FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

It was after midnight when Everard reached Albany, the second day after he had left Rothsay. There the train divided, the New York passengers going one way and the Boston passengers another. Everard was among the latter, and as several people left the car where he was, he felicitated himself upon having an entire seat for the remainder of his journey, and had settled himself for a sleep, with his soft travelling hat drawn over his eyes, and his valise under his head, when the door opened and a party of young people entered, talking and laughing and discussing a concert which they had that evening attended. As there was plenty of room Everard did not move, but lay listening to their talk and jokes until another party of two came hurrying in just as the train was moving. The gentleman was tall, fine-looking, and exceedingly attentive to the lady, a fair blonde, whom he lifted in his arms upon the platform, and set down inside the car, saying as he did so:

"There, madam, I did get you here in time; though I almost broke my neck to do it; that last ice you took came near being our ruin."

"Ice, indeed! Better say that last glass you took," the lady retorted, with a loud, boisterous laugh, which made Everard shiver from head to foot, for he recognized Josephine's voice, and knew it was his wife who took the unoccupied seat in front of him, gasping and panting as if wholly out of breath.

"Almost dead," she declared herself to be, whereupon her companion, who was Dr. Matthewson, fanned her furiously with his hat, laughing and jesting, and attracting the attention of every body in the car.

For an instant Everard half rose to his feet, with an impulse to make himself known, but something held him back, and resuming his reclining attitude, with his hat over his eyes in such a manner that he could see without being himself seen, he prepared to watch the unsuspecting couple in front of him, and their flirtation, for it seemed to be that in sober earnest.

Josey was all life and fun, and could scarcely keep still a moment, but turned, and twisted, and tossed her head, and coquetted with the doctor, who, with his arm on the seat behind her, and half encircling her, bent over her, and looked into her beaming face in the most lover-like manner.

Just then the door at the other end of the car opened, and the conductor appeared with his lantern and demand for tickets.

"I shall have to pay extra," Matthewson said. "You ate so long that I did not have time to get my tickets."

"Nonsense," Josey answered, in a voice she evidently did not mean to have heard, but which nevertheless reached Everard's ear, opened wide to receive it, "Nonsense! This one," nodding towards the conductor, "never charges me anything; we have lots of fun together. I'll pass you; put up your money and see how I'll manage it."

And when the conductor reached their seat and stopped before it and threw the light of his lantern in Josey's face, he bowed very blandly, but glanced suspiciously at her companion, who was making a feint of getting out his purse.

"My brother," Josey said, with a mischievous twinkle in her blue eyes; and with an expressive "all right," the conductor passed on and took the ticket held up to him by the man whose face he could not see, and at whom Josephine now for the first time glanced.

But she saw nothing familiar in the outstretched form, and never dreamed who it was lying there so near to her and watching all she did. So many had left at Albany and so few taken their places that not more than half the seats were occupied, and those in the immediate vicinity of Josey and the doctor were quite vacant, so the young lady felt perfectly free to act out her real nature without restraint; and she did act it to the full, laughing, and flirting and jesting, and jumping just as Everard had seen her do many a time, and thought it charming and delightful. Now it was simply revolting and immodest, and he glared at her from under his hat, with no feeling of jealousy in his heart, and disgusted and sorry beyond all power of description that she was his wife. Rossie had stood boldly up before him and asked him to marry her, but in her innocent face there was no look like this on Josey's,—this look of recklessness and passion which showed so plainly even in the dimness of the car. At last something which the doctor said, and which Everard could not understand, elicited from her the exclamation:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, and I a married woman?"

"The more's the pity," the doctor replied, with an expression on his face which, had Everard cared for or even respected the woman before him, would have prompted him to knock the rascal down. "The more's the pity,—for me, at least. I've called myself a fool a thousand times for having cut off my nose to spite my face."

"What do you mean?" Josey asked, and he replied:

"Oh, nothing; only, can't you get a divorce? I don't believe he cares two cents for you."

"I know he don't," and Josey shrugged her shoulders significantly; "but so long as he keeps me in money, I can stand it."

"And does he do that pretty well now-a-days?"

"Yes, so-so; he is awfully afraid of his father, though, and I do not blame him. Such an old curmudgeon. I saw him last summer."

"You did? Where?"

"Why, at Amherst; at Commencement. I went to the president's reception, and made Everard introduce me, and tried my best to captivate the old muff, but it was of no use; he took a dreadful dislike to me, and expressed himself freely to his son, who reported to me——"

"The mean coward to do that," the doctor exclaimed, and Josephine replied, "No, not mean at all. I made him tell me just what his father said. I gave him no peace till he did, for I wanted the truth, so as to know how far to press my claim to recognition; and I made up my mind that my best plan was to keep quiet a while, and let matters adjust themselves. Maybe the old man will die; he looked apoplectic, as if he might go off in some of his fits of temper, and then won't I make the money fly, for no power on earth shall keep me from the Forrest House then."

"And you'll ride over everybody, I dare say," the doctor suggested, and she answered him, "You bet your head on that," the slang dropping from her pretty lips as easy and naturally as if they were accustomed to it, as indeed they were.

"Is Everard greatly improved?" was the next question, and Josephine replied, "Some would think so, perhaps, but I look upon him as a perfect milksop. I don't believe I could fall in love with him now. Why, he is just as quiet and solemn as a graveyard; never laughs, nor jokes, nor smokes, nor anything; he is fine-looking, though, and I expect to be very proud of him when I am really his wife."

"Which you shall never be, so help me heaven!" was Everard's mental ejaculation, as he ground his teeth together.

He made up his mind, and neither Bee nor anyone else could change it. That woman, coquetting so heartlessly with another man, and talking thus of him, should never even be asked to share his poverty, as he had intended doing. He would never voluntarily go into her presence again. He would return to Rothsay, tell his story to Bee and see what he could do to help Rossie, and then go to work like a dog for money with which to keep the woman quiet. And when the day came, as come it must, that his secret was known, there should be a separation, for live with her a single hour he would not. This was his decision, and he only waited for the train to stop in order to escape from her hateful presence. But it was an express and went speeding on, while the two in front of him kept up their conversation, which turned at last on Rosamond, the doctor asking "if she still lived at the Forrest House."

