FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. FLEMING'S BOARDERS.

It was a lovely summer day when the party arrived at Holburton and were driven to the brown house on the common, where they found everything in readiness for them, and Mrs. Fleming and Agnes waiting to receive them. Josephine was not visible, for she had resolutely set her face against them.

She did not want a lot of women in the house, anyway, she said; they were a nuisance, and made as much trouble again as men. They were never satisfied with their board, were always in the kitchen washing out their pocket-handkerchiefs, heating flat-irons and making a muss generally. For her part, she liked to be free to do as she liked without the fear of being torn into shoe-strings by some meddling, jealous old woman. If they must have boarders, take gentlemen; there were plenty who would be glad to come. She would rather have clerks, or even mechanics, than the fine lady they described and a sick woman with her brats, and blue as a whetstone undoubtedly, inasmuch as she was a missionary's wife. She'd be wanting family prayers and a blessing at the table, and be horrified to know there were two packs of cards in the house, and that they were used, too!

This was Josephine's opinion, but her mother had her way in spite of it, and went on with her preparations, while Josephine sulked, and declared her intention of avoiding them entirely, and never, in any way, coming in contact with them. Still, there was a consolation in the fact that the small room she was compelled to take was down stairs, and so far removed from the boarders that they would not know how late she was out on the street with admirers, of which she had several, or how long they staid with her after she came in. Josephine liked the kind of life she was leading at present. No lady in town dressed better than she did, and though she knew that people commented upon it, and wondered where she got the money, and hinted at things which no real modest woman would like to have laid to her charge, she did not care, so long as she knew it was all right, and that some day everything would be explained, and she stand acquitted before the world, which criticised her so unmercifully, but, because there was no tangible proof against her, noticed her just the same as if there were no breath of suspicion attaching to her name. She would be noticed, and if she saw signs of rebellion in any quarter she fought it down inch by inch and rode triumphantly over the opinions of those who tried to slight her. No young lady in town could boast as many admirers as she, and she managed to keep them at her side even after they found there was no hope. Old Captain Sparks, the millionaire, had long known this, and yet, as the moth flutters around the candle, so he hovered around the young beauty, accepting the position of father instead of brother and from time to time presenting his daughter with costly presents, which she accepted so sweetly and prettily because she knew it would hurt him if she refused. To the other lovers she was sister and friend, and she gave them a great deal of good advice, and made them believe they were much safer with her than they would be elsewhere.

Only Dr. Matthewson knew her thoroughly, and him she never tried to deceive. And still, the doctor was more absolutely under her influence than any of the train who visited her constantly. But just now he was away on business, he called it, though Josephine knew that the business was gambling, that being his only means of livelihood. A fortunate play, or series of plays, had put a large sum of money into his hands, and he had gone on a sailing vessel to the West Indies, thinking to visit England before returning to America. Josephine was a little *ennuyeed* without the doctor, whom she preferred to any man living. And yet could she have had him by giving up Everard she would not have done it. For though she had no love for her husband, she had a fancy for the money and position he could give her by-and-by, and for which she was patiently waiting. Had her life been less pleasant and exciting, or had Everard sent her less money, she might have rebelled against it, and taken steps which would have resulted in her learning the state of affairs at the Forrest House. But as it was she was content to wait and enjoy herself in her own way, which was to dress and flirt and come and go at her pleasure, and to be waited on at home as if she were some princess of the blood.

And this was about the state of affairs when Beatrice reached the Fleming house with Mrs. Morton, who, contrary to her expectations, was pleased at once.

"I do believe I shall rest here and get well again, everything is so comfortable," she said, as she lay down upon the chintz covered lounge for a few moments before taking the cup of tea which was brought to her by Agnes, who, in her clean calico dress, with her dark hair combed smoothly back, and a sad but peaceful expression on her white, tired face, enlisted Beatrice's sympathies at once, for she saw from her manner that she was a mere household drudge, and resolved to stand her friend whatever might come.

Agnes was very fond of children, and when she had arranged the tray for Mrs. Morton, she turned to the little ones and tried to coax them to her side. Bunchie came at once, but but Trixey held aloof, and, with her hands behind her, watched the woman curiously, and it would seem without a very complimentary verdict in her favor. Trixey was fond of bright gay colors and elegant apparel. Beatrice's style suited her better than this faded, spiritless woman, whom she, nevertheless, regarded very intently, and at last startled with the question:

"How did you look when you were new?"

"Oh, Trixey!" Mrs. Morton and Beatrice both exclaimed, in a breath, fearing lest Agnes' feelings should be hurt, but she only laughed a hearty, merry laugh, which changed her face completely, and made it almost young and pretty, as she said:—

"I don't know how I looked, it was so very long ago; but I love little girls like you, and my old black hands have made them so many pies and cakes, and paper dollies, and they shall make some for you, if you'll let me kiss you."

Trixey was won by this, and when Agnes went back to the kitchen she was followed by both the children, who were intent upon the little cakes she had made that morning in expectation of their coming.

Josephine had watched the arrival of the ladies through the half-closed shutters, deciding that Mrs. Morton was a dowdy country woman, and that Miss Belknap was very elegant even in her plain travelling dress, and that, perhaps, she was somebody whom it would be policy to cultivate. But she would not present herself that afternoon; she was tired, and wished to keep herself fresh for evening, when she expected a call from a young man from Albany, whose mother had taken rooms at the hotel for the summer, and whom she had met at a picnic the day before.

The next day was Sunday, and though breakfast was served later than usual, Josephine was later still, and the meal was nearly half over when she entered the room, attired in a blue cambric gown, with gold pedants in her ears, and a bit of honeysuckle at her throat. There was a very sweet, apologetic expression on her face as she went up to her mother and kissed her good morning, saying, coaxingly:

"Late again, as usual, mamma, but you must excuse me. I am so sleepy;" then, with a graceful recognition of the strangers, she took her seat at the table by the side of Trixey, whom she patted on the head, saying: "And how is the little girl, this morning!

