# FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

## CHAPTER I.

TWO LETTERS.

The first, a small half-sheet, enclosed in large thick envelope, and addressed in a childish, unformed hand, to Mr. James Everard Forrest, Junior, Elicottville, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, with the request in the lower lest hand corner for the postmaster to forward immediately; the second, a dainty little perfumed missive, with a fanciful monogram, directed in a plain round hand to J. Everard Forrest, Esq., Ellicottville, Mass., with the words "in haste" written in the corner. Both letters were in a hurry, and both found their way together to a brown-haired, brown-eyed, brown-faced young man, who sat under the shadow of the big maple tree on the Common in Ellicottville, lazily puffing his cigar and fanning himself with his Panama hat, for the thermometer was ninety in the shade, and the hour 10 a. m. of a sultry July day. At first it was almost too much exertion to break the seals, and for a moment J. Evarard Forrest, Jr., toyed with the smaller envelope of the two, and studied the handwriting.

"I may as well see what Josey wants of me in haste," he said at last, and breaking the seal, he read:

HOLBURTON, July 15.

"DEAR NED: You must come to-morrow on the four o'clock train. Everything has gone sixes and sevens, for just at the very last Mrs. Murdock, who has been dying for twenty years or more, must really die, and the Murdock boys can't act, so you must take the character of the bridegroom in the play where I am to be the bride. You will have very little to say. You can learn it all in fifteen minutes, but you must come to-morrow so as to rehearse with us once at least. Now, don't you dare fail. I shall meet you at the station.

"Yours lovingly,
"JOSEPHINE FLEMING.

"P. S.—Do you remember I wrote you in my last of a Dr. Matthewson, who had been in town a few days stopping at the hotel? He has consented to be the priest on condition that you are the bridegroom, so do not fail me.

"Again, with love, JOE."

"And so this is my lady's great haste," the young man said, as he finished reading the letter. "She want me for her bridegroom, and I don't know but I'm willing, so I guess I'll have to go; and now for Rossie's interesting document, which must be 'forwarded immediately.' I only wish it may prove to have money in it from the governor, for I'm getting rather low."

So saying he took the other letter and examined it carefully, while a smile broke over his face as he continued:

"Upon my word, Rossie did not mean this to go astray, and has written everything out in full, even to Massachusetts and Junior. Good for her. But how crooked; why, that junior stands at an angle of several degrees above the Mr. Rossie ought to do better. She must be nearly thirteen; but she's a nice little girl, and I'll see what she says."

What she said was as follows:

FORREST HOUSE, July 14.

*Mr. Evarard Forrest*:

"DEAR SIR: Nobody knows I'm writing to you, but your mother has been worse for a few days, and keeps talking about you even in her sleep. She did not say send for you, but I thought if you knew how bad she was, you would perhaps come home for a part of your vacation. It will do her so much good to see you. I am very well and your father too. So no more at present."

Yours respectfully,
"ROSAMOND HASTINGS."

"P.S.—Miss Beatrice Belknap has come home from New York, and had the typhoid fever, and lost every speck of her beautiful hair. You don't know how funny she looks! She offered me fifty dollars for mine to make her a wig, because it curls naturally, and is just her color, but I would not sell it for the world; would you? Inclosed find ten dollars of my very own money, which I send you to come home with, thinking you might need it. Do not fail to come, will you?

"ROSAMOND."

Everard read this letter twice, and smoothed out the crisp ten-dollar bill, which was carefully wrapped in a separate bit of paper. It was not the first time he had received money in his sore need from the girl, for in a blank-book, which he always carried in his pocket, were several entries, as follows: "Jan. 2, from Rosamond Hastings, five dollars; March 4th, two dollars; June 8th, one dollar," and so on until the whole amount was more than twenty dollars, but never before had she sent him so large a sum as now, and there was a moisture in his eyes and his breath came heavily as he put it away in his purse, and said:

"There never was so unselfish a creature as Rossie Hastings. She is always thinking of somebody else. And I am a mean, contemptible dog to take her money as I do; but then, I honestly intend to pay her back ten-fold when I have something of my own."

Thus re-assuring himself, he put his purse into his pocket, and glancing again at Rossie's letter his eye fell upon Miss Belknap's name, and he laughed aloud as he said;

"Poor bald Bee Belknap. She must look comical. I can imagine how it hurts her pride. Buy Rossie's hair, indeed! I should think not, when that is her only beauty, if I except her eyes, which are too large for her face; but that will round out in time, and Rossie may be a beauty yet, though not like Josey; no, never like Josey."

And that brought the young man back to Miss Fleming's letter, and its imperative request. Could he comply with it now! Ought he not to go at once to the sick mother, who was missing him so sadly, and who had made all the happiness he ever known at home? Duty said yes, but inclination drew him to Holburton and the fair Josephine, with whom he believed himself to be, and with whom he was, perhaps, as much in love as any young man of twenty well can be. Perhaps Rossie had been unduly alarmed; at all events, if his mother was so very sick, his father would write, of course, and on the whole he believed he should go to Holburton by the afternoon train, and then, perhaps, go home.

And so the die was cast, and the young man walked to the telegraph office, and sent across the wires to Miss Josephine Fleming he three words: "I will come."

## CHAPTER II.

DR. MATTHEWSON

The train from Ellicottville was late that afternoon. In fact, its habit was to be late, but on this particular day it was more than usually behind time, and the one stage which Holburton boasted had waited more than half an hour at the little station of the out-of-the-way town, which lies nestled among the Berkshire hills, just on the boundary line between the Empire State and Massachusetts. The day was hot even for midsummer, and the two fat, motherly matrons, who sat in the station, alternately inveighed against the heat, and wiped their glowing faces, while they watched and discussed the young lady who, on the platform outside, was walking up and down, seeming wholly unconscious of their espionage. But it was only seeming, for she knew perfectly well that she was an object of curiosity and criticism, and more than once she paused in her walk and turning squarely round faced the two old ladies in order to give them a better view, and let them see just how many tucks and ruffles and puffs there were in her new dress, worn that day for the first time. And a very pretty picture Josephine Fleming made standing there in the sunshine, looking so artless and innocent, as if no thought of herself had ever entered her mind. She was a pink and white blonde, with masses of golden hair rippling back from her forehead, and those dreamy blue eyes of which poets sing, and which have in them a marvellous power to sway the sterner sex by that pleading, confiding expression, which makes a man very tender towards the helpless creature appealing so innocently to him for protection.