Josephine supposed so, though she had heard nothing of her lately, and Dr. Matthewson asked next what disposition she intended to make of her when she was mistress of Forrest House.

"That depends," Josephine replied, with her favorite shrug; "if there is nothing objectionable in her she can stay; if she proves troublesome, she will go."

Oh, how Everard longed to shriek out that the girl who, if she proved troublesome, was to go from Forrest House, was the mistress there, with a right to dictate as to who would go or stay; but that would be to betray himself; so he kept quiet, while Josey, growing tired and sleepy, began to nod her golden head, which drooped lower and lower, until it rested on the shoulder of Dr. Matthewson, whose arm encircled the sleeping girl and adjusted the shawl about her, for it was growing cold and damp in the car.

Just then they stopped at a way station, and, taking his valise, Everard left the train, which after a moment went whirling on, leaving him standing on the platform alone in the November darkness.

There was a little hotel near by, where he passed a few hours, until the train bound for Albany came along, and carried him swiftly back in the direction of home and Rossie, of whom he thought many times, seeing her as she looked standing before him with that sweet pleading expression on her face, and that musical ring in her voice, as she asked to be his wife. How her eyes haunted him—those brilliant black eyes, so full of truth, and womanly softness and delicacy. He could see them now as they had confronted him, fearlessly, innocently, at first, but changing in their expression as the sense of what she had done began to dawn upon her, bringing the blushes of shame to her tear-stained face.

"Dear little Rossie!" he thought; "if I were free, I believe I'd say yes—not for the money, but for all she will be when she gets older." And then there crept over him again that undefinable sense of something lost which he had felt when Rossie said to him, "I would not marry you now for a thousand times the money."

He was growing greatly interested in Rossie, and found himself very impatient during the last few hours of his journey. What had been done in his absence, he wondered, and was she more reconciled to the fortune which had been thrust upon her, and how would she receive him, and how would she look? She was not handsome, he knew, and yet her face was very, very sweet; her eyes were beautiful, and so was the wavy, nut-brown hair, which she wore so becomingly in her neck,—and at the thought of her hair there came a great lump in Everard's throat as he remembered the sacrifice the unselfish girl had made for him two years before.

"In all the world there is no one like little Rossie," he said to himself, and felt his heart beat faster with a thrill of anticipation as the train neared Rothsay and stopped at last at the station.

Taking his valise, which was not heavy, he started at once for the Forrest House, which he reached just as it was growing dark, and the gas was lighted in the dining-room.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEW LIFE AT ROTHSAY.

His first impulse was to ring like any stranger at a door not his own, but thinking to himself, "I will not wound her unnecessarily," he walked into the hall and depositing his satchel and hat upon the rack, went to the dining-room, the door of which was ajar, so that the first object which met his view as he entered was Rossie, standing under the chandelier, but so transformed from what she was when he last saw her, that he stood for an instant wondering what she had done; for, instead of a child in short frock and white aprons, with loose flowing hair, he saw a young woman in a long black dress, with her hair twisted into a large, flat coil, and fastened with a comb.

The morning after Everard's departure, Rossie had gone with Beatrice to order a black dress, which she insisted should be made long. "I am through with short clothes now," she said to Beatrice. "I feel so old since I did that shameful thing, that for me to dress like a child would be as absurd as for you to do it. I am not a child. I am at least a hundred years old, and you know, it would never do for an heiress to be dressed like a little girl. How could I discuss business with my lawyer in short clothes and bibs," and she laughed hysterically as she tried to force back her tears.

She had become convinced that for a few years she must submit to be the nominal owner at least of the Forrest property, and she had made up her mind to certain things from which she could not be turned. One was long dresses, and she carried her point, and gave orders concerning some minor details with a quiet determination which astonished Bee, who had hitherto found her the most pliable and yielding of girls. The dress had been sent home on the very afternoon of Everard's arrival, and without a thought of his coming, Rossie shut herself in her room, and began the work of transformation, first by twisting up her flowing hair, which added, she thought, at least two years to her appearance, though she did not quite like the effect, it was so unlike herself. But the long dress was a success, and she liked the sound of the trailing skirt on the carpet, and looked at herself in the glass more than she had ever done before in her life at one time, and felt quite satisfied with the *tout ensemble* when she at last went down to the dining-room, where she was standing when Everard came in.

She had been very lonely during his absence, and she was wondering where he had gone, and when he would return, when the door in the hall opened, and he was there before her.

For a moment she stood regarding him just as he was studying her; then, forgetting everything in her joy at seeing him again, she went forward to meet him, and giving him both her hands, while a beautiful flush dyed her cheeks, said to him:

"I am so glad you have come back; it was so lonesome here, and I was just thinking about you."

Her greeting was so much more cordial than Everard had expected that it made him very happy, and he kept her hands in his until she drew them away with a sudden wrench, and stepping back from him, put on the dignity she had for a moment dropped. But the action became her and her long dress, and Everard looked closely and admiringly at her, puzzled to know just what it was which had changed her so much. He guessed she was thinking of that scene in his father's room, but he meant to ignore it altogether, and, if possible, put her on her old familiar footing with himself; so, looking at her from head to foot, he said:

"What is it, Rossie? What have you done to yourself? Pieced down your gown, or what, that you seem so much taller and grander every way,—quite like Bee, in fact? Yes, you have got on a train, sure as guns, and your hair up in a comb; that part I don't like; the other change is rather becoming, but I would rather see you so;" and playfully pulling the comb from her head, he let the wavy hair fall in masses upon her neck and shoulders. "There, that's better; it gives me little Rossie again, and I do not wish to lose my sister."

He was trying to reassure her, and she knew it, and was very grateful to him for the kindness, and said laughingly, she put up her hair because she thought it suited the long dresses which she meant to wear now that she was a woman of business, but if he liked it on her neck it should be worn so; and then she asked him of his journey, and if he was not tired and hungry.

"Tired? No; but cold as a frog and hungry as a bear. What have we for dinner? And he turned to inspect the little round table laid for one. "Nothing but toast and tea. Why, that would starve a cat. Did you dine in the middle of the day?"