Mrs. Fleming was accustomed to all manner of moods and freaks in her daughter, but the kissing was something new, and surprised her a little, especially as there were no gentlemen present to witness the pretty, childish scene. She passed it off, however, naturally enough, and introducing her daughter to the ladies went on serving the breakfast. Agnes waited upon the table, and so there was no kiss for her, only a gracious nod and a "good morning, sister," as if this was their first meeting, when, in fact, Agnes had been in and out of Josephine's room three or four times, carrying hot water, and towels, and soap. But Agnes was accustomed to such things and made no sigh, except as a slight flush passed across her pale face, which was unobserved by Beatrice, who was giving all her attention to the young beauty, sipping her coffee so leisurely, and saying pretty things to Trixey.

How beautiful she was, with those great dreamy blue eyes, those delicately chiseled features, and that dazzling complexion, which Bee thought at first must be artificial, it was so pure, and white and smooth. But she was mistaken, for Josephine's complexion had never known powder or paste, or wash of any kind. It was very brilliant and fresh, and she looked so young and innocent, and childlike, that Beatrice found it hard to believe there was aught of guile or deceit in her. Everard must have become morbidly sensitive to any faults she might have, and Bee's thoughts were at once busy with what she meant to do for this estranged couple. There must be much of good in her. Surely that face and those eyes, which looked so confidingly at you, could not cover a bad heart. Weak and vain, and faulty she might be, but not bad; not treacherous and unwomanly, as Everard believed, and Beatrice was so glad she had come there to see and judge for herself. Every action was perfectly lady-like, every movement graceful, while the voice was soft and low, and well-bred in its tone; and during the few moments they talked together after breakfast, Beatrice felt herself fascinated as she had never been before by any human being. As she was tired, and had a slight headache, she did not go to church that morning, but saw Josephine leave the house, and watched her out of sight with feelings of wonder and perplexity. Could this be the woman whom Everard regarded with so much disgust? the Joe Fleming whom she had thought so detestable? Nor was her wonder at all diminished when, that afternoon, she found Josephine in the garden, seated under a tree with Bunchie in her lap and Trixey at her side, listening intently while she told them the story of Moses in the bulrushes. They had heard it before, but it gained new power and interest when told in Josephine's dramatic way, and they hung on every word, and when it was done begged her for another. Surely here was more of the angel than the fiend, and Beatrice, too, sat down, charmed in spite of herself, with the girl she had expected to despise.

"She must be good, and Everard is surely mistaken," she thought, and her admiration was at its height when Josephine finished her stories and began to talk to her. Mrs. Fleming had received an impression that Miss Belknap was from New York, and Josephine began to question her of that city, asking if she had always lived there.

"I was born there," Beatrice replied, "but I was educated in Paris, and my home is really in Rothsay, a little town in southern Ohio."

At the mention of Rothsay, Josephine started, and there was an increase of color in her face, but otherwise she was very calm, and her voice was perfectly natural as she repeated the word Rothsay, evidently trying to recall something connected with that place. At last she succeeded, and said, "Rothsay—Rothsay in Ohio. Why that's where Mr. Forrest lives. Mr. J. Everard Forrest, jr. He boarded with mamma two or three years ago. He was in college at Amherst. Probably you know him," and the blue eyes looked very innocently at Beatrice, who, warned by the perfect acting to be cautious and guarded, replied, "Oh, yes, I know Everard Forrest. His mother is a distant relative of mine. She is dead. Did you know?"

"I think I heard so, Everard was very fond of his mother," Josephine said; and then, after a pause, she added, "Judge Forrest is very wealthy, and very aristocratic, isn't he?"

"He was always called so, and the Forrest property is said to be immense," Beatrice replied, quieting her conscience with the fact that, so far as the judge was concerned, she had put him in the past tense, and spoken of what he was once rather than what he was at present, but Josephine paid no attention to tenses, and had no suspicion whatever of the truth.

She was really a good deal startled and shaken, mentally, notwithstanding the calmness of her demeanor. Here was a person from Rothsay who knew Everard Forrest, and who might be of great service to her in the future, and it behooved her to be on her best behaviour.

"Is Everard married yet?" she asked after a moment.

"Married!" Beatrice repeated, and she felt the color rising in her face. "Why, he has not his profession yet, but is studying very hard in his father's office."

"Ah, yes, I remember, he intended to be a lawyer. I liked him very much, he was so pleasant and gentlemanly," Josephine said, and there was a drooping of the heavy lashes over her blue eyes, as if with regret for the past when she knew and liked Everard Forrest.

"But is there no one to whom he is particularly attentive?" she asked. "He used to be very fond of the girls, and there must be some one in Rothsay suitable for him, or is his father so proud that he would object to everybody?"

Beatrice knew perfectly well what Josephine meant, and answered that she had heard the Judge was very particular, and would resent a marriage which he thought beneath his son, "but, if the woman was good, and true, and pure, and did her best, I think it would all be well in time," she added, as an encouragement to this girl in whom she was trying to believe; and Josephine continued:

"He used to speak of a little girl, Rosamond, I think, was the name. She must be well grown by this time. Is she there now?"

"You mean Rossie Hastings, his adopted sister. Yes, she is there still, and a very nice, womanly little thing. She is sixteen, I believe, though she seems to me younger," Beatrice said, and the impression left on Josephine's mind of Rossie was of a child, in whom Everard could not be greatly interested except in a brotherly way.

She had made all the inquiries she cared to make just then, lest she should excite suspicion in Beatrice, and was meditating a retreat, when the sound of rapid wheels reached them, and a moment after a tall, slender young man, not over twenty, came down the walk flourishing his little cane and showing plainly the half-fledged boy, who was beginning to feel all the independence and superiority of a man. Bowing very low to Beatrice, to whom he was introduced as Mr. Gerard from Albany, he told Josephine he had come to ask her to drive after his fast horse. "You were at church all the morning, and deserve a little recreation," he said, as he saw signs of refusal in Josey, who, sure that Miss Belknap would not accept a like invitation, felt that she, too, must refuse; so she said very sweetly and a little reprovingly:

"Thank you, Mr. Gerard, but I do not often ride on Sunday. Some other day I shall be happy to go with you, for I dote on fast horses, but now you must excuse me."

Young Gerard was surprised, for he had not expected to find conscientious scruples in the girl who, the previous night, had played euchre with him until half-past eleven, and then stood another half hour at the gate, laughing and flirting with him, though she had met him but once before.

He was not accustomed to be thwarted, and he showed that he was annoyed, and answered loftily:

"Certainly do as you think best. If you won't ride with me I must find somebody who will I wish you good afternoon, ladies."

