A DESIGNING WOMAN

Plot for Alhambra Court

CHAPTER XXII, TRACKED TO THE WOODS.

Mr. Udy gasped those two words, a blue ine defining itself about his mouth, and his hands clinging weakly to the arms of the chair he filled.

He stared straight into the cold, ruthless eyes fixed penetratingly upon his own, and repeated the words more boldly.

"You lie!"

"Do I?"

As Madame Juliette scornfully uttered those two brief words, she left the position she had taken in front of him and bent her ltps to his ear again.

The effect of her whispered words was

With a gurgling moan and staring eyes he sank back in his chair, his hands slioping away from its arms and hanging helplessly. A sentiment of contemptuous pity stirred Madame Juliette's breast as she resumed her position and silently watched him.

Directly he moved, raised himself in his hair and feebly ran his lean fingers across

"Look at me!"

"No, no. Have your will!"
"You acknowledge yourself my servant?
You promise to obey my commands?"
"Yes, yes. 1 promise."
"It is well," smiled Madame Juliette, superbly. "Think over the danger that threatens me and find a way out of it. Good night."

night,"
She swept majestically about, lowered the light to a point, and without another word noiselessly left the room.

The door had scarcely closed upon her when

it opened again.

Mr. Udy lifted his dull eyes in mute inquiry.

She raised the light, and then stepped hurriedly to the table. Leaning one hand upon its edge, she said imperiously:

"Arouse yourself and answer: What do you know of Galen Kimbal?" Madame Juliette started back in something like terror at the unexpected effect of her curt

uestion.

'Oh, great heavens, not that, not that!"
gibbered Mr. Udy, tremulously clasping his ong, lean fingers.

He slowly, weakly lifted himself from his chair and stood in abject terror before her.
"Oh, no, not that, too!" he gibbered on.

Madame Juliette uttered that one word Madame Juliette uttered that one word, and then silently gazed at him an instant. "Hah!" she presently repeated, whisperingly. "Another dastardly crime?"

Perhaps the hushed, meditative words

penetrated the miserable man's ears. Per-haps his dulled senses were suddenly sharp-ened by the blank amazement and keen curiosity depicted on Madame Juliette's countenance.

As that may be, he drew himself up as hastily as his weak knees would permit; spoke as indifferently as his shaken nerves rendered possible.

ally what madame had heard from Mrs. Urqu-hart beneath the eaves.
""Then you don't know where he is?"

Madame Juliette put the point blank question in the same monotonous, steady voice, and with the same unwavering eye.

"I?" exclaimed Mr. Udy. "How should I? He may be dead for aught I know."

Madame Juliette's lips curved themselves into a smile.

One instant she gazed at him penetratingly.

one instant hesitated. The next she turned away and spoke: "I don't believe you," she said calmly.

That brief, contemptuous declaration made she lowered the light again, went to the door. opened it, and noiselessly departed.

Mr. Udy passed a sleepless night and rose early.

Madame Juliette enjoyed the profoundest

Madame Juliette enjoyed the profoundest of slumbers and rose earlier.
Instead of seeking the grounds, as was her usual custom, she sauntered into the library. Having no especial object in view she at first moved aimlessly about. She gazed thoughtfully through the open windows, pushed aside the velvet hangings, and list-lessly read the titles of the books on their abelies. shelves.
Directly she turned her head sharply,

listened a moment, and then precipitately slipped behind the friendly hangings.

A moment later the door opened and Mr. Udy appeared. He entered spiritlessly and his heavy eyes with their dark circles spoke

He cast a swift but dull glance about the room. Satisfied that he was alone, he slowly and wearily approached a handsome cabinet escritoire. Taking a bunch of keys from his pocket he opened it and sat down at the

It was here that Guy Urquhart had kept It was here that Guy Urquhart had kept his private papers.

Once seated, Mr. Udy did not idle. With swift hands he examined paper after paper, making sbort or long memorandums, as the case might be, and wholly unconscious of the beautiful eyes peering at him round the rich crimson hangings before the bookcases.

Suddenly a soft click, followed by an exclamation from Mr. Udy drew Madame Juliette's graceful head into fuller view. Her eyes blazed curiously at him.

"What can it be?" she thought, impatiently.

At that moment another still sharper exclamation burst from him—an exclamation overflowing with joy, eagerness, and exul-

tation.

Madame Juliette's eyes flamed more brilliantly upon him. An instant's hesitation and she stole from her hiding place. With soft, noiseless steps she tip-toed to his back. He held a legal-looking document in his hands. Absorbed in its perusal he dreamed not of the beautiful face looking over his shoulder.

in its substance in a moment. A singular smile touched her lips and she stole noiselessly back to her hiding place again. Just as the hangings closed about her Mr. Udy started to his feet. Hurriedly restoring the document to the

ushed the other papers in a heap and closes the escritoire.
"That has unsettled me," he muttered.

"That has unsettled me," he muttered.
"I can do no more this morning."
He glanced at his watch.
"Yes, I can caton the train."
He rose as he spoke, and hastened from the room. The next instant Madame Juliette heard him asking Aunty Phemie, whom he had chanced to meet in the hall, whether he could have an omelette and a bup of coffee at once.

at once.

Directly the breakfast-room door closed on his retirms footsteps, Madame Juliette emerged from her hiding place.

With a singular smile playing about her

"The fiends take her!" he hissed between his teeth, "What a Juno she is! But—"

The words ended in a smile, dark, deadly and set with an awful purpose,

One moment he etcod quite motionless,

lips and sparkling is her eyes, she left the library, and taking her garden hat from the rack in the hall, sauntered out into

from the rack in the hall, sauntered out into the storm-freshened grounds.