Rosamond colored painfully as she answered:

"I had lunch, as usual. I was not hungry. I am never hungry now, and just have tea at night."

"Rossie," and Everard laid both hands on her shoulders and looked her squarely in the eyes, "Rossie, are you practising economy, so as not to use the money you think belongs to me?"

He divined her motive, for it was the fear of using the Forrest money needlessly which was beginning to rule her life, and had prompted her to omit the usual dinner, the most expensive meal of the day, and have, instead, plain bread and butter, or toast and tea: and Everard read the truth in her tell-tale-face, and said:

"That will never do, and will displease me very much; I wish you would live as you ought, and if it is on my account you are trying the bread and water system, I am here now and hungry as a fish, so you can indulge for once and order on everything there is."

There was not much, but a slice of cold ham was found, and some cheese, and jam, and pickles, and Axie made a delicious cup of coffee, and brought more bread and butter, and offered to bake him a hoe cake if he would wait; but he was too nearly starved to wait for hoe cakes, he said, and he took his father's place at the table, and was conscious of a great degree of comfort in and satisfaction with his surroundings, especially with the sight of the young girl who sat opposite to him and poured his coffee, and once or twice laughed heartily at some of his funny remarks. He seemed in excellent spirits, and though much of it was forced for Rossie's sake, he really was happier than he had been since his father's death. His future, so far as Josephine was concerned, was settled. He should never attempt to live with her now.

All the evening he sat with Rossie, and piled the wood upon the fire until the flames leaped merrily up the chimney, and infused a genial warmth through the large room. And Rosamond enjoyed it thoroughly because it was done for him. She would never have added a single superfluous chip for herself, lest it should diminish what was one day to go back to him; but for Everard she would almost have burned the house itself, and felt she was doing her duty.

The next morning he spent with Beatrice, to whom he told the story of the midnight ride from Albany.

"After seeing and hearing what I did, I cannot ask her to live with me lest she should consent," he said, and Beatrice could not say a word in Josephine's defence, but asked what he proposed to do. Was he going away, or would he remain in Rothsay? A few days ago Everard would have answered promptly, "No, anywhere but here, in the place so full of unpleasant memories;" but now matters had somehow changed. That coming home the previous night, that bright fire on the hearth, and more than all, the sweet young face on which the firelight shone, and the eyes which had looked so modestly at him, had made him loth to leave Rothsay, and go away from the shadowy firelight and the young girl with the new character and the long dress. He might have left the child Rossie in the hands of Beatrice and Lawyer Russell, knowing she would be well cared for, but to leave Miss Hastings was quite another thing, and when Bee questioned him of his intentions, he hesitated a moment and was glad when, in her usual impetuous, helpful way, she said:

"Let me advise you before you decide. I saw Lawyer Russell in your absence, and had a long talk with him, and he thinks the best thing you can do is to stay in the office where you are, and accept the guardianship of Rossie and the administration of the estate. That will bring you money which you certainly can have no scruples in taking, as it will be honestly earned, and must go to some one. You can still go on with your study of law and write your essays and reviews, and so have plenty of means to satisfy Josephine, if money will do it. I do not suppose you will live at the Forrest House, that might not be best; but you will be in the village near by, and can have a general oversight of Rossie herself as well as her affairs. What do you think of my plan?"

The idea of remaining in Rothsay and having an oversight of Rosamond was not distasteful to the young man, and when he left Beatrice he went directly to his father's office, where he found Lawyer Russell, who made the same suggestion with regard to the guardianship and administration of the estate which Beatrice had done. Of course it was necessary that Rosamond herself should be seen, and the two men went to the Forrest House to consult with her on the subject.

They found her more than willing, and in due time Everard was regularly installed as guardian to Rosamond and administrator of the estate. And then began a conflict with the girl, who manifested a decision of character and dignity of manner with which Everard found it difficult to cope. She insisted upon knowing exactly how much the Forrest property was estimated at, where the money was invested, and when interest on such investment was due. This she wrote down in a book of her own, and then she made an estimate of the annual expenses of the household as it was at present conducted.

"Don't you think that a great deal?" she asked.

"Father did not find it too much, and he was as close about expenditures as one need to be," Everard replied; and Rosamond continued:

"Yes, but I propose to reduce everything."

"What do you mean, Rossie?" Everard asked, greatly puzzled to understand this girl, who seemed so self-possessed and assured in her long dress, to which he charged everything new or startling in her conduct.

Rosamond hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"You have convinced me against my will that I am at present the lawful heir of your father's property; I have tried hard not to accept that as a fact, but I am compelled to do so. You say that I am really and truly the mistress of Forrest House, and don't mistresses of houses do as they like about the arrangement of matters in the house?" Everard said "Generally, yes," and Rossie went on:

"Well, then, this is what I mean to do. First, I shall keep a strict account of the income and a strict account of the outgo, so far as that the outgo is for me personally. You know I have two thousand dollars of my own, and I shall use that first, and by the time that is gone I hope to be able to take care of myself. I am going to have some nice, middle-aged lady in the house as companion and teacher, and shall study hard, so that in a year or two at most I shall be able to go out as governess or teacher in some school. My mind is quite made up. There are some things I cannot do, and there are some things I can, and this is one of them. I shall have the teacher and get an education, and meanwhile shall live as economically as possible; and I wish you to sell the horses and carriage, too; I shall never use them, and horses cost so much to keep. I like to walk, and have good strong feet and ankles,—great big ones you used to say," and she tried to smile, but there was a tear on her long eyelashes as she referred to a past which had been so pleasant and free from care. "A part of the land is a park," she went on, "and does not need much attention except to pick up and prune, and cut the grass occasionally. Uncle Abel told me so. I have talked with him ever so much, and he says if I give him three dollars more a month he can do all there is to be done on the grounds, if he does not have the horses to look after, so I shall keep him and his little grandson, Jim, to do errands and wait on the table and door, and Aunt Axie to work in the house, and send the rest away."

"Why, Rosamond," Everard said, staring at her in amazement, "you don't know what you are talking about; Aunt Axie cannot do all the work."

