DESIGNING WOMAN

Plot for Alhambra Court

CHAPTER XLL UNEXPECTED PERPLEXITIES Ronald Chaillie hurried on till he reached a large clump of evergreens.

He had almost passed it when a figure stole out from its depths and confronted him.

It was Marie.
"What it it?" he asked quickly, anxiously,
Marie replied with some excitement:
Madame Las.—"

Chaillie "Madame Las-"
"Madame Juliette!" corrected Chaillie sterely, and emphatically.
"Madame Juliette," pursued the woman, "is lying on the grass, yonder, dead, I'm afraid."

Chaillie echoed the word with the utmost

Chaillie echoed the word with the utmost amazement, and the utmost indifference to Madame Juliette's fate.

Marie suppressed the smile which threatened to show on her thin lips, and hurried on.

"I happened to be coming from the garden with a handful of night-blooming jasmine, which madame had ordered me to get for her sitting-room, when I caught sight of madame dragging something from the bushes.

"Instead of going on to the sitting-room I went to see what madame was doing."

"Right!" nodded Chaillie.

He emphasized his approval by slipping his

"Right!" nodded Chaillie.
He emphasized his approval by slipping his ngers into his pocket and transferring a olden half eagle to her hand.
Marie courtesied her thanks with sparkling

"Well, what was she doing?" Chaillie

"Well, what was she doing?" Chaillie asked impatiently.

"Bragging a man from the bushes."
At that unexpected reply Ronald burst into a suppressed laugh.

"Just like her!" he muttered to himself. With a sign he bade Marie proceed.

"Madame had barely got the man out when another man appeared on the scene."

"Ah!" breathed Ronald.

"He stole softly up behind madame and stood there listening.

"Directly he took something from his breast and held his hand over madame's shoulders. Madame's head dropped at once. The next moment he caught her and let her ship softly to the ground."

"Well done, by Jove!" breathed Ronald to himself again, his eyes blazing intently on the woman's composed face.

Then he asked aloud as Marie paused an instant:

was all crouched up at madame's

What was said?"

"I was too far off. I tried my best to get up to them, and just as I was almost upon them the big man pointed toward me and they both ran."

"Your mistress is in no danger. She will come round all right, and I wish you had gone after the meu instead of running for me. But it's too late now. So you'd better take the flowers to the room and keep your own counsel." Carefully emphasizing those last four words

He thoughtfully watched her out of sight.

After a little he muttered uneasily:

"There's a mystery here. But how am I

"There's a mystery here. But now am I to unearth it?"
He paused, then resumed again.
"Yes, a mystery in which each of them involuntarily betrayed a breathless interest.
Now what am I to do?"
He answered himself by turning to go in quest of Madame Juliette.

Where are the men?" "There was but one," she answered coldly, and he escaped, thanks to a sudden and stony stillness.

nancountable raintingfit which seized me."
Ronald stared at her in amazement. The next be thought admiringly.
"By Jove! it was well done. That man is a genius, if he is a humpback. I wouldn't mind employing him."
Madame Juliette seemed to suddenly resulted horself.

There were two !" she exclaimed. "I vas hurrying after one when I stumbled over

She seized Chaillie's arm in a sudden ex-itement, and then as quickly released it.
"Why should I tell him?" she thought
wiftly. "I am sufficient unto myself." wiftly. "I am sufficient unto mysen.
Ronald read her like a book. But he wisely refrained from direct comment.
"Who was the man?" he asked.

"How should I know? Some insolent trespasser."

Ronald was wise again. He dropped the subject with one remark:

"'Udy made an ass of himself," he said contemptuously.

Madame Juliette made no reply, and when they joined Alba and Mr. Udy she was her

own matchless self. own matchiess self.

By tacit consent the subject was dismissed as soon as Chaillie and Madame Juliette had eclared their search barren of result.

Udy listened with furtive interest, but nade no remark.

Chailtie soon took his leave, Mr. Udy po

As they stood together on the portico steps, Chaillie made an ther attempt to solve the mystery that troubled him.

"Who is Galen Kimbal?" he whispered

Who is Galen Almoat? ne whispered hurriedly. "Where were you..."

He was silenced by Mr. Udy's lean fingers on his handsome white throat.

In the whith heat of passion, Mr. Udy answered, auddenly dropping his vicious fingers to his side. Mind your own business !" he hissed in

the lowest whisper.

Chaillie laughed pleasantly, with a clear ringing good night.

But as he galloped off to the lodge he touched his stinging throat with a gleam of the eye which Mr. Udy would not have cared

While Chaillie and Udy were parting so questionably on the portico steps, Alba was putting to Madame Juliette the question which troubled her own mind,

"Cousin Juliette," she said, her clear, awest eyes looking straight into madame's own "Cousin Juliette, why should Uncleaned have been so terribly excited?

Ashland have been so terribly excited?

"Because he's a superstitious idiot! 'The roice of the dead,' indeed."
Madame Juliette interposed that honestly contemptaous reply with what seemed so much unnecessary energy that Alba laughed, Madame Juliette smiled, and then went on

"It certainly seems a singular coincidence that Galen Kimbal's name should have been mentioned. But doubtless the wag that ed the prank is an old acquaintance land's and had the wit to do two thi naitate the voice of some deseased person ailude to the mysterious disappearance aien Kimbai."

iething in Alba's grave face, as she con-l, startled her into a hurried question; id the voice seem familiar to you?" she

It was strangely like papa's."
hat low, sad, broken reply shook Madame ette out of her assumed character for a

d !" she ejaculated in unfeigned nt her head thoughtfully. She lift-

she then went to her dressing ro She threw off the wrapper she has fter dismissing Marie. Presently she thoughtfully rep nbt Ashland—"
Mr. Udy's voice bidding them good-night on the doorway interrupted her.
He had quite recovered his usual manner,

and said composedly as he was turning away:

—"I do not feel quite satisfied to retire without first inquiring of the bervants whether any trespassers have been observed about the grounds to-day. I suppose there is no objections to my doing so, Albat?"