Although the morning was perfect she did not linger. She too, felt restless. After gathering a handful of flowers she directed her steps to the house again.

She crossed the veranda, her light step falling noiselessly on the tiled floor. Suddenly, just without the door she paused, bent her head, and listened intently.

It was Mr. Udy's voice that had arrested her attention. He was speaking to Mra. Urquhart.

"I have about finished the examination of

smooth tones.

Madame Juliette held her breath in her experness for the reply, pressing still closer

eagerness for the reply, pressing still closer to the doorway.

"I think I may positively say he did not," returned Mrs. Urquhart.

"Of course then you hold no documents indicating such possession, and that settles the question," said Mr. Udy, adding easily: "You understand. I presume, that it is necessary that I should gather all possible information on these important points?"

necessary that I should gather all possible information on these important points?"

"Certainly. But I hold nothing. All the papers are in the cabinet escritoire. As I have told you, Guy never used a safe."

Before Mr. Udy. could reply. Madame Juliette sauntered in, her hands full of flowers and her face as fresh as the morning. Mr. Udy exchanged good morning with her as pleasantly as Mrs. Urquhart herself. And as Madame Juliette observed, he seemed in spite of his pale face, in excellent spirits. She smiled brightly, remarking as she hung up her hat:

"We are all unusually early this morning." An expression of anxiety crossed Mrs. Urquharts face, and she answered quickly:

"Aunty Phemic called me. Craig Grahame is quite sick—in a high fever and unable to rise."

"Indeed?" cried Madame Juliette, in surprised tones, while Mr. Udy shot a quick clinges these expressions of the control of the cont

"Indeed?" cried Madame Juliette, in surprised tones, while Mr. Udy shot a quick glance at her earnest face. "Nothing serious I hope?" she added with gentle anxiety, as she joined Mrs. Urquhart at the foot of the stairs, where she was standing.

"So Aunty Phemie assures me. And she is an excellent nurse, and has had much experience."

is an excellent nurse, and has had much experience."

"He seemed quite well last evening," remarked Mr. Udy, quietly.

"So I thought," returned Mrs. Urquhart;
"but he says he felt unwell soon after supper and is inclined to think that the cream muffins disagreed with him.

"Aunty Phemie partly agrees with him—says he is bilious. And indeed his complexion seems to indicate it."

"Have you sent for a physician?" inquired Madame Juliette.

"He will not listen to the proposition."

As Mrs. Urquhart answered, Mr. Udy looked at his watch, and with a hasty spology left them.

left them.
"I have barely five minutes," he said as

"I have barely five minutes," he said as he caught up his hat and disappeared.

Left alone with Mrs. Urquhart, Madame Juliette pressed close to her side.

"I can be sorry for Mr. Grahame," she whispered; "but oh, Alwilda, how glad I am for ourselves. This illness counts one delay more. Thank heaven!"

"I am compelled to feal it a meroy," sighed Mrs. Urquhart. And then fixing her eyes on Madame Juliette's fresh, glowing face with admiring astomishment, she said gently:

"The night has brought you relief of mind, Juliette."

A soft laugh rippled across Madame Juliette."

A soft laugh rippled across Madame Juliette very durely, and very slowly, her eyes immovably fixed on his face.

Mr. Uoy proyed his indifference by composed yes across madame Juliette very durely, and very slowly, her eyes immovably fixed on his face.

Mr. Uoy proyed his indifference by composed yes across madame Juliette's lips.

"I slept profoundly; and in addition to that the early morning always holds a joy for me. Moreover," and here she drew up her magnificent form with proudly flashing eyes.

Mr. Uoy proyed his indifference by composed to make a substantiation of the standard of the sta

Mrs. Urguhart received this Mrs. Urquhart received this confidence with secret delight. To her it was an overwhelming proof of madame's perfect rectitude. Without betraying her own knowledge of the facts confided, she asked eagerly: "Could be suggest anything feasible?"

"Patience and hope."

Madame Juliette shrugged her shoulders and uttered the words with gonuine bitterness. The next instant she added, hastily:

and uttered the words with genuine, bitterness. The next instant she added, hastily:

"I ought not to speak thus. It really did me good to pour out my anxieties."

After a little further conversation they separated, Mrs. Urquhart going in search of Aunty Phemie, and Madame Juliette proceeding to the arrangement of her flowers. The latter had just seated herself and opened the evening paper when Mrs. Urquhart entered the hall at one door and Jerry at another with the early mail.

Perceiving his mistress, he went directly to her with the eag, instead of depositing the contents in the portion of the letter box assigned to such matter.

As Mrs. Urquhart unlocked it Madame Juliette rose and joined her at the table.

"I am not expecting letters," she smiled, but I do covet a morning paper."

Mrs. Urquhart emptied the bag, and hastily pushing the letters in a heap, gathered up the papers and handed them to Madame Juliette.

Madame Juliette took them, apparently without a place at the latterness.

Madame Juliette took them, apparently without a glance at the letters. But her quick, furtive eye had successfully scanned them, nevertheless, and in a moment she recognised the skilful forgeries of Ashiand Udy.

As Madame Juliette returned to her seat Mrs. Urquhart took up the letters, and remarking that two of them were for Alba, rather precipitately hurried up stairs.

rather precipitately hurried up stairs.

Alba was still in her dressing-room, and there they read the brief missives together.

"Well, my dear?" said Mrs. Urquhart, interrogatively, as they finished the perusal.

"I am convinced. I am satisfied. I should be ashamed to entertain the slightest doubt of Cousin Juliette again."

In those carnest, eager words Alba expressed her confidence in the charming adventuress, and at the same time banished the last lingering doubt from her mind.

Breaktast over, Madame Juliette was left to herself. Mrs. Urquhart established herzelf in Craig Grahame's room and Alba turaed her attention to certain domestic matters.