Touching his hat very politely he walked away; but Josephine could not let him go in this mood. He was her latest conquest, and she arose and followed him, and walked with him to the gate, and said to him apologetically:

"I want to go awfully, but it will never do with a missionarys family in the house."

"Bother take the missionaries," he said. "I wanted to show you how fast Dido can trot."

"Yes, I know; but there are other days than Sunday, and there are lots of girls aching to go with you to-day," Josephine said, as she fastened a little more securely the bouquet in his button-hole, and let her hands rest longer on his coat-sleeve than was necessary.

"But I shan't take 'em. I shall wait for you," he answered, quite soothed and mollified.

Then he bade her good-by, and drove off, while Josephine returned to Beatrice and said laughingly:

"What bores boys of a certain age are, and how they always fasten upon a girl older than themselves! This Gerard cannot be over twenty. He reminds me a little in his dress of Everard Forrest when he first came here, so fastidious and elegant, as if he had just stepped from a bandbox."

"He is very different to that now," Beatrice replied, rousing up at once in Everard's defence. "Of course he can never look like anything but a gentleman, but he wears his coats and boots and hats until they are positively shabby. It would almost seem as if he were hoarding up money for some particular purpose, he is so careful about expense. He neither smokes, nor chews, nor drinks, and it is said of him that he has not a single bad habit; his wife, should he ever have one, ought to be very proud of him."

Beatrice was very eloquent and earnest in her praises of Everard, and watched closely the effect on Josephine. There certainly was a different expression on her face as she listened to this high encomium on her husband, whose economies she well knew were practised for her, and there was something like a throb of gratitude or affection in her heart when she heard that the money she had supposed was given him by his father was earned or saved by himself, that she might be daintily clothed.

"I am delighted with this good account of him, and so will mamma be," she said; "he must have changed so much, for he was very extravagant and reckless when we knew him, but I liked him exceedingly."

Again there was the sound of wheels stopping before the gate, and excusing herself, Josephine hurried away to meet the second gallant who had come to take her to ride. Of course she could not go, and so the young man staid with her, and Walter Gerard drove back that way, and seeing her in the parlor tied his horse to the fence and came sauntering in with the air of one sure of a welcome.

Josephine did not appear at the tea-table, but Beatrice saw Agnes taking in a tray into the parlor, and knew the trio were served in there, and felt greatly shocked and disgusted when she heard the clock strike twelve before the sound of suppressed voices and laughter ceased in the parlor, and the two buggies were driven rapidly away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JOSEPHINE'S CONFIDENCE.

The next day Josephine wrote Everard the first real letter she had sent him for many weeks. Heretofore she had merely acknowledged his drafts made payable to her mother, but now she filled an entire sheet, and called him her dear husband, and told him of Miss Belknap's presence in the house, and what she had said of his habits and strict economy.

"I know it is all for me," she wrote, "and I felt like crying when she was talking about you. I am so glad she told me, for it has made me resolve to be worthy of you and the position I am one day to fill as your wife. When will that be, Everard? Must we wait for ever? Sometimes I get desperate, and am tempted to start at once for Rothsay, and, facing your father, tell him the truth, and brave the storm which I suppose would follow. But then I know you would be angry at such a proceeding, and so I give it up, and go on waiting patiently, for I do wish to please you, and am glad this Miss Belknap is here, as I am sure of her friendship when the time of trial comes. She is very sweet and lovely, and I wonder you did not prefer her to your unworthy but loving Josey."

Beatrice also wrote to Everard that day, and told him where she was, and why, and said of Josephine, "there must be good in her, or she could not seem so sweet, and amiable, and affectionate. A little vain she may be and fond of attention, and why not? She cannot look in the glass and not know how beautiful she is. And her voice is so soft and low and musical, and her manners so lady-like. You see I am more than half in love with her, and I am quite disposed to advise a recognition on your part of her claim upon you. Of course I shall not betray you. That is not my business here. I came to see what this girl is, whose life is joined with yours. I find her quite up to the average of women, and think it your safer course to acknowledge her, and not leave her subject to the temptations which must necessarily beset a pretty woman like her, in the shape of admiration and attention from every marriageable man in town. It is your safer way, Everard, for remember there is a bar between you and any other face which may look to you inexpressibly fair and sweet, and all the sweeter and fairer because possession is impossible."

These letters reached Everard the same evening, and he found them in his office on his return from the Forrest House, where he had sat with Rossie an hour on the piazza, with the moonlight falling on her face and softening the brilliancy of her great black eyes. How beautiful those eyes were to him now, and how modestly and confidently they looked up occasionally in his face, and drooped beneath the long lashes which rested on the fair cheeks. She was so sweet and loving, this pure, fresh young girl; and her face and eyes haunted Everard all the way down the avenue and the long street to his office, where he found his letters—one from Beatrice, one from Josephine, and the last he saw first, recoiling from it as from a serpent's touch, and remembering with a bitter pain the face seen in the moonlight, and the pressure of the hand he had held in his at parting. Then he took Bee's letter and turned it over, and saw it was postmarked at Holburton, and with a start of fear and apprehension tore it open and read it eagerly.

"But I shall never do it," he said, as he read Bee's advice with regard to recognizing Josephine. "The goodness is not there; and so Bee will discover if she stops there long enough."

Then, as he finished her letter, he felt as if all the blood in his body were rushing to his head, for he guessed what she meant by "that other face, so inexpressibly fair and sweet." It was Rossie's, and he ground his teeth together as he thought of the bar which made it sinful for him to look too often upon that face, fast budding into rare beauty, lest he should find it too sweet and fair for his own peace of mind. And then he told himself that Rosamond was only his sister; his ward, in whom he must necessarily have an unusual interest. Beatrice was too fastidious, and did not trust enough to his good sense. He was not in love with Rosamond, nor in danger of becoming so.

Thus the young man reasoned, while he tore Josey's letter into shreds, which he tossed into the waste basket. He did not believe in her or intend to answer it, for whenever he thought of her now, it was as he saw her last, at midnight in the car, sleeping on Dr. Matthewson's arm. He wrote to Beatrice, however, within a few says, expressing his surprise at what she had done—and telling her that any interference between Josephine and himself was useless, and that if she staid long in Holburton, she would probably change her mind with regard to the young lady.

