AT ALHAMBRA COURT. The repetition of Mr. Udy's question was received by Madame Juliette in silence.

Turning her eyes from his face she fixed them reflectively on the grassy footpath they were treading.

Mr. Udy watched her with increasing irritability.

At last he repeated his question for the third time.
"Speak! can't you?" he cried. "Why
did you invent that needless he about the Madame Juliette smiled, indulgently, lifted

Madame Janette smiled, indulgently, lifted her eyes, and answered:

"You must prepare them without the slightest delay," she said.

"Prepare them! You don't mean it?"

"Why not?"

"It would be a dangerous thing to do; and it would require some very choice penmanship."

"More dangerous than things you have done? And—tell me—have you not already proved yourself an expert in the art of for-

gery?"
With gentle placidity, with slow incisiveness, Madame Juliette made that answer.
Her confederate's face whitened perceptibly. He turned fiercely and looked at her.
"What do you mean, Celle?" he asked,

sinly striving to compose his voice.

For a moment Madame Juliette's great lu-ninous black eyes pierced him ruthlessly.

The next she answered, in accents of quief

"Mean? Why of course, that you have done many dangerous things—that you have wonderful control of your pen. What else-could I possibly mean?"

"You make unimportant remarks in a most astonishing tone," retorted Mr. Udy, sullenly, his mind by no means at ease, "Of course I'm doing a dangerous thing in palming you off as Mrs. Ralph Urquhart; and of course I'm a remarkable penman."

ourse I'm a remarkable penman."

Madame Juliette listened graciously; bu there was a sinister spark beneath her veiling eyelids which Mr. Udy would have liked less

As she did not reply he returned to the subject from which they had wandered.

"What if my good sister should take it into her head to write to your imaginary old iends?" he asked. Madame Juliette lifted her eyes and swept

s face with a swift, contemptuous glance, "Pooh!" she ejaculated, briefly.
"She might take it into her head to write to Claude Williamson," answered Madame Juliette, with cold significance. "If I am equal to the greater danger of Mr. Williamson's bona fide existence, I can surely

deal with the lesser."
"You are multiplying dangers needlessly," "Not needlessly, Whatever tends to strengthen my position must prove advan-tageous. But it is too late now to discuss the matter. I may depend upon the affidavits, I

Of course," he returned, with surly resig-Have you any suggestions pleasant laugh.
"Oh. no. You are a man of genius, and

"Oh, no. You are a man of genius, and an be safely entrusted with the matter." Here the subject dropped. But during the hort ride back to the city Mr. Udy's meditations became more and more anxious. What did his confederate mean by her sig-

Meanwhile Mrs. Urquhart rang for the housekeeper, old Aunty Phemie, and issued certa in necessary orders.

Aunty Phemie waddled off, shaking her handsomely turbaned head portentously. A few minutes later she ass

rest of the servants, and harangued them on Mrs. Urquhart's orders.

"Now, in final 'clusion," she said, after a lengthy data? lengthy detail of the same-"now, in final

lengthy detail of the same—"now, in final 'clusion, let me 'min' you dat none ob you am ter be a forgittin dat dis yar Ma'ame Jul'etts am a 'nection ob de pore heart-broken mis'ess, an' am ter be 'beyed allers jest as her 'nections should—jest as much as de pore broken-hearted mis'ess herself. Now min' you don't be a forgittin' ob dat, De mis'ess says so. An' den 'bout Marse Udy—he's de pore murdured marse's harf-brover, an' whenebber he comes an' goes am ter be allers treated 'spec'fully. Dar ain't no o'dahs 'bout 'beyin' him, so you needn't 'bey him wifout gwine first ter de pore broken-hearted mis'ess. An' now g'long ter yer wuk, an' min' you 'bey odah odahs ebery kit and tollick ob you. G'long!'"

At this unceremonious dismissal Aunty

G'jong!"

At this unceremonious dismissal Aunty
Phemie's subjects immediately hurried away,
leaving her alone in the kitchen with old With a deep sigh she deposited her portly

person in her own stout rocker by the open window, Brutus looked at her; hesitated; window, Brutus looked at her; hesitated; then shuffled close to her.

"Whatebber am de matter, Phemie?" he asked, anxiously.

Aunty Phemie shook her head despondently. Then applying a loosened corner of her scarlet turban to one eye, she shook it again.

Brutus repeated his question with increasing anxels.

ing auxiety.
"Dunno. Seems as how I smell trouble. With those oracular words, Aunty Phemie made another dash at her eye, and gloomily miffed the sweet balsamic air.

Brutus' anxiety increased, "Bout de mis'ess and Miss Alba?" whispered confidentially. Or—or you fink Marse Udy sell us all down ter Georgy?" Aunty Phemie turned an eye of disdain

"Hi, you ole goat!" she aspirated. "Sell is down ter Georgy an' we wif our free-loms! No: 'taint that; an' it am de odder, Dey two somehow looks as dey had more trouble. An' while dar's a bone ob 'em ter

old on ter I'm agwine ter hold on."
"Me, too," interposed Brutus.
Aunty Phemie nodded approvingly, and went on.

"Taint a s'picionin' ob nobody, but I'm mortal feared dat handsome Ma'am Jul'ette's brought a heap ob trouble wif her. De mis'ess looks jes' bout ready fur her grabe. Dey cant 'ceive old Phemie a tryin' ter be cheefful"

cheerful."

Brutus groaned and scratched his white head, his intimate acquaintance with Aunt Phemie's "ways," rendering him doubtful as to what it would be prudent to say.

At this she turned sharply on him.

"See here, you 'Tus!" she cried, severely.
"Don't you be a forgettin' ter hold yer tonome."

"Ob course not." returned Brutus, with

offended dignity.