Alba replied cordially in the negative, and Madame Juliette volunteered, the remark that it was a highly proper proceeding, at the same time indignantly adverting to what had just passed between Alba and herself.

Mr. Udy instantly took his one,
He made a few well-chosen remarks and then with a mind at ease on one point at least, retired to prosecute his inquiries.

He found no one but Aunty Phemie in the kitchen.

"I sent de whole kit an' tolleck obem ter bed," she explained, in reply to his question, "leas' ways all but 'Tus, and he's orf doin' up de night chores nobody knows whar, 'cept unself."
Quickly deciding that there was really no

Quokly deciding that there was really no need to make inquiries of any one but Aunty Phemie, he stated his business.

"Yes, sah," nodded Aunty Phemie; "ef dar'd been a chick or a child dat was strange hanging roun' dey'd ebery one ob em tol' me. Dat's de odahs, sir."

That statement made, she mentioned the peddler.

That statement made, she mentioned the peddler.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Udy.
And he instantly followed the ejaculation with a series of hurried questions.

But they elicited nothing important.
He put the final one.

"Then he was a total stranger. He did not remind you of any one?"
For a moment Aunty Phemie was startled.
The next, she answered solemnly:

"I nebber set eyes on him afore. But he did min' me orful, of de whole lot ob peddla'a. He was dat thin, an' dat pale, an' dat tired-looking, I 'clar, it made me ache ter look at him."

Mr. Udy said good-night.

looking, I 'clar, it made me ache ter look at him."

Mr. Udy said good-night.

Aunty Phemie watched him depart with meditative eye.

As he disappeared she shook her new and splendid Madras craftily.

"Cotch me a tellin' ob anybody dat a peddla—a PEDDLA—"minded me ob de pore murdared marse! No, 'deed. I'se too much ob a 'ris'crat fur DAT.

"But what on yerth ebber set him a-think-in' ob prowlers?"

That proving a question beyond Aunty

in' ob prowlers?"
That proving a question beyond Aunty
Phemie's abilities, sne gave it up.
Mr. Udy ascended to his room more completely dispirited, more completely unnerved
than he had ever been in the whole course of

than he had ever been in the whole course of his atrocious life.

He glanced about the softly-lighted luxurious chamber with a shudder of disgust.

"Faugh!" he muttered, hurriedly moving to the door again, "the air of the house stifles me. I'll walk off this wretched horror and depression."

and depression."

In the lower hall he met Brutus. Alba and Mariame Juliette had retired, and he was closing the house for the night.

He stopped, as if in doubt whether to pro-

Mr. Udy set his mind at rest by asking for the key of the servant's hall.
"The night is so hot," he plausibly explained, "a turn or two in the night air will cool me off."

plained, "a turn or two in the night air will cold me off."

He walked rapidly, hurrying to the more distant and open part of the grounds, with a vague, shivering district of the shrubbery.

"If I could only account for it," he muttered, his mind clinging perversely to the startling event of the evening. "Don't I know he is dead? Didn't I secretly watch him consigned to his grave? Then—then—Do THE DEAD COME RACK?"

At the moment that he spoke he was walking slowly through an open, moonlit space, his hands locsely locked behind him, his head bowed, and his Panama crushel low on

his foreheast.

His voice, suddenly and unconsciously raised in uttering those concluding words, broke startlingly upon the dead silence of the

him.

His eyes fixed themselves in a stony glare of mortal horror; his body shivered into a

CHAPTER XLIL ASHLAND UDY'S FATED STEP.

"The dead come again!"

Ashland Udy uttered those nushed words, and then stood, voiceless, motionless, breathless as before.

And no less motionless was the object which had rivetted his gaze—the noble form of a man some few yards distant.

He stood with folded arms, his fair, curly head bared to the moonlight, and his eyes gleaming coldly and rebukingly from his white, wasted face upon the miscreant before

Presently his lips parted, and the deep, hollow voice which had wrung so mysteriously through the Court of Deligats broke warningly upon the silence of the open grounds. "Thou art the man," breathed the clear, hollow voice, a slowly lifted finger emphasizing each word—"thou art the man. Then beware! The avenger is abroad. The hour of retribution has come!"

of retribution has come!"

Ashland Udy heard no more.

He uttered one word—his Maker's name and fell insensible to the ground. His guilty conscience and his superstitious tears had together proved too much for his already shaken nerves.

Nearly two hours later Madame Juliette, bending over the sliding table of the buhl cabinet, suddenly lifted her head and listened Yes—she certainly heard a stealthy foot-step in the gallery. Could Marie be playing

the spy there?

She sprang from her chair, caught up a candle, and opened the door. It was not Marie but Ashland Udy, his face flushed, and his little grey eyes gleaming with a singular expression of malice and Madame Juliette held the light full in his

face and stared at him in questioning amaze

"The heat sent me to the grounds, and I have just got in," he said pleasantly.

And Madame Juliette noticed that even his suppressed tones rang with secret exultation.

Her mind leaped at once to the probable cause.
"You surprised someone prowling about
the grounds?" she asked hastily, a vivid
interest in her eyes.

Madame Juliette looked at him half curious ly, half doubtfully. Should she tell him of her own adventure there? While she still hesitated he settled the question for her. He bade her a hasty good-

By that trifling act he sealed his own fate. Madame Juliette looked after him indiffer

Madame Juliette looked after him indifferently.

"It is just as well," she thought. "Why should I disturb myself about his affairs? If that poor, idootic creature is a victim of his, let him escape. If he proves dangerous to me, I am fully able to cope with him."

Definitely settling the question thus, Madame Juliette returned to her room and the task which had engaged her.

Not long after she rose from the buhl cabinet with a sigh of relief.

"Thank Heaveu he is not tampering with her ilie!" she whispered. "Thank Heaven, he is honestly doing his best for her. For the present, at least, her life is safe."

Those fervout words were called forth by the result of the careful analysis she had just made of Mrs. Urquhart's mediones.