And in this he was right, for before his letter reached Holburton, Beatrice and Mrs. Morton both had learned that the voice, so soft and flute-like and well-bred when it addressed themselves, had another ring when alone in the kitchen with Agnes, who drudged from morning till night, that the unusually large household might be kept up. There were more boarders now in the house, for Mrs. Julia Hayden and husband had come to Holburton, hoping a change would benefit Mr. Hayden, who liked the quiet, pleasant town, and the pure air from the hills, which was not quite so bracing as that which blew down from the mountains around Brouson. The Haydens occupied the parlor below, greatly to the annoyance of Miss Josey, who was thus compelled to receive her numerous calls either in the dining-room or on the back piazza, or on the horse block near the gate.

It was not unusual for Josey to receive three admirers at a time, and she managed so admirably that she kept them all amiable and civil, though each hated the other cordially, and wondered why he would persist in coming where he was not wanted. Night after night Mrs Morton and Mrs. Hayden were kept awake till after midnight by the low hum of voices and occasional bursts of suppressed laughter which came from the vicinity of the horse-block, and when Mrs. Morton complained of it in the presence of Josephine, that young lady was very sorry, and presumed it was some of the hired girls in town, who had a great way of hanging over gates with their lovers, and sitting upon horse-blocks into all hours of the night.

But Mrs. Julia was not deceived. Her great black eyes read the girl aright, and when she saw a female figure steal cautiously up the walk into the house, and heard the footsteps of two or three individuals going down the road, she guessed who the "hired girls" were, and Josephine suspected that she did, and removed her trysting place from the horse-block to the rear of the garden, where she was out of ear-shot of the "old muffs," as she styled Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Hayden. And here she received her friends, as she called them,—and laughed, and flirted, and played with them, but was very careful not to overstep certain bounds of propriety, and thus give Everard an excuse on which to base an action for divorce, should he ever bring himself to consider such an act, which she doubted. He was too proud for that, and would rather live with and dislike her, than repudiate her openly, and bring a stain upon the Forrest name. It was impossible for her to understand his real feelings towards her. Indifferent he was, of course, and sorry, no doubt, for the tie which bound them; but she was so thoroughly convinced of her own charms and power to fascinate, that she had little fear of winning him back to something like allegiance when she once had him under her influence again. He could not resist her; no man could, except the old judge; and secure in this belief, she went on her way, while Beatrice watched her narrowly, and began at last to believe there was no real good in her.

"The most shameless flirt I ever saw, with claws like a cat," Mrs. Hayden said of her,—"why, she has actually tried her power on Harry, and asked him so insinuatingly and pityingly if he really thought oatmeal agreed with him as well as a juicy steak or mutton-chop."

Bee laughed merrily at the idea of Josey's casting her eyes upon poor, shrivelled, dyspeptic Harry Hayden, whom to do her justice, she did pity, for the cold baths he was compelled to take every morning, and the rigid diet on which he was kept. That he lacked brain force as his wife asserted, she did not doubt, or he would never have submitted as meekly as he did, with the stereotyped phrase, "Julia knows best;" but she pitied him just the same, and occasionally conveyed to him on the sly hot cups of beef-tea or mutton-broth, and once coaxed him to drink lager-beer, but Mrs. Julia found it out by the culprit's breath, and disliked Josey worse than ever.

It was now five weeks since Beatrice came to Holburton, and as Mrs. Morton did not seem to improve, she was thinking of finding another place for her, when Josephine came to her one morning as she was sitting alone with her work, and taking a seat beside her, began to talk of herself and the life she was leading.

"I am of no use to any one," she said, "for both mother and Agnes are afraid I shall soil my hands or burn my face. I am tired of this kind of life. I want to see the world and have larger experiences; and fortunately I have an opportunity to do so. When I was at the sea-side I met a widow lady, a Mrs. Arnold, who is rich and an invalid. She was kind enough to pretend to like me, and I think she did, for I have received a letter from her, asking me to go as a companion with her to Europe, she defraying all the expenses, of course, and leaving me nothing to do but to make myself agreeable to her, and enjoy what I see. Now, would you go or not?"

"I think I would," Beatrice replied, for it seemed to her as if this going to Europe would somehow be the severing link between Everard and Josephine. Something would happen to bring on the crisis which must come sooner or later.

"I would go, most certainly," she said again, and then she asked some questions concerning Mrs. Arnold, whose letter Josey showed to her. Evidently she was not a woman of great discernment or culture, but she was sincere in her wish to take Josephine abroad, and disposed to be very generous with her.

"She will be gone a year at least, and possibly two, and I can see so much in that time. I am quite dizzy with anticipation," Josephine said, while Beatrice entered heart and soul into the project, which was soon known to the entire household. That night young Gerard from Albany called on Josephine as usual, and hearing of the proposed trip to Europe offered himself to her, and cried like a baby when she gave him her final "no," and made him understand that she meant it. But she held his hand in hers, and there was one of her tears on his boyish face when at last he said good-night and walked away, somewhat soothed and comforted with the thought that he was to be her friend of friends, the one held as the dearest and best in her memory when she was far over the sea.

The news of the intended journey made Everard wild with delight, for, with the ocean between them, he felt that he should almost be free again; and he sent her a hundred dollars, and told her he hoped she would enjoy herself, and then, intoxicated with what seemed to him like his freedom, went up to see Rosamond, and stayed with her until the clock was striking ten, and Mrs. Markham came into the room to break up the *tete-a-tete*.

It was the last day of August that the Nova Zembla sailed out of the harbor of Boston with Josephine on board, her fair hands waving kisses and adieux to the two men on the shore, watching her so intently—young Gerard and old Captain Sparks, who had followed her to the very last, each vieing with the other in the size and cost of the bouquets, which filled one entire half of a table in the dining saloon, and stamped as somebody the beautiful girl who paraded them rather ostentatiously before her fellow passengers.

For two days they adorned the table at which she sat, and filled the saloon with perfume, and were examined and talked about, and she was pointed out as that young lady who had so many large and elegant bouquets; and then, the third day out, when their beauty and perfume were gone, they were thrown overboard by the cabin-boy, and a great wave came and carried them far out to sea, while Josey lay in her berth limp, wretched and helpless, with no thought of flowers, or Gerard, or Captain Sparks, but with a feeling of genuine longing for the mother and Agnes, whose care and ministrations she missed so much in her miserable condition.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EVENTS OF ONE YEAR AT THE FORREST HOUSE.

