow. This was done. Satan said: "That's a cunning trick of the Church, but the design which you seize shall never be finished, and your name shall remain unknown." As he spoke, he snatched away the upper part of the design. The young architect died of mortification without reconstructing the plan. For years events seemed to bear out the old legend.

—At the Horticultural Exhibition in St. Louis they had a monument that no doubt struck terror to the hearts of all beholders, especially the youth. It was an obelisk made of 10,000 green apples. What a sight for a physician to gaze at, thankful that he lives in a country where the right to devour green apples and have the cholera afterwards is vouchsafed to every citizen.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Means to be Adopted to Exterminate the Contagion.

Special to the Boston Herald.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—Dr. Charles P. Lyman, of Springfield, Mass., a member of the veterinary staff of the agricultural department, who returned from England last week, left last night for Boston, where he proposes to conduct his investigation into the origin of the pleuo-pneumonia he discovered while he was in Liverpool, in western cattle exported from Boston. He will labor in his investigation until October 1st, by which time he hopes to conclude it; if not, he will resume it in November, when he has finished some other special work. To your correspondent Dr. Lyman said, just before he left, that he begins his investigation with a belief that pleuro-pneumonia does not exist in the West or in Massachusetts. The investigation will be a complex and difficult task. Dr. Lyman has the addresses of the shippers of the cattle found to be infected upon inspection in Liverpool, and will trace the inspection up with their aid. During his residence in Liverpool, which extended over four or five weeks, Dr. Lyman, in company with the English inspector, examined every day the lungs of American cattle landed at that port. Not a single lung out of more than 10,000 pair escaped their rigid inspection. The lesions which indicate the presence of pleuro-pneumonia, were found upon but six lungs. These Dr. Lyman brought home with him. They were undoubtedly affected with pleuro-pneumonia. Professor Williams of Edinburgh, who has always maintained that pleuro-pneumonia did not exist in American cattle brought into England, admitted upon examination, that the cattle from which the lungs in question were taken were infected with the contagion. Even if this eminent veterinary surgeon had not so expressed himself, the English authorities, upon the report of their inspector at Liverpool, would have proclaimed the infection of the cattle examined. Having ascertained by personal observation that the proposition that Boston-shipped Western cattle are not infected with pleuro-pneumonia was untenable, Dr. Lyman was obliged to abandon his attempt to secure a modification of the English restriction so far as such cattle were concerned He could not make an effort in behalf of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or any other Eastern city, because pleuro-pneumonia exists in their vicinity. Dr. Lyman thinks the only way a modification of the irksome English restriction can be secured is through energetic action on the part of our Government directed to make one or more Eastern ports and the routes leading from the West to them entirely above suspicion of pleuro-pneumonia infection. There will be no relaxation on the part of Great Britain until some measures are adopted by our Government which will assure her that American cattle shipped from one or more American ports are free from the dreaded contagion.

The number of American cattle imported into England is about 30,000 per month. Under existing quarantine restrictions, these are all slaughtered on the docks within a limited number of days. Could they be taken inland, they would bring $20 more per head than they do as dead meat. Therefore the average loss per month to the American agriculturist, upon the whole loss falls, is about $600,000. This might be saved to him and our present trade doubled and quadrupled if all cattle shipped from any point could be s[illegible] to England free from contagion. If Dr. Lyman finds upon investigation that his six cases of pleuro-pneumonia originated in any one place heretofore supposed free from it, he will recommend its extermination by purchase and slaughter of all infected cattle. It is considered possible to stamp the disease out, wherever it exists, in this manner. If Congress authorizes it and appropriates the money it will be done. This would solve the proplem of how to secure a modification of the English restrictions at once.

EDISON'S PROGRESS.

Preparing for Another Test of the Electric Light—The Inventor's Plans.

Mr. Edison's hundred horse power engine is getting its finishing touches in the Porter Allen Engine Company's shops, Philadelphia, and in about three weeks it will be in position in Menlo Park. The engine will make 600 revolutions a minute. The cylinder is nine inches in diameter. With this ponderous machine, Mr. Edison expects to produce the power that will enable him to light up the 800 lamps for which the workmen have just laid eight and a half miles of mains.

Forty-five men have begun work in the nearly completed factory where the lamps are made and more will be added in a short time. They will turn off about 700 completed lamps a day for the present, but Mr. Edison expects to increase the number to 1,200.

