CHAPTER XXL

MADAME JULIETTE SHOWS HER HAND.

The eyes properly dried, she fixed them on

"It's de truff mis'ess, dat I didn't hear

aufin' wery 'ticular."

Alba, who was anxiously watching her mother, saw the tense line about her closed lips give way, and an expression of intense re-

"Oh, bress my soul," she cried in an awed

Oh, bress my soul," she cried in an awed voice. "Shure enough, mebbe it was bout HIM. Oh, bress my soul! I thought shur dey was a plottin'....."

Both Mrs. Urquhart and Alba lifted silencing hands and Aunty Phemie stood mute, uneasily pondering the blunder she had committed.

Directly recovering herself Mrs. Urguhart

"This was all you heard, Aunty Phemie?"

"Afore de good Lord it was. I couldn't

sion, only now an' den a word in de middle like. But de names, mis'ess, dem I can swar ter. An' I kin swar dat I had a gene'ral feelin' dat all was not right an'—"

"Did Brutus know of your intention to listen?" interrupted Mrs. Urquhart, charply.

Aunty l'hemie was almost betrayed into a suif of disdain by this unexpected question. Her respectful answer, was marked by great dignity.

something of her previous se-

CHAPTER XIX.

CRAIG GRAHAME AND MRS. UROUHART. The elements favoured Madame Juliette secret purpose. Soon after tea a story gathered and burst with a fury almost un precedented for the season. It raged till midnight, and Craig Grahame, gladly availing himself of Mrs. Urquhart's eager invitation, abandoned all thought of returning to Boston that night.

Boston that night.

Nor was Craig altogether selfish in his de sire to remain at Alhambra Court. An anxious perplexity in regard to Madame Juliette pressed upon his mind, and he determine ette pressed upon his mind, and ne described ed to seïze the opportunity to speak to Mrs

Urquhart.

This being Mrs. Urquhart's own desire, the way was opened, and the subject approached without difficulty.

With Madame Juliette's able co-operation the library they found themselves alone in the library Craig plunged into his subject with anxiou

"My dear Mrs. Urquhart," he exclaim as they stood at one of the windows looking out upon the sheeted lightning, "you have known and indulged me from boy blood. Will you indulge me-now by listening to a must disagreeable communication which

shightest delay? Perhaps." he hurried on, without pausing for a reply, "perhaps I ought to leave the task to Mr. Pinard, to whom I have already spo—"

He stopped with an ejaculation of dismay. The library was dimly lighted, and Mrs. Urquhart stood with her back to the light. But at the moment that he uttered those concluding words a vivid flash of lightning re vealed a face of such alarming pallor that he

vealed a face of such alarming pailor that he absolutely recoiled a step.

It was an involuntary movement, and the next instant he was bending over her.

"My dear Mrs. Urquhart, you are ill!" he cried. "Let me help you to a chair."

Both his tone and manner expressed his anxiety. But as he placed her hand within his arm she quickly withdrew it, saying with unintentional frankness:

"It was only the shock. Don't be alarmed, Craig."

ed, Craig."
"The shock," repeated Craig, in some be wilderment, adding quickly:
"Oh, that vivid flash. Certainly you ought not to stand here and invite such

Glad to find her words so happily misin terpreted, she allowed him to co rom the window.

As they seated themselves she said, mor

composedly than she had deemed possible : "Go on Craig. What were you about to say? What is your disagreeable communi-"Briefly this, Mrs. Urquhart," hastily re

urned Craig, his mind again wholly occupied with the subject. "On more than one occase she did not bear—"
"The name of Madame Juliette Ecker, rposed Mrs. Urquhart, quietly, You know it, then?"

The inquiry was made with a voice of an "I know it."

Mrs. Urquhart uttered the declaration with marked emphasis, adding as she forced a "You forget, Craig, that Madame Juliette a connection of mine." There was a short silence.

Mrs. Urquhart was struggling to preserv words. Urdinare was surgifing to preserve a composed exterior. Craig was confusedly wondering what he should next say.

What he did say burst from him almost without his own volition.

"Why, at Baden-Baden," he cried, "this Madame Juliette was known as..."

The surprised protest was ejaculated by Mrs. Urquhart in a low, firm voice, and with eyes of unmistakable rebuke fixed firmly

upon him. "Craig," she went on, "as I have "Craig," she went on, "as I have said I know all that you can tell me. And understand, Craig, that Madame Juliette is an honoured member of my household."

Craig returned the gaze in evident distress. Then he exclaimed impetuously:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Urquhart, but I cannot understand your desire to shield this Madame Juliette, for although your relative, who is..."

she is—"
Again Mrs. Urquhart interposed.
"Am not I best fitted to judge what my relatives may be excused or forgiven?" she asked. "Surely, Craig, you forget yourself a list!a"

She spoke those few words of rebuke with great gentleness, but a warm flush mounted to Craig's brow as he listened. Nevertheless, his predominant feeling was one of anxiety.

Mentally resolving to place the matter in

Mr. Pinard's hands the next morning, he

"You have silenced me, Mrs. Urquhart and I trust you will pardon my apparent im

"My dear Craig," smiled Mrs. Urquhart, "My dear Craig," smiled Mrs. Urqunart,
"I have not thought you impertinent. But I have one request to make, and that is, that you observe the strictest silence with every one concerning your knowledge of Madame Juliette at Baden-Baden. You have not spoken to Mr. Pinard?" she suddenly concluded, in faint, hurried tones, as Craig's accurate and the concerning of the content of the countenance changed.
"I'am serry to be obliged to answer in the

Ctaig looked at her in perplexed distress, and finding she did not speak, hurriedly exclaimed:

"If I had had the slightest idea of your wishes I would as you certainly know, have guided myself by them. Fortunately I spoke very indefinitely to Mr. Pinard—that is,

ned no name-"

The intense relief expressed in that one long-drawn ejaculation hurried Craig into an expression of regret that he had spoken at all, "Craig, this must go no further," abruptly cried Mrs. Urquhart as he concluded. "You must tell Mr. Pinard no more." She spoke the words with feverish eager-ness. Craig hesitated a moment, then boldly

asked:
"Am I to understand that it is your wish

"Am I to understand that it is your wish to shield Madame Juliette?"