"Nor will she," Rossie said; "I am going to shut up most of the house, and only use two rooms upstairs, one for myself and one for the teacher, and the dining-room downstairs, and little sitting room off for any calls I may have. I can take care of my own room and the teacher's, too, if she likes."

She had settled everything, and it only remained for Everard, as her guardian, to acquiesce in her wishes when he found that nothing which he could say had power to change her mind. She had developed great decision of character, and so clear a head for business in all its details, that Everard told her, laughingly, that it would be impossible for him to cheat her in so much as a penny without being detected. He was intensely interested in this queer girl, as he styled her to himself, and so far as was consistent with her good, did everything she asked, proving himself the most indulgent of guardians and faithful of administrators. Together with Beatrice he inquired for and found in Cincinnati a Mrs. Markham, a lady, and the widow of an English curate, who seemed exactly fitted for the situation at Forrest House as Rossie's teacher and companion. All Rossie's wishes with regard to reducing the expenditures of the household were carried out with one exception. Everard insisted that she should keep one of the horses, which she could drive, and the light covered carriage which had been Mrs. Forrest's. To this Rossie consented, but sent away three of the negroes, and shut up all the rooms not absolutely essential to her own and Mrs. Markham's comfort. In this way she would save both fuel and lights, and the wear of furniture, she said, and to save for Everard had become a sort of mania with her. And when he saw he could not move her, Everard humored her whims and suffered her in most things to have her way. He had a cheap, quiet boarding-house in town, where he was made very comfortable by his landlady, who felt a little proud of having Judge Forrest's son in her family, even if he were disowned and poor. Blood was better than money, and lasted longer, she said, and as Everard had the bluest of blood, she made much of him, and petted him as he had never been petted in his life. And so, under very favorable auspices, began the new life of the two persons with whom this story has most to do.

So far as Rossie was concerned it bid fair to be very successful. Mrs. Markham was both mother and friend to the young girl, in whom she was greatly interested. A thorough scholar herself, she had a marvellous power of imparting her information to others, and Rossie gave herself to study now with an eagerness and avidity which astonished her teacher, and made her sometimes try to hold her back, lest her health should fail from too close application. But Rossie seemed to grow stronger, and fresher and rounder every day, notwithstanding that all her old habits of life were changed.

Every day Beatrice came to the Forrest House, evincing almost as much interest in Rosamond's education as Mrs. Markham herself, and giving her a great deal of instruction with regard to her French accent and music. Every Sunday Everard dined with her, and called upon her week days when business required that he should do so; and he looked forward to these visits with the eagerness of a schoolboy going home. In some respects Everard was very happy, or, at least, content, during the first months of the new life. He was honorably earning a very fair livelihood, and at the same time advancing with his profession. No young man in town was more popular than himself, for the people attached no blame to him for his father's singular will, which they thought unjustifiable. There was, of course, always present with him a dread of the day which must come when his secret would be known—but Holburton was an out-of-the-way place, where his friends never visited, and it might be months or even years before Josephine heard of his father's death, and until that time he meant to be as happy as he could. Josephine did not trouble him often with letters, which he felt obliged to answer. He took care to supply her frequently with money, which he sent in the form of drafts, without any other message and she seemed satisfied. He had sold his horse, his stock was yielding him something regularly now, and with the percentage due him for his services as administrator, he was doing very well, and would have been quite content but for that undefinable sense of loss ever present with him. He had lost the child Rossie, and he wanted her back again, with the short gingham dress, and white apron, and cape bonnet, and big boots, and little tanned hands; wanted the girl whom he had teased, and petted, and domineered over at will; who used to romp the livelong day with the dogs and cats, and teach even the colts and calves to run and race with her; who used to chew gum, and burst the buttons off her dress, and eat green apples and plums, and cry with the stomach ache. All these incidents of the past as connected with Rossie came back to him so vividly, that he often said to himself:

"What has become of the child Rossie?"

She had been such a rest, such a comfort to him, and in one sense she was a comfort now, at least she was a study, an excitement and a puzzle to him, and he always found himself looking forward to the visits which he made her with an immense amount of interest. Every Sunday he dined with her, and walked with her to church in the evening, and sat in his father's pew, and walked back with her and Mrs. Markham to the house after service was over, and said good-night at the door, and wondered vaguely if women like Mrs. Markham always went to church, if they never had a headache, or a cold, and were compelled to stay at home. Occasionally, too, he went to the Forrest House on business, asking only for Rosamond; but Mrs. Markham always appeared first, coming in as if by accident, and seating herself, with the shawl she was knitting, far off [illegible] window, just where she could see what was done at the other end of the room. After a little, Rosamond would appear, in her long black gown, which trailed over the carpet as she walked, and exasperated Everard with the sound of its trailing, for to that he charged the metamorphosis in Rossie. It was the cause of everything, and had changed her into the quiet, dignified Miss Hastings, to whom it was impossible to speak as he used to speak to Rossie.

One day as he was looking from his office window he saw Mrs. Markham going by for the long walk she was accustomed to take daily. He had seen her pass that way frequently with Rosamond at her side, but Rossie was not with her now; and though Everard had been at the Forrest House the night before, he suddenly remembered a little matter of business which made it very necessary for him to go again, and was soon walking rapidly up the long avenue to his old home. Aunt Axie let him in, and went for Rossie, who came to him at once,—evincing some surprise at seeing him again so soon, and asking, rather abruptly, if there was more business.

"Yes," and he blushed guiltily, and felt half vexed with her for standing up so straight and digified, with her hands holding to the back of a chair, while he explained that the Ludlow mortgage would be due in a few days, and asked if she would like to have it renewed, as it could be, or have the money paid and invested somewhere else at a higher rate? He had forgotten to mention it the previous night, he said, and as she had expressed a wish to know just how the moneys were invested, he thought best to come again and consult her.

Rossie did not care in the least; she would leave it entirely to him, she said, and then waited, apparently for him to go. But Everard was in no haste, and passing her a chair he said:

"Sit down, Rossie. I am not going just yet. Now that I have you to myself for a few moments, I wish to ask how long this state of things is to go on?"

She did not know at all what he meant, and looked at him wonderingly as she took the proffered chair, and said, "What state of things? What do you mean?"