Mr. Edison's new test of the light will be made about Oct. 1. He says that there is no defect in the construction of the lamps; that the carbon tips of the Japanese bamboo are perfect and that the new trial of the light is not to be an experiment to see if it will burn, but is to test, on a large scale, its actual economy as compared with gas.

Mr. Edison has not experienced with the light for the past six months, but his time has been occupied in preparing for what he terms the commercial introduction of the light. Every detail as to the wire, glass, wood, iron, and other materials, and the best and most economical ways for fashioning them, he has gone over hundreds of times, his idea being, he says, to have the light a perfect success to begin with, and to leave no improvement to be desired. He does not want his invention looked upon in a few years as a crude effort in a new field, like the first sewing machine and the pioneer reaper.

Of the introduction of his light in the city the inventor speaks with positiveness. Spread on his table are working diagrams of the two districts in which it is proposed to begin work. The first district is as follows: From Peck slip, through Ferry street to Spruce, to Nassau, to Wall, to South, thence to the place of beginning. The second district is as follows: Through Mail street to Park place, to West, to Rector, to Nassau, to Spruce.

There will be one station in each district where the power will be generated. This station will occupy a room about 20x100 in size. The building may be a cheap structure in the rear of other buildings, so that the item of rent or purchase money may not be considerable. Canvassers are now at work in the two districts getting the names of tenants who will try the new light. They report that most of the owners of large buildings are very ready to have the experiment tried. As has been heretofore announced, the purpose of the Electric Light Company is to sell power as well as light. Mr. Edison says they expect to sell more power than light, and perhaps eventually to make enough on power to be able to give the light away. Quarter-horse, half-horse, one-horse, and five-horse and seven-horse power machines, he anticipates, will be in great demand for keeping ventilators in motion, swinging fans in restaurants, running sewing machines and turning lathes, and so on.

Since Mr. Edison has considered his light as successful commercially, he has given its practical use by all sorts of people a good deal of attention. He says that popular prejudice and custom are not the least difficult things with which he has to deal. His aim has been, therefore, to make the new light as nearly as possible like gas in its operation. His way of making a practical test is to call in a servant girl from a neighboring house, or a laborer from a field, and pointing to a lamp say: "Light that; now turn it off; light it again." Every difficulty in the way of the awkward experimenter is carefully noted by the inventor, who at once sets to work to obviate it. A single illustration will show how closely he has studied these minor matters. In making the first lamps he had the thumbscrew, which corresponds to that of a gas fixture, turn in the opposite direction. Everybody who took hold of it for the first time tried in vain to twist it the wrong way. Mr. Edison took the hint, and the new lamps are lighted precisely like those of a gas fixture. In outward appearance, too, they resemble gas lamps as closely as they can be imitated.

Should the Menlo Park trial, soon to be made, demonstrate all that is expected, Mr. Edison says that the company will be selling the light to consumers in New York by the first of January, 1881, at about fifty cents per 1,000 candles. The ordinary commercial candle is the standard measurement for the new illuminating power. Three thousand candles give the light of 1,000 cubic feet of gas, so that the equivalent of 1,000 feet of gas in the electric light will cost $1.50. The bamboo burners are calculated to last in steady use for six months. Extra ones will be furnished to consumers, put up in boxes, with sockets complete, for fifty cents each. The figures named by Mr. Edison are subject to change, but he says the only change will be to lower prices as the use of the light is extended.

Mr. Edison's electric locomotive which has been running over the track at his factory at forty odd miles an hour is dismantled at present. He is fitting up an experimental freight locomotive, and he is going to test it on steep grades.

Should Mr. Edison's inventions have the commercial success that he anticipates, Menlo Park will be threatened with the loss of its name and fame. The company associated with the inventor are already looking for factory building sites in Metuchen and Rahway until better facilities will be available.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—The French revenue for 1880 is over $15,000,000 above the estimates.

—An actress traveling in the English provinces claims to be a daughter of Edwin Forrest.

—The advertisement of a hanged Michigan murderer's death, says that he "died suddenly and unintentionally."

—The Pope has appropriated $60,000 for a complete and splendid edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, his favorite philosopher.

—Spurgeon says that an Englishman, before starting on a foreign tour, orders the most ridiculous suit of clothes that it is possible for anybody to wear.