"Yes. Emphatically, yes!"

"Then depend upon my utmost efforts to further your wishes."

Craig made that promise with an earnest gravity, not unmixed with regret.

"But," he quickly pursued, "I must tell you the truth, "Mr. Pinard is not a man to be trifled with. Although my words were few and indefinite, he will use them. I know him well enough to be assured that he would syen go the length of making a journey to Baden-Baden."

"What did you say to Mr. Pinard?" sud-denly asked Mrs. Urquhart. Craig paused in some embarrassment; then

"Two things—that I had seen Madame Juliette at Baden-Brden, and that there was "That was all?"

"Yes."

"Poor Juliette. Poor Juliette!" murmurnd Mrs. Urquhart to herself. "Man is hard,
but heaven is—"

Suddenly breaking off, she exclaimed:

"Mr. Pinard would gain nothing by the

Craig shook his head gravely.
"You forget that Mr. Pinard is an artist.
"You forget that Mr. Pinard is an artist. A few lines in crayon and a name is ren-lered needless. Madame Juliette is too striking and beautiful a woman not to be vividly remembered, aside from her—"

He checked himself abruptly. But Mrs. Urquhart was too much occupied with the reminder he had uttered to notice that act of

Suddenly she made an almost impatien effort to shake off her fears.

"How foolish," she exclaimed sharply "The evil of the day is sufficient. Why con jure for the future? Come Craig, let us joi

She rose as she spoke, and Craig follower er from the room.
Alba, Madame Juliette, and Mr. Udy wer Craig glanced at Madame Juliette with

anxious eyes.

"Yes," he thought, "I have promised lence, and I must keep the promise. won't do to broach the subject to Alba. A other thing is certain: Respect for Mr Urquhart forces me to treat her cousin will remembe

Urquhart forces me to treat her cousin wisome attention. But when Alba is won—. His eyes wandered from Madame Juliett beautiful face to Alba's purely lovely on and the concluding threat was lost.

The fierce, harrowing anxiety with whi Madame Juliette had secretly waited the trainination of the interview was set at rest her first glance at Mrs. Urquhart's count nance as she entered; and from the subchange which she observed in Craig's mann toward herself she augured favourably.

Nevertheless and waited impressed by

change which she observed in Craig's manne toward herself she augured favourably.

Nevertheless, she waited impaniently the opportunity to speak with Mrs. Urquhard Just as they were separating for the night she gained it. Mrs. Urquhart briefly recounter what had passed. Madaine listened silently with downcast eyes. As Mrs. Urquhar ceased she looked up.

"You are right," she said in low, sof tones. "The evil of the day is sufficient We have cause to be thankful that so much has been gained. A thousand things maconspire in our favour. Let us hope, des Alwilds."

Before she could say more Alba approach.

Conspire in our layour. Let us hope, dear Alwilda."

Before she could say more Alba approached, and madame said good-night as smilingly as if her mind had been the abiding place of all peaceful thoughts.

She glauced impatiently at the time-piece as she entered her dressing-room. Half-past ten. There was ample time; and she submitted herself to Circe's hands. A little after eleven she dismissed the girl. Then locking the door she threw off her white dressing-gown and assumed a black wrapper. That done, she chafed noiselessly up and down the room. For a little there was no sound but the soft ticking of the clock and the hushed sweep of her garments.

All at once the pent-up fire burst its way into passionate speech.

into passionate speech. "Fool-insensate, double-dyed fool that "Fool—insensate, double-dyed fool that I was!" she panted under her breath. "What imp prompted me to be so mad as to tell the truth? Why did I say Germany? Why did I say Baden-Baden? Why did I not say Asia—Africa—Hades—anything but the truth! Fool! I never yet spoke the truth without bitterly ruing it. Oh, fool, fool!" She dropped into silence again—a fierce, angry silence—a passionate ejaculation now and then falling from her lips.

Time hurried on. Directly the musical chiming of the time-piece aroused her.

"Ah! twelve o'clock," she breathed.

She extinguished her dim light, opened the door and stole into the hall.

The moon was riding brilliantly through

The moon was riding brilliantly through the dispersing clouds, and by its fitful ligh she relocked the door and crept down to wide, low stairs,
Perhaps her indulged rage had weakene

her perves. At all events, as she groped her way stealthily to the library she stopped, a sudden, inexplicable sense of terror rooting her to the spot. Not a sound broke the perfect stillne

Not a sound broke the perfect stillness, yet she quivered under the sense of an unseen presence. With straining ears she listened for any threatening sound. Nothing. Nothing. Yet she fancied menacing arms stretching toward her through the darkmess, menacing feet stealing ruthlessly upon her.

Lucapable of speech or motion she stood there.

Jucapable of speech or motion she stood there.

Just then the great clock solemnly chimed the hour. With bated breath she listened. With bated breath counted each weird stroke. As the twelfth smote the silence a vision of Guy Urquhart, pale, bloody and dying, rose before her mental vision.

Its very horror burst her bonds—set her paralyzed will free.

Shivering in every limb, she involuntarily seized the folds of her trailing wrapper and darted headlong forward. All thought of detection was lost in the more terrible

detection was lost in the more terrible thought of that dread vision. To escape it—to escape the frightful darkness filling her whole mind.

One hand outstretched in involuntary caution she ran on, terrified at the soft rustl

of her own garments.