"I mean the high and mighty air you have put on toward me. Why, you are so cold and dignified that one can't touch you with a ten-foot pole, and this ought not to be. I have a right to expect something different from you, Rossie. I dare say I can guess in part what is the matter. You are always thinking of that day you came to me in father's room and said what you did. But for Heaven's sake forget it. I have never thought of it as a thing of which you need feel ashamed. You had tried every way to give me the money, and when that idea was suggested, you seized upon it without a thought of harm, and generously offered to marry me and then run away, and so reinstate me in my rights."

Rossie's face was scarlet, but she did not speak, and he continued:

"It was a noble, unselfish act, and just like you, and I don't think a whit the less of you for it. I know you did not mean it that way, as you assured me so vehemently. I am your brother. You have known me as such ever since you can remember anything here, and my little sister was very dear to me, and I miss her so much now that I have lost her."

"Lost her, Mr. Everard! Lost me! No, you haven't," Rosamond said, her eyes filling with tears, which shone like stars, as Everard went on:

"Yes, I have. I lost her when you put on those long dresses and began to meet me in such a formal way, with that prim, old duenna always present, as if she was afraid I was going to eat you up. Mrs. Markham is very nice, no doubt, but I don't like that in her. It may be English propriety, but it is not American. I'm not going to hurt you, and I want sometimes to see you here alone and talk freely and cozily, as we used to talk,—about your cats, if you like. I don't care what, if it brings you back to me, for you don't know how I long for the child whom I used to tease so much."

He stopped talking, and Rossie was almost beautiful, with the bright color in her cheeks and the soft light in her eyes, which were full of tears, as she said, impulsively, "You shall have the child Rossie again, Mr. Everard. I am glad you have told me what you have. It will make it so much easier now to see you. I was always thinking of that, and feeling that you were thinking of it too, and I am happy to know that you are not. I don't wish to be stiff and distant with you, and you may come as often as you choose, and Mrs. Markham need not always be present—that was as much my idea as hers; but the long dress I must wear now—it suits me better than the short clothes which showed my feet so much. You know how you used to tease me." She was beginning to seem like herself again, and Everard enjoyed himself so well that he staid until Mrs. Markham returned, and when at last he left, it was with a feeling that he liked the graceful, dignified young girl almost as well as he had once liked the child Rossie.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEE'S FAMILY.

A few days after Everard's interview with Rossie, Beatrice went to New York, where she spent the winter, returning home early in April, and bringing with her a dark-eyed, dark-haired, elfish-looking little girl, whom she called Trixey, and whose real name was Beatrice Belknap Morton. She was the daughter of a missionary to the Feejee Islands, who had brought his invalid wife home to America, hoping the air of the Vermont hills might restore life and health to her worn-out, wasted frame. Bee did not know of his return, and saw him first at a missionary meeting which she attended with the friend at whose house she was stopping.

"The Rev. Theodore Morton will now tell us something of his labors among the Feejees," the presiding clergyman said, and Bee who was sitting far back near the door rose involuntarily to her feet in order to see more distinctly the man who was just rising to address the audience, and who stood before them, tall, erect and perfectly self possessed, as if addressing a crowded New York house had been the business of his life.

Was it her Theo, whom she had sent from her to the woman in Vermont, more willing than herself to share his toils and privations in a heathen land? That Theo had been spare and thin, with light beard and sandy hair; this man was broad-shouldered, with well-developed physique, and the hair, which lay in curls around his massive brow, was a rich chestnut brown, as was the heavy beard upon his cheek. It could not be Theo, she thought, as she sank back into her seat; but the moment she heard the deep musical tones of the voice which had once a power to thrill her, she knew that it was he, and listened breathlessly while he told of his work in those islands of the sea, and by his burning eloquence and powers of speech stirred up his hearers to greater interest in the cause. He loved his work because it was his Master's, and loved the poor, benighted heathen, and he only came home because of the sick wife and little ones, who needed change of scene and air.

Where was his wife, Bee wondered, and when the meeting was over she drove to the house of a clergyman whom she knew kept a kind of missionary hotel, and from him learned the address of the Rev. Theodore Morton. It was not at an uptown hotel, but at a second-rate boarding house on Eighth street, where rooms and board were cheap, and there on the third floor back, she found Mrs. Theodore Morton, the school-mistress from Vermont, who had so offended her taste with spectacles and a brown alpaca dress. The landlady had bidden her go directly to the room, where she knocked at the door, and then stood listening to a sweet, childish voice singing a lullaby to a baby. Again she knocked, and this time the voice said, "Come in," and she went in and found a little girl of five years old, with black hair and eyes, and a dark, saucy, piquant face, seated on a low rocking chair, and holding in her short, fat arms a pale, sickly baby of four months or thereabouts, which she was trying to hush to sleep. Near her, in an arm-chair, sat a round, rosy-cheeked little girl, who might have been three years old, though her height indicated a child much younger than that. On the bed, with her face to the wall, and apparently asleep, lay a woman, emaciated and thin, with streaks of gray in the long, black hair floating in masses over the pillow. Bee thought she must have made a mistake, but something in the blue eyes of the chubby girl in the chair arrested her attention, and she said to the elf with the baby in her arms:

"Is Mrs. Morton here,—Mrs. Theodore Morton?"

"Yes, that's ma,—on the bed. She's sick; she's always sick. Tum in, but don't make a noise, 'cause I's tryin' to rock baby brother to sleep, like a good 'ittle dirl."

"An' I's dood, too," chirped the dumpling in the high chair. "I've climbed up here to det out of the way, an' not wake mamma an' make her head ache, an' papa's goin' to bring me some tandy, he is, when he tums from the meetin'."

There was no mistaking that blue eyed, fair-haired child for other than Theodore Morton's, and Beatrice stooped down and kissed her round rosy cheek, and asked:

"What is your name, little one?"

"Mamie—Mamie Morton; but dey call me Bunchie, 'cause I's so fat, an' I's mamma's darlin', and was tree 'ears old next week," was the reply; and then Bee turned to the elf, and laying her hand on the jet-black hair, said:

"And your name is what?"

