

CHAPTER XLIV, -Continued. ed, striving to speak calinly, "He left Beechc iffe suddenly during my absence, and I fear that I have unintentionally offended

a promptitude of speech that was sweeter than the sweetest music in Ida's ears. "He's at St. Alfonso, in Upper Broadway, or was the day before yearday, when I saw him. He didn't seem then to be quite decided in his mind whether he should start for the North Pole to look for Sir John Franklin, or "Can we not go there at once?" asked Ida, soo much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice his gay badinage. "I want so much

For Mr. Dorrillon," he said, giving his

"For Mr. Dorrillon," he said, giving his card to the waiter, who presently appeared.

"Mr. Dorrillon? Oh, yes, sah," answered the waiter. "No. 60. Ain't here no longer, sah. Lef't heah yes'day. Sailed for Europe in the Euterpe, sah."

"But it can't be possible. He wouldn't go without telling me!" cried Dudley, aghast.

"Did, sah," persisted the waiter, showing a double row of faultless African teeth. "One ob our hacks done took him down to the pier. Oh, yes, sah, he's gone, spreenough." h, yes, sah, he's gone, sure enough.'

Baffled once more! Sick, and pale, and faint, Ida drew down her veil, and leaned back in the deep velvet chair in which she was sitting. Dudley turned

"Mrs. Delamere," said ne, "I regret this disappointment as deeply as you do," (Ida' lips formed themselves into a bitter smile-how little he knew what he was saying! but I can hardly be surprised when I re-nember how unsettled his plans were when last I saw him, and how moody and dispirited he seemed. In fact, I boildly asked him whether he had met with financial reverses, and advised him, as a friend, unhesitatingly to confide everything to the old Admiral." Ida made no reply. She could not have uttered a consecutive sentence if ghe had tried just then, and presently Mr. Dudley

spoke again:

"Shall I accompany you home?"

Ida shook her head.

"Call a hack, please, for me," she said, in w, stifled accent.
'Is there nothing further I can do for

Nothing : thanks !" Fifteen or twenty minutes afterward Ida elamere found herself in her own room at sensation of one who has passed through some

guerdon of life itself.

"Gone—gone!" she cried out aloud, in the bitterness of her extremity, "and I am just too late! Had I been but one day—one little day—earlier, I should have sailed in the same steamer with him—I should have met him face to face! But now a whole continent may divide us before I can reach Engand.

Saturday, Mrs. Delamere stood upon the deck, with her eyes fixed longingly upon the spires and steeples that receded so steadily

n her view. Good-bye, dear land of my adoption! she murmured, softly. "God grant that when I again return to you, I may bring a

CHAPTER XLV.

MOTHER AND CHILD. The roar and tumult of London terminu how threateningly it seemed to sound on Ida's ears, as, worn and weary from travel, excitement, and lack of sleep, she stepped from the railway carriage upon the platform, leaning on Mathilde's arm. That young person, addressing the cabmen and hack-drivers, in a curious medley of French and English, probably induced by the confusion of countries through which she had lately countries through which she had lately sed, was, however, quite equal to the empassed, was, however, quite equal to the emergency, and conducted her mistress to a vehicle, whose driver solemnly declared that his was the only one going in the direction in which lay the quiet family hotel mentioned by Ida, who had stopped there with good Mme, d'Ancour long ago, at the close of the tour she had taken in her companionship during the first year of her widowhood.

The first year of her widowhood. How long ago it seemed. Ida could almost have believed that she had lived half a century instead of barely the quarter of one.

"Will madame retire at once?" said Mathide, when they had reached the hotel, and she had persuaded her mistress to drink a cup of very weak tea, and eat an infinitesimal slice of cold tongue, garnished with pale green

of cold tongue, garnished with pale green

I suppose so," said Ida; "but I shall not by My head aches so, and everything a to swim round me."

Madame is not going to be ill, surely," Mathide, apprehensively, as she gazed at Delamere's pale face, and the blue rings ther heavy eyes.

days her mind had been wound up to a tension whose strain had given way at last. The reaction had come, and within herself she felt a vague dread of fever, or insanity, or some overpowering illness. Well, perhaps it was better so, and yet she felt that she young at this cross—the pearl cross my own would not dis without leaking sees were interested as the structure of the struc

nid not die without looking once more into lover's eyes, or having a mother's words

"Madame has looked like a statue for the week past," said Mathide, "and now her face is like a new-blown rose. Shall I bring my own bonnet? Madame doubtless wishes me to attend her."