She reached the library door, dropped her hand in search of the knob, and—sank cowering to the floor.

Her hand had falled, not upon the knob but upon a cold, clammy face. CHAPTER XX.

THE PRESENCE IN THE HALL As Madame Juliette sank to the floor a smothered ejaculation suddenly recalled her swimming senses.

She lifted her face from her vailing hands. "Is it you!" she breathed, in a quivering whisner.

It was Mr. Udy's voice, and by no means firm. The next instant he exclaimed, angrily, though in the same suppressed tones:

"Why the fiend did you come rushing along the hall in that strange, mysterious way? How was I to know it was you?"

"Open the door!" whispered Madame Juliette, imperiously, her nerves not yet restored to their normal condition.

Mr. Udy obeyed, and they entered the room together, he remarked gruffly:

"I fancied some one was prowling in the hall and stopped to listen before opening the door. But I suppose it was you I heard. And when you came rushing along I couldn't imagine what was up, and so crouched close

"You thought you heard something?" shiveringly interrogated Madame Juliette, seizing his arm in a nervous grasp.
"Did you?" sharply inquired Udy, raising his voice slightly now that they were safe within the library.
"No; but I feet a presence," breathed Madama Juliette."

dame Juliette.

As she spoke the words she shivered so markedly that Udy felt it. But he impatiently shook off her hand.

"Pshaw!" he sneered coolly. "Don't be

And turning away he proceeded to make "I am constitutionally afraid of the dark-ness," remarked Madame Juliette, with un-usual meekness. "I conjure up a thousand

usual meekness. "I conjure up a thousand vague—"
"Because your deeds are evil," interposed Mr. Udy, half jocosely, half tauntingly, as he adjusted the light.

The words proved restorative. Madame Juliette was herself again. With superb scorn she drew a chair close to the table and pointed to another directly opposite.
"Sit down," she said. "We have something more important to discuss than our respective evils."

Her manner was haughtily imperious; but there was a light in her eye that warnned Udy of serious trouble.

there was a light in her eye that warnned Udy of serious trouble.

"What is it," he said, his sallow face growing even more sallow in his anxiety. At the moment that he spoke a figure, squatted behind a group of monster vases in the hall, softly surred in its hiding place. Directly a head was cauthously thrust around them, and a pair of eyes peered searchingly into the darkness. Next the figure rose to its full height, still completely hidden by the luxuriant, trailing growth filling each vase. A minute of breathless listening, and it stole out and crept noiselessly to the library door. Meanwhile Madame Juliette had answered Udy's question, bringing each word out with

Meanwhile Madame Juliette had answered Udy's question, bringing each word out with fierce, vindictive force.

"What?" she repeated. Her eyes silently blazed into his for a minute. Then she added:

"Craig Grahame saw me at Baden-Baden—has recognized me."

Mr. Udy started to his feet, eyery vestige of colour gone from his face.

White and dumb he stood before her, his

Mrs. Urquhart, half absently, half nervously, pushed it away, alike heedless of the
words and the more touching protest Aunty
Phemie was making.

Two great shining tears were slowly and
silently coursing along the poor old soul's
broad nose, and down her rugged cheeks,
while her eyes, filled with meek reproach,
mutely questioned her mistress.

"Aunty Phemie," pursued Mrs. Urquhart
in the same stern, uncompromising voice,
"answer me briefly, and to the point—what
did you hear?"

Even under the pitiless look which Mrs.

nd of his own voice arou the sound of his own voice aroused him. He started, dropped into his chair again and ttered a discordant laugh.

"Bah! The end." he cried, contemptusly. I grow womanish. Well, what else?"
In those concluding words he addressed imself to Madame Juliette, looking at her with a measure of components. "Dis yar, mis'ess. Dis yar.".

But whether I am right or wrong one thing is certain—the recognition must have come, sooner or later. Grahame, as you have doubtless noticed, is on intimate terms here, and also deeply in love with Alba."

Mr. Udy here uttered a low ejaculation of disapproval. Madame Juliette favoured him with a sharp look, the shadow of a smile just touching her live.

an exhaustive detail of the events of the afternoon and evening.

Mr. Udy listened in rapt attention. As she brought her narrative to a close he looked up at her with a mingled expression of admiration and contempt, and opened his lips for the first time. Celie, you are his Black Majesty's very

bulary, and he sat gazing at her with the me mingled expression lining his countemance.

Madame Juliette's eyes blazed ominously, but she only said with cold emphasis:

"If Pinard goes to Baden-Baden—what

lips give way, and an expression of intense relief pass over her countenance.

"No, nuffin wery 'tiklar," pursued Aunty
Phemie, "Dey were too fur from de do' an'
dey talked too low. But they were a'gwine
it 'bout Mars' Pinard and Mars' Grahame,
and you and Miss Alba. And onct, I 'clar
ter goodness, I onet thought I heerd Ma'ame
Jul'ette say MURDER!"

An anguished pain looked out from Mrs.
Urquhart and Alba's eyes at this dread
word, and startled Aunty Phemie into recollection. The hue of death slowly crept over Mr. Udy's face in the little pause that ensued. tly he hissed:

Directly he hissed:
"I promise you—HE SHALL NOT GO!"
Even Madame Julictte shrank from the gleam in his little, shifting eyes.
He leaned forward, his gaze intently fixed We sink or swim together you know." There was a significance in his tone which madame Juliette well understood.

"Yes," she answered nonchalantly.

But even as she spoke the indifferent word in imperceptible shudder crept through her trame. The next moment she dropped her vailing lashes over the steely glitter in her eyes thinking:

"Yes, we sink or swim together. Otherwise I'd not be here to-night. You would sink alone,"

That thought seemed to awaken another. Lifting her eyes she rivetted them upon his face, "Remember," she said—"Remember; I

will have nothing to do with it.".