By adroit management she had contrived to secure a portion sufficient for her purpose without either exciting suspicion or attracting attention.

The first faint flush of the early day had

The first faint flush of the early day had scarcely touched the eastern skies the next morning when Mr. Udy awoke.

He opened his eyes with a strange sense of something unusual having occurred.

Bewildered, uneasy, he started up in bed. The next instant it all rushed upon his mind.

His face flushed, a malevolent light leaped to his eyes; a smile to his lips.

"Ah, yes! Ah, yes! I remember," he chuckled gleefully, rubbing his hands together. The dead alive. Mine ancient enemy within my power. Ass that I was to be even momentarily fooled!"

He slipped out of bed, assumed a dressing-gown, and hurried to the bureau.

From an upper drawer he took a gentleman's fine linen handkerohief, He held it wide between his hands and gazed at it with profound satisfaction.

Helaughed. He spoke.

"Ghosts don't drop pocket handkerchiefs," he chuckled.

After a little he locked it away again, and went and sat down by the window.

As he sat there the malevolent light grow

After a little he locked it away again, and went and sat down by the window.

As he sat there the malevolent light grow brighter in his eyes, the malevolent smile more orused on his lips.

"Yes," he muttered, gazing unseeingly out upon the despaning flush in the east—"yes the plan's good enough and simple enough. It need never be known that I lifted a finger in the matter. Yes, it will do. And I guess I'll keep another thing secret. I won't tell that I swooned under the eyes of a supposed ghost, and awakened to find myself confronted by the awful apparition of—a linen pocket handkerchief. I guess I won't."

As the laugh with which the concluding words had been uttered died on his lips he resumed, thoughtfully weighing each word:

"Yes, safe enough. One dead, and the other as good as dead. What is there to lear? Nothing."

With that belief firmly fixed, he went into Boston.

He was, however, later than usual in reach-

ing his office. Before leaving Alhambra Court he had deemed it expedient to visit the scene of his previous night's terrible fright.

Fresh from that satisfactory research, he arrived at his office. Fresh from that acceptance arrived at his office.

In three minutes he bad penned a telegram.

In twaety he had despatched it with his own

It was addressed to Richard Blackwood, Richmond, Va., and ran briefly:

"Have you the time to work for a \$5,000 reward? If so, I will write. A. Udy."

The answer did not reach him till late in the afternoon. he afternoon. It proved satisfactory.

"Unavoidably delayed. Yes.
"R. BLACKWOOD."

"Unavoidably delayed. Yes.

"R. BLACKWOOD."

A smile of satisfaction overspread Udy's countenance as he read it. He drew a sheet of paper before him.

"Let him suffer for the deed of which he was found guilty," he muttered, taking up a pen and dipping it in the ink. "The man I hate. The man who robbed me of the girl I loved. The man who once dared to call me a 'sneaking villam' to my face. Yes let him suffer, Let him suffer because I hate him. Let him suffer because his own words prove he means war. Let him suffer because while he lives I must feel vaguely uneasy."

His suspended pen touched the paper as he uttered the last word.

But, instead of commencing the letter, he began to draw aimless lines,

"Uneasy!" he presently repeated. "Why

gan to draw aimless lines,
"Uneasy!" he presently repeated, "Why
te — should I feel even vaguely uneasy?
clearer case never went before a jury,
lackwood himself said so, And he, as he
enly declared, worked is up for humanity's

With those words, and a well-satisfied mile, he drew forward a fresh sheet of paper and commenced his letter.

In due time it was finished. He read it

wice to be sure that it was just what he de ired it to be.

At the second reading he muttered it slowly in carefully suppressed accents.

"Boston, Mass., June 14th, 18-

"Boston, Mass.", June 14th, 18—,

"Richard Blackwood, Eaq., Richmond,
Va.—Sir.—Your telegram just received.

"Briefly: you will remember that, at the time of the escape of old Cyrus Radeliffe's murderer, a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his recapture by the old man's incensed nephew and namesake, 'Cyrus Emerson Radeliffe.

"So far as I am informed, that offer has never been withdrawn. Further: The man who wishes to win it has now the opportunity. The murderer lives! There is no mistake. I have seen him with my own eyes, and have heard him speak with my own eyes, and have heard him speak with my own eres! Last night he was in the vicinity of 'Alhambra Court,' a palatial residence some few miles out of Boston.

"Having made the above statement, permit me to make another. I am not engaging your services: neither do I wish to be in any way mixed up in this most deplorable affair. I make known tacts. You are at liberty to use them or not. as pleases you.

"You can easily understand why I decline to actively exert myself in the cause of justice, to be in any way associated with you in the matter.

"Trusting to your honour in this connection, I remain, my dear sir, very truly yours, "Ashland UDY."

Mr. Udy expuessed his approval by a nod of his sleek head and a grim smile.

That done, he proceeded to fold the sheet. A little later it was sent on its fated mission, no thought entering his malignant mind of the tremendous results destined to flow from its coutents.

The day which had closed so auspiciously to Ashland Udy's malevolent mind had passed both quietly and pleasantly at Alhambra Court.

Mrs. Urquhart, almost entirely recovered from her alarming illness, had descended to the proceed from her alarming illness.

Mrs. Urquhart, almost entirely recovered from her alarming illness, had descended to preakfast, and occupied herself much as usual loging the day.

during the day.

The morning brought Chaillie as a physician; the evening brought him as a guest, and a welcome one to both Mrs. Urquhart and

Every hour more madly in love with Alba, and every hour more determined to win and wear her, he brought his splendid fascin tions to bear upon both mother and daughter with a signal success that filled his soul with proud extitation and confident delight.

As he made his adieux for the night he retained Alba's hand in his own for a minute, "You have not," he similed down at her, in carefully tutored tones of gentle friend-liness—"You have not yet fixed the day for that drive to Black Glen Lake, Will you permit me to do so? Shall it be to morrow afternoon? What do you say, Madame Juli-

He glanced smilingly at Madame Juliette, and back again to Alba, still holding the latter's hand in a light, questioning class.