"An' more dan dat," pursued Aunty Phemie rising and restoring his good-humour by a confidential tap of her piump finger on his arm, "me an' you's de head bosses ob de pore mis'ess, "Tus, an' it won't do no harm ter keep our eyes open. Ef you sees or hears anyfing 'spicious, come straight ter me,"

With that last charge, a bimk, and a significant wag of the searlet turban, Aunty nificant wag of the scarlet turban, Aunty

Late the following afternoon Madame Juliette steped into possession of the elegant suite of apartments prepared for her.

Mrs. Urquhart and Alba received her as an honoured guest and near relative,

A born actress, Madame Juliette succeeded in making the introduction to Alba a means of

in making the introduction to Alba a means of favourably impressing Mrs. Urquhart, with-out in anyway exciting the girl's suspicious in regard to her peculiar pretensions.

That scene effectively ended to madame's

No soomer were they alone than magazine uliette's glorious eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Alwiida!" she faltered huskily, She is beautiful, lovely. Her fair, sweet ace is the face of a scraph. What a treasure

face is the face of a seraph. What a treasure she must be to you."

"A treasure for which I can never repay you, or sufficiently thank my heavenly Father!" cried Mrs. Urquitart, fervently. "But this will not do," she quickly added, with a tearful smile. "My child is quick to note traces of emotion on my worn face, and as quick to inquire the cause. We must not invite unanswerable guestions, you know. So come now and let me show you your apartments. apartments.

"This, as you see, is your dressing-room.
The bath is at the right; the bed-chambe left. Beyond the latter, separated by a taste ful gallery, is a sitting-room, and adjoining that a music-room, or library, whichever you choose to term it. The whole suite is private and complete."

choose to term it. The whole suite is private and complete."

With that explanation Mrs. Urquhart led the way through the superbly furnished rooms, pointing out with graceful hospitality, the various conveniences with which they were supplied.

Madame Juliette was profuse in her ex-

Madame Juliette was profuse in her expressions of satisfaction and admiration, and Mrs. Urquhart could not but be pleased with her refined appreciation of the magnificent provision made for her comfort.

As she left her she expressed a sincere wish. "I trust, Juliette," she said, earnestly, "that you may be altogether happy here, and that the miserable past may in time be quite forgotten. And now I will send a maid to your assistance."

Madame Juliette was reclining with indolent ease upon the low, luxurious couch in

madame Juliette was rectining with indo-ent ease upon the low, luxurious couch in er dressing-room, when a modest rap an-ounced the maid.

At Madame Juliette's clear, musical re-ponse she opened the door and crossed the breshold.

threshold.

There she stopped, motionless, breathless.

Madame Juliette gazed wildly at her a moment. Then a slow, ghastly pallor crept over her lovely face. Then, with her eyes fastened in a fascinated gaze upon the girl's, she rose slowly to her feet. CHAPTER IX. PREPARING FOR ACTION.

Something in Madame Juliette's face aroused the girl. A faint blush struggled through her dusky skin. She dropped her eyes, dropped a courtesy, and entering softly, closed the door.

Madame Juliette watched her with the same

As the door closed, and the girl turned and stood waiting in silent embarrassment, she drew a deep, gasping breath. With the inspiration a dark flush dyed her cheeks. She

spoke, hurriedly, sternly.

"Where have you seen me?"

The question slipped from her almost without her consciousness.

"Ma'm?" ejaculated the girl, confusedly, raising her eyes to Madame Juliette's.
"Why did you look at me in that strange way?" demanded madame, threateningly.
"Why—"

"Why—"
She paused, awakened to a sense of her own imprudence. Before she could correct herself, the maid spoke.
"I beg yer pardon, ma'am," she faltered in nervous embarrassment. "I didn't mean no harm. But yeu looked so—so handsome, ma'am, I nebber seed anybody as handsome, ma'am, an' I was struck ob a heap. I beg yer pardon Ma'ame Jul'ette, an' hopes you'il kindly 'scuse me seein' I didn't mean no kindly 'scuse me, seein' I didn't mean no harm."

arm."
The girl's earnestness, simplicity and con fusion proved too much for Madame Juliette. Under the sudden revulsion of feeling she burst into a hysterical peal of laughter.

Reassured the girl looked up, showing her white teeth with all the freedom of a petted

ervant,
Mådame Juliette quickly recovered herself. and used her native wit to such a good pur pose that her unwary words soon became sus ceptible of none but the happiest signif

cation.

The daugerous blunder thus happily repaired, she graicously asked the grl's name.

"Cle'patra, please Ma'am Jul'ette, but Ise called Cleo fur short;" adding the next moment; "cept Miss Alba—she most ways calls me Cle'patra. She allers does when I'm adressin ob her." Madame Juliette turned swiftly about

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Are you Miss Alba's maid?" "Not now, Ma'am Jul'ette, I'm yourn

now. Miss Alba's gwine ter larn Circe."

There was unmistakable regret in Cleo's voice; but Madame Juliette never heeded She stood a moment gazing thoughtfully at her as she deftly transferred the contents of the trunks to wardrobe and bureau, and then lowly turned away and walked to a distant

For a little she looked out with unwinking eyes, seeing nothing of the noble landscape spread before her.

Directly she stirred, a smile touched eyes

"Yes," she breathed. "it will—pay me."
Twice, thrice she repeated the words, each time with added intensity. A moment's consideration, and she turned again to Cleo.
"Where is Mrs. Urquhart?" she asked, hurriedly, abruntly.

hurriedly, abraptly.

The girl informed her. Without anothe The girl informed her. Without another word she left the room. Cleo stopped her work a minute to look after her, gentle surprise and breathless admiration widening her eyes. The latter sentiment made its way to

her lips.
"Ef ebber I dreamed ob her like!" sh uties. "No wonder I got all struck ob a heap. Madame Juliette encountered Mrs. Urqu-hart in the lower hall.

"Ah," she smiled, "I was just in quest of you, Alwilda."

Mrs. Urquhart stopped and looked at her

"I desire to speak to you about a maid, pursued Madame Juliette, secretly admiring the pale, lovely face of her victim. "Does not Cleo give satisfaction?" asked

"Periect. But she informs me that she has been transferred from Alba's service to mine. My dear Alwilda, I will not consent to this arrangement."