"No, Mathilde, I am going to Grosvernor arreet alone. Call a hackney coach for "Giuseppe Antonardi," slowly repeated "Giuseppe Antonardi," slowly repeated

Mathilde obeyed, and presently returned with the news that the fiacre waited ma-

ith the news that the fiacre waited manne's pleasure.
Ida's heart pulsed high with tremulous opes and fears, as the vehicle rattled noisily arough the crowded London streets, in the listy fog of the September morning. The oment she had so long dreamed of and ancepted was near at hand; surely no evil the could rise up to mar her happiness now. The colour came and went fitfully in her neek as the hackman jumped from his sext and threw open the door of the coach with hand.

Ere's the place, ma'am. No. — Gros-retreet. Will I wait?"

Ves: you may wait for me.?

a glanced up at the house as she de-

scended from the vehicle. It was a handsome red brick mansion, built after the solid,
substantial fashion of London houses, with
stone facings and lintels, and an iron rail ea
either side of the shallow stone steps that
led up to the door. The hack man rang the doorbell for her before he returned to his seat on
the box; and she stood waiting, almost
ready to believe that it was alla delusion from
which she should wake presently. A tall,
solemn-looking man opened the door.

"Is Madame Avioli at home?" asked Ida,
in a low voice.

"Is Madame Avioli at home?" asked Ida, in a low voice.

"Yes'm," was the answer: "she's al'ays home afore twelve. Please walk in."

Through a softly carpeted hall he conducted the visitor to a large room, elegantly yet plainly furnished, with carpet and curtains of deep maroon, and tables scattered with books and flowers and little femipine trifles, while a deep easy chair, drawn up in front of the grate, in which burned a fire of sea coal, made not unnecessary by the rawness of the atmosphere, contained a crimson ca hinere shawl, lying as if it had fallen from the shoulders of its recent occupant, and in clusters of newly out roses, half lying on a clusters of newly cut roses, half lying on a table, half arranged in a slender necked Bohemian vase of amber tinted glass, be-tokened that the room had been vacant but

a few minutes, "What name, ma'am?" demanded the footman, pausing with the door knob in his hand, as Ida advanced into the room.
"There is no name. I will aunounce my-

self. Tell herit is a lady—a friend of hers."
"Yes'm," said the footman with a wondering stare, and once more Ida was left alone.
It seemed as if he had scarcely closed the door, when it opened again, revolving noise-lessly on its hinges, and Mme. Avioli entered —Mme. Avioli, as beautiful as ever, in a light fawn-coloured silk morning robe, trim-med with broad folds of cherry velvet, her soft brown hair as lustrous and luxuriant as ever, and her blue eyes instinct with the old liquid light which had once drawn Ida's heart to hers.

The look of surprise and expectation var ished from her countenance as she saw Ida's face; the blush rose suddenly to her cheek.

"Mrs. Delamere!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Madame Avioli, it is I."

"To see me?" Ida came to her with both hands extended. and eyes suffused with tears. Mme. Avioli glanced into her face for one instant, and then, with an impulse which there was no resisting, clasped Ida to her breast.

"Ida, my dearest, we understand each other at last!" she exclaimed, in a voice that

was scarcely audible.

"Yes—at last!" murmured Ida.

"And you have forgiven me?",

"No—for I know now that I had nothing to forgive. But I have not yet learned to forgive myself," was the whispered answer.

Mme. Avioli drew Ida to a seat beside her on the law reference the form.

on the low sofa opposite the fire.

"Sit here, Ida," she said, "and tell me all about it. Only remember, dearest, it is seven years since we last met; and the last."

heard of you, you were in Egypt, traveling with Madame d'Ancour. And here you walk in upon me in London, like a chapter out of our old Parisian life. Oh, I have so much to ask you—to explain to you."

"I, too, have something to ask of you, Madame Avioli," said Ida, the red and white signals fluttering on her cheek, and her pulses throubing quicker as she left the moment of

"Ask on, dearest."
"Madame Avioli—you had a daughter once—a dear and cherished child, who was taken away from you—but not by death?"

Mme. Avioli's cheek grew ashen pale; she dropped Ida's hand, and rose to her feet, as if moved by some unseen impulse.