As he anticipated, Madame Juliette had no objections to offer, and Alba was readly pleas

objections to offer, and Alba was really pleased with the arrangement.

He turned to Mrs. Urquhart.

"And you, dear madam," he smiled, reinctantly dropping Alba's hand—" and you
will consent to reconsider your decision not o join us?"
Mrs. Urquhart smiled and shook her head
Before she could do more, Chaillie hurried o

fort, and I think the drive might possibly do you good—certainly it could do you no harm."
But Mrs. Urquhart again shook her head, and reiterated her first decision.
"I am too lazy," she smiled, in conclusion. So Chaillie allowed himself to be denied.

lack Glen Lake, in a direct line

me Juliette.
"Walk -walk, by all means," cried both So the landau was left on the highway, and they penetrated the glen to the borders of the lake on foot.

they penetrated the glen to the borders of the lake on foot.

It was a very insignificant lake indeed, being a tiny, natural basin, fed by a pretty, voiceless brook which reached it, and crept away again, through a tiltering crevice, as though hushed into silence by the sullen gloom of its surroundings.

Not a sunbeam ever kissed its dark waters, not a flower ever bloomed on its edge.

Madame Juliette looked silently down upon its stillness; she looked off at the wild, rugged beauty of the glen rahe looked up at the leafy gloom of the mighty trees; she turned to the ragged, shrubby walls of rock towering close beside them.

She shuddered.

"Come away!" ahe cried. "The Black Glen! It is well named—it makes me shiver with its blackness! If it were my property I'd lay every tree to the earth!"

Alba laughed. "You will be glad, then," she said, " to

"You will be glad, then," she said, "to hear that it is reported that a certain, enterprising individual has fixed a covetous eye upon the glen for manufacturing purposes. Should he secure it he will certainly lay many of these trees to the earth, if not all!"

"The Vandal!" cried Chaillie, as they turned away... "To me there is a delightful spell in the wild, weird gloom of the spot. I could wander here for hours."

"And I also," said Alba, softly.

"Faugh!" ejaculated Madame Juliette, hurrying away to a promising gleam of sunlight some distance ahead.

The sunny spot proved to be an open, circular space, well supplied with seats for such as were not over-frastidious.

Alba and Madame Juliette appropriated the trunk of a fallen tree.

Chaillie took possession of the grass at their feet, as affording the best means of feasting his eyes on Alba's loveliness.

CHAPTER XLIIL

THE "DEVIL'S HOLD." As Madame Juliette seated herself, she drew a deep breath, looking with satisfaction first at the patch of sunlight on the grass and then at the open sky above their heads. She turned to Alba with a shiver.

"I feel as if I had been on the borders of Hadea," she said, "and I am quite satisfied that that se-called lake must be 'The Devil's Hold of which you were telling us. "But where are you going?"

Madame Ju'iette asked the question as Alba rose to her feet and swung her hat upon her says by the strings.

Alba rose to her feet and swung her hat upon her arm by the strings.

"Only back into the thicket for some exquisite mosses and lichens which I noticed as we came here. But are you quite sure you don't mind being left alone?"

"Bless you, child," laughed madame, good-naturedly, "why should I mind? But perhaps you "mind, going alone among those ugly shadows?"

Alba quickly reassured her on that point.

of Blackwood's stamp is a surety of safety not to be despised. And more, it makes him a doubly desirable choice on my part for this emergency. Already convinced on the right side, he is bound to unmuzzle."

the amiable with a soft laugh, Aloa sprang upon the next moment vanishing among Madame Juliette's ugly shadows.

She hurried on her errand, and in a little while a soft laugh, Aloa sprang upon the next moment vanishing among Madame Juliette's ugly shadows. basket-like from her arm.

Absorbed in her agreeable task, she had wandered some distance from Madame Juliette, finally pausing in the wildest part of the glen.

ette, finally pausing in the wildest part of the glen.

She stopped, suddenly warned by the deep, ruddy glow of the stray sunbeams that sunset was near at hand.

As she did so,her, eye was caught by a beautiful variety of trailing moss hanging from the crags.

"I can reach that, I am sure," she thought, "and it will not detain me five minutes."

Placing her hat upon a rock she quickly approached the intervening brush.

She stretched out both gloved hands to force a way through its tall heavy growth. The branches crashed apart.

As they did so she uttered a suppressed, terrifed cry, and then stood motionless in the very extremity of speechless terror.

One of the ruddy sunbeams had fallen upon the forehead and gleaming eyes of a man surprised by her swift movements in the very act of watching her.

"For Heaven's sake be ellent!" he entreated. "I mean you no harm. Do not call your friends hither!"

The voice was the voice of the mysterious

The voice was the voice of the mysterious speaker at the Court of Delights. More, the face, pale, wasted, and noble, was startlingly like the face of the murdered Guy Urquhart. She stared mutely at him with wild,

She stared mutely at him with wild, questioning eyes.

No less affected, but by widely different emotions, the stranger stood gazing down upon the pure, Madonna face raised, in its white, exquisite beauty, to his.

The spell that held both was suddenly broken by Ronald Chailtie's mellow, ringing

oice.

The man started, spoke, his low, rapid oice tremulous with anxiety and passionate

he cried. "In pity to a deeply-wronged man, be silent—silent as the grave:"
With a slight bow he turned swiftly away, hastily pushed through the laurel brush, and disappeared.

hashily pushed through the laurel brush, and disappeared.

For an instant Alba stood breathless and motionless, and henvery soul thrilled by the loving touch of the light hand and the grand voice still ringing in her ears.

The next she stared impetuously after him.

"Who can he be?" she whispered.

She hashily thrust aside the laurel.

Nothing but the wild, craggy face of the rocks met her gaze.

Not a living creature was in sight. He had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swall wed him.

Sudd nly she started back with a hushed ejaculation. "The Devil's Hold!" she whispered.