Madame Juliette spoke the words with a great determination of tone that proved she meant what she said. A pleased smile brightened Mrs. Urquhart's eyes. She protested however.

brightened Mrs. Urquiart's eyes. She protested, however,
"It was Alba's own proposition, Juliette," she explained, "and one altogether proper under the circumstances. Keep Cleo; she has been very carefully trained, and you will find her invaluable."
"Carefully trained for Alba," asserted Madame Juliette.
Mrs. Urquiart was forced to admit it.
Madame Juliette smilingly shook her head

Mrs. Urquhart was forced to admit it.
Madame Juliette smilingly shook her head.
No, dear Alwilda, no, While I appreciate and admire Alba's amiability and unselfishness, I positively refuse to take advantage of either. If you can find a girl of moderate capabilities among the numerous servants I shall esteem it no hardship to

Mrs. Urquhart's eyes brightened still more This amiable consideration on Madame Juli-ette's part was as unexpected as it was pleasant. "You are very thoughtful, Juliette," shi

"You are very thoughtful, Juliette," she said, "and since you so kindly insist I will no longer oppose you. Alba had declined to let Circe fill Cleo's place. Though untutored she is quick and intelligent, and is likewise the best selection I can make. Aunty Phemie, the housekeeper, shall send her to your dressing-room to-night. You will, however, oblige me if you will consent to let Cleo finish your unpacking."
"'Veni, vidi, vici," smiled madame softly to herself, as she glided with slow, sinuous grace back to her dressing-room. Mrs. Urquhart suddenly lifted her head and started nervously.

"What was that?" she half whispered.

"It sounded like a stifled ejaculation."

"Nothing but the wind, mamma," answered the girl, indifferently, quietly resuming.

"I entertain a secret distrust of both the woman and her story. To be sure, you have not acquainted me with the full particulars of the latter, but I cannot reconcile myself to her change of name. Why conceal..."

"Why."

Mrs. Urguhart suddenly interposed that

grace back to her dressing-room.

The tea hour was near. Her first act was to divest herself of her travelling garb and luxuriate in a perfumed bath. After that she submitted herself to Cleo's *tasteful

"Why?"
Mrs. Urquhart suddenly interposed that question in low and deeply agitated accents, hurrying quickly on:
"I see that I must trust you a little furthen, Alba. Listen, I have vital interests at stake in this matter. By my request our cousin Juliette continues to bear her assumed hands.
Attired in a simple evening dress, her remarkable beauty was even more striking

in the great cheval mirror she turned to the admiring Cleo.

"You have succeeded admirably," she smiled, with the greatest condescension of a princess. "You have exquisite taste, Cleo, the taste of a Parisian maid."

She went into her sitting-room. Almost immediately she returned and laid a five-dollar note across the girl's palm.

Cleo, still fluttering from gratified vanity, was struck speechless by this munificence. But she directly found her tongue; and with a confused medley of thanks, compliments, and apologies ringing in her ears, Madame Juliette took up her fan and handkerchief and swept gracefully from the room.

Coom.

Outside the door she paused and smiled.

"Veni, vidi, vici!" she breathed again and then went down and joined her victims.

As Alba prettily acknowledged her in debtedness, Madame Juliette placed a caressing hand on the girl's fair head. As Aros prettry acknowledges are adebtedness, Madame Juliette placed a caressing hand on the girl's fair head.

"As if I could consent to deprive you of your maid, my dear little cousin. Regard me. Alba, as one who has your happiness and comfort at heart, and make no more graceful sacrifices for my sake. Remember, my

dear."

In giving utterance to that charming protest, Madame Juliette's eyes were lustrously soft, and her voice infinitely tender. But did the fair, innocent grl standing there shrink under the beautiful caressing hand?

Madame Juliette asked herself that question with a sudden, angry heart-throb. Madame could not say.

tion with a sudden, angry heart-throb. Madame could not say.

But there was unmistakable pleasure in Mrs. Urquhart's sad eyes. Of that there could not be a shadow of doubt.

Madame Juliette had determined upon being charming, and charming she was. The evening passed quickly to both Mrs. Urquhart and Alba, and they felt really grateful to their gifted companion. Heretofore, since Guy Urquhart's assassination, all evenings had been alike sad and dreary.

At a comparatively early hour they separ-

At a comparatively early hour they separated for the night.

As they did so, Madame Juliette drew from her pocket a small package which she handed to Mrs. Urquhart.

"The affidavits," she smiled.

With the words she was gone.

At the door of her dressing-room she paused till assured that Mrs. Urquhart and Alba were on their way to their own apart ments.

Then she slipped in. As she touched the bell-pull to ring for the new maid, the new

bell-pull to ring for the new maid, the new maid appeared.

"Circe, I suppose?" said Madame Juliette, interrogatively, measuring the girl with a swift, keen glance.

Circe replied in the affirmative.

Madame languidly seated herself in a luxurous chair and proceeded to remove her jet ornaments.

"I am fatigued to-night," she said, "and shall find it easier to wait upon myself than direct you. I therefore only require you to lay out my dressing gown and slippers. You will find them in the wardrobe."

Circe deftly obeyed. "That will do," said madame. may go now."

Circe went,

With Circe's departure Madame Juliette

with Circe's departure madame Junette sprang into new life.

She rose, cast her ornaments on the dressing-table, and with feverish haste hurried from door to door, locking each in its turn through the whole suite.

Returning to her dressing-room she almost breathlessly discarded her evening dress and breathlessly discarded her evening dress and every superflous garment, and then took from the wardrobe a long black cloak in which she enveloped herself from chin to feet. About her head she wrapped a thick, black

A smile of satisfaction lighted her eyes. ace scarf.

These preparations complete, she extinguished the lights and groped her way w The curtains were drawn back, and she had an unobstructed view of the apartment.

Alba had wheeled up her mother's writing desk, and the latter, pen in hand, was smooth ing the sheet preparatory to bommencing he letter. guished the lights and groped her way to a window.