"Ida, why do you ask me this?" she ejacu-

"Ida, why do you ask me this?" she ejaculated.
"You loved her, then?"
"I—loved her—oh, God be merciful to me! as I loved my own soul? Her memory is dearer to me yet than all the world besides. Oh, Ida Ida! why do you strive thus to break my heart?"
"Her memory?" softly repeated Ida; "then she is dead?"
"Dead, dead! wailed Mme. Avioli, wringing her slender hands, and pacing wildly up and down the floor, with a look of settled anguish on her face which Ida had never before seen there; "if she were not in her grave, my mother heart would have led me to her long ago. Oh, my child—my little iost love!"
"Are you sure she is "dead?" asked Ida, her voice thrilling the silence like cooing tones

her voice thrilling the silence like cooing tones of a dove, sad, yet infinitely sweet. "Why do you wring my heart thus?" de-manded Mme. Avioli, suddenly turning to Ids, with a piteous pleading in her look and

"Because," Ida answered, slowly, "I, too, have lived apart from the love and cherishing that should, of right, have been mine. I never knew the pressure of a mother's heart, the tenderness of a mother's voice. Madame Avioli, do you suppose that if my lost mother had, unconsciously to herself, stood in my presence, her mother heart would have guided her to me?"

her lover's eyes, or having a mother's words of love murmured into her ears.

But there is no wiver physican than nature, and in the long, dreamless sleep that folded Ida about like a garment that night, came balm, and strength, and solace. She rose the next morning feeling like another creature, and even willing to indege in some faint hope for the future.

She dressed herself with care, after the breakfast which Mathilde had brought to her room, and smiled a little at the enthusiastic delight with which Mathilde hailed the returning glow of colour in her cheeks.

"Madame has looked like a statue for the week past," said Mathilde, "and now her week past," said Mathilde, "and now her loss to the sure that this is no baseless vision? Are you, indeed, my lost treasure? Let me look into your eyes—let me feel your heart beating against my own. Call me by the sweet name once again, or I shall believe that I have been deceived by some cruel dream!"

"Mamma"—Ida spoke the word as if it were infinitely sweet upon her lips—"my own mamma!"

And Mme. Avioli sunk upon her knees to thank God for His mercy, with her face hidden in her daughter's lap, and one hand still tightly clasping Ida's fingers lest the blessed gift should vanish away from her even yet.

in your heart."

Ida coloured scarlet, and tried to smile.

"How sharp your eyes are, mamma! Yes, you are quite right; there is something I have not told you yet—but I cannot speak of it now. Some time, perhaps—when my heart is less full and my brain less wearied, for I shall have no secret from you, mamma

""Would you pern you on me." own, merely to gratify the selfish whim of seeing her?"

""I would risk anything—everything—to be with her," I answered, nalf maddened by the bereavement.

""Very well," he answered, with a smile that was as gruel as the grave; "then go to. heart is less full and my brain less wearied, for I shall have no secret from you, mamma darling. But now you forget that I have yet to hear the story of my own life before I can myself remember it; the mystery of my solitude and desolation; the fate which threw me into the hands of villains like Pierre L'Echelle and Giuseppe Autonardi. Oh, mamma, it has been a puzzle to me all my life iong—a wretched, heart sickening enigms."

igma!"

Mme, Avioli looked at Ida's eager face with sad, tender eyes of compassion.
"My poor love," she said, caressingly,
"I do not wonder at it. You have been the
guiltless sufferer for the faults of others; the powerless instrument of a fate you neither understood nor were conscious of—a lonely, wandering child, brought up on the charity and tolerence of strangers, while the wealth of love that should have been yours was yearning in vain for some object upon which to expend itself. Yes, it is a mystery—a heart sickening enigma, Ida, and I scarcely know at which end of the labyrinth of the

show at which end of the labyrinth of the past to begin, in telling you the whole."

She paused a noment as if to reflect "Ida," she said, presently, "if I tell you the history of my life, it will involve the mystery of your own. Shall I confide all to you?"

"Am I not your daughter, mamma?" was the brief, repreachful response. And Mme. Avioli, gently pressing the hand that lay within her own, commenced.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE STORY OF A LIFE. "Can you carry your fancy back, dearest, to a period more than twenty years ago, and imagine me a fair, fresh-faced English girl of eighteen, with cheeks as rosy as your owne so I think, than they are at this nent, and golden-brown hair hanging my shoulders in a mass of shining

But English? Pierre L'Echele was Freach, and he was my uncle, was no not?