CHAPTER XLIV. As Alba gave half incredulous, half amazed voice to the a tounding thought which had presented itself, ther eyes suddenly widened

ly sheeting the rocks from an overhanging crag above down to the rugged ground below, had just caught her notice.

In a second her eager hand had swept it own in whites weaving. Slowly and noise-lessly she had dropped its om her magic loom as a beautiful, friendly streen which man's genius could never reproduce—a screen which shut from careless eyes a small, bowl-shaped, recess, some two feet wide and deep, and six

high.

Evidently the eavity was the work of Nature's own hand, and had been fashioned in conformity to the rugged beauty which marked the whole gien.

If a breatheless, half-awed wonder, Alba entered, and curiously touched one of the

ry direction.

the had scarcely done so, when she was
reled into a hurried flight from the spot.

donald Chaillie's voice had again broken
on the growing hush of the evening, this
se with an unmistakable ring of anxiety in

with swift feet Alba flew back to the spot where she had left her hastily improvised If she was somewhat breathless when she directly ran up to Chaillie and Madame Juliette, the fact that she had been running was If her eyes were unnaturally lustrous and her cheeks unnaturally flushed, neither o them could see it in the gathering gloom of

the woods.

The last ray of sunlight had departed some minutes before, and every instant the even ing shadows were growing deeper and more

ninutes before, and every instant the evening shadows were growing deeper and more incanny.

"The horrid place!" grumbled Madame Juliette, as she joined them. "I did not know but that that frightful monster of 'The Devil's Hold' had spirited you away forever," Momently hastened by Madame Juliette's morbid horror of the glen they soon reached the landau, and, a half an hour later, entered the lodge gates of Alhambra Court.

Chaillie remained to tea, and it was a late hour before Alba could give a minute's uninterrupted thought to the mysterious stranger of the Black Glen.

But all through the evening his sad eyes had haunted her, and his deep voice rang in her ears. All through the evening a great, yearning pity filled her soul—a great longing desire to aid and comfort.

"The voice of poor papa," she thought; "the face of poor papa," she thought; "the face of poor papa. No, never—not even to mamma—will I breathe a word against that noble-looking stranger's wish."

The next few days passed without noteworthy even.

Nightly Madama Juliette made her analysis.

The next few days passed without noteworthy event.

Nightly Madame Juliette made her analysis at the buhl cabinet.

Heurly Mr. Udy watched for some reply from Richard Blackwood.

Daily Ronald Chaillie prosecuted his suit at Alhambra Court.

The morning fellowing the last of the days thus briefly recorded opened to Mr. Udy with a terrible startling event.

He was sitting alone in his office, casting an impatient eye over his mail, when a quick rap sounded on the door.

"Ah! Richard Blackwood!" he exclaimed. "He has come at last!"

"Ah! Richard Blackwood!" he exclaimed. "He has come at last!"
With a smile of intense satisfaction expanding his countenance, he started up and opened the door.
But as it swung back, a swift and awful change passed over h s visage.
Livid as the dead, his hand fell weakly from the lock and he staggered back as suddenly as if he had received a blow.
An instant he stood glaring at the visitor on the threshold in wild-eyed horror and mute questioning.
The visitor silently walked in and closed the door.

The visitor shentry warm the door.

"You don't extend a very warm welcome to your old employe, Mr. Udy," he said, quietly.

"Another from the grave!"

The visitor watched him an instant longer, and then appropriated a chair close in from the said.

of him.

He was a man of Mr. Udy's own height, and so singularly like him in other respects that the skilful hand of the costumer might readily have transformed him into his

counterpart.

While the stranger was composedly gazing at Mr. Udy, a tempest was raging in Mr. at Mr. Udy, a tempest was raging in Mr. Udy's soul.

"Where have you been all these years?" he demanded hoarsely. "Why are you here this morning?"

"One question at a time, Mr. Udy," nodded the ether, "First, then, I have not been where you ungratefully put me—at the bottom of the Amazon. Second, I am here to talk over a little matter of mutual interest—a matter of business, you understand, and—""

"You can't send any telegrams till you attend to me," answered the other, com-

posedly.

In his impotent wrath Mr. Udy lifted his "Martin Bisby," he panted, "I'll be even with you for this-"

The sentence was cut short by a rap, loud and imperative.

Mr. Udy started, the flush losing itself in a deadly pallor.

He hurried to the door.

A messenger with a telegram stood there.
Tearing off the envelope, he mastered it's contents at a glance. ntents at a glance. They ran briefly:

"Will soon be on the track. Will call. "R. BLACKWOOD."

Mr. Udy crushed it in his hand, saying hurriedly to the messenger:

"An answer—wait."

At sight of his livid features Bisby half started from his seat, crying amazedly:

"What's the matter?"

Mr. Udy pushed him roughly back, taking no notice of the involuntary question.

"See here," he panted. "This telegram comes from the party I wish to telegraph. If you want to utterly ruin me, interfere with my sending the necessary reply. Quick! What have you to say?"

To be continued.

To be continued.

About thirty-five years ago two well-known citizens walked into Windust's celebrated saloon which was then situated in Park row, and asked the proprietor if he would trust them for a bottle of wine until a pending bet was settled, as they were old customers. Windust promply complied with the proposition. After the wine was drank he was informed that Customer No. 1 had bet that when the steeple of Dr. Spring's old brick church fell it would fall towards the east, and Customer No. 2 bet it would fall towards the west. The old church was pulled down many years afterwards. The bed was decided a draw, and—mirabile dictu!—each of the principals stepped up and made good for the contract of their younger days. Two gentlemen of this city made, a bet a few days ago that a bottle thrown in mid-ocean would not be heard from again within a year. To prove it sufficient funds were placed in the hands of Mr. Heary N. mid-ocean would not be heard from again within a year. To prove it sufficient tunds were placed in the hands of Mr. Heary N. Collier, dealer in watches, No. 3 Maiden lane, to pay for a fine gold watch. A bottle enciosing an order for this watch signed by Mr. Collier, and letters of instruction, written in English, French, German, and Spanish, will be thrown overboard from the steamber Bothnia on her present trip, and the order for the watch will be sufficient inducement to the finder to report the circumstances to Mr. Collier. The order for the watch does not expire with the time limited in the bet, but being good forever, it may be heard from, being good forever, it may be heard from, though not for years.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious nee of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every ten ency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are along around us ready to attack wherever alore is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well ortified with pure blood and a properly neurished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with bolling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and Tins († lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labelled—"James Errs & Co., Homceopathic Chemists, London." 26 EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMPORT

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Her eyes are lovely. I won't tell
What hue their loveliness may show;
Her braided hair becomes her well,
In celour like—but ab, no! no!
That is my secret—red or brown,
It is the prettiest hair in town!