She paused in front of it long enough to discard her slippers. Then, sweeping the curtains aside and stealthily and noiselessly stepped out upon the colonnade which crowned the veranda below.

As the curtains fell together behind her, she cast a keen, swift glance round.

"A night suited to my purpose," she breathed, inaudibly. "A still, dark night."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The colonnade ran the full length of t

guest chambers, and on to the other end of

Pressing close to the wall she directly stop

ped beside a window from which a narrow ray of light now and then stole across the

esselated floor.

A moment she paused with strained ears.

A froment see paused with strained ears.

No one near the window. Stealthily she advanced. Stealthily shestretched out a white, firm hand and grasped one of the swaying curtains. Holding it aside a finger's breadth,

less interest.

Then silently, hungrily she surveyed the

"We can write to both of these Floridians,

inclosing to each a copy of his affidavit; and making cautious inquiries. If Madame Juli-ette is an adventuress she will thus be ex-

posed. If not, we shall feel completely satisfied. Frankly, mamma dear, I am not satisfied. Why do we so tamely permit this stranger to intrude herself into our home

and live upon our money—"
Mrs. Urquhart suddenly lifted her head

she peered within the chamber.
"Hah! I am none too soon."

letter.

"To-night," whispered Madame Juliette,
"To-night. It is well I am here!"
Alba's voice anddenly broke upon her
thought, and stayed Mrs. Urouhart's hand,
"Waiu a minute, mamma," she cried, hastily. "Something has just occurred to me.
As I have already told you, I instinctively
distrust Madame Juliette." CHAPTER X.

Madame Juliette pressed closer to the blind, an ugly sparkle in her eye as she breathlessly watched the girl.

"Because of this warning distrust—" building, and, as Madame Juliette had art-fully discovered, Mrs. Urquhart's and Alba's "Warning distrust?" echoed Mrs. Urqu-hart in startled accents, and with startled apartments opened upon it as well as her own. Toward these apartments Maname Juliette cautiously made her way.

Crouching upon her hands and knees, she crept past the closed shutters of certain

"I've no time to loose!" she breathed,

eyes. "WARNING." "
"It may be, mamma."
"Yes," muttered Mrs. Urquhart, slowly and absently—"yes—yes." "WARNING." Alba went on Alba went on:
"Because of it I want to leave no stone unturned to elicit the truth. The servants—is
there not one among them known by Cousin
Ralph's wife—one who could testify as to her

claims?"
At this a mocking laugh rippled softly across Madame Juliette's perfect hrs. She had asked Ashland Udy that same question, and it had been answered to her et irre satis-

faction.

At Alba's enquiry, Mrs. Urquhart had started and dropped her eyes to the foor. Immediately she litted them to the girl's again. You are right," she said briefly, emphati-

These ejaculations were uttered with a mixed expression of intense relief and breath-Madame Juliette quivered as if she had scene.

Cleo had been dismissed, and Mrs. Urquhart and Alba were seated together near the Madame Juliette quivered as if she had been shot. The mocking smile died on her lips, her eyes blazed, her nostrils dilated, her cheeks paied. Each breath was a short, smothered gasp. Clenching her hands she pressed them against her breast as if to still its wild throbbing. Fiercely, breathlessly, she peered through the half-opened blind. Fiercely, breathlessly she listened for the next words.

"You are right," repeated Mrs. Urquhart continuing: "Strange that I should not have remembered—"

The words were lost in a low whisper.
Silent, motionless she gat, her chin drooped upon her breast, her eyes rooted to the floor, her mind far away.

In breathless suspense Alba watched her. centre of the room.

Before them lay the affidavits prepared by Mr. Udy.

Mrs. Urquhart had just pushed them aside, and sat leaning her elbow on the table, her cheek resting against the palm of At the moment silence reigned throughout the room.

Presently Alba, who had been lying back

in her chair staring in anxious thought at the affidavits, unlocked the hands loosely clasped in her lap and drew near the table. Taking up the affidavits she spread them er mind far away. In breathless suspense Alba watched her. In breathless suspense Madame Juliette before her. Long and thoughtfully she gazed at them.

Breathlessly Madame Juliette gazed at her.

watched both.

Alba's patience gave way.

"Which of the servant's, mamma!" she faltered in her eagerness.

'Not Aunty Phemie? not Brutus? Old Sambo, mamma?"

Madame Juliette caught her breath in shor

Breathlessly Madame Juliette gazed at her. Suddenly the girl spoke—so suddenly, that Madame Juliette started.

"Mamma."

Mrs. Urquhart removed her hand from her cheek and, resting it on the table, looked with disturbed inquiry at the girl.

"Mamma," Alba went on, "you say these are incontestable," laving a finger on the affidavits—"that nothing can be done. Mamma," pausing a moment, impressively, "mamma, something can be done."

In her breathless eagerness Madame Juliette thrust the curtain farther aside, dangerously framing her beautiful face, with its glittering eyes, in their delicate folds.

Mrs. Urquhart glanced up at the girl.

"We can write, mamma."

Mrs. Urquhart made no reply, Alba hurried on. gasps.
Old Sambo, as she had learned from Mr. Old Samoo, as she had tearned from hir.
Udy, was the old gardener. If Sambo or any other of the retinue of servants knew
Madame Juliette Urquhart, the play was ended. In a few hours the whole plot must

be exposed.

With something much like a smothered curse on her beautiful lips, she pressed her white face close against the blind, waiting with suspended breath Mrs. Urquhart's reply. CHAPTER XI.

THE LETTERS. "No, my child, not Sambo-none of the servants here."
Alba's face clouded, and her hands fell loosely in her lap. Madame Juliette drewher breath once more, and with a sudden return of caution fell back a little and closed

the blind to a less dangerous point.

As Mrs. Urquhart ceased speaking, her pale face flushed slightly. Directly she somewhat nervously resumed.