Time began to grow heavy on Madame Juliette's hands. She took her hat and scarf and started for the adjacent woods.

The spot she sought belonged to the Urquhart property, but had been left untouched by the cultivating hand of its late owner in consideration, perhaps, of its marked natural beauties.

A pretty glen, through which ran a clear,

beauties.

A pretty glen, through which ran a clear, singing brook, was bounded on the north by a wild ascent of rock and trees and shrubs, rising straight from the brook side and sheeted with a wealth of wildwood blossoms, from the crimson lobelia kissing the waters below, to the far off summit wooing the heavens above.

above.

The scene pleased Madame Juliette's artistic eye, and with a sigh of delight she sank upon one of the low rustic seats scattered generously about.

As she did so a figure, by which she had

As she did so a figure, by which she had been stealthily dog_ed from the moment she had left the house, crossed the brook and crept with the noiseless step of an Indian up the steep ascent and round to a position directly facing her.

Cautiously separating the screening foliage, this unsuspected spy gazed a moment upon the dark, brilliant beauty of the woman before him, his eyes blazing with a mingled expression of angry admiration and vindictive passion.

"By Jove!" muttered the man, removing is finger from the trigger, "it seems a pity o destroy anything so handsome. Shail I ive her another chance? Who knows,

"Yes, I will. I'll make use of her instead

The sentence ended in a sharp, ringing report, and with a wild, smothered cry, Madame Juliette sprang convulsively from here

cheeks scarled.

Vainly striving to pierce the undergrowth with her fierce gaze, she presently lifted her hand, and stretching it imperiously toward her foe, cried in loud tones of choking pas-

know you! Kill me if you dare! Kill me if you dare!"

As she repeated the challenge she threw her arms aloft and stood like a superb statue of angry defiance, for the moment breathless and notionless as a piece of sculptured

marble.

Not a sound broke the stillness save the gentle murmur of the leaves and the soft rush of the little brook.

Madame Julietie ejaculated that one word with immeasurable contempt. As englished she dropped her arms, turned have tid about and took her leisurely way had no Alhambra Court. At her first words her unseen auditor burst into a paroxysm of stifled laughter. But when she so defiantly posed herself before him he noiselessly clapped his hands, his eyes brilliant with mingled amusement and administration.

orinant with mingled amusement and admiration.

"Bravo! Bravo! Celie," he softly whispered, crying in ringing tones as she directly swept beyond hearing:

"Bravo! my handsome sister-in-law. Bravo! my handsome sister-in-law. Bravo! I am glad that you are alive. And to think that your know me."

With those concluding words he burst into a loud, irrepressible peal of laughter, and then, casting a last amused glance after the queenly form, he swiftly descended the bill, and leaping the brook, plunged into the depths of the woods.

Madame Juliette, desiring to cool her burning rage at the supposed attempt upon herelife, loitered a good deal on her way back to Alhambra Court, and consequently did not reach it till luncheon hour.

As she came in view of the broad sweep in front of the house she stopped short, and

front of the house she stopped short, and uttered one startled word.

"Pinard!" she muttered.

A carriage was drawn up below the terrace awakening in her mind a crowd of unpleasant. wakening in her mind a crowd of the possibilities.

With rapid step shembarried on to the house. Albe who had observed the approach from the drawing-room wandow, mes her in the hall.

"Is Mr. Ploard here?" asked Madame Juliette breathlessly, before the girl could appare.

eak.
"No; Mrs. Ponsonby and her daughter, It is an informal call, but they have asked for you, and I ran out to tell you. They saw you with us at church last Sunday. You will see them, will you not?"

As Madame Juliette answered in the affirmative, Alba dropped her voice and continued eagerly.

eagerly:

"Oh, Cousin Juliette, poor Craig's sickness seems such a mercy. Mr. Pinard, in response to an urgent summons which he found waiting him at his office last evening, left for Canada at eleven o'clock this morning."

Juliette could not have uttered one word to save her life. Alba hurried on. "Firding that Craig did not keep his appointment be sent to Ponsonby's for him, and on learning that he was not at home, instantly sent the messenger back with a letter. The Ponsonbys in the meanwhile began to grow anxious, and as the morning wore on, decided to drive out here."

"And the letter—what does it say?" asked Madame Juliette. "Or has Mr. Grahame madame Juliette, "Or has Mr. Grahame not read it?"
"Yes. But it was only a hastily pencilled line, stating that he should start in fifteen minutes, and directing Craig to communicate with him at an early day.
"That was all?"

Also wiled as the realized.

Alba smiled as she replied:
"That, with a sharp comment upon un

reliable young men."

Madame Juliette smiled too. Smiles came easily after such news. Then she asked, hurriedly:
"But may not Mr. Pinard return shortly?" "On, no. I have heard him say a number of times that he might be absent several

Madame breathed more freely, and sweetly asked after Mr. Grahame.

"Less feverish, mamma 'says," answered Alba. "We shall keep the Ponsonbys to luncheon, and afterward they will go up to see him, and— Ah, there is the bell," she saddenly exclaimed, heterupting herself. "Will you go into the drawing-room with me, Cousin Juliette?"

Madame Juliette laughingly thrust out one little foot.

me, Cousin Juliette?"

Madame Juliette laughingly thrust out one little foot.

"I must change that," she said. "I will meet you at the luncheon table. Don't wait one minute. Mind,"

And with a graceful, impressive little gesture, she ran up stairs.

Brutus had just finished carving the cold roast chicken when she swept in upon them, her faultless morning toilet daintily freshened and ner face brilliantly aglow with the pleasant news she had just heard.