—Editor Thorn of *Notes and Queries* has retired from the office of assistant librarian of the House of Lords, at the age of 78, on a pension of $3,750 a year.

—The Parliament of Jersey, where some of the French Jesuits have settled, is to be moved to expel them from the Island, under an unrepealed statute of George III.

—Among the fish of the United States, the cod comes first in money value, the salmon second, the mackerel third, and then the menhaden. In weight the last stands highest.

—A grocer presented a bill to a customer at Appleton, Wis., and escaped unhurt: but on the following day he demanded instant payment, and was shot dead where he stood.

—On Lord Plunket's property in Ireland the "bull" has been made of putting up a notice to the effect that "No poaching is permitted in these preserves without the permission of the owner."

—The Paris authorities are intent just now on measures to prevent deleterious articles finding a sale, and have seized American hams wrapped in a yellow cloth, rendered impermeable by chromate of lead.

—A stalwart woman got employment in male attire as a farm hand at Hutchinson, Ill., but the farmer discharged her on learning her sex. She has brought a suit to recover wages for the whole contract.

—There is at Elgin, Ill., a Society of Pandemonium, "devoted to the noisy recognition of nuptials;" in other words, an organized band of serenaders with horns, tin pans, and other implements of noise.

—The Roman Forum has now been completely excavated, with the exception of a small portion at the entrance near the Capitol. The shape proves irregular, being broad on the Capitol side and narrow toward the palace of the Cæsars.

—The Boston *Post* wishes that Providence girls would stay away from Boston. One of them stepped on a flagstone in the walk in the common leading from the west street gate to the Providence depot, and the footprint can now be seen on the stone.

—A pilgrimage is to be made this month from England to Loudes to beg the intercession of the Virgin for the restoration of England to the Roman Catholic faith. It will be headed by Cardinal Manning, and the Duke of Norfolk will carry the Standard of St. George.

—"Dar aint no use o' tryin' to hide yer sins under fine clo's, fo' de Lawd can slick froo broad-cloth," said the Rev. James Delavan, at a Kansas camp meeting. Dan Kirby, a well-dressed gambler, construed the words as a personal insult, and whipped the preacher after the services.

—Olive Logan declares that Adelaide Neilson was to have been married to Admiral Glyn. The actress said so herself, and explained that the delay was because she desired to wait until the Admiral's daughter was wedded. The Prince of Wales had reminded Glyn that Neilson could never be presented at court.

—Miss Smith was to have been married at Springfield, Ill., but she disappeared on the morning of the wedding day, and various were the conjectures as to her conduct. She has written from an adjoining State to her affianced husband, saying that she fled because she was scared, but is now ready to face the clergyman.

—The German Emperor has approved of a plan for extending the famous Uter den Linden at Berlin by a splendid bridge across the Spree, leading to the ground which has been given up for the purpose of the municipality. The new part will extend to the north-eastern suburb of Berlin, and will be callde Emperor William street.

—Queen Victoria has given an oil portrait of herself to the wife of the President of the Bank of Montreal, at whose cottage Princess Louise and Prince Leopold were guests for some days. Such a gift makes a variety from the copy of the Life of the Prince Consort, which has so largely figured as the royal present of late.

—Fred. Swab, Miss Neilson's American manager, denies, in a letter to the New York *Times*, that the late actress was on the point of studying a version of Zola's "Nana" for performance in Europe and here. Had she lived, Miss Neilson would have returned to America after a six months' rest in Switzerland and brought out "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

—Shetland women are noted for their ability in managing a boat, and Admiral Thomas, who was in Lerwick recently, offered to act as coxswain to three strapping Shetland damsels in a contest between them and a crew of men from the revenue cutter Eagle. The match was keenly contested, but was easily won by the Shetland women, who used two oars each and pulled gracefully.

—George Mitchell, an Ohio wife murderer, declared that his condemnation to death was just, and that he would not have it changed if he could. He spent the night before the day appointed for the hanging in loud rejoicings that he was about to go to heaven; but when a reprieve came he shouted: "Blessed be God; didn't I always tell you that the Lord was on the side of a Christian man?"

—Among the many Heidelberg traditions of duelling is the following: Two students fought, and each sliced off the other's nose. The noses fell to the ground, and, being picked up by the seconds, were plastered again on the faces of the duellists. The operation succeeded, but in the hurry the noses had been changed. The aquiline man henceforward had a snub, and the snub man had an aquiline.