The two ladies did not like Josephine, though they admitted that she was very beautiful and stylish, in her blue muslin and white chip hat with the long feather drooping low behind, too pretty by far and too much of the fine lady, they said, for a daughter of the widow Roxie Fleming, who lived in the brown house on the Common, and sewed for a living when she had no boarders from the city. And then, as the best of women will sometimes do, they picked the girl to pieces, and talked of the scandlous way she had of flirting with every man in town, of her airs and indolence, which they called laziness, and wondered if were true that poor old Agnes, her half sister, made the young lady's bed, and mended her clothes, and waited upon her generally as if she were a princess, and toiled, and worked, and went without herself, that Josey might be clothed in dainty apparel, unbecoming to one in her rank of life. And then they wondered next if it were true, as had been rumored, that she was engaged to that young Forrest from Amherst College, who had boarded at the brown house for a few weeks the previous summer, and been there so often since.

"A well-mannered chap as you would wish to see," one of them said, "with a civil word for high and low, and a face of which any mother might be proud; only——" and here the speaker lowered her voice, as she continued: "Only he does look a little fast, for no decent-behaved boy of twenty ought to have such a tired, fagged look as he has, and and they do say there were some great carousin's at Widder Fleming's last summer, which lasted up to midnight, and wine was carried in by Agnes, and hot coffee made as late as eleven, and if you'll b'leve it"—here voice was a whisper—"they had a pack of cards, for Miss Murdock saw them with her own eyes, and young Forrest handled them as if used to the business."

"Cards! That settles it!" was repeated by the second woman, with a shake of the head, which indicated that she knew all she cared to know of Everard Forrest, but her friend, who was evidently better posted in the gossip of the town, went on to add that "people said young Forrest was an only son, and that his father was very rich, and lived in a fine old place somewhere west or south, and had owned negroes in Kentucky before the war, and was a copperhead, and very close and proud, and kept colored help, and would not like it at all if he knew how his son was flirting with Josephine Fleming."

Then they talked of the expected entertainment at the Village Hall the following night, the proceeds of which were to go towards buying a fire-engine, which the people greatly needed. And Josephine was to figure in most everything, and they presumed she was now waiting for some chap to come on the train.

For once they were right in their conjecture. She was waiting for Everard Forrest, and when the train came in he stepped upon the platform looking so fresh, and cool, and handsome in his white linen suit that the ladies almost forgave Josephine for the gushing manner with which she greeted him, and carried him off towards home. She was so glad to see him, and her eyes looked at him so softly and tenderly, and she had so much to tell him, and was so excited with it all, and the brown house overgrown with hop-vines was so cool and pleasant, and Agnes had such a tempting little supper prepared for him on the back piazza, that Everard felt supremely happy and content, and once, when nobody was looking on, kissed the blue-eyed fairy flitting so joyously around him.

"I say, Josey," he said, when the tea-things had been removed and he was lounging in his usual lazy attitude upon the door-step and smoking his cigar, "it's a heap nicer here than down in that hot, close hall. Let's not go to the rehearsal. I'd rather stay home."

"But you can't do it. You must go," Josephine replied. "You must rehearse and learn your part, though for to-night it doesn't matter. You can go through the marriage ceremony well enough, can't you?"

"Of course I can, and can say, 'I, Everard, take thee, Josie, to be my lawful wife,' and, by Jove, I wouldn't care if it was genuine. Suppose we get a priest and make a real thing of it. I'm willing, if you are."

There was a pretty blush on Josey's cheek as she replied, "What nonsense you are talking, and you not yet through college!" and then hurried him off to the hall, where the rehearsal was to take place.

Here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself. Dr. Matthewson was not forthcoming, in his character as priest. He had gone out of town, and had not yet returned; so another took his place in the marriage scene, where Everard was the bridgroom and Josephine the bride. The play was called "The Mock Marriage," and would be very effective with the full glamor of lights, and dress, and people on the ensuing night; and Josephine declared herself satisfied with the rehearsal, and sanguine of success, especially as Dr Matthewson appeared at the last moment apoligizing for his tardiness, and assuring her of his intention to be present the next evening.

He was a tall, powerfully built man of thirty or more, whom many would call handsome, though there was a cruel, crafty look in his eye, and in the smile which habitually played about his mouth. Still, he was very gentlemanly in his manner, and fascinating in his conversation, for he had travelled much, and seen everything, and spoke both German and French as readily as his mother tongue. With Miss Fleming he seemed to be on the most intimate terms, though the intimacy only dated from the time when she pleaded with him so prettily and successfully to take the place of the priest in "The Mock Marriage," where John Murdock was to have officiated. At first the doctor had objected, saying gallantly that he preferred to be the bridegroom, and asking who the favored individual was to be.

"Mr. Everard Forrest, from Rothsay, Southern Ohio," Josephine replied, with a conscious blush which told much to the experienced man of the world.

"Forrest! Everard Forrest!" the doctor repeated thoughtfully, and the smile about his mouth was more perceptible. "Seems to me I have heard that name before. Where did you say he lived, and where is he now?"

Josephine replied again that Mr. Forrest's home was in Rothsay, Ohio, at a grand place called Forrest House; that he was a student at Amherst, and was spending his summer vacation with a friend in Ellicottville.

"Yes, I understand," the doctor rejoined, adding, after a moment's pause; "I'll be the priest; but suppose I had the power to marry you in earnest; what then?"

"Oh, you wouldn't. You must not. Everard is not through college, and it would be so very dreadful—and romantic, too," the girl said, as she looked searchingly into the dark eyes meeting hers so steadily.