It was near the last of October when Bee returned to Rothsay, where Everard greeted her gladly as one who could understand and sympathize with him. It had come to him at last like a shock that he loved Rosamond Hastings as he had never loved Josephine, even in the days of his wildest infatuation; and far different from that first feverish, unhealthy passion of his boyhood was this mightier love of his maturer manhood, which threatened at last to master him so completely that he determined at last to go away from Rothsay for a month, and, amid the wilds of California and the rocky dells of Oregon try to forget the girl whom to love was a sin.

To Beatrice he confessed everything, and rebelled hotly against the bar which kept him from his love.

He had thought of divorce, he said. He could easily obtain one under the circumstances, but he was sure Rossie would never believe in any divorce which was not sanctioned by the Bible. He had assumed a case similar to his own, which he pretended was pending in court, and warmly espousing the husband's cause, had asked Rosamond if she did not think it perfectly right for the man to marry again.

And she had answered decidedly:

"I should despise him and the woman who married him. I abominate these divorces so easily obtained. It is wicked, and God will never forgive it."

After this there was nothing for Everard to do but to take up his burden and carry it away with him to the Far West, hoping to leave it there. But he did not, and he came back to Rothsay to find Rossie sweeter, fairer than ever, and so unfeignedly glad to see him that for an hour he gave himself up to the happiness of the moment, and defying both right and wrong, said things which deepened the bloom on Rossie's cheeks, and brought to her eyes that new light which is so beautiful in its dawning, and which no one can mistake who is skilled in its signs.

He did not tell her he loved her; but he told her how he had missed her, and how she alone had brought him back sooner than he had meant to come. And with a shyness which sat so prettily on her, and a drooping of the eyelids, she listened to him, and though she said but little, the mischief was done, and never again would her eyes meet his as frankly and readily as before. Something in the tone of his voice and the unwonted tenderness of his manner kindled a fire in that young heart which many waters could not extinguish, and to Rossie it came with a thrill, half fearful, half ecstatic, that she loved Everard Forrest, not as a sister loves a brother or friend loves friend, but as a true, good woman loves the one who to her is the only man in all the world. But could she have followed him back to his room she would scarcely have known the white-faced, haggard man whom the dawn found with his head resting upon the table, where it had lain most of the night, while he fought the demon trying so hard to conquer him. He must not love Rosamond Hastings; he must not let her love him; and to prevent it he must tell her the whole truth, and this was what he was trying to make up his mind to do.

Possibly his resolution to confess the whole to Rosamond was in a measure prompted by a sudden fear which had come upon him lest the knowledge of his marriage should reach her through some other channel. On his return from Oregon, and before he went to the Forrest House, he had found several letters which had come during his absence, and which had been forwarded. One was from Josephine, who was still abroad and perfectly happy, if her word was to be believed. She had found Mrs. Arnold everything that was kind, and generous, and considerate; and made many delightful acquaintances; had learned to speak both German and French, and had come across Dr Matthewson, who was at the same hotel with herself, the Victoria, in Dresden.

This letter did not particularly affect Everard either way. Dresden was very far off, and Josephine might remain abroad another year, and into that time so much happiness might be crowded that he would take the good offered him, and not cross the river of difficulty until he fairly reached it. But on his return from the Forrest House he found two more letters on his desk, one post-marked at Dresden, the other at Holburton, and this he opened first. It was from Agnes, and had been some time on the road, and told him that Mrs. Fleming had died suddenly, after an illness of two days only, and Agnes was left alone. There was still a mortgage on the house, she said, and after that was paid, and a few debts they were owing, there would be little left for her, and this little she must, of course, divide with Josephine. She offered no complaint, nor asked for any help. She said she could take care of herself, either as housekeeper, cook or nurse, and, on the whole, she seemed to be in a very resigned and cheerful state of mind for a person left so entirely alone. The other letter proved to be from a Cincinnati acquaintance, with whom he had once been at school, and who had recently married and gone abroad, and was in Dresden at the Victoria Hotel, where, he said, there were many pleasant Americans, both from Boston and New York, and Everard felt morally sure that the pleasant people from Boston were Mrs. Arnold and Josephine. And his friend Phil. Evarts was just the man to be attracted by Josey, even if he had a hundred wives, and Josephine was sure to meet him more than half way, and find out first that he was from Cincinnati, and then that he had been in Rothsay, and knew Judge Forrest's family, and then—a cold sweat broke out all over Everard's face as he thought, what then? while something whispered to him, "Then you will reap the fruit of the deception practiced so long, and you deserve it, too."

Everard knew he deserved it, but when one is reaping the whirlwind, I do not think it is any comfort to know that he has sown the wind, or this harvest would never have been. It certainly did not help Everard, but rather added to the torments he endured as he thought of Josephine, enraged and infuriated, swooping down upon him, bristling all over with injured innocence, and making for herself a strong party, as she was sure to do. But worse than all would be the utter loss of Rossie, for she would be lost to him for ever, and possibly turn against him for his duplicity, and that he could not bear.

"I'll tell her to-morrow, so help me Heaven!" he said, as he laid his throbbing head upon his writing-table and tried to think how he should commence, and what she would say.

He knew how she would look,—not scornfully and angrily upon him,—but so sorry, so disappointed, and that would hurt him worse than her contempt. How fair and sweet she seemed to him, as he went over all the past as connected with her, remembering, first, the quaint, old-fashioned child he had teased so unmercifully, and of whom he had made a very slave; then the girl of fifteen, whose honest eyes had looked straight into his without a shadow of shame or consciousness, as she asked to be his wife; and, lastly, the Rossie of to-day, the Rossie of long dresses and pure womanhood, who was so pure to him that to have had her for his own for one short, blessed year, he felt that he would give the rest of his life. But that could not be. She could never be his, even were he free from the hated tie, as he could be so easily. In her single-heartedness and truth she would never recognize as valid any separation save that which death might make, and this he dared not wish for, lest to his other sins that of murder should be added. He must tell her, and she would forgive him, even while she banished him from her presence; but after she knew it, whose opinion was worth more to him than that of the whole world, he could bear whatever else might come. But how could he tell her? Verbally; and so see the surprise, and disappointment, and pain which would succeed each other so rapidly in those clear innocent eyes which faithfully mirrored what she felt. He knew there would be pain, for, as he loved her, so he felt that she cared or could care for him, if only it were right for her to do so, and selfish as he was, it hurt him cruelly that she must suffer through his fault. But it must be, and, at last, concluding that he never could sit face to face with her while he confessed his secret, he decided to write it out and send it to her, and then wait a few days before going to see the effect. He made this resolve just as the autumnal morning shone full into his room, and he heard across the common the bell from his boarding-house summoning him to breakfast. But he could not eat, and, after a vain effort at swallowing a little coffee, he went back to his office, where, to his utter amazement and discomfiture, he found Rosamond herself seated in his chair and smiling brightly upon him as he came in.