Introductions were duly made, and Madame Juliette took her seat bent upon conquest. And a conquest it was. The Ponson-bys had been struck with her appearance the previous Sunday, but now they were charmed, a fact scarcely less gratifying to Mrs. Urquhart than Madame Juliette.

The Juncheon came to an end, and Mrs. Urquhart coudincted her visit raup to Craig's chamber. There they made a short visit and soon after departed, assuring Mrs. Urquhart of the pleasure it had been to them to make her cousin's acquaintance, and pressing Madame Juliette to visit them.

In view of Craig Grahame, Madame Juliette enjoyed a malicious satisfaction in all this, but she warily pointed to her mourning robes, and charmingly sighed her thanks.

As the carriage rolled away fron the door Mrs. Urquhart turned to Madame Juliette.

"Your position here as our cousin is now established, Juliette," she said. "Both Mrs. and Miss Poasonby are excellent persons, but great talkers."

She spoke with a mingled expression of gratification; amusement and sadness.

Madame Juliette's reply was brief and effective.

"For your sake dear Alwilds I am glad to

For your sake dear Alwilds I am glad to

Mr. Udy preserved a pleasant exterior, but bounded up the stairs, crushing his nails venomously into the bit of paper against his palm.

Within the privacy of his dressing room a scowl settled heavily on his brows. He jerked the paper open angrily, muttering between his teeth; Vhat the detice does she want to harry

Anxiety as well as passion was depicted on Mr. Udy's face, I He stared at the delicately pencilled sharacters a moment; then hissing a suppressed path, struck a match and consigned the papersto a safe heap of ashes. The hours between tea and midnight were intolerably long to Madame Juliette; but they rolled roughound at the appointed time she stole down to the library. She found Mr. Udy glounily occupying the chair he had

his countenance stayed her hand.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, the words rushing rapidly from her lips. "So you are contemplating THAT? Do it if you dare. Do it at your risk. Do it, and bear the consequences!"

As the door opened he dropped his hand and looked sharply up.

Something in Madame Juliette's face riveted his eyes uneasily upon it.

She afforded him no time for speculation. Advancing with swift, noiseless grace, she stopped directly in front of him, her eyes scintillating fire.

Unconsciously using the words which had rushed to her lips in the glen, she burst out in fiery, though cautiously repressed tones:

"Base wretch! Marderous villain! dare, dare attempt my life again!"

"Attempt your life!"

Mr. Udybiechoed the swards in unfeigned amazemena, staring at hathwith wide eyesoft inquiry of elements of the first of the dare, dare attempt my life swards in unfeigned amazemena, staring at hathwith wide eyesoft inquiry of elements of the life with a dropped heavily besideaker, and materials dropped heavily besideaker, and materials dropped amated herself, imade said with inchesive laugh:

"I was activable besided into the halfering of the laugh."

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"I was activable besided into the laugh." As she uttered the last word she drew out her hand and lightly placed a white, taper finger on the document she held.

"Yes," she repeated, her eyes flashing lightnings upon him—"yes, dare to destroy this, either now or at my other time and you will bear the consequences. You know me."

"He did know her," and he knew it was no will threat rried marted herself, land said with watering sive laugh:
"I was actually beguiled into believing

idle threat.

"She eyed him a moment in silence, and then handed the document to him.

"Read it," she said imperiously.

With the words she leaned back in her chair, turned slightly toward him and fixed her eyes attentively on his face.

He unfolded the document, wet his dry lips, and commenced his task.

His voice was strangely husky and broken, but Madame Juliette cared nothing for that. Her mind was not with him but with his subject. you—"

"You may believe me," interposed Mr.
Udy roughly, "Whoever attempted your
life, I did not. If I had," he concluded,
boldly, viciously—"if I had, you would not
be here accusing me."

Those words of ugly significance proved more
effective than the most solemn asseverations,
Madame Juliette believed him—believed him
implicitly. subject.

As he finished and tossed the document on

As he inished and tossed the document on the desk Madame Juliette leaned forward and placed her hand upon it.

"I value this deed at thirty thousand dollars," she said, eagerly and inquiringly.

Mr. Udy nodded an assent.

"The land must have been bought in a "Who could it have been!" she breathed, her lips pains at the dread thought of some unknown foe dogging her steps.
"It you wish me to help you to answer, you'll have to give a little information," sullenly responded Udy.

Madame Junette detailed the circumstance.
As she paused, Mr. "Udy offered a brief com-

She uttered each concluding word with slow, impressive em hasis.

Unaccountably a armed, Udy stared at her speechless, nerveless. Madame Juliette calmly continded:

"My cousin Guy owned some property of which my cousin Alwilda was ignorant. We will examine the title-deeds together. You have your keys!

"Yes," muttered Udy, with dry lips and restless eyes carefully averted from her own;
"I have them."

"Then we will proceed to business without delay."

ed, thinking of his neat plan to appropriate every dollar of the tre-sure trove and retire from Madame Juliette's path the instant the estate was settled.

"Certainly not: certainly not," returned Madame Juliette blandly. "You will receive your commissions and the expenses of your journey."

In speechless rage Mr. Udy scowled at her. But he knew that speech was useless—that he was hopelessly in her power. Already his sins had found him out. "Already he was suffering a measure of their punishment.

Unmandful of his scowl Madame Juliette proceeded to map out his course.

If there was one drop of bitterness to be added to his cup, this made it. Not only was he deprived of his treasure trove, but effectively deprived of the comfort of a little nest cheating. As she spoke the words she rose and went over to the cabinet escritoire.

Mr. Udy looked after her, his restless eyes suddenly growing quiet, and a furtive smile showing itself upon his mouth.

"Hah! my high-handed lady," he thought.
"I see! I understand! But—but—I have

effectively deprived of the comfort of a little neat cheating.