"Sometime before Ralph Urquhart's death—" Alba leaned forward, and suddenly seized ent.
"Pardon me, mamma." she breathlessly
terposed. "This servant—he can be found

where is he? Or was it one of the women : Where, mamma, where?"

uming fear.

Alba's eyes dilated in mute inquiry.

Mrs. Urquhart went on:

"Galen Kimbal, of whom I speak, was the
nly one of the Urquhart servants who ever

w Juliette,
"The Urquhart's were Virginians, and she
Floridian, and a great invalid. It thus
appened that, though well-known among
the Urquharts, she never spent any time with

the Urquharts, she never spent any time with them.

"Galen was Ralph's body-servant, and with him constantly till—till his—Ralph's—death. Subsequently he vanished suddenly and mysteriously."

"Vanished!" echoed Alba.

"Yes. At first it was feared that he had been kidnapped and carried to Georgia. Later a trace of him was discovered in Canada. The search was then dropped, though the mystery of his being there was never satisfactorily accounted for. He was a good and faithful servant, and that he voluntarily ran away seemed incredible. In all probability he is there still."

"He may be dead," sighed Alba, despondently.

For a long time Alba sat there silent and motionless, the glittering eyes at the window still drinking in the soene.

After a time she spoke, her tones low, husky and depressed.

"This is a dreadful revelation to me, mamma," she said. "But—but—forgive me if I go back to the main question—if Juliette Ecker proved a frand, there would be no cause for anxiety?"

"None whatever."

"None whatever."

Alba leaned breathlessly forward her face rosy again, her eyes bright with hope.

"Oh, mamma, to satisfy me, write the letters. It can do no harm to do so; it may do immense good. Write not only to the Floridiaus, but to Claude Williams also."

"So!" aspirated Madame Juliette, starting so violently that the cornice rattled under her grasp upon the curtain.

"Alba sprang to her feet, fixing a startled gaze on the window; then, with a slight exclamation, hurried toward it.

Madame Juliette saw the movement—heard the exclamation.

"Good heavens! I'm lost!" she grasped. dently.

"He may be living—he may be found!" breathed Madame Juliette with blazing eyes and dilated nostrils.

As it in reply to the words, Alba suddenly

cried:

"Mamma, if living he must be found.

Let us consult Mr. Pinard. There is nothing remarkable in desiring to gain tidings of an old family servant. Or shall we sply to Mr. Denny, the detective you are now employing?" ploying?"

The words were spoken in a quick, energetic way that rivetted Madame Juliette's gaze uneasily on the girl's fair face.

"More vim than I imagined," she mutter

"Good heavens t. I'm lost!" she egasped under her breath.

As she spoke a distant rumble of thunder broke the stillness, and the wind which had been rising during the last few minutes saught the curtains and swept them wildly into the room, cending a broad shaft of light across the colonnade.

Madame Juliette started up affrightedly, ran a few feet toward her own apartment, and then cast her bif full length upon the floor, face and body pressed close to the wall.

She was not a second too quick. At that very instant Alba appeared at the window. Mrs. Urquhart's voice recalled her.

"Mr. Denny, I think," she replied. "He will not be entitled to ask incisive questions. And now, my love, the letters. They must go into the box to-night. If written at all they should be written at once. Justice to Juliette demands that."

With the words she slowly, thoughtfully took up the pen again; slowly, thoughtfully placed the sheet beneath her hand.

"Yes," she directly murmured to herself—"yes, it is well to do both. The letters shall be written. Galen shall be found."

She began her letter.

Madame Juliette wasted.

Through her screen she saw one brief

She was not a second too quick. At that very instant Alba appeared at the window. She leaned out and glanced around.

"Yes. I suppose so," Madame Juliette heard her say, as she pressed in breathless terror closer to the wall.

There was a minute of awful suspense. Did she hear the soft rustle of Alba's dress? Was the girl creeping stealthily toward her? Great drops of perapiration gathered on madame's brow. With a dealy resolve she fiercely clenched her small, firm white hand. With every nerve strung to its utmost tension she waited the decisive moment. Hah—Yes.—She was there! Madame clenched her little hand still more fiercely. Suddenly she drew a free breath. The girl's hand was busy with the shutter-catch—that was all. The next moment the shaft of light disappeared. Through her screen she saw one brief epistle after the other written and handed to Alba.

As the last was finished she noiselessly closed the blind and crept away.
"A night's good work," she breathed, in-

window, groped her way to a door opening on the great octagonal hall, and knelt before She withdrew the key and applied her eye

to the keyhole.

Patiently she waited. In due time Alba issued from an opposite chamber, a small night lamp in one hand and the letters in Juliette, tremulously.

A few minutes she cautiously remained motionless. Reassured by the sound of voices within the room she noiselessly turned She disappeared on the stairway.

After a little she returned. The door After a none closed on her.

"The letters are in the box." whispered Madame Juliette.

She rose slowly to her feet, stood a moment irresolute, then sat down on a chair by the

with a sharp inspiration. "What they say
what they do—I must know—I must know,
or ignominiously flee at once!"
Serpent-like she glided back to the window. The shutters were closed, but the sash
was up, Noiselessly she turned the shutterblind. Motionless she sat there. The minutes passed on. Ten, twenty, thirty. Three-quarters of an hour. An hour. Madame Juliette rose.
"It will be safe now!"

With the words she struck a light. It fell on a face lined with anxiety and determi-

she sneered.

She took up a small silver pitcher which the new maid had neglected to fill with ice, and which she, in her anxiety to get rid of the girl, had not openly noticed. from her chamber, and cautionsly stole down

She went straight to the letter-box.

Mrs. Urquhart had called her attention to it during the evening, informing her that it was Jerry's daily duty to gather the letters from it in time for each mail, his first trip

from it in time for each mail, his first trip being made in the early morning.

She quickly abstracted the letters and hid them in her pocket. Then she went to the dining-room and filled her pitcher with ice water. Directly she was in her room again. Not an eye had seen her. A deep inspiration attested her satisfaction.