When he was with her the night before, she had forgotten to speak to him of a certain matter of business which must be attended to that day, and immediately after breakfast, which was always early at the Forrest House, she had walked down to the office, and telling the boy in attendance that he need not wait until Mr. Forrest's return, she sent him to his breakfast, and was there alone when Everard came in.

"Oh, Rossie, Rossie," he gasped, as if the sight of her unnerved him entirely, "why did you come here this morning?"

She did not tell him why she came, for she forgot her errand entirely, in her alarm at his white, haggard face, and the strangeness of his manner.

"Oh, Mr. Everard," she cried, for she called him "Mr. Everard" still, as she had done when a child. "You are sick. What is the matter? Sit down, and let me do something for you. Are you faint, or what is it?" and talking to him all the time, she made him sit down, in the chair she vacated, and brought him some water, which he refused, and then, standing beside him, laid her soft, cool hand upon his forehead, and asked if the pain was there.

At the touch of those hands Everard felt he was losing all his self-command. Except as he had held them a moment in his own when he met her, or said good-bye, he had not felt those dainty fingers on his flesh since the weeks of his sickness after his mother's death, when Rossie had been his nurse, and smoothed his aching brow as she was doing now. Then her hands had a strange power to soothe and quiet him, but now they made him wild. He could not bear it, and, pushing her, almost rudely, from him, he exclaimed: "Don't, Rossie! I can't bear that you should touch me."

There were tears in Rossie's eyes at being so repulsed, and for an instant her cheeks grew scarlet with resentment, but before she could speak, overcome by an impulse he could not resist, Everard gathered her swiftly in his arms, and kissing her passionately, said:

"Forgive me, Rossie. I did not mean to be rude, but why did you come here this morning to tempt me. I was going to write and tell you what I ought to have told you long ago, and the sight of you makes me such a coward. Rossie, my darling;—I will call you so once, though it's wrong, its wicked—remember that. I am not what I seem. I have deceived you all these years since father died, and before, too long before. You cannot guess what a wretch I am."

It was a long time since Rossie thought of Joe Fleming, with whom she believed Everard had broken altogether; but she remembered him now, and, at once attributing Everard's trouble to that source, she said, in her old, child-like way:

"It's Joe Fleming again, Mr. Everard, and I hoped you were done with him for ever."

She was very pale and her eyes had a startled look, for the sudden caress and the words "my darling," had shaken her nerves, and aroused in her a tumult of joy and dread of she scarcely knew what; but she looked steadily at Everard, who answered her bitterly:

"Yes, it is Joe Fleming,—always Joe Fleming,—and I am going to tell you about it; but, Rossie, you must promise not to hate me, or I never can tell you. Bee knows and does not hate me. Do you promise, Rossie?"

"Yes, I promise, and I'll help you if I can," Rossie said, without the slightest suspicion of the nature of the trouble.

She never suspected anything. The shrewd, far-seeing ones, who scent evil from afar, would say of her that she was neither deep nor quick, and possibly she was not. Wholly guileless herself, she never looked for wrong until it was thrust in her face, and so was easily deceived by what seemed to be good. She certainly suspected no evil in Everard, and was anxious to hear the story, which he would have told her had it not been for an interruption in the shape of Lawyer Russell, who came suddenly into the office, bringing with him a stranger who wished to consult with both the old lawyer and the young.

That, of course, broke up the conference, and Rosamond was compelled to retire, thinking more of the hot kiss which she could still feel upon her forehead, and the words "my darling," as Everard had said it to her. If, indeed, she was his darling, then nothing should separate them from each other. She did not care for his past misdeeds,—or for Joe Fleming. That was in the past. She believed in Everard as he was now, and loved him, too. She acknowledged that to herself, and her face burned with blushes as she did so. And, looking back over the past, she could not remember a time when she did not love or rather worship him, as the one hero in the world worthy of her worship. And now?—Rossie could not give expression to what she felt now, or analyze the great happiness dawning upon her, with the belief that as she loved Everard Forrest, so was she loved in return. She was very beautiful with this new light shining over her face, and very beautiful without it. It was now two years since she went unabashed to Everard and asked to be his wife. Then she was fifteen and a-half, and a mere child, so far as knowledge of the world was concerned, and in some respects she was a child still, though she was seventeen and had budded into a most lovely type of womanhood. Her features were not as regular as Bee's, nor her complexion as soft and waxen; but it was very fresh and bright and clear, and there was something inexpressibly sweet and attractive in her face and the expression of her eyes, while her rippling hair was bound in masses about her well-shaped head, adding somewhat to her apparent height and giving her a more womanly appearance than when she wore it loosely on her neck. If Rossie thought herself pretty, it was never apparent in her manner. Indeed, she never seemed to think of herself at all, though, as the day of which I am writing drew to a close, she did spend more time than usual at her toilet, and when it was finished felt tolerably satisfied with the image reflected by her mirror, and was sure that Everard would be suited, too. He would come that night, of course. There was nothing else for him to do after the events of the morning.

But Everard did not come, and about noon of the next day she received a few lines from him saying that a business matter, of which Lawyer Russell and the stranger with him were the harbingers, would take him for a week or more to southern Indiana. He had not time to say good-by in person, but he would write to her from Dighton, and he hoped to find her well on his return.

That was all. Not an allusion to the confession he was going to make,—not a sign that he had held her for a moment in his arms and kissed her passionately, while he called her his darling. He was going away on business and would write to her. Nothing could be briefer or more informal, though he called her his dear Rossie. And Rossie, whose faith was not easily shaken, felt that she was dear to him even though he disappointed her. She would hold to that while he was absent, and though her face was not quite as bright and joyous as the night before, there was upon it an expression of happiness and content which made watchful Mrs. Markham think that, as she expressed it to herself, "something had happened."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOMETHING DOES HAPPEN.

