### The Aftermath.

Staunton's mansion were not, as they seemed to be, fixed on the last falling snow. Ethel Matherson's thoughts were far away. She was dreaming of the days before her father's death, when, in her distant former home, Col. Matherson's idolated only child, she had been so zealously guarded from life's sharp edges. But in the prime of life her father had been snatched from her by death.

Staunton's mansion were not, as the dream of the storm that was raging in the breast of the outwardly smiling widow.

How Ethel had enjoyed the drive! How kind the major had been, and how interestingly he had talked. How handsome he was, with his strong, noble face, his graceful, well-knit figure, and his finely-turned head, with its irongray hair. Poor Ethel! It had indeed been a red-letter day in her dream of the storm that was raging in the breast of the outwardly smiling widow.

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So little remained for her of her father's once large fortune, when all his debts had been paid and she had so signally failed in giving lessons in music and fancy work, despite her own proficiency in these arts, that this little had soon disappeared.

It was at this juncture that her wealthy cousin, Julia Staunton, widowed and childless, had dawned on her horizon as a possible helper with an offer of making her a companion. Ethel had gone to her with misgivings for the letter in

made a veritable drudge. Mrs.
Staunton had been quick to seize
upon her skill in lace-making and
embroidery, so that, when not engaged in reading aloud or otherwise amusing her, Ethel was kept
constantly busy with fancy work
of the most delicate and intricate
pattern. Thus it was that many a

glance at the sad-faced girl.

"Yes, Mary," Ethel replied, as she sank into a chair. "Mrs. Staunton has not returned yet?"

She did not hear a step bening her, and it was not until a gentle hand was laid upon her bowed head that she started up and saw Maj. Horton, whose eyes, bright with

"No, Miss, but I think she will soon be here. "Tis getting late."

The girl withdrew, closing the door after her. Presently Ethel heard a carriage stop in the street below, followed by the clang of the hall doors. She heard the rustle of her cousin's garments as that lady came up the stairs and to her door.

Horton, whose eyes, bright with tears, were bent upon her.

"My dear child," he said, taking her hand and drawing her gently to him, "what is troubling you? There is something wrong, I am sure. I have noticed your sadness before. Tell me, have I guessed aright that your life here is unhappy.?"

She stood at his side in silence, a delicate flush upon her cheeks, the tears shining on her long lashes.

Horton, you know."

guite marked, don't you think? Why, he has already been here twice this week! I determined the one on which that heart is from the first to win that man, for, will you believe, at the beginning

leave off calling me 'Cousin Julia.'
It might be better that the major did not know of our relationship."

"Must I go?" Ethel asked, pleadingly "It hunter was laid timidly upon his arm, and a sweet pathetic voice was speaking.

"Old and ugly," it said. "Not to me."

"He turned criftle."

The widow eyed her with dis-

'I do wish you would give up that sentimental nonsense," she declared. "It is only in books that such things occur. Major Horton has asked you on my account, as "And I, dearest," he responded,

aching heart and weary eyes, cried happy. And now let us think no

critical eyes. Every detail of her Ethel go into the music-room, re handsome costume was dwelt upon. turned to her own boudoir. After

to her reflected self, "it is just the stole down, entering the drawing thing." She was so deep in room with one of her sweetest thing." She was so deep in room with one of her sweetest the stored to the stored that the st thought that she did not know she smiles on her lips. She stared spoke aloud. "Maj. Horton is ex-blankly for the room was empty. tremely fond of music. More than once I have seen him moved to that the music had ceased. She tears by it. When he has arrived sank down weakly. Whatever did I will have Ethel go into the music it mean?

done greater things than move a heart to make a declaration of circling Ethel. Congratulate me,

lap as, with clasped hands and far- To say that Mrs. Staunton was

what amusing incident had taken not do to betray her astonishment, what amusing incident had taken place at the very outset. On leaving the house Maj. Horton had asked Mrs. Staunton which seat the preferred, and she, secure in the faith that he would drive, had answered in all sweetness: "Oh the front by all means?" The ware of how that lady designed her for a tool to accomplish her

The sad eyes of the girl standing took that beside Ethel. Little did took that beside Ethel. Little did took that beside Ethel. Little did took that beside Ethel. GRAND WORK FOR HUMANITY

with an offer of making her a companion. Ethel had gone to her with misgivings, for the letter in which the offer was made was far from cordial.

things on which she and miss. Staunton were of the same mind. She did not give a thought to her cousin's strange manner, but sitting down at the piano, did as she had been bidden

of the most delicate and intricate pattern. Thus it was that many a night, with aching heart and smarting eyes, the girl had cried herself to sleep.