"Trixey everybody calls me but papa, who sometimes says Bee; but that ain't my very name. It's ever so long, with many B's in it," was the reply, and Bee's heart gave a great bound as she said:

"Is it Beatrice?"

"Yes, an' more too, Beatrice somethin'."

"Beatrice Belknap, perhaps," guessed the lady, and the child replied:

"That's it, but how did you know?" and the great eyes, so very black and inquisitive, looked wonderingly at Bee, who answered:

"I am Beatrice Belknap, the lady for whom you were named, and I've come to see you. I used to know your father. Is he well?"

"Papa? Yes, he's very well, but mamma," and the child put on a very wise and confidential look as she added in a whisper, "mamma's *shiftless* all the time."

Bee could not repress a smile at this quaint form of speech, and she asked:

"And do you take care of baby? Is there no nurse?"

"We had Leath over home," Trixey said, "but she couldn't come with us, 'cause we're so poor, an' papa has no money."

"But he buyed me some yed soos," Bunchie said, sticking up her little feet, encased in a new pair of red morocco shoes, the first she had ever had or probably seen.

How Beatrice's heart yearned over these little ones who had known only poverty, and how she longed to lavish upon them a part of her superfluous wealth. There was a stir on the bed; the sleeper was waking, and a faint voice called:

"Trixey, are you here?"

"Yes mamma. I've rocked brother to sleep," Trixey said, starting up, but holding fast to the baby as a cat holds to its kitten. "There's a lady here, mamma, comed to see us," the child continued, and then Mrs. Morton roused quickly, and turning on her side fixed her great sunken eyes inquiringly on Beatrice, who stepped forward, and with that winning sweetness and grace so natural to her, said:

"I doubt if you remember me, Mrs. Morton, as you only saw me once, and that for a few moments, before the Guide sailed from here six years ago. I am an old friend of your husband's. I met him in Paris first, and many times after in America. Perhaps you have heard him speak of Miss Beatrice Belknap?"

"Yes, Trixey was named for you. It was kind in you to call," Mrs. Morton said, and now she sat upon the side of the bed and began to bind up her long black hair, which had fallen on her neck.

"Let me do that," Bee said, as she saw how the exertion of raising her arms made the invalid cough; and drawing off her gloves, her white hands, on which so many costly jewels were shining, were soon arranging and twisting the long hair which, though mixed with gray, was very glossy and luxuriant. "You have nice hair, and so much of it," she said, and Mrs. Morton replied:

"Yes, it is very heavy even yet, and is all I have left of my youth, though I am not so very old, only thirty; but the life of a missionary's wife is not conductive to the retaining of one's good looks."

"Was it so very dreadful!" Bee asked, a little curious about the life which might have been her own.

"No dreadful, but hard; that is, it was very hard on me, who was never strong, though I seemed so to strangers. I could not endure much, and was sick all the way out, so sick that I used to wish I might die and be buried in the sea. Then Trixey came so soon, and the care of her, and the food, and the climate, and the manner of living there, and the terrible home-sickness! Oh, I was so homesick, at first, that I should surely have died, if Theo had not been so good. He was always kind, and tried to spare me every way."

"Yes, I am sure he did," Bee said; feeling at the same time a kind of pity for Theo, who, for six years, had spared and been kind to this woman, after having known and loved her, Beatrice Belknap.

There was a great difference between these two women; one, bright, gay, sparkling, full of life and health, with wealth showing itself in every part of her elegant dress, from the Indian shawl which she had thrown across the chair, to the sable muff which had fallen on the floor; the other, sick, tired, disheartened, old before her time; and, alas, habited in the same brown alpaca in which she had sailed away, and which had been so obnoxious to Beatrice. The material had been the best of the kind, and after various turnings and fixings, had been made at last into a kind of wrapper, which was trimmed with a part of another old brown dress of a different shade. Nothing could be more unbecoming to that thin, sallow face, and those dark, hollow eyes, than that dress, and never was contrast greater between two women than that revealed by the mirror which hung just opposite the bed where Mrs. Morton was sitting, with Beatrice standing by her. Both looked in it together, and met each other's eyes, and must have thought of the same thing, for Mrs. Morton at once changed her seat where she could not see herself, and, as the hair was put up Beatrice also sat down, and, without seeming to do so, inspected very minutely the woman who was Theodore Morton's wife.

She was well educated,—and she was well born, too, being the daughter, and granddaughter, and great-granddaughter of clergymen, while on her mother's side she came from merchants and lawyers, and very far back boasted a lieutenant-governor. But she lacked that softness, and delicacy, and refinement of manner which was Bee's great charm. She had angles and points, and was painfully frank and outspoken, and never practised a deception in her life, or kept back anything she thought she ought to say, or flinched from any duty. In short, she was New England to the back-bone, and showed it in everything. Vermont, or rather the little town of Bronson, where she was born, was placarded all over her, just as Paris and New York were written all over Bee, and she rejoiced in it, and was proud of her birthplace. Beatrice's presence there was evidently a trouble and an embarrassment. When Theodore Morton went to her and asked her to be his wife, he had told her frankly that he had loved another and been refused, and she had accepted him, and asked no questions about her rival. On board the ship in the harbor she had been so occupied with her own personal friends who were there to say good-bye, that, though introduced to Miss Belknap, she had paid no attention to her, or noticed her in any way. When her first child was born, ten months after her marriage, she had wished to name it Sarah, for her mother, but her husband said to her: "I would like to call it Beatrice Belknap, if you do not mind."

She did mind, for she knew now that Beatrice Belknap was her husband's first choice, but she held it every wife's duty to obey her husband so far as it was right, and as there was nothing wrong in this proposition she consented without a word, and the baby was named for Beatrice, but familiarly called Trixey, as that pet name suited her better. Of the Beatrice over the sea Theodore never spoke, and his wife never questioned him, and so she knew nothing of her until she woke from sleep and found her there in all her fresh beauty and bright plumage, which seemed so out of place in that humble room. Of course she was embarrassed and confused, but she would not apologize except as she spoke of the life of privation they had led in that heathen land.