It had rained all day in Dresden—a steady, persistent rain, which kept the guests of the Hotel Victoria indoors, and made them so tired and uncomfortable, and restless, that by night every shadow of reserve was swept away, and they were ready to talk to any one who would answer them in their own tongue. Conspicuous among the guests assembled in the parlor was Miss Fleming—"Miss Josephine Fleming, Boston, U. S. A.," she was registered, and she passed for one of those Bostonians who, whether deservedly or not, get the reputation abroad of being very exclusive, and proud, and unapproachable. Just now this character suited Josephine, for she found that she was more talked about when she was reserved and dignified than when she was forward and flippant; so, though they had been at the Victoria some weeks, she had made but few acquaintances, and these among the English and most aristocratic of the Americans. And Josephine had never been so beautiful as she was now. And she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was always the most attractive woman in every company, and the one most sought after. Of her poverty she made no secret, and did not try to conceal the fact that she was Mrs. Arnold's companion. But she had seen better days, of course, before papa died and left his affairs so involved that they lost everything, and mamma was compelled to take a few boarders to eke out their income.

This was her story, which took well when told by herself, with sweet pathos in her voice and a drooping of her long lashes over her lovely blue eyes. Every one of her acquaintances of any account in America had been stepping-stones in Europe, where she met people who knew the Gerards, and John Hayden, and Miss Belknap, who was her very heaviest card, and one she played most frequently, and with the best success. The New Yorkers all knew Beatrice, and were inclined to be very gracious to her friend. Occasionally she had come across some graduate from Amherst, whom she had met before, but never till the rainy day with which this chapter opens had she seen any one from the vicinity of Rothsay, or who knew her husband personally. She was in the habit of looking over the list of arrivals, and had seen the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Philip Evarts, Cincinnati, U. S. A.," and had readily singled out the new comers at *table d'hote*, divining at once that the lady was a bride; but no words had passed between them until the evening of the rainy day; then Josephine entered the parlor faultlessly gotten up, and looking very sweet and lovely in her dark blue silk and velvet jacket, with her golden hair caught up with an ivory comb. Nothing could be prettier than she was, and Phil Evarts, who, as Everard had said, was just the man to be attracted by such a woman as Josephine, and whose wife was sick with a headache in her room, managed to get near the beauty, who took a seat apart from the others, and met his advance with a swift glance of her dreamy eyes, which made his heart beat faster than a man's heart ought to beat when his wife is upstairs with a headache.

It was her business to speak first, and she said, very modestly;

"Excuse me, sir, but do you know if there has been a mail since lunch?"

"I don't," he replied, "but I will enquire. I am just going to the office. What name shall I ask for?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FUN IN A CIRCUS.

Practical Jokes of "Whimsical" Walker, Now with Forepaugh's Show.

"Whimsical" Walker, as he is known, the very comical clown, late of Hengler's grand circus, London, now of Forepaugh's aggregation, has been guilty of many a mad prank. His first great hit in the arena was under the management of Adams, a leading English manager. Change of amusements is always desirable, and Adams, who was playing a prolonged engagement in Sheffield, proposed to Sanger, of London, that he loan him for a fortnight Little Sandy, the clown, while he in return sent Walker to the big city.

Now, Sanger had heard of the fame of Walker, it having reached London in advance of him, and the magnate of manageries resolved that the light of the provincial clown should be hid under a bushel. Accordingly, much to his disgust, Walker, who had come to London filled with an ambition to rival little Sandy, found himself cast as a "supe" in the spectacle of "Fair Rosamond," which closed the entertainment. Walker was resolved—and what that resolution was the reader may quickly learn. It was required of Walker that he, with three others, should bear across the stage a bier upon which was to repose the corpse of one of the characters. The funeral procession moved with stately tread and solemn mien across the stage until the very centre was reached, to the solemn accompaniment of a melancholy dirge, when down dumps the bier, off rolled the corpse, amid shouts and roars of laughter from all parts of the house. The wicked Walker had upset the bier and the gravity of all both on and off the stage. It was a funny sight indeed to see that poor corpse arise and walk off the stage. The next night a change was made—a new pall-bearer selected, and Walker called upon to fight a combat. He fought; you should have seen him. His antics excelled those of a negro minstrel in an essence, or the Majiltons in one of their most grotesque dances. Up and down the stage he chased his combatant and then retreated to the footlights, and, throwing a somersault, lit with full weight and terrific force upon the provender receptacle of a big fat Dutchman in the orchestra, whose duty it was to agonize the bass fiddle. Walker, upon being called on to account for having twice marred the effect of the spectacle, exclaimed in honest indignation:

"Gentlemen, I did not come to London to be a supe in a bloody funeral or to fight any blarsted combat; I came to London to clown."

During the balance of his engagement he clowned as satisfactorily as the supes fought combats and removed the dead. And he returned to Sheffield with the proud satisfaction that he had outwitted the Sangers and made a hit in London.

—There is quite an influx of foreigners in London now, and as many caftans and turbans may be seen on the Strand as on Broadway. Chinamen are becoming so common that no Londoner turns his head to take note of them. Japanese, Siamese, Hindoos, and the like are more frequently met. The negro is quite an item in the population, and is, moreover, a considerable puzzle. He is usually attired in the very swellest garb London tailors are competent to build, and delights in the biggest rings, scarf pins, shirt studs, watch guards, and general jewelry that are to be seen on anybody. Besides these it is not at all unusual to meet in London street-arabs of various countries and denominations.

—An exchange says: "Isn't it rather a curious circumstance that nineteen out of every twenty murderers detest cucumbers? When you find a man who likes them, he will do to tie to." We're very fond of cucumbers ourselves.

—Richter is credited with saying that "with women marked irregular noses signify far more talent than with men, and, except in the case of a few, beauty must always sacrifice something to genius."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

—Soft millinery silks are used to trim India muslins.

—White will be more worn then ever this summer.

—Blondes wear black lace scarfs without any white lace or flowers.

—Lace which has a boldly outlined pattern should not be plaited.

—The brocade most used for millinery has agate cloudings of two colors.