Locking the door, she extinguished the night lamp, and seated herself before the writing-desk which Cleo had suitably placed for her use.

With the greatest dexterity she unsealed one envelope after another. This done, she proceeded to the perusal of the contents of Casting aside the last, she hastily folded Casting aside the last, she hastily folded some blank sheets of paper, and carefully resealed one in each of the empty envelopes. A keen scrutiny of each brought a well-satisfied smile to her lips.

With that silent approval, she laid them together on the table, took up her pen, and proceeded to dash off the following epistle:—

"The inclosed will expl ain. If you have "The inclosed will explain. If you have rough drafts of the affidavits, answer these suitably. If you have not the drafts, come out immediately on receipt of this, as I shall be in possession of the originals (1) in the

"It would be waste of time to remind a man of your experience that the permanship of each reply must exactly match that of its corresponding affidavit.

"As soon as the answers are ready dispatch

Wilmer to the proper points to Be wary about your dates." Here she throw down her pen, leaned back n her chair, and stared reflectively at the sheet.
"Galen?" she muttered, frowningly.

Presently she resumed her pen. "Not here."

This decision reached, she added a lightly-traced "C" in unceremonious conclusion.

She now folded the sheet, slipped it, with the abstracted letters, into an envelope, and speedily sealed and addressed it to her able confederate.

In a few minutes she was ready to descend to the letter, how are un

As her hand touched the door-knob she paused. Then going back, she took up the pitcher and carrying it to her bath-room,

"I have no fear of encountering any one at this hour," she thought. "And if I should, the letters ought to be sufficient explanation. But it will do no harm to take the pitcher." he pitcher."
She softly left the room. Outside she stopped a moment to listen. Not a sound broke the perfect silence of the house. With a smile she went on, though careful to keep the barren envelopes hidden beneath her own

larger one.
In another minute she had reached the

In another minute she had reached the box and dropped the letters within it.

Turning away, she crossed the hall and hurried toward the dining-room. Suddenly she stopped, rooted in dumb, helpless terror to the spot.

Her eyes strained in a gaze of wild dread beyond the sickly gloom of the little night lamp in her hand.

As she well knew, she had carefully closed the dining-room door when down the other time. Now it was ajar! More—she saw something—something which chilled the blood in her veins—two glittering balls—two blazing eyes. Yes, there could be no possible doubt about it, two blazing eyes peering stealthily at her through that narrow crevice.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

HE SAID:

And leaned as he spoke on the pasture bars.
That he vowed by the heavens blue—
By the silvery moon and the shining stars—
To ever prove leal and true. "Men change, 'tis true," he said, " but oh ! Believe me, my own dear love, Affection like mine, as time will show. Has a strength that no power can move."

No fear or doubts, beloved, have I, For deep in this heart of mine a love that will never dim or die, But will last for aye—like thine!" He gave her a ring and a fond caress,
While her tears like a torrent fell;
As with falt'ring words and in sore distre
He bade her a long farewell.

But the man in the moon, who had often viewed Such tender scenes, I ween, Winked, knowingly then, as the lovers stood Beneath, in the silvery sheen.

Two summers with blossom and bud were gone Two winters with frost and snow; And again, the man in the moon looked down On the whirling world below. And what did he see? Why, the lover had won A widow with wealth galore, While the maiden had wedded, that very morn, The clerk of a dry goods store.

Quoth the man in the moon: "It's exactly now As it was when the world began.

No weaker thing than a woman's vow, Excepting the vows of a man." These things have given the man in the moon Such cynical views of life That this is the reason he lives alone. And never has taken a wife.

Latest Fashions Æsthetic shades are out of style. Black toilets are as much worn as ever. The short, glace kid glove is a thing of the

Suits of rifle green, tailor made, Zouave jackets are among the coming

Sleeves have a decided tendency to fulness at the top. Flounces pinked out on the edges are again Seal brown suits, tailor finished, are very

Gay and severe styles of dress are equally The knotted silk handkerchief is as much sed as ever. Fur-trimmed pelisses will be worn as the

Velvet plush and chenille are the leading dress trimmings.

English jackets and jockey-cap bonnets will be much worn.

Felt and velvet bonnets will be worn to

Heads, wings, breasts and crests of birds are the favourite ornaments for fall hats, Wool batistes in check and white and Grays, browns, and indefinite shades of blue or blue-green bid fair to be very popular. The Moller waistcoat and the blouse waist,

Wool dresses of beef-blood colour, braided Embroideries on light wool fabrics are done in the cross-stitches of old-fashioned samp-

The fashion of mingling stripes and checks in one costume prevails, but it is not admir-For and About Women. Young ladies should not forget that Goliath ied from the effects of a bang on the fore-

"A Texas owl mistook a sleeping man's head for a chicken, and fastened his claws into his nair and scalp. "Well! what's the matter now, old woman?" said the assailed, as he

Every few days some man is discovered who has four to five wives. We are indeed becoming a race of heroes.

the doctor. "I positively can't afford a funeral just at this time." Does a girl give a kiss
For the sake of the kiss,
Or kiss for the bliss she bestows? This is an unusually early autumn, as many husbands have realized by their wives striking them for new fall bonnets.

When Henry was courting Sarah he used to boast that he had a "boss" girl; now that he is married he finds that he has a "boss" wife; but he never mentions it. A Bradford young lady refused to allow her sister to borrow the former's beau as an escort to a party, saying, "It is not good that the man should be a loan." She has not been a nember of the Bible class for nothing. From across the sea come rumours of the

from across the sea come rumours of the decline of coloured hosiery and the supremacy of white balbriggans again. A lady crossing a muddy street though, needn't think she is going to be allowed to pass unnoticed because she doesn't wear white.

"No," said Mrs. Shoddy, "I don't care so much because I never had any children; I never liked children, you know. But I should like to have one, so that I could have a nurse in a lace can to take care of it when I go to in a lace cap to take care of it when I go to the sea shore. It's so stylish, you know." "We have been married now twenty-five gary disposition, "let us go to church to-day and thank God." "You can try it," an-swered her husband, "you have reason to do so; I haven't. If I celebrate the day at all, I'll hunt up some sackcloth and ashes."