"True, Ida: but Pierre L'Echelle was only my half brother, the son of a French-woman, while I, younger by many vears, was the child of my father's second marriage with an English girl, and was born in the heart of Lancashire. We were both left orphans very young, not without means, but Pierre L'Echelle who had been as they draw and Lancashire. We were bota left orphans very young, not without means, but Pierre L'Echelle, who had charge of me and my property, neglected the one and squandered the other, displaying to me such traits of character, that I soon learned to hate and despise him. I grew up pretty, at least so people told me—and I was quite ready to give credence to their flattery—so pretty, in fact, that at eighteen, my brother Pierre hoped to pay a heavy accumulation of debt by delivering me over to his brainless young creditor, a French nobleman, with as little principle as his fr.end, in the shape of a wife. Monsieur de Vive thought that he ife. Monsieur de Vive thought that he ved me, and had no idea that I should prove as docale to my brother's will as most French gurls do to their guardians. But my English spirit and independence rebelled against this. I did not love Monsieur de Vive, and I did love another suitor, Mr. Liscombe, whom I had met frequently in the little society afforded me by my peculiar position. Pierre stormed the citadel of my heart in behalf of his friend, by threats, entreaties, and commands; but in vain—and one night, when he came with renewed solicione night, when he came with renewed solicitations, I feigned to consent. Arrangements were at once made for a hurried marriage, and when, on the following evening, De Vive came to claim my promise, no bride awaited him. I had secretly fled to the English chapel in the place, and married Charles Liscophe. combe. It was a rash, unpremediated act, but I was infatuated with his handsome face and regular features, and even had I cared nothing for him, I believe I should have married him to escape the persecutions of De Vive, whom I hated with an absolute dread

stood in my presence, her mother heart would have guided her to me?"

Mme. Avioli had stopped in front of Ida and was regarding her intently. A strong.

The stood in my presence, her mother heart would have guided her to me?"

Mme. Avioli had stopped in front of Ida and was regarding her intently. A strong.

The strong convalsive shudder seemed to thrill through her stender frame; she put out her fluttering had sa if to draw something toward her, but they fell nerveless to her sides.

"Ida! Ida! why do you ask me this?" ashe faltered, growing pale and red by turns.

"Mamma." murmured Ida, nestling close to her bosom—"my dear mamma. take your child to your heart—the orphaned child who has longed for this place so many, many years."

She laid the pearl cross, with its tiny gold chain, in her mother's hand as she spoke—the sign and token of her identity.

"Ida, is this true, my child? Where did you get this cross—the pearl cross my own hands clasped round your neck?" cried Mme. Avioli. Oh, can I be sure that this is no baseless vision? Are you, indeed, my lost treasure? Let me look ipto your eyes—let me feel your heart beating against my own. Call me by the sweet name once again, or I shall believe that I have been deceived by some cruel dream!"

"Mamma."—Ida spoke the word as if it were infinitely sweet upon her lips—"my

ner knees to until after his father's do even deemed hear at hand—the Adenham mhern ance would reward his manceuvres. In the meantime, my own life was wretched, between the waning love of my brother, and the approaching a great shadowy terror. And at length, when they placed a little girl in your father's arms as the inheritrees of the ancient name and lineage of Aden, his wrath culiminated, and he swore a deep oath never to look upon your face again since his dearest hope—than and lineage of Aden, his wrath culiminated, and he swore a deep oath never to look upon your face again since his dearest hope—than and lineage of Aden, his wrath culiminated, and he swore a deep oath never to look upon your face again since his dearest hope—than and lineage of Aden, his wrath culiminated, and he swore a deep oath never to look upon your face again since his dearest hope—than and lineage of Aden, his wrath culiminated, and he swore a deep oath never to look upon your face again since his dearest hope—than and lineage of Aden, his wrath culimated has a great sh

"'Very well,' he answered, with a smile that was as cruel as the grave; 'then go to. Adenham. ruin your daughter's prospects, and thwart all your own, if you like, but it will be a bootless journey. The child is far enough away from Adenham.'
"'Where is she?' F gasped.
"'Beyond the reach of your folly, Beatrice,' he answered, 'I foresaw this probable scene, and I have averted its consequences.'