Up to that time Dr. Matthewson had taken but little notice of Josephine, except to remark her extreme beauty as a golden-haired blonde. With his knowledge of the world and ready discernment he had discovered that whatever position she held in Holburton was due to her beauty and piquancy, and firm resolve to be noticed, rather than to any blood, or money, or culture. She was not a lady, he knew, the first time he saw her in the little church, and attracted by her face watched her through the service, while she whispered, and laughed, and passed notes to the young men in front of her. Without any respect himself for religion or the church, he despised irreverance in others, and formed a tolerably accurate estimate of Josephine and her companions. After her interview with him, however, he became greatly interested in everything pertaining to her, and by a little adroit questioning learned all there was to be known of her, and as is usual in such cases, more too. Her mother was poor, and crafty and designing and very ambitious for her daughter's future. That she took in sewing and kept boarders was nothing to her detriment in a village, where the people believed in honest labor, but that she traded on her daughter's charms, and brought her up in utter idleness, while Agnes, the child of her husband's first marriage, was made a very drudge and slave to the young beauty, was urged against her as a serious wrong, and, except as the keeper of a boarding-house, in which capacity she excelled, the Widow Fleming was not very highly esteemed in Holburton. All this Dr. Matthewson learned and then he was told of young Forrest, a mere boy, two years younger than Josey, who had stopped with Mrs. Fleming a few weeks the previous summer, and for whom both Josey and the mother had, to use the landlady's words, "made a dead set," and succeeded, too, it would seem, for if they were not engaged they ought so be, though it was too bad for the boy, and somebody ought to tell his father.

Such was in substance the story told by the hostess of the Eagle to Dr. Matthewson, who smiled serenely as he heard it, and stroked his silken mustache thoughtfully, and then went down to call upon Miss Fleming, and judge for himself how well she was fitted to be the mistress of Forrest House.

When Everard came and was introduced to him after the rehearsal, there was a singular expression in the eyes which scanned the young man so curiously; but the doctor's manners were perfect, and never had Everard been treated with more deference and respect than by this handsome stranger, who called upon him at Mrs. Fleming's early in the morning, and in the course of an hour established himself on such terms of intimacy with the young man that he learned more of his family history than Josephine herself knew after an acquaintance of more than a year. Everard never could explain to himself how he was led on naturally and easily to speak of his home in Rothsay, the grand old place of which he would be heir, as he was the only child. He did not know how much his father was worth, he said, as his fortune was estimated at various sums, but it didn't do him much good, for the governor was close, and insisted upon knowing how every penny was spent. Consequently Everard, who was fast and expensive in his habits, was, as he expressed it, always hard up, and if his mother did not occasionally send him something unknown to his father he would be in desperate straits, for a fellow in college with the reputation of being rich must have money.

Here Everard thought of Rosamond and what she had sent him, but he could not speak of that to this stranger, who sat smiling so sweetly upon him, and leading him on step by step until at last Rossie's name did drop from his lips, and was quickly caught up by Dr. Matthewson.

"Rossie!" he repeated, in his low, purring tone, "Rossie!" Who is she? Have you a sister?"

"Oh, no. I told you I was an only child. Rossie is Rosamond Hastings, a little girl whose mother was my mother's most intimate friend. They were school girls together, and pledged themselves to stand by each other should either ever come to grief, as Mrs. Hastings did."

"Married unhappily perhaps?" the doctor suggested, and Everard replied:

"Yes; married a man much older than herself, who abused her so shamefully that she left him at last, and sought refuge with my mother. Fortunately this Hastings died soon after, so she was freed from him; but she had another terror in the shape of his son, the child of a former marriage, who annoyed her dreadfully."

"How could he," the doctor asked, and Everard replied:

"I hardly know. I believe, though, it was about some house or piece of land, of which Mrs. Hastings held the deed for Rossie, and this John thought he ought to share it, at least, and seemed to think it a fortune, when in tact it proved to be worth only two thousand dollars, which is all Rosamond has of her own."

"Perhaps he did not know how little there was, and thought it unjust for his half-sister to have all his father left, and he nothing," the doctor said, and it never once occurred to Everard to wonder how he knew that Mr. Hastings left all to his daughter, and nothing to his son.

He was wholly unsuspicious, and went on:

"Possibly; at all events he worried his stepmother into hysterics by coming there one day in winter, and demanding first the deed or will, and second his sister, whom he said his father gave to his charge. But I settled him!"

"Yes?" the doctor said interrogatively, and Everard continued:

"Father was gone, and this wretch, who must have been in liquor, was bullying my mother, and declaring he would go to the room where Mrs. Hastings was fainting for fear of him, when I came in from riding, and just bade him begone; and when he said to me sneeringly, 'Oh, little David, what do you think you can do with the giant, you have no sling?' I hit him a cut with my riding-whip which made him wince with pain, and I followed up the blows till he left the house vowing vengeance on me for the insult offered him."

"And since then?" the doctor asked.

"Since then I have never seen him. After Mrs. Hastings died he wrote an impertinent letter to father asking the guardianship of his sister, but we had promised her mother solemnly never to let her fall into his hands or under his influence, and father wrote such a letter as settled him; at least, we have never heard from him since, and that is eight years ago. Nor should I know him either, for it was dark, and he all muffled up."

"And have you no fear of him, that he may yet be revenged? People like him do not take cowhidings quietly," the doctor asked.

"No, I've no fear of him, for what can he do to me? Besides, I should not wonder if he were dead. We have never heard of him since that letter to father," was Everard's reply, and after a moment his companion continued:

"And this girl—is she pretty and bright, and how old is she now?"

"Rossie must be thirteen," Everard said, "and the very nicest girl in the world but as to being pretty, she is too thin for that, though she has splendid eyes, large and brilliant, and black as midnight, and what is peculiar for such eyes, her hair which ripples all over her head, is a rich chestnut brown, with a tinge of gold upon it when seen in the sunlight. Her hair is her great beauty, and I should not be surprised if she grew to be quite a handsome woman."

"Very likely;—excuse me, Mr. Forrest," and the doctor spoke respectfully, nay, deferently, "excuse me if I appear too familiar. We have talked together so freely that you do not seem a stranger, and friendships, you know, are not always measured by time."

Everard bowed, and, foolish boy that he was, felt flattered by this giant of a man, who went on:

"Possibly this little Rossie may some day be the daughter of the house in earnest."

"What do you mean? that my father will adopt her regularly?" Everard asked, as he lifted his clear, honest eyes inquiringly to the face of his companion, who, finding that in dealing with a frank, open nature like Everard's he must speak out plain, replied:

"I mean, perhaps you will marry her."

"I marry Rossie! Absurd! Why, I would as soon think of marrying my sister," and Everard laughed merrily at the idea.