She spoke with haughty firmness. A sneer curled Mr. Udy's lips. "To do with what?" he asked. "And how am I to prevent Pinard's going

to Baden-Baden?"
"That is your business, not mine. Only remember, I'll have nothing to do with murder. But enough of this. It is time for us to be thinking of separating. I want to semadame Juliette had unconsciously raised her voice, and its proud tones penetrated dis-tinctly to the motionless figure outside the

thactly to the motionless figure outside the library door.

With noiseless step it stole through the hall and up the mounts stairway to the door of Alba's dressing room.

Softly turning the knob it entered, and crossing the room, struck a light.

As the flame burst up. Alba, just as she had sprung from her bed, appeared at her chamber door.

dignity.

"No, mis'ess, no," she cried, erecting the demoralized turbane impressively. "I don'take 'Tus inter my comfidence on all 'casions, and dis yer am one oblie 'casions. 'Tus don'thow huffine boatsile unitia." "Tus don'thow huffine plantane in the casions. "Tus don'thow huffine plantane in the casions. Tus don't huffine in the casions in the casions in the casions in the casions in the secret. Now go, and go straight to bed."

Aunty Ehemie slowly turned and went to the door, Mrs. Urquhart followed her with a final word of counsel.

At the door Aunty Phemie swang her next. At the door Aunty Phemie swung her ports ly form impulsively around again and burst

library a-gwine it fur no—"
"In the library. Mi. Udy and Madame

Mrs. Urquhart, half absently, half nervous

It was Aunty Phemie, her gay Madras hopelessly demoralized, and her countenance the picture of dismay. into tears. "Oh, mis'ess." she softly sobbed-"oh, mis'ess, you nebber was angry wi' poor ole Aunty Phemie afore. Oh, mis'ess, I'd just gib my body to be burned for you and Miss Alba. I didn't mean nuffin' but good by list'nin', de dear Lord'above us knows." "Bress my soul honey, how you frighter me!" she cried, before Alba could expr her astonishment. equiry in her eyes. The next she slowly ex-

Mrs. Urquhart's mind relieved of its tor-turing fears her heaft was assailable. She extended her soft, transparent hand with an affectionate smile. Aunty Phemie seized it in a paroxysm of "Aunty Phemie! What brings you here at this hour?"

Aunty Phemie nervously put up her hands and set her Madras a trifle more askew.

That done, she exclaimed in subdued accepts:

delight.
"I know you are a faithful soul, Aunty
Phemie. If I have seemed hard remember
that my heart is broken!"
If anything was needed to quite break
Aunty Phemie it was done in those conclud-"Hush, honey; dont speak so loud. But, honey, sich doin's I neber 'spected ter lib ter see at 'Lambra Court! I tell you honey, dem two in de libr'y am a-gwine it fur no good to dis yer house, or———"

Aunty Phemie paused in utter consternation.

ing words.

"Oh, mis'ess, Aunty Pnemie's real sorry for you, poor lamb," she sobbed.

And catching the white hand to her lips she rushed from the room and made her noiseless way to her neglected bed. nation.

"Oh, bress my mis'able old soul!" she mext ejaculated, staring helplessly past Alba, Half alarmed, the girl turned to follow the glance, and saw her mother.

Wrapping her dressing-gown more closely about her Mrs. Urquhart advanced to Aunty Phamie hurriadly. Alba had silently watched the scene with tearful eyes. But as her mother locked the door and returned to her she exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, what does it all mean? To-night for the first time in my life you have never a normal to ma." Phemie hurriedly.
"What is it, Aunty Phemie? How is it

you are up at this time of night? Who is in the library?"

To these rapid questions Aunty Phemie answered with evident reluctance, but straight to the point.

"Well, mis'ees de long and de short ob it am dat Marse Udy an' Ma'ame Jul'ette am in library a gwise it for no." have proved an enigma to me."

Mrs. Urquhart smiled wearily. Then drawing the girl to a seat beside her on the sofa she rapidly but cautiously detailed the events of the afternoon.

events of the afternoon.

"I thought," she concluded, "that it was useless to broach the subject till morning. I did not want to impose a sleepless night upon you by the fact that my secret is in danger."

A little silence ensued. Mrs. Urquhart broke it with an impassioned inquiry.

"Oh, my love, you say nothing. Surely—surely you must feel grateful for the unparalleled magnanimity with which Madame Juliette has acted?"

Juliette?"

Alba broke in upon her with those astonished words, and then stood silently gazing at her, all her instinctive distrust of Madame Juliette in active force.

Mrs. Urquhart's mind took a different circuit. Drawing a step nearer she caught Aunty Phemie by the arm, her blue eyes wide and dark with the secret thought oppressing her.

Juliette has acted?"

"Dear mamma, how could I feel otherwise?" answered the grl.

She spoke warmly, kissing the wan cheek to which she had caressingly pressed her own as she spoke. Yet even as she spoke the same painful distrust of Madame Juliette made itself felt.

Involuntarily she asked the question which she was turning over in her mind,

"Mamma, why should Madame Juliette and Mr. Udy be in the library at this hour?"

Mrs. Urouhart looked at her in supprise. Rather verbosely 'Aunty Phemie told of Brutus's visit to the pantry, a later conversation, and the consequent patient watch behind the monster vases.

"And you listened?"

Mrs. Urquhart put that question with additional severity.

Mrs. Urguhart booked at her in surprise.
"My dear, what other opportunity could they find to speak of this wretched affair? Of course Madams Juliette would desire to consult Mr. Udy without delay, and he goes into Boston before we are up in the morning, as you know."

Mrs. Urquhart put that question with additional severity.

"Yes, mis'ess, I did," answered Aunty Phemie, visibly hurt by this unexpected reception of her information.