"And yet there was much to make me happy," she said. "I knew we were doing God's work,—which somebody must do,—and when some poor creatures blessed us for coming to tell them the story of Jesus, I was so glad that I had gone to them, and my trials seemed as nothing. And then, there was Theo, always the same good, true husband to me." She said this a little defiantly, as if to assure Beatrice that the heart which once might have beaten for her, was now wholly loyal to another.

And Bee accepted it sweetly, but had her own opinion on the subject still.

"Yes, the Mr. Morton I used to know could never be anything but kind to one he loved well enough to make his wife," she said; and then, by way of turning the conversation from Theodore to something else, she asked: "Were you sick all the time you were there?"

"Yes, most of the time. My children were born so fast,—four in five years. I lost a noble boy between Mamie and baby Eddie; that almost killed me, and I've never been the same since. There is consumption in our family far back, and I fear I have inherited it. My cough is terrible at times, but I hope much from Vermont air and Vermont nursing. Oh, I have longed so for the old home at the foot of the mountain, for some water from the well, for mother, and to lie on her bed as I used to when a child, and had the sick-headache."

Her eyes filled with tears as she said this, and she leaned wearily back in her chair, while Bee involuntarily laid her soft, warm hand upon the thin, wasted one where the wedding-ring sat so loosely. Just then the door opened, and Theodore Morton came in, the same Beatrice had heard at the missionary meeting, the same with whom she had strolled through the Kentucky woods and on the shore of Quinsigamond Pond. He knew her at once, but nothing in his face or voice betrayed any consciousness of the past, if he felt it. He met her naturally and cordially, said he was very glad to see her, that it was kind in her to find them out, and then passed on to his sick wife, on whose head he laid his hand caressingly, asking if it ached as hard as ever, or if she was feeling a little better.

"You look better certainly," he said, regarding her curiously, not knowing that the improvement was owing to the artistic way in which Beatrice had knotted up the heavy hair, which showed at the sides and added apparently breadth to the thin narrow face.

What a noble looking man he was, and how well he appeared, as if he had associated with kings and queens instead of the poor heathen, and what a change his presence made in that dingy back room, which, with him in it, had at once an atmosphere of home and domestic happiness. He had been there but a few moments at the most, but in that time he had smoothed his wife's hair, and called her Mollie, the pet name she liked, and made her smile, had tossed Bunchie in the air and stuffed her fat hands with candy, and kissed little Trixey, and given her a new picture book, and taken the baby from her and was walking with it up and down the room to hush its wailing cry. And between times he talked to Beatrice, naturally and easily, asking for the people he used to know at Rothsay, and if she was living there now; then, stopping suddenly, he said:

"I beg your pardon for taking it for granted you were Miss Belknap still. Are you married? You used to be a sad flirt."

He said the last playfully, and the two looked at each other an instant, and their eyes dropped suddenly as if alarmed at what they saw.

"I am Bee Belknap still, and as great a flirt as ever," Bee replied; and then the Rev. Theo did a most remarkable thing; he turned to his wife and said:

"Mollie, dear, do you know I was once foolish enough to ask this gay bird to go with me to the Feejees, and she had the good sense to refuse. Wouldn't she have cut a fine figure out there with all her finery and fashion?"

"Yes, I know," Mollie said faintly, while Bee rejoined, laughingly: "You ought to be very thankful that I preferred fashion to Feejees; such a life as I should have led you."

"You would have died," Mollie rejoined, and the conversation on that subject ceased.

Theo had set things right for them all by his plain and playful allusions to the past, which, from that allusion, would be supposed to have no part in his present life, and to have left no mark upon him. He seemed very happy with his children, and very kind to his wife, who was a different creature with his strong, mesmeric influence near her.

"I believe she'd be passably good looking if she were decently dressed. She has good hair, not bad features, and rather fine eyes; but where are the glasses, she surely wore them away?" Beatrice thought, and at last ventured to say: "Excuse me, Mrs. Morton, did you not wear glasses on shipboard six years ago?"

"Yes," was the reply, "my eyes were weak from over-study, trying to master the language, and I was obliged to wear glasses for a time. I laid them off after Trixey was born. Theo never liked me in them."

As the short March afternoon was wearing to a close Beatrice soon rose to go, after first asking how long the Mortons intended to remain in the city.

[TO BE CONTINUSD.]

PATTERSON'S FIFTH PARTY.

Its Safe Arrival at Winnipeg.

The Winnipeg *Times* of the 8th inst. says: Patterson's fifth party from Paris and London, Ont., *via* Great Western Railway and connecting lines, arrived at St. Boniface last night about 10 o'clock p. m. The party numbered 250 souls in leaving London, and had six passenger coaches, one sleeper and two baggage cars. Paris was left at 6 o'clock p. m., Tuesday, the 4th of May, Detroit being reached about midnight, whence they proceeded without transhipment to Grand Haven *via* the Detroit & Milwaukee Railway. A new departure was introduced this trip, for when Grand Haven was reached the party took the magnificent steamer Chicago, of the Goodrich Steamship Line, specially placed at the disposal of Mr. Patterson by Mr. Goodrich for crossing Lake Michigan from Grand Haven to Milwaukee, the trip between the two ports being accomplished in about seven hours. The weather was charming and all were pleased with the sail, which was a welcome relief from the monotony incident to railway travel. At Milwaukee the party embarked on a train in waiting of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, similar to the one they had left at Grand Haven. On reaching St. Paul the managers of the St. Paul & Manitoba Road added another passenger coach in order to provide for the comfort of the passengers, whom they thought overcrowded for such warm weather. They accordingly left St. Paul with seven passengers coaches, one sleeper and two baggage cars, reaching St. Vincent at 3 o'clock p. m., yesterday, being exactly sixty-nine hours in making the journey from Paris, including a delay of five hours at Muir, Mich., through the burning of the abutment of an iron bridge over the river at that point. The party was made up of people from all parts of Ontario, out of which but seven got off on American territory, two coaches, containing about sixty persons debarked at Emerson, but all the rest came on to Winnipeg. The party comprises a large number of respectable people who intend to make the Prairie Province their home. There was only one incident to interrupt travel, and that was a slight delay at Edna, on the St. Paul road, through the breaking of axle of the baggage car, the damage to which was speedily repaired. On arriving at St. Boniface last night nearly two-thirds of the party preferred remaining over night in the train, as it was so dark, and will cross this morning. Among those occupying berths in the Pullman car were Mr. A. Harris, of Brantford; G. P. Black and family, Mr. and Mrs. McDougall and Mrs. Rutherford, of London. The entire party seemed pleased with their trip, and speak in terms of the highest praise of the courtesy experienced at the hands of Mr. Patterson.