"Such a thing is possible," returned the doctor, "though your father might object on the score of family, if that brother is such a scamp. I imagine he is rather proud; your father, I mean—not that brother."

"Rossie's family is well enough for anything I know to the contrary," said Everard. "Father would not object to that, though he is infernally proud. He is a South Carolinian, born in Charleston, and boasts of Southern blood and Southern aristocracy, while mother is a Bostonian of the bluest dye, and both would think the Queen of England honored to have a daughter marry their son. Nothing would put father in such a passion as for me to make what he thought a *mesalliance*."

"Yes, I see, and yet—"

The doctor did not finish the sentence, but looked instead down into the garden where Josephine was flitting among the flowers.

"Miss Fleming is a very beautiful girl," the doctor said at last, and Everard responded heartily:

"Yes, the handsomest I ever saw."

"And rumor says you two are very fond of each other," was the doctor's next remark, which brought a blush like that of a young girl to Everard's cheek, but elicited no reply, for there was beginning to dawn upon his mind a suspicion that his inmost secrets were being wrung from him by this smooth-tongued stranger, who quick to detect every fluctuation of thought and feeling in another, saw he had gone far enough, and having learned all he cared to know, he arose to go, and after a good-morning to Everard and a few soft speeches to Josephine, walked away and left the pair alone.

## CHAPTER III.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

The long hall, or rather ball-room, of the old Eagle tavern was crowded to its utmost capacity, for the entertainment had been talked of for a long time, and as the proceeds were to help buy a fire-engine, the whole town was interested, and the whole town was there. First on the programme came tableaux and charades, interspersed with music from the Ellicott band, and then there was a great hush of expectation and eager anticipation, for the gem of the performance was reserved for the last.

Behind the scenes, in the little ante-rooms where the dressing and powdering, and masking and jesting were all going on promiscuously, Josephine Fleming was in a state of great excitement, but hers was a face and complexion which never looked red or tired. She was, perhaps, a shade paler than her wont, and her eyes were brighter and bluer as she stood before the little two-foot glass, giving the last touches to her bridal toilet.

And never was real bride more transcendently lovely than Josephine Fleming when she stood at last ready and waiting to be called, in her fleecy tarlatan, with her long veil sweeping back from her face, and showing like a silver net upon her golden hair. And Everard, in his dark, boyish beauty, looked worthy of the bride, as he bent over her and whispered something in her ear which had reference to a future day when this they were doing in jest should be done in sober earnest. For a moment they were alone. Dr. Matthewson had managed to clear the little room, and now he came to them and said:

"I feel I shall be doing wrong to let this go any further without telling you that I have a right to make the marriage lawful, if you say so. A few years ago I was a clergyman in good and regular standing in the Methodist Episcopal church at Clarence, in the western part of this State. I am not in regular and good standing now; the world, the flesh, and the devil, especially the latter, got the upper hand of me, but I still have the power to marry you fast and strong. You two are engaged, I hear. Suppose, for the fun of it, we make this marriage real? What do you say?"

He was looking at Everard, but he spoke to Josephine, feeling that hers would be of the more ready assent of the two. She was standing with her arm linked in Everard's, and at Dr. Matthewson's words she lifted her blue eyes coyly into her lover's face, and said:

"Wouldn't that be capital, and shouldn't we steal a march on everybody?"

She waited for him to speak, but his answer did not come at once. It is true he had said something of this very nature to her only the night before, but now when it came to him as something which might be if he choose, he started as if he had been stung, and the color faded from his lips, which quivered as he said, with an effort to smile:

"I'd like it vastly, only you see I am not through college, and I should be expelled at once. Then father never would forgive me. He'd disinherit me, sure."

"Hardly so bad as that, I think," spoke the soothing voice of the doctor, while one of Josephine's hands found its way to Everard's, which it pressed softly, as she said:

"We can keep it a secret, you know, till you are through college, and it would be such fun."

Half an hour before Everard had gone with the Doctor to the bar and taken a glass of wine, which was beginning to affect his brain and cloud his better judgment, while Josephine was still looking at him with those great dreamy, pleading eyes, which always affected him so strangely. She was very beautiful, and he loved her with all the strength of his boyish, passionate nature. So it is not strange that the thought of possessing her years sooner than he had dared to hope made his young blood stir with ecstasy, even though he knew it was wrong. He was like the bird in the toiler's snare, and he stood irresolute, trying to stammer out he hardly knew what, except that it had some reference to his father, and mother, and Rossie, for he thought of her in that hour of his temptation, and wondered how he could face her with that secret on his soul.

"They are growing impatient. Don't you hear them stamping? What are you waiting for?" came from the manager of the play, as he put his head into the room, while a prolonged and definite call greeted their ears from the expectant audience.

"Yes, let's go," Josephine said, "and pray forget that I almost asked you to marry me and you refused. I should not have done it only it is Leap year, you know, and I have a right; but it was all in joke, of course. I didn't mean it. Don't think I did, Everard."

Oh, how soft and beautiful were the eyes swimming in tears and lifted so pleadingly to Everard's face! It was more than mortal man could do to withstand them, and Everard went down before them body and soul. His father's bitter anger,—so sure to follow, his mother's grief and disappointment in her son, and Rossie's childish surprise were all forgotten, or, if remembered, weighed as nought compared with this lovely creature with the golden hair and eyes of blue, looking so sweetly and tenderly at him.

"Ill do it, by George!" he said, and the hot blood came surging back to his face. "It will be the richest kind of a lark. Tie as tight as you please. I am more than willing."

He was very much excited, and Josephine was trembling like a leaf. Only Dr. Matthewson was calm as he asked: "Do you really mean it, and will you stand to it?"

"Are you ever coming," came angrily this time from the manager, who was losing all patience.

"Yes, I mean it, and will stand to it," Everard said, and so went on to his fate.

There was a cheer, followed by a deep hush, when the curtain was withdrawn, disclosing the bridal party upon the stage, fitted up to represent a modern drawing room, with groups of gaily-dressed people standing together, and in their midst Everard and Josephine, she radiantly beautiful, with a look of exultation on her face, but a tumult of conflicting emotions in her heart, as she wondered if Dr. Matthewson had told the truth, and was authorized to marry her really, and if Everard would stand to it or repudiate the act; he, with a face white now as ashes, and a voice which was husky in its tone when, to the question: "Dost thou take this woman for thy wedded wife? Dost thou promise to love her, and cherish her, both in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her?" he answered: "I do," while a chill like the touch of death ran through every nerve and made him icy cold.