Heard on the street: "That handson gentleman seemed to know you. Why did you not bow to him? Was he mistaken? "No, not exactly. We were engaged all summer; but, you know, the season is over now, and it would never do to recognize him here in the city. He don't belong to our

I am going to the ball,
Baby mine, baby mine!
Don't you dare to up and squall,
Baby mine, baby mine!
"Dad" will stay at home with you,
He will spank you if you do—
Spank you till you're black and blue,
Baby mine, baby mine!

A Willimantic factory girl wrote her name and her address and her desire to be married and her address and her desire to be married in a nice little note, which she placed inside the band of a hat she had just finished. Her father bought the hat. On his way home that evening he paused at a house where they were plastering and obtained a lath. As the novelists say, "We will draw a veil over the scene that ensued."

scene that ensued."

The other day a Kansas City policeman approached a lady on one of our crowded thoroughfares. He had business with her. He did not upbraid her with a club, as they do in Chicago; he did not draw his pistol and initiate a wild work of carnage, as they do in New York. He touched his hat politely and said, "Madam, you'll have to go home and put a belt around that Mother Hubbard, or I'll have to run you in.

The Care of Babies.

'The only baby that, in many years of observation, I have ever known to pass an entire year without an hour's physical inconvenience—not a restless night, nor a cry of pain—was fed but three times a day from the age of two months. His food was only cow's milk, with "a few hours' cream removed," with no water or sugar added. At the age of one year, this infant, a stout, strapping boy, was taking three ordinary coffee cupfuls of milk! Up to the 'age of two months this babe was a terror to the household. His bowels were either "loose" or "closed," he suffered with colic, was constantly "spitting up, "etc., and was a very unhappy little fellow. After adopting the three-meal system he became easy, and up to this time (he is now 16 months old he has enjoyed perfect ease. His teeth are "cut" without his knowing it—coming along as naturally as his hair The Care of Babies,

or toe nails. My own infant, now near 10 months old, is nursed three times a day only—morning, noon, and night—and enjoys perfect health, and is a comfort twenty-four hours in every day to herself and all about her.

With that charming inconsequence which distinguishes so much reasoning upon this general subject, some stalwart defender of "the natural sphere of woman" may perhaps conclude that an employment which is of no sex is not "womanly" or "feminine." He is a little late. George Herbert's familiar line disposes of the matter:

"Who sweeps a room as for thy laws Makes that and the action fine."
On the old adam what was here done man

Makes that and the action fine."

Or the old adage, what man has done man may do, may be paraphrased, what woman can do woman may do. Exceptional acts, like Mrs. Patton's steering the ship, will be infrequent. But all the employments developed by modern invention and by the greater perfection of machinery will be more and more open to women, not, however, as women, but as skilled and diligent labourers.

Five Necessary Rules.

A school in Massachusetts recommends to its two hundred girl students a sensible school dress, of which the following are some of the dress, of which the following are some of the features:—First, it is to consist of single layers of clothing so that warmth shall be equally distributed over the body; secondly, it should be sufficiently loose not to impose restrictions upon the free and active use of the muscles; third, the materials should be soft, unexciting in colour and undistinguishable in pattern; fourth, the design should suggest rather than outline the figure, unless the material is elastic, and should be divided into few parts in order to be free from distractions; fifth, it should avoid whatever is unnecessary or that takes time and strength tions; fifth, it should avoid whatever is unnecessary or that takes time and strength that could be better put into work or play.

The combination undergarment of knitted wool or cotton, or both; the skirt of pleated wool attached to a lining waist cut with a spring over the hip, and a polonaise or woven "jersey," supplies all the requirements for such a dress. If the polonaise is employed, the lining waist may be extended so as to require only a deep-pleated flounce of the wool to bring it to the length of a walking skirt, thus rendering it lighter and cheaper.

Two kinds of ribbons are used—the very narrow satin ribbons for garniture and the very wide for sashes; there is a medium width employed for belts, but these hardly count. The "happy thought" of clustering very narrow satin ribbons in different shades and narrow satin ribbons in different shades and colours as rosettes, bows, and groups of loops with ends, has revived that formerly highly favoured kind of garniture, and given it a stimulus unknown before. Four hundred yards have been put, it is said, on one dress, and that may not represent the maximum, since the furoré has only just set in. It is more than probable, however, that it will soon expend itself, as the violence of a storm is its own prophery of speedy abstement In sash ribbons are some new styles of unexampled beauty. The exquisite lace patterns seen in brocaded silk and velvet upon some rich fabrics, have been transferred to elegant ribbons with great success, entirely covering ruby and rose-pink or wine-coloured surfaces with a frost-like tracery which perfectly reproduces the rarest tabrics. There are other ribbons which are brocaded so as to represent the finest hand embroidery of a conventional kind; and still others in duchesse satin with a striped centre of moire in the solid colour.

We should always breathe through the nostrile and not by the mouth, as the latter tends to weaken the lungs and produce infiammation of the throat and bronchial tubes. If you have already contracted any disease of the respiratory tract such as laryngitis, bronchitis, catarrh asthma, consumption or catarrhal deafness which is produced by catarrh, you should at once consult the suprecops of the International Throat by these surgeons, who without the aid of this new and wonderful instrument, the spirometer, would certainly die.

This great institution, which is daily increasing its magnitude, now has 28 physicians and surgeons connected therewith, and offices in London, Eng., and Montreal. P.Q. Toronto, Ont., Detroit, Mich., and Winnipeg, Man.

Physicians and sufferers are invited to try the instruments at the office free of charge.

Persons unable to visit the Institute can be successfully treated by letter, addressed to the International Throat and Lung Institute, 13 Phillips' square, Montreal, or 173 Church street, Toronto, where French and English specialists are in charge.