In utter disgust he refolded the deed and thrust it into its hiding place.

"I am tired," he said sullenly, pushing back his chair.

Madame Juliette amiably rose at once.

"There is nothing more to engage us," she said. "and I will bid you good-night."

She reached the door and then turned back saving: CHAPTER XXIV. THE SECRET OF THE CABINET ESCRITOIRE.

With easy indifference Mr. Udy rose and followed Madame Juliette to the cabinet.

"Yes; I understand," he thought again, as he inserted the key in the lock. "You overheard my questions this morning, and have jumped at certain conclusions."

He politely placed a chair for her use, and seated himself.

This courteous act drew her eyes keenly to his face. It meant something. What was it?"

At sight of his easy composure, a smile touched her lips, and her eyes swiftly fell to the hands busily engaged with the papers he had so hastily thrust aside in the morning.

"It is you who are wasting time now," she said calmly.

Mr. Udy turned sharply upon her.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "These are the only seeds."

"No."

"I tell you they are." saying:
"Ah! I forgot. The letters were receiv-"Ah! I forgot. The letters were received this morning."

Mr. Udy responded by a nod of sullen indifference, and Madame Juliette left him and groped her way through the darkness that she dreaded back to her own apartments.

She entered them as she had left them—by the dressing-room door.

As she silently opened it she was startled by the gleam of a light from one of the rooms beyond.

eyond.
"I left no light, and the doors are all locked," she thought, as she hesitated a moment in her alarm.

The next moment she slipped in, closing the door as noiselesely as she had opened

"No."

"I tell you they are."
A blue line of passion was defining itself about his mouth, and his eyes blazed dangerously upon her.

Quite unaffected she repeated the monosyllable. As she did so she gracefully stretched out her faultless hand and nonchalantly touched the smooth paneling above a row of pigeon fioles.

Mr. Udv laughed contemptuously
"You see."

With the words he pressed his thumb against a certain point, and a secret drawer, quite empty, flew out.

"Don't be too suspicious," he sneered, as Madame Juliette, silently gazed into the drawer: "Alvilda has I suppose told you of this open secret, as she told me, and you auticipated a rich discovery."

Madame Juliette's lips remained locked, and her eyes inscrutably fixed on the drawer. But as Mr. Udy's joice ceased she again non-chalantly stretched out her hand.

This time sha larily removed the drawer, and thrust her hand into the cavity. The next moment a soft click struck ominously on Udy's ear.

At the sound he bounded to his feet, his face ghastly and glowing with an expression that Madame Juliette had never seen there before.

With a low, dissing growl he caught her t. Within, she hesitated again. Then she again moved forward, her lips set, her eyes placing, and her white hand firmly fastened on the golden hilt of the stiletto in her

on the golden hilt of the stiletto in her bosom.

Swiftly, noiselessly, she stole into the bed chamber. Swiftly, noiselessly, she stole through it to her elegant boudoir. Swiftly, noiselessly, on to the music-room.

She reached the door. She set her foot upon the threshold. There she stopped. Not a muscle quivered. Not a breath stirred her bosom. White, mute, motionless as a piece of carved marble she stood, her hand still grasping the dagger's hilt, her gaze frozen in a atony stare upon some dread object within the room.

(To be continued.) A young man named Darling lives in Fargo, and when anyone calls to him on the street every young lady within three blocks blushes and looks around, gently saying—"Sh, sh!" American women going to Europe without escorts will hear with satisfaction of the establi-hment in Amsterdam and several other cities in Holland of a Hotel for Women, to which men are not to be admitted as guests.

which men are not to be admitted as guests.

Ye girl of ye period's muff is decorated with humming birds, kitten, and pigeon heads. They look just "too nice for anything," and should be put up in the parlour-cabinet with other curiosities to be admired.

Johnny had come home from school several times within a month with several bruises on his face and body received in fights with his schoolmates, and on the last occasion his mother threatened him with severe punishment if he ever engaged in a fight again. Only a few days after the small chap appeared with a black eye, and scared by the stern maternal greeting. "Well, sir?" he departed from his usual truthful ways and stammered, "I fell down and hit my head on a stone." "And which got the worst of it?" asked his big brother. "Oh, the other fellow," answered Johnuy, bruskly. "He's grue home with two black eyes." that Madame Juliette had never seen there before.

With a low, hissing growl he caught her arm, violently ferking it back.

"By Heaven!" he whispered, holding her in a vice-like grasp. "I'll make you pay for this. Fool, idiot! do you think I am going to let you place your heel upon my neck at every step?

He paused, glaring defiantly at her. In that pause Madame Juliette suddenly sprang to her feet and faced him.

"Remove your hand!" she commanded, with white lips and unflinching gaze.

"I'll do as I please!" he hissed, bending his eyes close to her own. "I'll.—"

The vivid flash and sharp prick of a small, golden-hilted stiletto silenced him.

Involuntarily his grasp fell from her arm and he retreated a pace. As he did so MaWOMAN'S KINGDOM.

wo little feet so small that both may nestle In one caressing hand, wo tender feet upon the untried border Of lite's mysterious land.

dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree soms In April's fragrant days; How can they walk among the briery tangles, Edging the world's rough ways? These white rose feet along the doubtful future Must bear a woman's load; Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden, And walks the hardest road.

Love for awhile will make the path before then All dainty, smooth and fair—Will cull away the bramble, letting only The roses blossom there;

But when the mother's watchful eyes shrouded Away from the sight of men, And these dear feet are left without her guid-ing, Who shall direct them then?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness Of sorrow's tearful shades, Dr find the upland slopes of peace and beauty Whose sunlight never fades? How shall it be with her, the tender stranger, Fair faced and gentle eyed, Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway Stretches se strange and wide?