It was not the lark he thought it was going to be; it was like some dreadful nightmare, and he could not at all realize what he was doing or saying. Even Josephine's voice, when she too said, "I will," sounded very far away, as did Mathewson's concluding words; "According to the authority vested in me, I pronounce you man and wife. What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

How real it seemed to the breathless audience—so real that Agnes Fleming, sitting far back in the hall, in her faded muslin and old-fashioned bonnet, involuntarily rose to her feet and raised her hand with a deprecating gesture as if to forbid the banns. But her mother pulled her down to her seat, and in a low whisper bade her keep quiet.

And so the play went on, and was over at last; the crowd dispersed, and the tired actors, sleepy and cross, gathered up the paraphernalia scattered everywhere, and went to their several homes. Everard and Josephine were the last to leave, for she had so much to say, and so much to see to, that it was after twelve, and the summer moon was high in the heavens ere they started at last for home, accompanied by the young man with whom Everard was staying in Ellicottville, and who had come down to the play.

It had been arranged that young Stafford should pass the night at Mrs. Fleming's, and when the party reached the cottage they found a supper prepared for them, of which hot coffee and sherry formed a part, and under the combined effects of the two, Everard's spirits began to rise, and when at last he said good-night to Josephine, and went with his friend to his room, he was much like himself, and felt that it would not be a very bad state of affairs, after all, if it should prove that Josephine was really his wife. It would only be expediting matters a little, and the secret would be so romantic and unusual. Still, he was conscious of a feeling of unrest and disinclination to talk, and declared his intention of plunging into bed at once.

"Perhaps you'd better read this first," Stafford said, handing him a telegram. "It came this morning, and I brought it with me, but would not give it to you till after the play, for fear it might contain bad news."

Now young Stafford new perfectly well the nature of the telegram, for he had been in the office when it came, and decided not to deliver it until the play was over. It was from Everard's father and read as follows:

"To J. EVERADD FORREST, JR—Your mother is very sick. Come Immediately.

J. E. FORREST."

"Oh, Stafford," and Everard's voice was like the cry of a wounded child, "why didn't you give me this before. There was a train left at five o'clock. I could have taken it, and saved ——"

He did not finish the sentence, for he could not put into words the great horror of impending evil which had fallen upon him with the receipt of that telegram. Indeed, he could not define to himself the nature of his feelings. He only knew that he wished he had gone home in answer to Rossie's summons, instead of coming to Holburton. And in this he meant no disloyalty to Josephine, nor attributed any blame to her; and when, next morning, after a troubled night, in which no sleep visited his weary eyes, he met her at the breakfast-table looking as bright, and fresh, and pretty as if she too, had not kept a sleepless vigil, he experienced a delicious feeling of ownership in her, and for a few moments felt willing to defy the whole world, if by so doing he could claim her as his, then and there. He told her of the telegram, and said he must take the first train west, which left in about two hours, and Josephine's eyes instantly filled with tears, as she said:

"I am so sorry for you, and I hope your mother will recover. I have always wished to see her so much. Would you mind telling her of me, and giving my love to her?"

This was after breakfast, when then stood together under the vine wreathed porch, each with a thought of last night's ceremony in their minds, and each loth to speak of it first. Stafford had gone to the hotel to settle his bill of the previous day and make some inquiries about the connections of the trains, and thus the family were alone when Dr. Matthewson appeared, wearing his blandest smile, and addressing Josephine as Mrs. Forrest, and asking her how she found herself after the play.

At the sound of that name given to Josephine as if she had a right to it, a scarlet flame spread over Everard's face, and he felt the old horror and dread of the night creeping over him again. Now was the time to know the worst or the best—whichever way he chose to put it—and as calmly as possible under the circumstances, he turned to Dr. Matthewson and asked:

"Were you in earnest in what you said last night? Had you a right to marry us, and is Josephine my wife?"

It was the first time he had put it into words, and as if the very name of wife made her dearer to him, he wound his arm around her and waited the doctor's answer, which came promptly and decidedly

"Most assuredly she is your lawful wife! You took her with your full consent, knowing I could marry you, and I have brought your certificate, which I suppose the lady will hold."

He handed a neatly folded paper to Josephine, who, with Everard looking over her shoulder, read to the effect that on the evening of July 17th, in the Village Hall at Holburton, the Rev. John Matthewson married J. Everard Forrest, Jr., of Rothsay, Ohio, to Miss Josephine Fleming of Holburton.

"It is all right, I believe, and only needs the names of your mother and sister as witnesses to make it valid, in case the marriage is ever contested," Matthewson said, and this time he looked pitilessly at Everard, who was staring blankly at the paper in Josephine's hands, and if it had been his death-warrant he was reading he could scarcely have been paler.

Something in his manner must have communicated itself to Josephine, for in real or feigned distress she burst into tears, and laying her hand on his arm, sobbed out:

"Oh, Everard, you are not sorry I am your wife! If you are, I shall wish I was dead!"

"No, no, Josey, not sorry you are my wife," he said, "I could not be that; only I am so young, and have two years more in college, and if this thing were known I should be expelled, and father would never forgive me, or let me have a dollar again; so, you see, it is a deuced scrape after all."

He was as near crying as he well could be and not actually give away, and Matthewson was regarding him with a cool exultant expression in his cruel eyes, when Mrs. Fleming appeared, asking what it meant.

Very briefly Dr. Matthewson explained the matter to her, and laying his hand on Everard's arm, said laughingly:

"I have the honor of presenting to you your son, who, I believe, acknowledges your claim upon him."

There was a gleam of triumph in Mrs. Fleming's eyes, but she affected to be astonished and indignant that her daughter should have lent herself to an act which Mr. Forrest was perhaps already sorry for.

"You are mistaken," Everard said, and his young manhood asserted itself in Josephine's defence. "Your daughter was not more to blame than myself. We both knew what we were doing, and I am not sorry, except for the trouble in which it would involve me if it were known at once that I was married."