"Yes, I did. And de good Lor' knows I don' keer nuffin bout de meetin' 'cept fur your sake an' Miss Alba's."

Wholly occupied with her secret terrors Mrs. Urquhart gave no heed to the faithful creature's wounded sensibilities.

"Aunty Phemie," she said, her voice harsh and cold as Aunty Phemie had never heard it before. |"Aunty Phemie, repeat this offence and you leave Alhambra Court forever!" "True," said Alba, secretly vexed with herself for her secret doubts.

"I must be very wicked," she thought. They sat together for a few minutes longer, and then once more retired.

In the meantime Mr. Udy and Madame Juliette were bringing a somewhat usastisfactory interview to a close. In response to Madame Juliette's question he had answered in her own words a few hours previous.

"I must think." I must think," he said. The next moment he exclaimed:

"Would Grahame tell Alba,"

Madame Juliette'contented herself with a contemptuous glance. It proved as effective as words. The anxiety in his eyes was effaced by a smile. Shrugging his shoulders he answered himself.

"He sought Alwilda first. She has silenced him."

"Nor will he tell any one for a day or two," volunteered Madame Juliette, significantly. "True," said Alba, secretly vexed with

"Oh, mamma," softly interposed Alba, pitying the mute astonishment and distress with which Aunty Phemie was gazing at her mistress, and almost frightened at this unexampled exhibition of sternness.

As Alba spoke the deprecating words, she gently stole her arm about her mother's waist."

cantly.

"Eh?"

Mr. Udy leaned forward and uttered this ejaculatian in a suppressed, half frightened

gaze with one of caim composure. Fit she did not speak, he cried eagerly:

"Celie, what strange knowledge de possess? What do you use? How do"I think you asked me all those que

omposedly.

"You still refuse to enlighten me?"

"Most emphatically!"

He uttered a growl of discontent, and reserting to the point from which they had randered, soid irritably:

"Who, tell me, could have foreseen such complication? If this thing keeps on there rill be precious little enjoyment to be had ut of Alhambra Court. And it will be a ity if I have to send you away."

out of Alhambra Court. And it will be a
pity if I have to send you away."

Madame Juliette's face burned scarlet, and
her eyes flamed ominously. But she answered in tones of queenly composure;

"That will never do!"

Mr. Udy smiled exasperatingly.

"We will see about that. We will see!"

tow. Madame Juliette turned on him, sp less with passion. Mr. Udy's gaze of met her own, and Mr. Udy's voice cool "Yes, we will see about that."
Madame Juliette found her voice,
"Let us understand each other," she said,

The eyes properly dried, she fixed them on her mistress, advancing a step nearer.

"Yes, mis'ess," she went on, eagerly,
"dem two was a gwipe it fur no—"
A quick gesture from Mrs. Urquhart brought her to a pause.

Mrs. Urquhart spoke:

"Mr. Udy and Madame Juliette are talking in the library to night with my full approbation." "That is precisely what I wish," he smiled determined to prove himself master. "There-fore, I tell you now that if your presence here seems to endanger me in any way, you must retire from Alhambra Court. I did not At this astounding declaration Aunty
Phemie's mouth opened and stiffened into
utter rigidity, while Alba, no less amazed,
gazed at her mother as if doubting the eviay you five thousand dollars to come here and live, you will please to recollect." dence of her own senses.

Heedless of the surprise of her two anditors, Mrs. Urquharbsaid briefly:

"Go on, Aunty Ehemie. What did you Madame Juliette fiercely clasped her hands in the effort to restrain the torrent of words that rushed to her lips. After a little she

"live here as the father-in-law of my beautiful niece. A fair exchange is no robbery. I give them my Wilmer for the slice of property."

Madame Juliette, once more in complete control of herself, looked at him with superb

scorn.

"I had already fathomed your design," she returned haughtly. "But it cannot be. It is my will that Alba remain single. If your son should marry her I must necessarily lose ground. If Craig Grahame, an expose must follow."

"No," she continued. "No, your son can-

"No," she continued. "No, your son cannot marry Alba; neither, sir, can you appropriate one dollar of Guy Urquhart's estate beyond your just fees. They will be enormous and all sufficient. I may, however, occasionally make you a present."

Absolutely petrified with rage and atmazement, Mr. Udy stared speechlessly at her. She returned the gaze an instant, and then remarked with her former imperial air:

"You seem to forget who I am."
"Those words broke the spell that bound "Forget who you are! Forget who you "I am MRS. BALPH URQUHART!"

At that low, haughty interruption his jaw fell, and the hue of death overspread his face. ied in an instant. "Ha! you propose to come that game over me, do you?" he hissed, scarcely above a whisper. "You, my paid too! Listen! Your hour has come! I'll unmask you! I'll swear I was deceived by your statements!

His ungovernable rage choked him into impotent silence.
Scornfully, haughtily Madame Juliette's lip curled. Scornfully, haughtily she spoke:
"And I? What think you I will do?" she asked, with unruffled composure.
Still speechless, he glassed fiercely at her

She paused, rose and stepped to his side As she uttered those two words something her look and tone cowed him into a sudden ject terror. Wild-eyed he glared shiver

ingly up at her.
"I will, —" she repeated.
The rest was hissed inaudibly in his ear,
the dead silence of the room was unbroken by (To be Continued.)

A CURIOUS MEDICAL SUIT.

Quack Medicine.