On the afternoon on which we found her at the window she had gained a brief respite due to the fact that her cousin had gone on a shopping expedition. Suddenly there was a tap at the door, and in response to Ethel's invitation to enter, a trim maid came in, bearing

response to Ethel's invitation to enter, a trim maid came in, bearing a lamp with a rose tinted glow through the room.

"Shall I draw the curtains, Miss Ethel?" she asked with a kindly glance at the and-faced girl.

"She did not hear a step behind to enter the first to enjoy at present, nothing to look forward to in the future.

She did not hear a step behind the step of the first to enjoy at present, nothing to look forward to in the future.

She entered with a smile which, when Ethel was the object on which her eyes rested, she was in so happy a mood that she even failed to note that her companion's hands were, for once, idle.

"Such a delightful time as I have had!" she cried, with vivacity. "I met him down town and we had a very pleasant lunch together—Maj. Horton, you know."

delicate flush upon her cheeks, the tears shining on her long lashes. How kindly his brown eyes, and how strong his arm to lean upon! With a sudden movement she hid her face on his shoulder, the tears falling unrestraintedly, and told him all—all the trouble, the unhappiness, the grieving for her dead father.

"Ethel," he said, excitedly, "there is a home I know of which needs a mistress to brighten it; a heart

"I am glad you enjoyed your trip, Cousin Julia," Ethel said.
"His attentions are becomming lest its owner fell too far short of a are the one on which that heart is

For some moments she was silent, her eyes fixed meditatively on the floor.

"He has invited me to go driving with him to-morrow and asked that you might accompany me. Your companion, I presume, will be that odious Mr. Thompson. By the way, Ethel, I wish you would leave off calling me 'Cousin Julia'.

"Forgive me," he said tremulously. "I see I have pained you. I was wrong to think one so young and fair could entertain a regard for one as old and ugly as I.'

Suddenly he started. A little hand was laid timidly upon his arm, and a sweet pathetic voice

in any gaiety. It seems disloyal to poor papa. Cannot some one go in my stead?"

He turned swiftly and gathered her into his arms, pressing a kiss on her lips.

"I know now," she whispered,

"that I have almost worshipped you from the first. But it was the

has asked you on my account, as my companion, to go, and go you must."

"And I, dearest," he responded, "looked upon you as something to be admired only at a distance. Whenever I called here it was—let me whisper a secret to you—with a idle hands.

"You have not finished the violets on that scarf which you began yesterday, have you? How inconsiderate! You know I want it just as soon as you can possibly finish it. Pray get it at once.

Ethel complied with a half uttered sigh, and presently her cousin left her, with many instructions to hasten the scarf's completion.

me whisper a secret to you—with a hope of seeing you. To-day, as I sat alone, I heard you begin to play, and it was almost more than I could do to restrain from stealing in and catching a glimpse of you. When you played that last sweet song I could restrain myself no longer, for it was one my dear sister used to play to me. Something I could not resist impelled me to go to you. I saw you crying. me whisper a secret to you—with a hasten the scarf's completion.

The day ended as had so many of its predecessors. Ethel, with

Mrs. Staunton, standing before her mirror, surveyed herself with Mrs. Staunton, after h Mrs. Staunton, after bidding "Yes" she suddenly announced what seemed a judicious wait she

room and play some of her most touching selections, in the midst of the door. Surely, issuing from the music room she heard voices. With music room she heard voices with hall, She paused, giving the image in swift steps she crossed the hall, the mirror a knowing nod.

"Well," she resumed, "music has Horton had finished speaking.

dear Mrs. Staunton," he said, "on Ethel, in her room, had let the lace she was making fall into her est woman the sun shines on."

away gaze, she sat dreaming.

Yesterday had been the day of the driving expedition, and a some-rallied. For her own sake it would

## her surprise, "that odious Mr. Thompson" took the seat beside her, and the major, with a bow, RAILWAY

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Dated at Chatham 15th day of March, 1897. MARY HENRIETTA SHIRREFF, Executrix, HARRY SHIRREFF, Executor.

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