"It need not be known, except to ourselves," Mrs. Fleming answered quickly. "What is done cannot be undone, but we can make the best of it, and I promise that the secret shall be kept as long as you like. Josey will remain with me as she is, and you will return to college and graduate as if last night had never been. Then, when you are in a position to claim your wife you can do so, and acknowledge it to your father."

She settled it rapidly and easily, and Everard felt his spirits rise thus to have some one think and decide for him. It was not distasteful to know that Josey was his, and he smoothed caressingly the bowed head, still resting on his arm, where Josey had laid it. It would be just like living a romance all the time, and the interviews they might occasionally have would be all the sweeter because of the secrecy. After all, it was a pretty nice lark, and he felt a great deal better, and watched Mrs. Fleming and Agnes as they signed their names to the certificate, and noticed how the latter trembled and how pale she was as, with what seemed a look of pity for him, she left the room and went back to her dish washing in the kitchen.

Everard had spent some weeks in Mrs. Fleming's family as a boarder, and had visited there occasionally, but he had never noticed or thought particularly of Agnes, except, indeed, as the household drudge, who was always busy from morning till night, washing, ironing, baking, dusting, with her sleeves rolled up and her broad check apron tied around her waist. She had a limp in her left foot, and a weakness in her left arm which gave her a helpless, peculiar appearance; and the impression he had of her, if any, was that she was unfortunate in mind as well as body, fit only to minister to others as she always seemed to be doing. She had never addressed a word to him without being first spoken to, and he was greatly surprised when, after Dr. Matthewson was gone, and Mrs. Fleming and Josephine had for a moment left him alone in the room, she came to him and putting her hand on his, said in a whisper, "Did you really mean it, or was it an accident? a joke? and do you want to get out of it? because, if you do, now is the time. Say you didn't mean it! Say you won't stand it, and there surely will be some way out. I can help—weak as I am. It is a pity, and you so young."

She was looking fixedly at him, and he saw that her eyes were soft, and dark, and sad in their expression, as if for them there was no brightness or sunshine in all the wide world,—nothing but the never-ending dish-washing in the kitchen, or serving in the parlor. But there was another expression in those sad eyes, a look of truth and honesty, which made him feel intuitively that she was a person to be trusted even to the death, and had he felt any misgivings then, he would have told her so unhesitatingly; but he had none, and he answered her:

"I do not wish to get out of it, Agnes, I am satisfied; only it must be a secret for a long, long time. Remember that, and your promise not to tell."

"Yes, I'll remember, and may God help you!" she answered, as she turned away, leaving him to wonder at her manner, which puzzled and troubled him a little. But it surely had nothing to do with Josephine, who came to him just before he left for the train, and said so charmingly and tearfully:

"I am so mortified and ashamed when I remember how eagerly I seemed to respond to Dr. Matthewson's proposition that we be married in earnest. You must have thought me so forward and bold; but, believe me, I did not mean it, or consider what I was saying; so when you are gone don't think of me as a brazen-faced creature who asked you to marry her, will you?"

What answer could he give her except to assure her that he esteemed her as everything lovely and good, and he believed that he did when at last he said good-by, and left her kissing her hand to him as he stood in the doorway under the spreading hop vine, the summer sunshine falling in flecks upon her golden hair, and her blue eyes full of tears. So he saw her last, and this was the picture he took with him as he sped away westward toward his home, and which helped to stifle his judgment and reason whenever they protested against what he had done, but it could not quite smother the fear and dread at his heart when he reflected what the consequences of this rash marriage would be should his father find it out.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE FORREST HOUSE.

Just where it was located is not my purpose to tell, except that it was in the southern part of Ohio, in one of those pretty little towns which skirt the river, and that from the bluff on which it stood you could look across the water into the green fields and fertile plains of the fair State of Kentucky.

It was a large, rambling house of dark grey stone, with double piazza on the front and river side, and huge chimneys, with old time fire places, where cheery wood fires burned always when the wind was chill. There was the usual wide hall of the South, with doors opening, front and rear, and on one side the broad oak staircase and square landing two-thirds of the way up, where stood the tall, old-fashioned clock, which had ticked there for fifty years, and struck the hour when the first Forrest, the father of the present proprietor, brought home his bride, a fair Southern girl, who drooped and pined in her Northern home until her husband took her back to her native city, Charleston, where she died when her boy was born. This boy, the father of our hero, was christened James Everard, in the grim old church, St. Michael's, and the years of his boyhood were passed in Charleston, except on the few occasions when he visited his father, who lived at Forrest house without other companionship than his horses and dogs, and the bevy of black servants he had brought from the South.

When James was nearly twenty-one his father died and then the house was closed until the heir was married, and came to it with a sweet, pale-faced Bostonian, of rare culture and refinement, who introduced into her new home many of the fashions and comforts of New England, and made the house very attractive to the educated families in the neighborhood.

Between the lady and her husband, however, there was this point of difference;—while she would, if possible, have changed and improved, and modernized the house, he clung to everything savoring of the past, and though liberal in his expenditures where his table, and wines, and horses, and servants were concerned, he held a tight purse-string when it came to what he called luxuries of any kind. What had been good enough for his father was good enough for him, he said, when his wife proposed new furniture for the rooms which looked so bare and cheerless. Matting and oil-cloth were better than carpets for his muddy boots and muddier dogs, while curtains and shades were nuisances and only served to keep out the light of heaven.

There were blinds at all the windows, and if his wife wished for anything more she could hang up her shawl or apron when she was dressing and afraid of being seen.

He did, however, give her five hundred dollars to do with as she pleased, and with that and her exquisite taste and Yankee ingenuity, she transformed a few of the dark, musty old rooms into the coziest, prettiest apartments imaginable, and, with the exception of absolutely necessary repairs and supplies, that was the last, so far as expenditures for furniture were concerned.

As the house had been when James Everard, jr., was born, so it was now when he was twenty years old. But what it lacked in its interior adornments was more than made up in the grounds, which covered a space of three or four acres, and were beautiful in the extreme.

Here the Judge lavished his money without stint, and people came from miles around to see the place, which was at its best that warm July morning when, tired and worn with his rapid journey, Everard entered the highway gate, and walked up the road to the house, under the tall maples which formed an arch over his head.

It was very still about the house, and two or three dogs lay in the sunshine asleep on the piazza. At the sound of footsteps they awoke, and recognizing their young master, ran toward him, with a bark of welcome.