A curious and in some ways funny suit is in progress in Philadelphia. Une spring some two or three years ago the thoughts of Michael McGrath, a young man who follows the trade of a carpenter, instead of properly and lightly turning themselves to love, busied themselves with some aliment with which he was then afflicted. Running through the columns of a local newspaper to find the name of some physician who might help him, his eye fell upon the advertisement of "Dr. Fitler's Medical Institute, established by Joseph B. Fitler, a regular graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, who has become celebrated as a physician. Cures guaranteed in a specified time under contract or the charges paid refunded." This appeared to be the man for McGrath's money, and he made an immediate call upon Dr. Fitler. Here he received the pleasing intelligence that he had Bright's disease and nervous dyspepsia, but the doctor had just the medicine for him. Plenty of it, too, for he was told he must take five dozen bottles of

SIXTY QUARTS OF THE PANACEA, which would cost him the neat sum of \$300. The money was at last paid over; McGrath received his bottles and a guarantee of cure, signed "Joseph B. Fitler, M.D.," agreeing to "refund the money paid if by any possibility signed "Joseph B. Fitter, M.D.," agreeing to "refund the money paid if by any possibility the five dozen bottles should fail to cure." The doctor further "constituted and appointed the patient the sole judge of the effects of his medicine, relying upon his honour to decide justly between us, and will accept such decision, whatever it may be, as final, without further recourse." The bottles came home in a furniture car, and McGrawh began his dosing, which continued until the came home in a furniture car, and McGrath began his dosing, which continued until July 31st of this year, when the last bottle was drained. But McGrath found himself in a worse state than befo e. Then he called on a physician who did not advertise and was informed that he had never had Bright's disease or nervous dyspepsia, but was suffering from a disease not akin to either. McGrath now demands back his \$300 from Dr. Fitter on the ground that the occars of Dr. Fitler on the ground that the oceans of medicine he has taken has made him unfit medicine he has taken has made him unfit for manual labour and unable to work at his trade. A further investigation of the case disclosed that Dr. Joseph B. Fitler had been dead for twelve years, and that the person whom he had seen was Charles H. Fitler, who is not a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania; so, the charge of riter, who is not a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania; so the charge of forgery was added, and the doctor, on his refusal to refund the money, was arrested. As the case stands now the doctor has the money and McGrath has the experience; but the latter has furnished an excellent moral to the credulous people who trust themselves to the charge of "doctors" of the Fitter variety.

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

Old Mrs. Pinaphor hopes that no more lives will be sacrificed in the hunt for the North Pole until some persons go out there and as-certain whether such a pole really exists.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

mbitious, young, a Poet tuned his lyre; or Love and Fame combined his Muse to ame, her enchanting rainbow round

into the Poet's life strange troubles came—
Jnearned reproach and poverty's dread nameIll on his soul the deepest shadow fell;
der place was vacant whom he loved so well,
I'hen, to relieve perforce his troubled brain,
strange haunting melodies he wove again,
lift in the wild music turned to strains sublime,
this hopes fast fixed beyond earth's fleeting Tim
den marvelled, and their short-lived praise
sung.

to late their plaudits on his ear awoke; For and About Women. Eve was the first woman to gather leaves

I have always said it; nature meant make woman as its masterpiece.—Lessing,
Many a young man who works hard durng the day allows his hands to go the waist ring the evening.

A Baltimore woman asked her husband for soney and he cut her with a razor. That as about as sharp a reply as he could have

It was the young tailor who said, referring to a rival for the affections of a young lady, that he thought he knew enough to be able to cut him out.

That young lady who made 700 words out of "conservatory" last fall has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of "flour." "Yes," said Amy," "I went to the tele-phone and put the thingumbob to my ear —," "Thingumbob!" screamed the high school girl; "you mean the audituent tube A Boston school girl cannot be made to speak of overalls. She prefers to call them super-omnes. Now let some of those wild Western sheets again sneer at our culture, if

they dare!

"My face is my fortune, sir?" indignantly responded a fleshy young lady when her suitor delicately attempted to sound her financial prospects. "It is certainly a large one, then!" dryly responded the young man. "The storm signal is out," said a married Bradford man when he rolled home very late at night and saw a light in his wite's bedroom. He knew she was waiting for him and that the cyclone would commence the

A young lady who recently started out as fashion writer has determined to quit urnalism. She mentioned in an article on dies' fashions that "skirts are worn very such shorter this year than usual." The much shorter this year than usual." The young lady is certainly justified in being y with the careless compositor ged the "k" in skirts to an "h."

A travelling man, noticing a pretty girl lone in the car, went over in her direction alone in the car, went over in her direction and smilingly asked :—"Is this seat engaged, get on at the next station.

"Wait, dear," said the lady, church. "Wait dear," said the lady, "I've forgotten something; won't yoar go up and get my goats off the bureau?" "Your goats," replied Jones; "what new-fangled thing's that" "I'll show yon," remarked the wife, and she sailed upstairs and down again with a pair of kids on her hands. "There they are," said she. "Why, I call those things kids," said the surprised husband. "Oh, do you?" snapped the wife. "Well, so did I once, but they are so old now, I'm ashamed to call them anything but goats." Then they went on to church. The next day Jones' wife had a half-dozen pairs of new gloves in a handsome lacquered box of the latest design.

The jersey to dealers was a caprice; to wearers a revelation. For the first time in their lives they could use their arms freely when they were "dressed," for the first time raise them, wave them, throw a stone, hit a ball, or in any other way exercise them without pulling any discovering or discovering out pulling up, disarranging or dislocating some part of the machinery which girded their arms and waists. Does any one suppose they are such idiots as to give up the newly-acquired freedom?

There is nothing more beautiful than the hildren of these days as they appear out of children of these days as they appear out of doors and in the parlour. They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. In one sense this is a public benefaction. It is not only the eyes of the parents and friends that are gratified with the spectacle of the fresh young faces in all the bloom of childhood, and the lissom or tenderly toddling forms set off with a quaintness, a brightness, and an elegance of ature that add to the grace and beauty, and make them figures of delight and charm. They are a blessing and a pleaand charm. They are a blessing and a pleasure to all who see them, adding to the contentment of the fortunate, and, save where vividly recalling a loss with a momentary pang of recollection, softening the stings of misery and despair. Uncharitableness, greed, and the whole brood of evil passions, the absorptions of occupations, and anxiety and all that makes life unlovely and painful must yield somewhat to the presence and sight of childhood, and they are a blessing of nature, as the flowers are, softening, relieving, and renewing the heart of man. They were certainly never so finely, artistically and elegantly dressed as now.