"Why the dence should you have all and I nothing? Answer me that?"

Madame Julicite elevated her faultless brows, coolly returned his gaze.

"Why," she repeated. "Because I am MRS. RALPH URQUHART! What are you will him about?" Ah I who may read the future? For our dar We crave all blessings sweet, And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens Will guide the baby's feet.

Udy clenched his fist and struck it with im-

otent rage against his breast.

"May beaven forgive me the day's work hat made you such!" he exclaimed fiercely.
Again Madame Juliette elevated her fault-

her. "Hold! Enough!" he gasped.

usiness."
Madame Juliette nodded indifferently,

As she uttered the last word she drew out

Fashion Notes, Alligator skin bonnets are a novelty this fall, but too pronounced a fashion to find favour with refined ladies.

There is an unusual variety of fur-trimmed wraps, and the majority are handsome, especially that known as the St. Petersburg circular. It is not inflammable.

Some of the handsomest of the imported evening dresses are of white camel's hair embroidered in colours on the waist and on the skirt in leaves and flowers. Not only the bride, but the bridesmaids now carry prayer-books at church wedding peremonies, and the books are an ecclesiastical present from the not always excessively re-

Henry Treis hats of velvet are laden by French milliners on the projecting brim with the richest satin and velvet brocades, while English milliners finish the same hat with a hatter's binding and trim the crown with

olds and aigrettes. Undyed or natural Russian hare is a pretty mixed brownish fur, which is inexpensive and much more durable than the black fur sold under the same name. Sets of black monkey continue to be chosen by ladies who like an continue to be chosen by ladies who like an extremely long silken fur. There seems excellent reason to believe that the supremacy of dyed furs infashionable favour is passing away.

Black silk hosiery is still the first choice for street as well as house wear. There are three qualities of silk hosiery offered in market. The best is the pure long silk stocking, the next the spun silk which is all silk, but composed of choppe or short ends and waste of the silk in the filature, which is spun into thread by artificial methods and woven into stockings or other goods, and last of all we have the plaited silk hosiery, an article too often sold by unscrupulous tradesmen for pure silk. This is a goods spun of lisle thread with a silk face, and may be detected by turning the stocking inside out.

Some of the new dresses of black velvet are trimmed with embroideries of sold glittering jet beads and faceted bugles. This is brocades of astin and plush, the downy part of the flower wrought in long nap plush, are among the most effective fabrics for handsome wraps. Some of the most elegant dinner dresses imported as a second same and a second same a second s

among the most effective tabrics for handsome wraps. Some of the most elegant dinner dresses imported are of royal purple velvet and satin made up in combination. This colour, which is shown this season under the

Wrinkles are marks of age that no woman desires, although they will come in spite of desires, although they will come in spite of our wants. A preventive for early wrinkles will be found in friction with a good fleshbrush, or an electric one if possible. A good remedy is to bathe who re the wrinkles appear in alum and water, which will tighten the skin; or wash daily in tonic water made with lemon peel, etc., for really it is a tonic that is desired to strengthen and tighten the skin. Lemon juice with a little sugar d ssolved in it is said to be a good remedy for freckles. A teaspoonful of glyceriue in a pint of water is good for bathing the face, and is a protection against freckles and sunburn.

The significance of Moles The significance of Moles.

A mole spot on the arm-pit really promises wealth and honour. On the ankle it bespeaks modesty in men, but courage in women. When a mole spot is found on the right breast it is a sure ign of honesty, if on the left it forbodes poverty; on the chin it promises wealth, on the right ear respect, on the left ear dishonour. If it is seen in the centre of the torehead it bespeaks treachery, sullenness, and untidiness. If it is on the right temple it foreshadows that you will enjoy the friendship of the great; on the left temple it forbodes discress; on the right foot it bespeaks wisdom, on the left raylness. When it is on the right side of the heart it denotes virtue; when on the left side wickedness. When it is on the knee of a man it denotes that he will have a rich wife. When it is on the left knee of a woman she may expect a large family. A mole on the lip is a sign of pluttony and talkativeness; on the neck it promises wealth. A mole on the nose indicates that a man will be a great traveller; on the thigh it forbodes poverty and sorrow, and on the wist incentive. bodes poverty and sorrow, and on the writingenuity.

"My Lady's Garter," Garters are no longer insignificant or in-expensive features in the toilet of the modern fashionable belle, as many young ladies know. The red and white cotton elastic that bound fashionable belle, as many young ladies know. The red and white cotton elastic that bound the ample limbs of our grandmothers is far too cheap and coarse to do like service for the present generation of woman-kind. Plain and brocaded s:lk elastic in ail the poullar shades, and varying in width from one to three inches, is now the basis for much of the gorgeous and intricate needlework, that heretofore has been expended on other than personal decoration, and the fair ladies can give full scope to the creations of their fantastic taste, knowing the result will be secreted from harsh criticism. The side strap, an abbreviation of the masculine suspender, terminates at one end in a gold or silver catched unique design that is attached to the belt, and a similar double fastening at the other end holds up the stocking. This contrivance contracts or expands by the manipulation of the modified pulley arrangement in the centre. This form of support has various disadvantages, as the lower catches are apt to yield tueir grasp, under pressure produced by some sudden or unusual effort, such as produced in running for or hastily jumping on or off the car. The sudden "give" that announces the dire calamity of a refractory elastic excites a sense of distress, or rather misery, as poignant as the average woman is cognizant of. The possibility of such an unpleasant predicament is avoided by sewing buttons on the tops of the stocking, and thus furnishing a firm hold for the clasp.

But, notwithstanding this precaution, good

ing, and thus furnishing a firm hold for the clasp.