She walks with such a dainty charm, But whether she be short or tall. Of rounded limb or sylvh like form, Her figure suits me t tat is all ! Nor do I choose the world to know. If slik her dress or calloo.

My precious girl is werth her weight,
Not in rough gold, but diamonds fine,
And whether that be small or great
I leave the reader to divine.
Ask me to gage her solid worth—
She would outweigh the whole round e To rhyme her praise is such delight
That I must keep it to myself.
Lest one should better verses write
And lay me gently on the shelf.
I am not ealous, but, you see,
This charming girl belongs to me.

Fashion Notes. Very rough wool cloths are conspicuous among the new winter goods.

A polonaise for winter wear will have a full waist, to be worn with a helt.

Figured sash ribbons are plentiful, but figured bonnet ribbons promise to be patronized only by way of exception to the rule, and there, for the most part, brocaded with circles or lozenges of velvet or single leaves. Yokes of velvet are not only seen in even-

ing and house dresses, but on coats of dark green and brown cloth. A rolled puffing of cloth and velvet outline the high-shouldered sleeves, and there is a velvet belt around the

by young ladies with cloth dresses. They are made with points in front, the upper one small and the lower very long, and the back is a plain, straight band. Jet belts of fine beads very close together are worn with vel-

beads very close together are worn with velvet waists.

The newest bodice for young ladies' home wear is the man-o'-war blouse, an exact imitation of a sailor's blouse, with loose seeves buttoning tightly in a wide band at the wrist, and with the regular deep, loose, turn-over marine collar tied with a bunch of broad ribbons in front, er fastened by a silk cord, caught together in a sailor's knot. The blouse is long, falling in a soft pour over the tunic or skirt drapery.

Some of the newest overdresses are so long as to reach the bottom of the dress-skirt, some of the newest overdresses are so long as to reach the bottom of the dress-skirt, both front and back. The drapery at each side is usually caught up very high with buckles, or loops of ribbon run through a slide. The other extreme is a very short bunchy tunic or panier everakirt. Either style is equally fashionable. The question of suitability and becomingness is therefore the only matter to be settled in making a choice of the two very opposite styles. Very few of

of the two very opposite styles. Very few of the gray dresses now so much in vogue are trimmed with colours.

Cloth dresses have a very wide band of fur around the skirt, or up its front breadths when it is of leng fleece, but the short curied Astrachan is put in three or feur narrow rows acress the three breadths of the front rows acress the three breadths of the front and sides; a cellar or a plastron of fur or of feathers is made to be removed in the house on some dresses, while others have an edge of fur arranged like lace inside the sleeves, and extending slightly up the outside seam; and there are Astrachan, collars an eighth of a yard deep, lined with satin, and intended to stand up around the neck and against the ears in true Russian fashion.

at Mr. Udy, a tempest was raging in Mr. Udy's soul.

"Where have you been all these years?" he demanded hoarsely. "Why are you here this morning?" "Why are you here this morning?" down and the ears in true Russian fashion.

Gray, there is no deubt, will continue to be the fashionable colour this winter. Gray, tender, melancholy, severe, Quaker, silver, dove, nuns', with its creamy sheen—gray in all tones and shades, from the somewhat dingy tint very appropriately called "London smoke" to the pretty blush gray christened by the French people "pschutt." Every day seems to add another tint and another name to the list of grays. "Crepuscule" is said to be the best shade, though, no doubt, will continue to be the fashionable colour this winter. Gray, there is no deubt, will continue to be the fashionable colour this winter. Gray, there is no deubt, will continue to be the fashionable colour this winter. Gray, there is no deubt, will continue to be the fashionable colour this winter. Gray, there is no deubt, will continue to be the fashionable colour this winter. Gray, the fashionable colour this winter. Gray,

call it by. Crape is not worn fer as long as it used to be, and is dispensed with entirely upon journeys. Travelling dresses for ladies in meurning should be very simply made of firm, close-textured material. Lustreless American silks are very suitable for such, and the bonnet wern with such a dress should be of silk or bombazine, without crape or unnecessary felds; the long veil, if it is desired, can be of fine black tulic rather than of heavy crape. Fine diagonal cloth makes the best mantles, the style and cut of which must, of course, depend upon individual taste. In Paris various materials are considered good for mourning; brocades, stripes, and figured goods are worn, and no special regard is paid goods are worn, and no special regard is paid to the kind of material used either for dress or mantle so long as it is black enough

worn with the crape bonnet or veil For and About Woman. Oneen Victoria uses a cane when walking.

Pauline Lucca is to receive £1,000 for three encerts in Moscow. Miss Anna Dickinson was worth \$200,000 before she tried to be an actress. Miss Edwina Booth, a daughter of the actor, is a great favourite in Beston society.

Mrs. Betsy Hemstead, of Livingston, N. Y., celebrated her one hundredth birthday last Tuesday. Mrs. Jeshee, the Hindoo lady of rank who is now studying medicine in Philadelphia, still retains her graceful native dress. Minnie Hauk is a good fire-escape. When the ery was raised in the gallery at Selma, Ala., she kept right ahead with her song and

The removal of the cancer from which Rosa Bonheur is suffering is so dangerous an opera-tion that it is feared that it cannot be per-formed. She is in a critical condition. Miss Fanny Davenport wore a string of highly pelished cranberries around her neck the other night, and one of the morning papers referred to her "magnificent coral necklace."