—London *World*:—"Age never brings wisdom to the true born ass, but it may tone down his exuberance and cover with a thin veneer of common sense his more preposterous ways. To see human assishness in its most perfect form we must observe it in the young. The young jackass is nowadays a very commonly encountered specimen of his kind."

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DIMPLE CULTURE.

A Cosmetic Industry Which is Destined to a Great Success.

A handsome woman, elegantly dressed, entered a Broadway car in which a reporter was riding yesterday, and immediately but unconsciously diverted the attention of a dapper little man who sat next the reporter, and who had been staring out of countenance all the other ladies in the car. The little man, who looked like something between a hair-dresser and a middle-aged beau, drew a note-book from his pocket, and after making a slight sketch of the face of the lady who had just entered the car, said to the reporter: "Fine woman, that."

The reporter could not but agree with him.

"What do you think is her special charm?" asked the little man.

The reporter thought it might be a sort of "I don't know whatness," a combination of *chic* and dignity, her graceful bearing, her good clothes.

"I was speaking of her face purely and simply," interrupted the little man. "Do you notice how completely her face is in repose?"

The reporter answered that he thought the lady looked as if she didn't take much interest in any of the other women in the car.

"Now, I will make her smile," continued the dapper little man he turned his back to the occupants of the car and blew his nose violently. The grotesque exhibition of politeness caused the "fine woman" to smile. The dimples chased each other over her cheeks and then slowly disappeared. The little man resumed his seat in time to catch a glimpse of the fleeting dimples. "What do you think now?" he asked.

The reporter thought that the lady was very pretty when she smiled, and that her face was as dimpled as that of a baby or a Watteau shepherdless.

"Those dimples are her particular charm," said the little man, "She is handsome without them, beautiful with them. In five years from to day—perhaps before that—when my method becomes known, New York city will be filled with women who having been plain become pretty, having been pretty become handsome, having been handsome become beautiful."

"Oh, then, you are a sort of a"—began the reporter. The little man handed him a card. It bore simply the words, "Professor A. Verroni, No. 12 Daffodil Place." "That is my name and address," said he. "By profession I am a surgeon, graduate of the School of Medicine, Paris. I am a specialist, however, like many of the eminent—I would say like many physicians and surgeons of the present time, and my speciality is to place dimples in the faces of those to whom nature has denied this charm. Now some women can get up a six-inch smile without doing anything further than put their mouths in a parenthesis, and others laugh as if they had dimples in their upper gums; but those delicate, expressive little hollows that you see in the cheeks are called up by the slightest movement of the lips of those who possess then and speak volumes—whole libraries."

The reporter suggested that he already knew all about the poetical aspects of dimples; and he would be obliged to the Professor if he would tell him what a dimple was.

"Well, sir," said Professor Verroni, "a dimple—a natural dimple that is—is simply a slight hollow between two muscles or over a muscle and the skin is more firmly attached to the subjacent tissues at this point than at other points. Hence when the muscles contract as in the act of smiling, the skin is drawn down into the hollow, forming a dimple, that beautiful"——

"Yes," said the reporter, "but how do you make them?"

"I make a puncture in the skin at the point where the dimple is required," answered the Professor, "a puncture that cannot be noticed when it is healed, and with a very delicate instrument I remove a small portion of the muscle. Then I excite a slight inflamation which attaches the skin to the subcutaneous hollow I have formed. In a few days the wound—if wound it can be called—has healed, and a charming dimple is the result."

The reporter suggested that there ought to be a good deal of money in the new operation.

"There is," said the Professor. "Women will be made lovely and I will be made rich."

"How many times have you performed this operation?' asked the reporter.

"Many times in France," answered the Professor; "never yet in America. To-morrow I begin operating on several actresses who wish dimples on their faces, shoulders, arms and—yes, shoulders and arms."

"You speak English very well for a Frenchman, Professor," said the reporter.

"Maybe you think I ain't a Frenchman," said the Professor, savagely.

"Oh, not at all," said the reporter in a non-committal way; "here's my street, Professor. Good day."—*N. Y. World.*

A WOMAN'S PREDICAMENT.

A fashionable lady of San Francisco attired herself in a party dress, and had a full-length photograph taken. Enveloping her tightly-laced finery in a balloon cloak, she descended to the street, hailed a street car, and seated herself within. When her street was reached she motioned to the conductor, and attempted to rise. But so tightly was the poor thing harnessed that she couldn't get up, and blushing scarlet, she told the conductor that she would go a few blocks further. When the terminus of the line was reached and the last gentleman had left the car, the conductor asked her if she wanted to ride back. "No sir," she replied, with sweet simplicity, "I merely want some help, for I can't get up." The conductor set her on her feet, and she walked home a wiser woman.

TRANSMISSION OF LIGHT.

Professor A. Graham Bell has deposited with the Smithsonian Institute a sealed package containing an account of the first results obtained by him with an instrument which he conceived two years ago, and by which light can be transmitted just as the telephone transmits sound. "Whether this means," says the Boston *Herald*, "that the actual sunlight which, for instance, is flooding London or Constantinople while Boston is steeped in the darkness of night, may be cabled to the Hub for illuminating purposes, or whether it is that images of objects may be made visible at a distance, does not appear."

—Patti, it seems, refuses to re-enter society. O, why will you shut yourself up and be an oyster-Patti?

—Help from an unexpected quarter, as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the lady of the house.

—A clergyman at Bellows Falls, Vt., recently announced, before his sermon, an intention of marriage, and then upset the gravity of his audience by saying as his text, "In the resurrection, therefore, when they shall rise, whose wife shall she be?"

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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

[illegible] Friday in each month.
DR. J. A. BURGESS
Registrar.

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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.