But, notwithstanding this precaution, good Bridget rubs or wrings these buttons off, and the loss is not noticed until in the midst of a hasty toilet, when there is no time to repair the loss, and so the attachments are hurnedly pinned together. The pin screws round to torture the poor victim, who endures all the agony of the Spartan youth of ages gone by.

The most comfortable pattern is the circlet worn above the knee. These are adorned with large rosettes of vividly contrasting colours, and are fastened to the band with jewelled pins. Ladies convert the setting of old-fashioned brooches and ear-rings into such service. Both the straps and hands are embroidered and etched in moons, medal-

lions, birds, reptiles, fish, and innumerable floral patterns with bright-hued arresene.

Full dress and bridal garters are white, with pearl and bead trimmings, and terminate in metallic and jewelled claspe that represent a

pearl and bead trimmings, and terminate in metallic and jewelled claspe that represent a small fortune.

Actresses always wear the ring-garter, as the repeated changing of the hose necessitates the adoption of the easiest band to adjust. They adorn them with immense ribbon rosettes placed on the side, and the more vivid the contrast between band and bow the better satisfied the artist. Popular combinations are yellow and turkey-red, black and cardinal, white and green, olive and blue, pink and cream, brown and gold. The very acme of artistic colour-blending is attained on a shapely limb incased in a richly-striped hose and crowned with one of these combinations. These articles done up in pretty glass boxes, are conspicuous in the show case of a prominent men's turnishing house, and naturally excite remark from occasional lady customers.

"Have men really adopted our support at last?" inquired one who noted their presence, "I have often wondered how they tolerated such negligent hose attachments.

"No, indeed," replied the proprietor; "men are still indifferent to personal comfort in the general welfare for your charming sex, Numbers of my patrons insisted on making purchases of some such feminine article, and many an aspiring youth comes in here Saturday night and puts down his all for a pair of garters for his Lucinda, when we know he owns but one change of hose himself. There is a depth of unselfish love in man."

A STRANGE COMPANIONSHIP A Cat Pets a Gold Fish and Feeds it with

William Brinkerhoff, of Philadelphia, is the William Brinkerhoff, of Philadelphia, is the owner of an aquarium. At one time it was well stocked with gold fish, which, however, through the neglect of a careless servant became reduced to a single survivor. This one has been the object of the most jealous care on the part of Mr. Brinkerhoff, who objected atrenuously to the introduction into his household in July last of a large Maltese cat, the pet of his youngest daughter. The child, however, overruled her father's objections and secured a berth for her pet, promising to guard the gold fish from its attentions.

tions.

That she had not kept this engagement was to-day proved to her father as he entered the little parlour of his residence and found the cat its sole occupant save the goldfish in the globe, for which grimalkin was evidently preparing to make a fishing excussion. For this purpose, apparently, it leaned upon a paring to make a fishing excussion. For this purpose, apparently, it leaped upon a chair at the side of the glass. The fish showed signs of consciousness of the cat's approach, but no fear. On the contrary, it rubbed its nose against the glass and splashed its tail in the water as if to attract the eat's attention. The goldfish came to the surface blowing in a manner which Mr. Brinkerhoff characterizes as impatient. Upon this the cat, raising itself to the edge of the bowl, reached over a paw. The goldfish swam gently directly under it, when the cat softly stroked its back, purring meanwhile with great contentment.

softly stroked its back, purring meanwhile with great contentment.

The fish, however, seemed still unsatisfied, and darting away from its strange companion, swam rapidly about the bowl, and then sought bottom. The cat remained in its position as puzzled. Shortly afterward the fish came to with a single swift movement caught the fly and dropped it into the mouth of its finny friend. The latter then submitted to the back-soratching endearment which it had before resented. Mr. Brinckerhoff ascertained from his little girl that the strange companionship had existed for some weeks, but she had feared to tell of it, as her negligence had allowed its formation.

Finnish Folk-tore.

Before a young man is married his friends invite him to a party, which is called a "bachelor's funeral;" sometimes the dying bachelor is carried on a sofa shoulder high, as a mock funeral, If, while shaking hands, an hannes to gross another couple also shaka mock funeral, if, while shaking hands, you happen to cross another couple also shaking hands it means a wedding. A shot made of silver will shoet any one, even those protected by magical power, and sometimes when one has been out shooting it is said in fun: "I think you have shot your game with a silver bullet"—that is, bought it. If you find any shot in game, take it out, for you will never miss with such shot. When the angler baits his hook he spits on the worm

"Pfoo (spitting) flask, (pig flesh,)
God fisk."

Fishermen also spit on the wooden floats that mark the place where their nets are. Schoolboys close their fists and hold them out to their school-fellows, saying:—"Kapina mot kapina" (thing against thing); they then change what they have had in their hands. White spots on the nails are enemies. If you pull out a hair and it curls you are hot tempered (Northumberland, proud). If dogs or cats gnaw the grass it is a sign of rain; also, if the flies bite or the swallows fly low. You must never kill a spider. If you go and stand under a tree where there is a cuckoo sitting you will be very lucky, and whatever you wish for you will get provided you do not tell any one; if you tell your wish misfortune will follow you. In Sweden there is the same superstition and a friend in the north part of the Gulf of Bothnia told me that once an old man and woman were under such a tree, but the old man told his wife his wish. "Why were you so stupid," cried the old woman, "as to tell your wish! May your nose grow as big as a pudding (?)." At once a most elephantine proboseis ornamented the unfortunate's face.—Notes and Queries. "Pfoo (spitting) flask, (pig flesh,)

SCROFULOUS,

CONTAGIOUS. IN 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until my breast was one mass of corruption. Some of these Ulcers were not less than one and one-half inches in diameter, the edges rough, ragged, and reemingly dead, the cavity open to the bone and filled with offensive matter. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vaim, Gradually the bone it self became diseased, and then the suffering be gan in earnest. Bone Ulcers began to take the place of those hitherto on the surface. I became a mere wreck. For months at a time could not get my hands to my head because of extreme soreness.