Miss Alice Freeman. President of the Wellesley College, is slight and griish in figure, with a youthful face. She is a Doctor of Philosophy, and at the head of a college 500 strong.

"Why not be married quietly at home in-

"Why not be married quietly at home instead of church?" said a fond parent to his daughter, who is engaged. "You know I owe over a year's pew rent and every member of the vestry is sure to be there, rain or

ahine?"

At a recent temperance meeting in Boston a thrifty old lady observed that she knew something of the evils of rum. "I have burned three husbands, and all were hard drinkers. But I am glad to say," she continued, "that I didn't fight with them. As soon as I found they would drink I got them to insure their lives heavily and let them go ahead. Ah, me! each one of them died from the effects of liquor, and thanks be to a kind Providence, each death netted me a clear \$10,000.

A heapty contest which has been raying

a clear \$10,000.

A beauty contest which has been raging in St. Louis resulted in the overwhelming election of Miss Flora Merrell. She has been awarded the gold medal of beauty, as a local artist puts it, "for she has features of Grecian purity of outline, her cheeks softly tinted with rose o lour, and lustrous grey eyes, 'twin stars of beauty,' fringed with dark lashes, shining out from beneath delicately pencilled eyebrows. A lovely dimple in each cheek adds to the beauty of the race as the rose bud mouth parts in a smile, disin each cheek adds to the beauty of the face as the rosebud mouth parts in a smile, displaying a rew of glistening pearls. Her hair, which is of pale gold, worn in loose curia over a white forehead, when flowing falls far below the alim waist. Add to these attractions a graceful figure and sweet, unaffected mannet, and you see before you the St. Louis

The prevailing Anglomania in New York has reached a new development. The example of Ellen Terry and Caroline Hill, another

English actress who is playing at Wallack's, has produced a noticeable effect in the walk and carriage of many New York girls. Both of these English women walk like grenadiers. They stride about the boards like sentinels at dress parade, and have a certain square shouldered and military carriage that one never sees in Americans. If their example will also produce the healthful effect of inducing American girls to take plenty of outdoor exercise, they can be pardoned for lengthening the female stride.

Jewelled Pet Does

Jewelled Pet Dors.

Pet dogs in Paris wear jewellery. Beautiful gold bracelets endireds the fore paws of every black self-respecting poodle. Moreover "when monsieur poodle accompanies his mistress," says the Paris correspondent of the Sun, "he requires a buttonhole, simple violets in the morning, a gardenia or some fine flowers when they go to the Bois together in the afternoon, or when monsieur poodle appears in the drawing-room on madame's reception day. If the dog is a Skye or a pug or a short-haired terrier, he will wear pearls and even diamonds in his mistress' drawing-room, and a coat of sealskin lined with silk and satin when he goes out to ride."

Superfluous Hair.

Superfluous hair is now removed by electricity. The current is applied at the root of one hair at a time, and when the hair as been killed it is pulled out. It does not return. The process is not very painful. From 30 to 50 hairs are removed in au hour, and the cost is from \$5 to \$10 each hour. The charge seems high, but it is explained that the operation requires considerable skill and care. The customers are nearly always ladies: but now and then a gentleman whose evebrows mest call to have the connecting arch taken away. The shock which kills the hair leaves a little sore, and the surface that has been treated is somewhat red and irritated, much as it would be if the person were suffering from a slight rash; but this very quickly disappears, and after that there is not the slightest trace remaining.

To the Editor Woman's Kingdom. Dear Madam,—I read with great interest your column headed "Woman's Kingdom." I have seen a great deal about the dress of young women, but you never say anything as to what it should cost for one who is not extravagant, per year. Please let me have your opinion and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER'S DAUGHTER. [Some of our lady friends might furnish "Subscriber's Daughter" with useful information on this subject.]

A WOMAN AND A QUILT. I saw in last Saturday's DAILY MAIL an ac-I saw in last Saturday's Daily Mail an account of a young woman in the township of Amaranth who made a log-cabin quilt containing 3,803 pieces. Let me say something. I know a woman in the village of Brechis, township of Mara, who has a log-cabin quilt containing 7,362 pieces, which she put together entirely herself, which can be seen at any time at said village. She also has several other quilts worthy of inspection. W. Mc. MSS. FOR PUBLICATION.

In the answers to correspondents in your Woman's Kingdom would you answer the following questions:

1. In preparing MS. for publication does the writer write on without interruption, and are the divisions of paragraphs and sentences of separate speakers in conversation attended to by the publisher, or should the MS, be exactly as it would be when printed?

2. Are Canadans who wish to write forced.

exactly as it wou d be when printed?

2. Are Canadians who wish to write forced to send their productions to American magazines, or are there any home publications that would furnish a market for short articles and stories?
3. In the case of a writer having a large 3. In the case of a writer having a large work to publish, say a novei, what would be the course to be followed, and would gou furnish the name of a publisher. RUTH.

[1. Prepare your MS. as you wish it to appear in print. Be careful to write only on one side of the paper. 2. There is practically no home market for magazine articles or stories. 3. An author as a rule publishes his first novel at his own risk. Messrs. Harper & Co. and Messrs. Leslie & Co., New York, are large publishers.]

In Illinois a State census taker was re-cently doing one of the interior towns, and at one nouse he interviewed the proprietor.

After certain inquiries he said : "Have you a wife?" "Yes. "First one?"
"No; the last one out of four."
"Any children?"
"A few."
"How many?"
"Thirteen."

"Any idiots?"
"Well, let's see," scratching his head in a thoughtful attitude, "I guess there's one. That's me. Put it down in the book that way, anyhow, on general principles. An amusing incident that occurred to the Rev. Frederick Baylis Allin, assistant rector of Trinity church, Boston, is called to mind by the number of weddings that have taken place there of late. A young couple called at his residence to be united in wedlock and after the ceremony had been pronounced the

groom, taking a coin from his vest pocket, handed it to Mr. Allin and departed. When they had gone Mr. Allin looked at his fe

SCROFULOUS,

INHERITED CONTAGIOUS. IN 1870 Screfuleus 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 seemingly dead, the cavity open to the bone and filled with offensive matter. Everything knewn to the modical faculty was tried in vain. Gradually the bone it self became diseased, and then the suffering began 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.