Women who have control of sufficien means and the inclination to spend it on dres are few in number. While possessed of larger liberty of choice, they are usually gov larger liberty of choice, they are usually governed by a more renned and experienced taste, and by certain conventional ideas which are scarcely known, much less fully recognized beyond the limits of a circle. There is another class possessing money and making a larger capital out of the absence of scruples and a restrictive delicacy, and of this are the women who usually stand as the representatives of fashion, whose extravagance and sensationalism, fed by a doubtful class of men, are made the synonyms of American womanhood. This false estimate is all the more hurtful and mischievous because it effects the minds of young girls and furnishes them with a bad example, when they need a high ideal, lowering their standard below the average when they should be inspired by every possible influence to raise it to a higher level. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, however, the actual science of it to a higher level. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, however, the actual science of dress is gaining; the survival of the fittest helps here as in what are considered more important matters. There are constant additions to the stock of permanent ideas, and the "revivals" which frequently take place are in the line of that which has adapted itself to the general requirements rather than of folly, eccentricity, and extravagance.

Mdlle. Anne Dronsert, a promising pupil of the Conservatoire, was sitting one morning at her window, in the Rue Sertier, when a poor woman came along the street singing in a low and broken voice in the hopes of earning a few sous. Her glance was directed pitifully toward the houses on either side, but the windows all remained closed, and the much-needed help came not. She turned sorrowfully away to try her fortune in another quarter, but the aching limbs refused to carry her further, and the poor wretch sank down on the pavement. It was but the

work of a moment for Anne Dronser fly down the stairs to the succour her unfortunate sister, to raise her m the ground, and to read starvation from the ground, and to read starvation plainly written on her wan features. Money she had none to give—her own studies and the necessities of daily life absorbed the whole street with one of the airs which had so often won the admiration of the professors at the Conservatoire. Like magic the windows on all sides flew open, and at the conclusion of the song a shower of silver pieces rained down, until at last the poor woman was sent on her way with a sum of 70 francs in her pocket. It reads almost like a tale of Ouida's, but it is a true story for all that, and when the name of Dronsert becomes as famous as that of Nilsson or Tietjens this little act of charity may perhaps commend itself to the army of her admirers and biographers.

A bad boy on the street yesterday afternoon threw a stone at a pigeon which was walking about in the roadway and tumbled it over in the dirt. It immediately recevered itself, however, and flew away before the boy could catch it. An energetic and rather muscular woman who was passing caught hold of him, however, and treated him to alternate shakes by the ear and blows over the head with an umbrella, accompanying this exercise with shrill outcries against his brutishness and the despicable cruelty to animals which his conand the saccompanying this exercise with shrill outcries against his brutishness and the despicable cruelty to animals which his conduct revealed. "If I were your mother," said she, as she gave him a parting cuff, "I would whip you to within an inch of your life, and if I were the Governor (charming feminine ignorance of affairs political this!) "I would pass a law to send every boy to gaol, who threw stones at poor, innocent birds"—and thus giving vent to her emotions she sailed down the street, very much aglow from her exertions. And as she departed a cynical person who stood by observed that she had upon her hat three stuffed swallows and the pearly wings of two small sea-birds—beautiful, inoffensive creatures, whose lives had been taken because a pa sing caprice of fashion called for the sacrifice. And this philosopher said to himself something very uncomplimentary about woman's inability to perceive that the sauce appropriated to the goose gave a zest also to the flavour of the gander.

Buttons are legion, varying from the simplest to those as costly as gems. These are imported lately of oxidized silver, old bronze, and silver gilt. One of the new styles in Persian design on old bronze again shows the fire-worshippers in high-relief lighting the torch. Some oxidized silver sets, tinted in dull shades of open work, show clusters of tinted strawbetries and vines in relief. dull shades of open work, show clusters of tinted strawbernes and vines in relief. Another style of silver gilt has silver dolphins sporting on a hammered surface. Some exquisite heads in cameo have a back-ground of a different shade in contrast. Some large buttons in sets, including several sizes, are in oxidized silver with open centres, which are filled in by a tiny Bacchus wreathed vine leaves, or an Ariel swinging in grape vines. There are, besides, historical as well as mythological studies represented in dull, oxidized silver, cameo heads of Atalanta, Hector, Leander, Hero, and Prism on copper, silver or dark bronze grounds. Some artistic styles of concave shape in dark iridescence are decorated with gold stars in high relief. Another set of the same style has a decoration exquisitely carved of daisies and cat tails. Very dark pearl buttons, convex, are decorated with fine gold and silver branches of delicate elaboration. Not less costly are some sets with open centres filled in with deer of tinted dark silver; the borders are engraved with fine foliage and antlers. Some

The shirt collar originated in fraud and hypocrisy. In the days when men first wore linen it came to be the fashion to leave more or less of that linen exposed at the neck to or less of that linen exposed at the neck to prove the cleanliness of that underneath. This naturally took the form of the collar. Then a genius caught on to the idea of cutting out a separate piece of linen in the shape of the overhauging part and affixing it to the top of the shirt. These bits of linen could be put on clean every day, thus giving the public the impression that they represented the cleanliness of the unseen garment to which they were attached. They were in effect fraudulent certificates of such cleanliness. Hence the collar is but a base subterfuge of ancient origin. It is as the gold wash on pinchbeck jewellery, the rouge on a dead complexion, or the voluptuous outline of a new pair of corsets. The collar is a useful aid to the cravat in strangling the neck and making it unduly sensitive to cold. The collar did not attain its perfection of fraudulency and the height of its iniquitous hypocrisy until starch was invented to gloss and stiffen it. When this happened mankind forgot that it was a cheat. The collar is an unmitigated nuisance in hot weather and of very mitigated nuisance in hot weather and of very little protection in cold. It is a joy to the young man and a nuisance to the old one.