Rheumatic Complaints



Kidney Complaints TESTIMONIAL

From Mr. Joseph Edgington, Proprietor of the Meat Market, 5444 Yonge street, Toronto. J. N. SUTHERLAND. J. N. SUIHERLAND.

| Dear Sir, - It gives me pleasure to testify to the worth of your cure, "Rheumatine." For many months lately I have been a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism, for weeks being quite unable to put my feet to the floor without assistance.

Mr. Gartshaw, of this cite, advised me to try "Rheumatine." I did so, procuring the medicine from Mr. James Hutty, druggist, in this street. The result was most satisfactory. Two bottles of your preparation, "Rheumatine," has completely cured me. I am now quite free from pain, and as well as ever. Be assired I will recommend your cure to all my acquaintence suffering from Rheumatism. Yours truly,

(Signed) JOSEPH EDGINGTON.

(Signed) JOSEPH EDGINGTON. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



ONTARIO'S PRIZE I

Awarding of the Gold, Si Bronze Medals.

MODES OF FARM CULTIV

At the meeting of the Ontario and Arts Association, held in tweek, the proceedings of which where, Messrs, Jno. J. Hobson and aldson presented their report on the prize farm competition in gomprising the counties of Card York, Ontario, Durham, Simcoe and Algoma.

THE GOLD MEDAL

was awarded to Mr. Simpson Ren tots 29 and 30, in the Gore of Scar on the north-west end of the C 3½ miles south of Unionville, a north of Toronto. The judges s 1021 acres, 0 scres are woodland. It is boun sides by the public road, and is by another road running east sutting off 24 acres on the sou sluding the six acres of bush. T strong clay loam, with a cland before Mr. Rennie carr somplete system of drainage, would be termed a wet farm. map of the drains has been ma Rennie at any time to locate t tion of any drain in case of There have been 3,200 rods of Tile has been used in all cases, at has been so thoroughly well although our inspection was ma when, if there had been anythin would have been readily seen, y most careful examination not a to be found on the farm. The open ditches which, in the aggreg to 128 rods, but these are unavoi to the large body of water which struck, when on this and well drained farms in the s the close relation there drainage and successful agriculti is many a farmer in Canada, years of toil, who has now mon and is drawing his dividends, wh thousands of dollars richer if the been spent years ago in drain farm. Perhaps, after all, the lo by the excessive rains of this se suit in good, if it will teach farm one great improvement of all not Canadian farming is a system tile draining. Not much require about the tences, farther than the principally straight rail fences, e well put up. All the fences grounds adjacent to the homeste or picket, and wherever require first-rate gates. It may be as speak of the planting, as part of done with a view of havin beautiful hedge around the has been planted partly fo as well as to serve as break. The orchard comprises half acres of healthy young tree sides is a row of Norway spr three feet apart, which are now twelve feet high, and having attended to not the slightest seen anywhere. They are tri top and sides perfectly straight never saw this equalled. On the and next the house there is a nic of pines. Besides this consider has been done in other ways house we saw a nice little chestputs. These had been g chestnuts. These had been gr farm for transplanting when reconnection with the planting t may be referred to. This compr lying on the high part of the eas farm and shows to good advant been well managed, nothing decaying timber being cut. Thi have a healthy fresh look, an position it occupies adds to the position it occupies adds to the pearance. The homestead form of a square and consists of a feet by 40, included in which fattening cattle, with stalls for at one end, and at the other stable with barn mows above es neath the barn and between th is a root-house 30 feet by 40 wit up to each stable. This carry wever, should always be avoid Another barn stands on the nor

Another barn stands on the north right angles to the first mention 60 feet by 32, with a sheep hous 32 feet by 20. On the west sid is a building 74 feet by 26, use purposes. Included in this is and one of those useful places be in every homestead and gene loose box. Besides these building are a horse stable, waggon carpenter's shop. This is a dand between these building dwelling house is a carriage house and wood ched. This is a neat, painted building, 34 feet by 46, advantage between the dwelling painted building, 34 feet by 41, advantage between the dwelling barn buildings. The dwelling surroundings need not be par scribed, further than to say that in every way suitable to the require the farm. There is a snugness comfort about it which would appear to be a source of the passing traveller to a source of the passing traveller to a source of the passing traveller to a source of the so cause the passing traveller to exacosy place." The different of acosy place." The different cr comprise 12 acres of tall wheat, barley, 17 acres of cats, 21 acr acres of roots and hoed crops, golds, the balance being carre and 12 acres of corn, and three a mer fallow. These crops, witho tion, were all good, a evenness which indicated well-drained land, but firs age. The root crop had be well pat in, and at our second v it had made good progress. I however, were affected with the corn had got badly hurt with the well as mangolds Mr. Rennie beets, and as we had often hear well as mangolds Mr. Rennie beets, and as we had often hea beets, and as we had often hear pared with mangolds we asked knowing that more reliance co on his experience than on the dozen men who dealt'in theory, fully testing them he gives to mangolds, and sums up in "The mangolds are alightly croppers, while the sugar beet, so heavy, are more nutritious them stand about even when the them stand about even when the but the latter gives considerable but the latter gives considerable to harvest, being harder to pudeal worse to top." The few,ro which looked rather poor of the last occasi were there harvest was fluished ception of drawing two loads of siderable ploughing had bee manure was being drawn out, has, like other farmers, to vary Until the pea bug began to be to peasured to be sown on sod. Until the pea bug began to be to peas used to be sown on sod. time clover sod was ploughe just about harvest and sown will this had come through the win had all the appearance of being crop. This will be followed then oats, and the oat stu manured in the fall for next vea Afterwards comes barley well. The system of tillage, with all mers is so similar that it is unm scribe it at any length. It deep and work thoroughly. Maded in the fall with a shallow again deeply before winter sets the roots we saw what appeared good ides. After the horse pretty freely used, a single ha fitted on to the frame and the broken up between the drills the land and must have a goor growing crops. Mr. Rennie d

growing crops. Mr. Rennie in raising cattle, but buys a lattens annually eleven h generally has half-a-dozen