—A recent observing tourist in Portugal says that he has never been in a Roman Catholic country where there so few outward signs of religious feeling, or even of worship. It is rare to find a service of any kind being celebrated in the churches, which are nearly always shut. A light is seldom burning before the altar, the few shrines and images by the road are neglected and often in ruins, and the monasteries have all been suppressed.

—A company is being formed for establishing elevators to ascend to the roof of Milan Cathedral. The company undertake, in addition, to illuminate the roof all seasons, and to place a large clock with four faces at the foot of the Madonna on the summit. Armchairs, telescopes and probably light refreshments, are to be provided on the terraces of the roof for those who come up. The permission of the Chapter has not yet been obtained for this novel enterprise.

—The London *Economist* comments on the advantage which the American bankers enjoy through the uniformity of the banking system of the United States, being able to meet to concert joint action, whereas in England harmonious banking is an impossibility. "Our law," the writer says, "has split on the banking profession into separate and, in some respects, antagonistic sections. We have in London the private and the joint stock banks, and in the provinces the same two classes are further subdivided into issuing and non-issuing banks, while the Scotch and Irish banks differ in constitution among themselves and from those in England. Each part of the United Kingdom is under separate laws, and has separate interests, a state of things which, in the best interest of all, cannot be too soon brought to a close."

—Two tourists from America say, in a letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that they easily made their way by bribery into a gallery of the British House of Commons. "There appeared, in plain black clothes, a clerical, lobbyist-looking man, who said: 'Gentlemen, you want to go into the gallery of the House. Follow me right in. Look about you as if you were familiar with the place, as if you had been summoned in by a member, or by the Speaker.' So we followed on, meek as sheep in spirit, but spruce and indifferent as possible, and when we finally crossed the barrier of the last lobby, and stood in the octagon space right at the door of the Commons, we saw a lunch counter and several peers chewing and a good many policemen, and here our man, to whom we had meantime slipped half a crown, or sixty-two and one-half cents, said again: 'Remain here. Keep your eye on me. Look around as if you had a right here.' In a half a minute more we got the wink from his Majesty's civil service representative, and walked across the octagon to where an old son of sin in red and green clothes was sitting in a big chair at the foot of a staircase. 'Walk up, gentlemen,' he says. And we dart, leaving beneath us all forms of majesty, and, bold as brass, we slip into one of the leather pews and watch old John Bright, full of fat and white hairs, sitting on the Ministerial bench, and hear somebody speak on the Hares and Rabbits Bill."

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BUSINESS CARDS.

D. D. CAMPBELL, LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Sales of all kinds conducted on reasonable terms. Orders left at STANDARD Office will receive prompt attention. 2-13

THOS. E. HAY, AUCTIONEER for County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at Climie, Hay & Co.'s store, or at the STANDARD Office, promptly attended to. Money to loan. 7y

R. L. ALEXANDER, NEWRY, Ont. Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Conveyancer, &c. Mortgages, deeds, &c., drawn up at lowest rates. Money to loan on farm property at lowest rates. Complete arrangements for sales can be made either at Newry or at the STANDARD Office, Listowel. 40

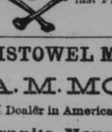
THOS. FULLARTON, NEWRY, Ont., Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Deeds, mortgages, leases and all conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Money to lend.

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

DOMINION HOTEL, WALLACE street, Listowel, F. W. Meckes, proprietor. Under the new management this house will be kept in first-class style throughout. Excellent accommodation for guests. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling, etc. Prime lager a specialty.

W. J. FERGUSON, B.A., ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Campbell's Block, Main street, Listowel. Money to lend on farm security at low rates.

MISSES TRIMBLE, DRESS and Mantle Makers. Rooms, over Bean & Gee's store, Main st., Listowel. Latest fashions. Terms reasonable. Ladies attention invited.



RED CROSS TEMPLE Royal Black Preceptory, Roy. Black Knights of Ireland, encamped at Listowel. Regular night of meeting last Friday in each month.
DR. J. A. BURGESS
Registrar

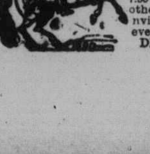
LISTOWEL MARBLE WORKS

A. M. MORROW

Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

Granite Monuments Imported and Finished to Order.

English and American Grave Stones, Mantel Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. SHOP—Opposite the Commercial Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
31 A. M. MORROW.



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