The windows of his mother's room were open, and at the bark of the dogs a girlish face was visible for an instant, then disappeared from view, and Rosamond Hastings came out to meet him, looking very fresh and sweet in her short gingham dress and white apron, with her rippling hair tied with a blue ribbon, and falling down her back.

"Oh, Mr. Everard," she cried, as she gave him her hand, "I am so glad you have come. Your mother has wanted you so much. She is a little better this morning, and asleep just now; so come in here and rest. You are tired, and worn, and pale. Are you sick?" and she looked anxiously into the handsome face, where even she saw a change, for the shadow of his secret was there haunting every moment of his life.

"No; I'm just used up, and so hungry," he said, as he followed her into the cool family room, looking out upon the river, which she had made bright with flowers in expectation of his coming.

"Hungry, are you?" she said. "I'm so glad, for there's the fattest little chicken waiting to be broiled for you, and we have such splendid black and white raspberries. I'm going to pick them now, while you wash and brush yourself. You will find everything in your room, with some curtains and tidies on the chairs. I did it myself, hoping you'd find it pleasant, and stay home all the vacation, even if your mother gets better, she is so happy to have you here. Will you go up now?"

He went to the room which had always been his,—a large, airy chamber, which, with nothing modern or expensive in it, looked cool and pretty, with its clean matting, snowy bed, fresh muslin curtains, and new blue and white tidies on the high-backed chairs, all showing Rossie's handiwork. Rossie had been in Miss Beatrice Belknap's lovely room furnished with blue, and thought it a little heaven, and tried her best to make Mr. Everard's a blue room too, though she had nothing to do it with except the tidies, and toilet set, and lambrequins made of plain white muslin bordered with strips of blue cambric. The material for this she had bought with her own allowance, at the cost of some personal sacrifice; and when it was all done, and the two large blue vases were filled with flowers and placed upon the mantel, she felt that it was almost equal to Miss Belknap's, and that Mr. Everard as she always called him, was sure to like it. And he did like it, and breathed more freely, as if he were in a purer and more wholesome atmosphere than that of the brown house in far-off Holburton, where he had left his secret and his wife. It came to him with a sudden wrench of pain in his quiet room, the difference between Josephine and all his early associates and surroundings. She was not like anything at the Forrest House, though she was marvellously beautiful and fair, so much fairer than little Rossie, whose white cape bonnet he could see flitting among the bushes in the garden, where in the hot sunshine she soiled and pricked her fingers gathering berries for him. He had a photograph of Josephine, and he took it out and looked at the great blue eyes and fair, blonde face, which seemed to smile on him, and saying to himself, "She is very lovely," went down to the sitting room, where Rossie brought him his breakfast.

It was so hot in the dining room, she said, and Aunt Axie was so out of sorts this morning, that she was going to serve his breakfast there in the bay window, where the breese came cool from the river. So she brought in the tray of dishes, and creamed his coffee, and sugared his berries, and carved his chicken, as if he had been a prince, and she his lawful slave.

At Mrs. Fleming's he had also been treated like a prince, but there it was lame Agnes who served, with her sleeves rolled up, and Josephine had acted the part of the fine lady, and never to his recollection had she soiled her hands with household work of any kind. How soft and white they were,—while Rossie's hands were thin and tanned from exposure to the sun, and stained and scratched, with a rag around one thumb which a cruel thorn had torn; but what deft, nimble hands they were, nevertheless, and how gladly they waited upon this tired, indolent young man, who took it as a matter of course, for had not Rossie Hastings ministered to him since she was old enough to hunt up his missing cap, and bring him the book he was reading. Now, as she flitted about, urging him to eat she talked to him incessantly, asking if he had received her letter and its contents safely—if it was very pleasant at Ellicottville with his friend Stafford, and if she did not finish that question, but her large black eyes, clear as crystal, looked anxiously at him, and he knew what she meant.

"No, Rossie," he said, laughingly, "I do not owe a dollar to anybody, except to your dear little self, and that I mean to pay with compound interest; and I haven't been into a single scrape, that is not a very bad one, since I went back;" and a flush crept to the roots of his hair as he wondered what Rosamond would think if she knew just the scrape he was in.

And why should she not know? Why didn't he tell her, and have her help him keep the secret tormenting him so sorely? He knew he could trust her, for he had done so many a time and she had not betrayed him, but stood bravely between him and his irascible father, who, forgetting he once was young, was sometimes hard and severe with his wayward son. Yes, he would tell Rossie, and so make a friend for Josephine, but before he had decided how to begin, Rosamond said:

"I'm so glad you are doing better, for—" here she hesitated and colored painfully, while Everard said:

"Well, go on. What is it? Do you mean the governor rides a high horse on account of my misdemeanors?"

"Yes, Mr. Everard, just that. He is dreadful when you write for more money, which he says you squander on cigars, and fast horses, and fine clothes, and *girls*; he actually said girls, but my,——your mother told him she knew you were not the kind of person to think of girls, and you so young; absurd!"

And Rossie pursed up her little mouth as if it were a perfectly preposterous idea for Everard Forrest to be thinking of girls!

The young man laughed a low musical laugh, and replied, "I don't know about that. I should say it was just in my line. There are ever so many pretty girls in Ellicottville and Holburton, and one of them so very beautiful that I'm half tempted to run away with and marry her. What would you think of that, Rossie?"

For the moment the matter-of-fact Rossie looked at him curiously, and then replied:

"I should thing you crazy, and not through college. I believe your father would disinherit you, and serve you right, too.

"And you, Rossie; wouldn't you stand by me and help me if I got into such a muss?"

"Never!" and Rossie spoke with all the decision and dignity of thirty. "It would kill your mother, too. I sometimes think she means you for Miss Belknap; she is so handsome this summer!"

"Without her hair?" Everard asked, and Rossie replied, "Yes, without her hair. She has a wig, but does not quite like it. She means to get another."

"And she offered fifty dollars for your hair!" Everard continued, stroking with his hand the chestnut brown tresses flowing down Rossie's back.

"Yes, she did; but I could not part with my hair even to oblige her. Of course I should give it to her, not sell it, but I can't spare it."