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 Curtcura Remedies, and after two years peristent use of them the last ulcer has healed. The dread disease has succumbed. All over the breat where was once a mass of corruption in 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 Cutioura romedies.

JAMES E. RICHARDSON.

Custom House, New Orleans.

Sworn to before United States Commissioner.

J. D. CRAWFORD.

of Scrofulous, Inherited and Contagious Humours, and thus remove the mo t prolific cause of human suffering, to clear the skin of Disfiguring blotches, Iching Tortures, Humiliating Eruptions and Loat some Sores caused by Impure or Poisoned Blood, to purify and beautify the Skin, and regione the Hair so that no trace of disease remains, CUTICTRA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic and Aperient, and CUTICWAS and CUTICWAS, and CUTICWAS, and CUTICWAS, are initiallible. They are the only is unedies that succeed when physicians and all other means fail. GREAT BLOOD MEDICINES.

The half has not been told as to the great cura-tive powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have said undreds of dollars for medicines to cur-diesdes of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES CHAS. A. WILLIAMS. Previdence, R.L

AGRICULTU

We will always be pleased of enquiry from farmers on ar-ing agricultural interests, and given as soon as practicable. AGRICULTURAL EDO

The recent action of the

cultural and Arts Associatio

scheme for a course of rea

tural subjects appears to meet eral approval of the agricultu of the province. The Simcoe at its November session adopting report of the Standing Finance regarding the matter. "That they view with heart effort now being made by the and Arts Association of Ontar farmers' sons and others intaculture to pursue a course of subjects pertaining to practice and trust this effort will be any the purpose of increasing the the purpose of increasing the farming community in this committee recommend that fi be given by the county to the secure the highest number examination to be held in July value in the aggregate of \$100, \$20, \$15, and \$10, upon the fe tions :- First, the candidates the age of 25 years; second, ce a certificate from the rees cipality where they reside the been bona fide residents of the coe for at least one year previous features. The prizes

HOLSTEIN CATT

of examination." The priz

ough the secretary.

Holsteins, or as they are sor Dutch or Friesian cattle, are at siderable attention in the Unit seem to be gaining in public fa admirers claim that they unite butter, and beef. Certainly, as are hard to equal, it being a no thing to find them giving 30, 4 high as 45 quarts of milk per de measure). Their yield of milk 10,000 to 18,000 pounds per at are mixed black and white, of very docile, and mature early a the last fifteen years they hav rapid progress in popular favous States, and in the Western Sta A year's test has just been Fred. C. Stephens, of Attica, N cow Echo, the record showing 18,120½ pounds of milk, or 115 than the famous cow A'aggie, years old, and weighs 1,610.

In a former issue reference wa price paid for a daughter of \$4,200—and since then Mr. \$4,200—and since then Mr. given the highest price ever pai stein, \$5,000, securing against tition Jacob (608), also out of M purchasers of Mercedes 3rd, the reterred to above, give their reing such a high figure for the lows:—"We fully believe the Alland, and Ægis families have no stand at the head as milk-producter cows some of them are, a only second in their breed to Mercedes, while as a butter Netherlands have no equals Metherlands have no equals stein breed, and we question if, it is equalled by any family of It will be borne in mind that M It will be borne in mind that M half Ægis, her sire being out Ægis, and by a buil of the sam is very natural, therefore, that v sire this little jewel in our he this infusion of the Mercedes b ter qualities of our herd can be developed we will consider the good one, although we have sold same age for \$1,000 each, which fully her equal, both in quality. Our expectation is that this h with the Netherland family, w remarkable butter family as well producers of milk, as these producers of milk, as these possessed in a wonderful deg three families, which will thus this experiment proves a succe Holstein interest of the country fitted. Should it prove a f we have no fears, we will at

satisfaction of having made the Holsteins were exhibited in C first time at the Toronto Indus of this year, but it is probab fairs, not only in Toronto but e of this popular breed.

DISEASED BONK J. L., Perrytown .- " I have has a running sore in her under inform me what is the cause cure it." Open up the sore and dress the a lotion composed of carboli drachm, and water, two ounces, follows this treatment have the

ined by a veterinary surgeon, as a portion of the bone is diseased

TENDER FEET. Noxon.—"I have a young copears to have tender feet, especial feet. She was troubled last win has a good appetite, but is shri milk and is losing in condition."

Possibly your cow is affected i

tism. Cleanse the feet thorough

ing with lukewarm water, and s and night one drachm of nitrate and one drach of powdered cold tinue this medicine for twelve BRITTLE HOOF

PERRYTOWN.—"I have a horse get hard and break away. Can what will soften them, and sta grow?" Poultice the feet with bran several days, and then apply a blister around the coronet. Have carefully shod as soon as the blis act, and give him regular exercis

LIVE STOCK. If you want your mutton to be juicy, feed turnips to your sheep, aid of turnips a four-year-old we made to eat as tender as chicken, It is claimed by many breeder are most profitable if facted and mid-winter. This is no doubt go in the coldest weather a large per food is consumed in simply main

animal, instead of putting on flesh. At a recent convention of she and wool growers held in Philade L. Hayes advised farmers to g money for their carcasses, and to money for their carcasses, and to a take care of itself. Regard the stas machines for converting grass grain in the shortest possible time ton, with wool as the mere incider for the best mutton will get the this is the system in England—mutton producing and combing wing country in the world.

an expe ienced sheep raiser good way to control a flock of take a ewe lamb to the house a pet of it. Use nothing by and give it a name, teaching at the call. Whenever the lamb something as a reward, such a grapiece of bread, or anything hat is but never give it a blow. When grown, place it in the flock and youly to call that one sheep, wo others will follow. As sheep in