INHERITED.

COULD NOT TURN IN BED. Knew not what it was to be an hour even free from pain. Had reason to look upon life itself as a curse. In the summer of 1880, after ten years of this wretched existence, I began to use the CUTICUTA REMEDIES, and after two years' persistent use of them the last ulcer has healed. The dread disease has succumbed. All over the breast where was once a mass of corruption is now a healthy skin. My weight has increased from one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and the good work is still going on. I feel myself a new man, and all through the Cuticura remedies.

JAMES E, RICHARDSON.

Custom House, New Orleans.

Sworn to before United States Commissioner.

J. D. CRAWFORD.

TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD of Scrofulous, Inherited and Contagious Humours, and thus remove the most prolifine cause of human suffering, to clear the skin of Disfiguring blotches, Itohing Tortures, Humiliating Eruptions and Loatmome Sores caused by Impure or Poisoned Blood, to purify and beautify the Skin, and restore the Hair so that no trace of disease remains, Curicura Resouvery, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic and Aperient, and Curicura and Curicura Soar, the great Skin Curicura and Beautifiers, are infallible. They are the only remedies that succeed when physicians and all other means fail.

GREAT BLOOD MEDICINES. The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to, cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES, anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Providence, R.L.

AGRICULTUI

We will always be pleased to of enquiry from farmers on an ing agricultural interests, and given as soon as practicable.

EFFECTS ON FOOD O extensive feeding experimen various important practical of Following the examination lasfessor McMurrich, with referen ture and imbrications of var wool it has been decided to tes food upon these and other for which purpose two pens set aside, the one to be poorly to be lightly fed. There will pens with the like number of purpose of testing the feed beans, peas, clover, hay straw. All these sheep ex raw. All these sheep ex those with cattle, will conducted as regards weighin and a report thereof made each student. The students Live Stock class have charge ment. There will thus be a twenty-five separate and indep ments in animal feeding on year's advance report, which n

in June. This work of our popular ex tion deserves warm and subs agement. It is somewhat incoi the least of it, that during the British agricultural press has been done at Gu own press; and while upon gives us much pleasure to reca public sale of live stock last netted nearly \$12,000. This that has not the same cha breeders, and which yet r worth of cattle, is surely go doubt a few-some of our ers of live stock—are displea ricultural College. They do s so evident to the unprejud the very spread of the ani means helps them, for the sim as the country is not one-fi with thoroughbred stock, them, the demand is mad through the hands of the Gove ells without reserve. For th institution in this respect is herds and flocks requiring imp great majority—not the iew.

Now that we are to have

tions, it is most desirable the made better than it has been. and sheep. Its weakness habreeds of cattle. Need the Go tate in granting a liberal sur pose, as everyone will fav perimental Station being kept in the future as it has been in n the future as it has been ve stock matters.

AGRICULTURAL EDI In last week's issue was pu' tailed scheme recently adopter cultural and Arts Associatio affording farmers' sons or the embarking in agricultural pu thorough knowledge of farmin obtained without attending Agricultural College. The s to will be conducted on the pla and studying agricultural book

ions, and granting certificates those candidates whose exami similar plan is now in vogue in Scotland, and the most benefic been the result. As many o who come out here from the are well acquainted with nur connected with the composition the crops best suited to it, white enables them to outstrip Canad not enjoyed such advantage of the Agricultural and Arts A

performed a commendable actions this matter to such a stage of and the association has given a that its usefulness has not department. mischievous persons frequently
Professor Mills, of the Ontari
College, while recently addrevention of public school teacher
advocated the necessity of teacher
tare in public schools in rural
it is to be hoped that some step
to carry out the programm to carry out the programm by the Minister of Education that there could be no do the primary object of our educagive a thorough and practical reading, writing, spelling, arit lish grammar, and composition ine of geography. He thoug was well taught in the Public ing was somewhat neglected, ar which he considered most im was almost entirely overlooke no use for people to study. Eng he said, unless they learner the principles to composition.

two-thirds of the time now
graphy should be spent in least
tion. While contending that
aim should be as above state teachers who were properly their work could introduce, by lectures or conversations, a valuable information on thing the utmost importance to nine pupils in attendance at o ic schools—information on as agriculture, live stock, fore beautifying of our homes and t ings. He thought that boys at learn none the less grammar a if the teacher should spend a

casionally in discussing such Some of the characteristics an of the different breeds of I dairy cattle, feeding and genera of cattle, butter and butter ment breeds of sheep, with characteristics of partially expenses. storation of partially exhaus acteristics of the most valual contribute not a little to intelligence, wealth, and prosountry at large. Such work long, he thought, be demanded School teachers. The Council cural and Arts Association has purse of reading and managements. course of reading and inaugura for the examination of farmers subjects as those just mentio men desiring to pass these exam demand the necessary instruction schools. Two things we want, a he said, were :—lat. A full con for all teachers in training a Schools in (1) agriculture, (2) 1 planting and care of trees, (4) b homes; 2nd. The placing of the fixed, instead of the or

> ubjects for examination also the books that may be rec LIVE TOO

studies in all our rural public

Those persons who intend r examination should carefully week's MAIL for refer nce, as

Mr. David Batcherder, of has a Brittany cow "Topsy, cently given her own weight period of twenty-two days. At the request of som Mayor of Doronto wrote to Smith a few days ago asking the street-car stables, Front purpose of the projected Fat