What an unselfish child she was, Everard thought, and yet she was so unlike the golden-haired Josephine, who would make fun of such a plain, simple, unformed girl as Rosamond, and call her green and awkward and countrified; and perhaps she was all these, but she was so good, and pure, and truthful, that he felt abashed before her and shrank from the earnest, truthful eyes that rested so proudly on him, lest they should read more than he cared to have them.

Outside, in the hall, there was the sound of a heavy step, and the next moment there appeared in the door a tall, heavily-built man of fifty, with iron-gray hair and keen, restless eyes, which always seemed on the alert to discover something hidden, and drag it to the light. Judge Forrest meant to be a just man, but like many just men, when the justice is not tempered with mercy, he was harsh and hard with those who did not come up to his standard of integrity, and seldom made allowances for one's youth or inexperience, or the peculiar temptations which might have assailed them. Though looked up to as the great man of the town, he was far less popular with the people of Rothsay than his scamp of a son, with whom they thought him unnecessarily strict and close. It was well known that there was generally trouble between them and always on the money question, for Everard was a spendthrift, and scattered his dollars right and left with a reckless generosity and thoughtlessness, while the Judge was the reverse, and gave out every cent not absolutely needed with an unwillingness which amounted to actual stinginess. And now he stood at the door, tall, grand-looking, and cold as an icicle, and his first greeting was:

"I thought I should track you by the tobacco smoke; they told me you were here. How do you do, sir?"

It was strange the effect that voice had upon Everard, who, from an indolent, care-for-nothing, easy-going youth, was transformed into a circumspect, dignified young man, who rose at once, and, taking his father's hand, said that he was very well, had come on the morning train from Cleveland, and had started as soon as he could after receiving the telegram.

"It must have been delayed, then. You ought to have had it Wednesday morning," Judge Forrest replied; and blushing like a girl Everard said that it did not reach Ellicottville Wednesday, but he was in Holburton, just over the line in New York.

"And what were you doing at Holburton?" the father asked, always suspicious of some new trick or escapade for which he would have to pay.

"I was invited there to an entertainment," Everard said, growing still redder and more confused. "You know I boarded there a few weeks last summer, and have acquaintances, so I went down the night before, and Stafford came the next day and brought the telgram, but did not tell me until the play was over and we were in our room; then it was too late, but I took the first train in the morning. I hope my delay has not made mother worse. I am very sorry, sir."

He had made his explanation, which his father accepted without a suspicion of the chasm bridged over in silence.

"You have seen your mother, of course, was his next remark, and, still apologetically, nay, almost abjectly, for Everard was terribly afraid of his father, he replied, "She was sleeping when I came, and Rossie thought it better not disturb her, but have my breakfast first. I have finished now, and will go to her at once if she is awake."

He had put Rossie in the gap, knowing that she was a tower of strength between himself and his father. During the years she had been in the family Rossie had become very dear to the cold, stern judge, who was kinder and gentler to her than to any living being, except, indeed, his dying wife, to whom he was, in his way, sincerely attached.

"Yes, very right and proper that you should have your breakfast first, and not disturb her. Rossie, see if she is now awake." he said, and in his voice there was a kindliness which Everard was quick to note, and which made his pulse beat more naturally, while there suddenly woke within him an intense desire to stand well with his father, between whom and himself there had been so much variance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE month of March has witnessed many dissolutions of Parliament. In the reign of Henry VIII. there were two March dissolutions, namely, on March 4, 1513, and March 29, 1544; in the reign of Edward VI. one, on March 31, 1553; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth two, on March 23, 1587, and March 29, 1589; in the reign of James I. one, on March 27, 1625; in the reign of Charles I. one, on March 10, 1629; during the Commonwealth one, on March 16, 1660; in the reign of Charles II. one, on March 28, 1681; in the reign of George I. one, on March 10, 1722; in the reign of George II one, on March 21, 1761; in the reign of George III. two, on March 12, 1768, and March 25, 1784. The coming dissolution, fixed for the 24th inst., is the second that has taken place in March during the reign of the present Sovereign, the first being that of March 21, 1857.

—"Gone are the plaintive days of Lent;
The week of the cross with Christ was spent;
Now He giveth us joy for woe;
Gather the flowers, the first that blow.
The singing of birds,
A warbling band,
And flowers are words
Which even a baby may understand."

GOOD NIGHT SONG.

As sung by Bro. Gardner's Lime-Kiln club, Detroit:

"Bruddors, now dat we mus' part,
Let us gently say 'good night;'
It am better to be good
Dan to jaw aroun' an fight.

"As we go our varus way,
Let us dodge all sort of sin;
If we meet a man of woe
Let us gently take him in.

"Do world am big enuff fur all,
No use crowdin' any one;
Take de road an' walk along,
Till yer days of life am dun."

—Here is a cure for a felon: Take a pint of common soap and stir in air-slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and the cure is certain. This is a domestic application that ever housekeeper can obtain promptly.

—London *Truth*: "We cannot hope to come to the reign of justice and truth pure and simple. We must go cautiously, take what we can get, and put up with the remainder. You are brave, and you have the courage of your convictions; doubtless you are right as well, but you are unwise. Let these evils of which you complain cure themselves by time; all things do."

—Jenny Farrell, of Wisconsin, got mad with her beau because he slighted her and married her sister; she kindled a bonfire under his father's barn, which soon reduced it to cinders and ashes, little thinking she would cinders self to the penitentiary; but she did. Now she regrets that she ever trifled with matches of any kind.

—The famous Viennese painter, Makart, whose picture of the "Entrance of Charles V. into Antwerp" was so much remarked at the Universal Exhibition in 1878, will send to the Salon this year a large picture represent ing "Diana Hunting with Her Nymphs."

—A French physician has published a pamphlet showing the terrible "effects of smoking on the heart." But we have known more terrible effects to be produced on the heart in five minutes by a little maiden in a calico dress than by twenty years of steady and untiring devotion to the weed.


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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

W. M. 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.
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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

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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.

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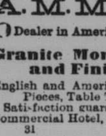

RED CROSS TEMPLE R. Royal Black Preceptory, Reg. Black Knights of Ireland, encamped at Listowel. Regular night of meeting last Friday in each month.
DR. J. A. BURGESS Registrar.

LISTOWEL MARBLE WORKS

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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 Regent 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.