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Eczema of the palms of the hands, and of the ends of the fingers very difficult to treat, and usually considered incurable; small patches of tetter and salt rheum on the ears, nose, and sides of the face. Scald Heads with loss of hair without num-ier, heads covered with dandruft and scaly ruptions, especially of children and infants many of which since birth had been a mass of scabs.

Itching, burning and scaly tortures that caffied even relief from ordinary remedies, soothed and healed as by magic. Psoriasis, leprosy, and other frightful form of akin diseases, scrofulous ulcers, old sores, and lischarging wounds, each and all of which have been speedily, permanently, and economically sured by the CUTICUEA REMEDIES, when phy sicians, hospitals, and all other remedies failed, a proven by a vast number of sworn testimonial

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NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Domi Agents. Send for " How to Cure Skin Diseases." AGRICULTURA

We will always be pleased to rec of enquiry from farmers on any ma-ing agricultural interests, and ans-given as soon as practicable.

EXPERIMENTS IN FEEDING

tematic experiments in cattle fe conducted at one place have just b apon at the Ontario Agricultura lity-one head of yearling and to steers, with cows and heifers. stabled for the following purposes tion to repeating the important corn, peas, oats, and barley, the pla black barley, oil cake, Thorley's fo silaged green oat fodder in the pr beef. It is also designed to again fects of ensilage upon the quantity ty of milk and butter, and to these interesting enquiries, t ing of food versus the sa uncooked condition will be handled this winter. The three gr test of weight pr duction in suc judiced form that must com Prof. Brown has enlisted the perso of the one hundred students now The prepa ation of the food, the grooming, conditions of health. f stable and animal temperatu and the other items of such a undertaking are in the hands of students as superintendents, a bulletin will be issued student, showing the daily and progress, or other results, of each set of animals, the food con

necessary information.

The animals are in groups the stable numbers fifty-one. year has been improved upon emperature recorded in two w already giving surprising result success be attained in the preserve green oat fodder a portable silo ton of the cat fodder and a cut pasture is also on the card fo in what manner has not yet b upon. The advance report of nex net fail to be an interesting one.

WINTER FEEDIN

Prof. Brown, of the Guelph College, delivered an address at Exhibition recently, which valuable suggestions, and was listened to by a large audience. to the winter feeding of cattle the interrogative as follows :How do you prepare your anim you cut or steam, or feed r ugh-cut-fodder or roots? With these three forms of presenting and sheep, I think there is lit about the following:—

1. That uncut hay or other roots unbroken, are most hea

less economical.

2. That cut fodder and pulped a-heap, and allowed to ferment si to draw out sugary properties, ar economical than any other for adapted to both milking and bee 3. That the boiling or steaming imals that chew the cud is the natural, the least healthy, and d corresponding results in acco expense, unless upon the 1 rge s The plan of preserving corn or terial as green fodder for winter. ing, carries common sense with i may be, because as yet 1 think afficiently reliable and extendid upon. I trust to be able to mentally upon this next year, ha to stable several sets of cattle a

the purpose. I have never seen any ill effect lowing animals to have all the w they can take at all times, as a day, giving proportionately litt Because man himself feeds thr does not follow that that it must all other animals; the little and nature's lesson. Some are often to what is called a safe quantit head per day, when pushing cat ket. A good guide is one pound pounds that the cattle, beast weighs. This is sound scientific because most animals eat in their weight, under, of course, ditions of see temperature ditions of age, temperatur ness. It is also as true change of food often is good, and ous to do so rapidly. To those in a liberal allowance of turnips golds, it should never be forgot winter conditions call for more of than British experience, and the should be, just so much of these fodders, along with other thim animal will drink little, if a some cases 60 pounds; in oth than 35 pounds per day. The cattle can be easily overdone; overruns common sense to the turbing the animals three time the curry-comb and bresh, mo good ensues; to a tied-up anim is indispensable, but never rous this purpose, or give in any f thorough grooming daily. Jud

LIVE STOCK

this practice alone means \$4 p when market day comes.

Fresh, clean hog's lard, rubbe horses or cattle, is said to remo three or four applications. Mana e so as to keep the

growing, is the advice of Farm If to be weaned now, when the five months of age, feed from quarts of oats per day, and frequently, or similar succulent with cut hay, is also good for th The earliest evidence of scab is appearance of uneasiness or res few days afterwards they commuthemselves against fences an cause being the itching of numand sores which have formed usually affected. The rubbin sores and the unsightly scabs for The itching increases and become painful, causing the suffering animals to bite and tear their the ceaseless torture. The car is a minute, almost invisible pa

approach is almost unnotic Dr. N. H. Paaren, State Illinois, has been having a bu during the past four or five in glanders among the horses of t disease has been found in tw and some forty head of dises and some forty head of diseased been killed by order of the ar is reported that the disease e fifteen other counties, which a investigated. Dr. P. is proceed tously, quarantining in all case not absolutely certain of his oppomptly killing where fully a the nature of the disease.—Browning and the disease and the disease and the disease and the disease.—Browning and the disease and t

the nature of the disease.—Br.
Swine are subject to the s
govern the health of other an
able and animal matters in a d
when introduced into the syste
mental to health. Such matte
introduced with water, being
into the stomach, soon pass to
etc., and become a source of
perience and observation have
that a large per cent. of swi
produced by the disease germs
into the stomach in foul water
believed that this, and many of
are due to minute organisms, cale of organic life, that it is