—Brussels net in black and colors, and even in gilt, is used for bonnet ties.

—Suits of underwear fastened throughout by studs are convenient novelties.

—China crape scarfs fairly covered with embroidery are shown for novelties.

—New Orleans ladies go to balls in horse cars and are none the worse for it.

—Sunshades matching the gown will be carried this year by those who can afford them.

—Breakfast caps with mantilla drapery of muslin fastening under the chin are the newest.

—Narrow gathered ruffles may be used to trim thin dresses this summer with good effect.

—The violet and the apple-blossom bonnets are the prettiest among those with floral crowns.

—The Empress of Austria has had several falls during her hunting season in Ireland this year.

—It is said on good authority that nineteen-twentieths of the women in California use cosmetics.

—The new feather fan is in Spanish style, and consists of three very long and full ostrich feathers mounted in a slender fan and fastened by satin ribbon bows. Two pale blue plumes with one of rose color between them, make a beautiful fan, and others are composed of two black feathers with a yellow one in the middle. They are worn suspended from the waist by a chatelaine of satin ribbon of the most conspicuous color in the fan.

—A wedding dress for an Italian princess, just finished in Paris, was of white satin, made with a court train. It was trimmed with fine lace, fastened down here and there with exquisite pearl tassels. The front of the dress, which was short, was covered with a shower of pearls, arranged as fringes, sewn close together. There was a similar pearl shower on the pointed bodice, and the deep square collar a la Valois was likewise worked with pearls. The tulle veil was trimmed all round with old Alencon lace, and the smallest of orange blossom wreaths was to be fastened quite at the back of the head.

—Mrs. Fraser, mother of the Bishop of Manchester, died in her eminent son's palace a few weeks ago, aged 87. In a speech, a few months since, the Bishop told his audience that his father lost most of his means in iron works, and died soon after, leaving seven children. His mother said, "I cannot give my boys money, but by denying myself I can give them all a good education." She did so, and he didn't know how she managed it. She was now paralyzed, speechless, helpless; but every day, when he went into her and looked on her sweet face, he thought gratefully of all he owed to her.

—A girl may not ask a man to become her husband; but there are many ways in which she may with propriety communicate to almost any bright young man her ideas concerning him. They are not set down in the guide-books. They are not part of our written literature. They come not by rule or regulation. They are above and beyond all these, and responsible to no law. Impossible though it be to define them in words the language of love speaks them more plainly than cornet voice. Most girls start out in life with the intention of marrying somebody, though many of them are what is called too particular. The girl who wants to marry, but is not easily suited, looks around to see what offers, and finds that this man's beard is too red, that one's eyes, too blue, and the other one's ears, too long. She will look a little farther. She examines all that are in the market, and concludes to look farther yet. And when, after having almost unconsciously become a flirt, and having broken the hearts of half the young men in the neighborhood, she keeps on "looking a little farther," she finds herself going alone down the hill on the shady side of the way, still with an indefinable longing to marry somebody, and wondering who will come along to propose to her. It would be rash to advise the young lady to accept the first marrying man who offers. It is equally rash to advise her to wait, and wait, and keep on waiting, and at last marry nobody. But if she desires to be "settled in life," it is well not to be too particular, or too shy to give encouragement to the right man when he comes along.

AN EXECUTIONER'S REVENGE.

Our Parisian contemporary the *Figaro* has lately told a terrible story of a headsman's revenge. Fourteen years ago the murderer Avinain was condemned to death. When, on the morning of his execution, "Monsieur de Paris" entered his cell for the purpose of making his usual preparations for conveying him to the scaffold, the culprit received him with an outburst of abuse, couched in the foulest imaginable language, to which the "executioner of high works" listened impassively, apparently paying no attention to the torrent of insults and imprecations that flowed from Avinain's lips. Arrived upon the scaffold, however, he bound his "patient" to the plank, and then deliberately lowered the death-dealing knife to within a few inches of the murderer's neck, examined its edge, raised it again to its usual hight, and finally loosened the catch with the customary result. As the remains of the decapitated assassin were being removed from the scaffold one of the officials present observed to the executioner that he had not performed his task as quickly as usual. "No," replied the latter, with an indescribable smile, "I let him wait a little." Experience had taught the practised headsman how dire is the agony of the last few moments preceding the dreadful passage from life to death; so, mindful of the wrong inflicted upon him by the doomed man's insults, he avenged the outrage with hideous completeness by "letting him wait a little."

—The Czar of Russia is afraid of European civilization, and the Sultan of Turkey is afraid of that of Russia. Lately the Turkish Government has absolutely forbidden the importation into Turkey of any journals published in Russia in the Armenian language.

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DRS. DILLABOUGH & DINGMAN, Physicians, &c. Offices—Over Livingstone's drug store. Dr. Dillabough's residence, corner Main and Livingstone streets. Dr. Dingman's residence, cor. Dodd and Penelope sts.

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., PHYSICIAN Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his drug store, Osborne Block, Main street. Residence, opp. Post Office, Main st.

JOHN A. BURGESS, M. D. C. M., Graduate of McGill University, Montreal, member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office and residence—First door east of Hess Bros' show rooms, Main st., Listowel. 10

WM. BRUCE, SURGEON DENTIST, late of Toronto. Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Bean & Gee's store, Main street, Listowel. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas. 15

PROCTOR & GALL, ARCHITECTS and Superintendents. Plans and elevations of public and private buildings drawn architecturally and practically, with specifications in detail. Offices—Wingham and Listowel, Ont.
J. C. PROCTOR, Wingham.
WM. GALL, Listowel.

T. W. MORAN, ARTIST, LATE of Toronto, begs to inform the people of Listowel and vicinity that he has opened a studio in the Campbell Block, Main street, and is prepared to execute portraits in oil, water colors and crayon, at prices to suit the times. Instructions in any of the above branches will be given at moderate rates. Please call at his studio—first floor, west room, front, in the above block. 19

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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

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

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

COUNTY OF PERTH.—THE Warden will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's Office, Stratford. 38

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

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

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

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

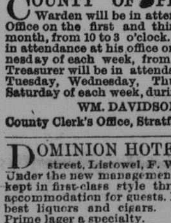
LISTOWEL MARBLE WORKS

A. M. MORROW

Dealer in American and Foreign Marble,

Granite Monuments Imported and Finished to Order.

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



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