equences.'
"I will go to Adenham, and appeal to the baby's grandiather.'
"'What good will that do? He can tell

"'What good will that do? He can tell you nothing, and you will simply be blighting your own future.'
"I felt my own powerlessness, and sunk half fainting on the floor.
"'Listen, Beatrice,' my brother said, watching me with folded arms, and a face which was as hard as adament. 'When you gave De Vive the slip, and married this English villain, I swore in my inmost heart to be revenged. The vow of a L'Echelle is never broken; you yourself can bear witness how I have kept mine.'
"'Pierre, Pierre!' I faltered, 'have mercy on me—give me back my child!"

"'Pierre, Pierre!' I faltered, 'have mercy on me—give me back my child!"

"He turned away from me—his horrible revenge was not complete. Oh, Ida, it never was completed until now. He is dead and buried years ago, but his wicked plots still flourished on, through the agency of his accomplice, Giuseppe Antonardi."

"Mamma," soothed Ida, passing her hands lovingly over Mme. Ayieli's throbbing forehead, "the past is over now, the present ja all our own. God has given me back to you at last—remember that."

The words fuifilled their calming purpose. Mme Avieli pressed ber lips to her daughter's hand, and spoke op, in a gentler, less excited voice.

excited voice.

"You can judge, dearest, how these awful events racked my very soul when they first occurred, when, at this late period, they have occurred, when, at this late period, they have occurred.

"The years passed on how Lived through them I can scarcely tell. Looking back upon them, they seem to me like a hideons blank of suffering—a fevered trance. After a year or two Pierre L'Echelle, disappeared entirely from the orbit of my life, and all enquiry or search, as far as I ventured to institute it, proved futile. To this day I do not know where he was, nor what his purposes or occupation were. Reduced to poverty, I had recourse to my half forgotten accomplishments for support, and because travelling governess to an Italian grit, the daughter of wealthy parents, who were anxious to give/her every accomplishment. I daughter of wealthy parents, who were anxious to give her every accomplishm nt. I think, starving though I were, I could not have been satisfied to settle down quietly even to a competence; but going from place to place with my pupil, I was supported and encouraged by the ever-present hope, dim and uncertain though it seemed, of sooner or later encountering my lost child. Had it not been for that possibility, I should have perished from heart-sickness and despair. As it was, I lived on, wretched and miserable, yet ver totally without a lingering, sustaining

-although, until to-day, I never knew exby the merest accident at the American Hotel, where he was sojourning. Oh, had I but known then how near I was to my dar-ling, how much suffering, how much pain, we should both have been spaced! But he was

as relentless as ever, and I left the country ignorant of your part and future.

"Not long after, a note from Antonardi "Not long after, a note from Antonardi conveyen to me, in guarded sentences, the fact of my brother's death, leading me to infer that my child, too, had perished years before. The reason for this last malicious faiseh od I cannot guess, unless it was a consequence of Antonardi's hatred and fear of me, as one who had been unwillingly cognizant of many of the evil deeds for which he was answerable to the law.

to the law. "Almost at the same time, I learned that

"Almost at the same time, I learned that Lord Aden had married a young wife, thus frustrating all my hopes of ever succeeding to the family estates, that were in no way entailed. He knew of his son's death, but was ignorant that he had ever been married, and I did not now care, to enlighten him. My husband's memory was not sufficiently pleasant to me to render me in any way anxious to court the favoug of his relations, nor had I now a child whose interests I was bound to consider. This seemed to close the first canto of my life.

"The second seemed to open fairer prospects to me. The faded remnants of my girlish beauty were still anticiently attractive to win the regards of Count Avoil, an Italian noble man of weblith and position, although many years my senior, and I married him, for r. st and peace. This portion of my life was happy, if not costatic. I was surrounded by every luxury; and my wishes were anticipated a most before they had time to shape themselves into from by the devotion of my noble-hearted husband. His death, only a year or two after our marriage, left me not only wealthy but the possessor of an undoubted social station, which rendered my position a most envisible one in the eyes of the world.

"Further than this, dear Ida, I have no history to relate. My life has been eventful beyond proportion to the number of its years, and I have often felt—ignorant of this blissful moment still in store for my future—that I, cared not how soon the summons of death should come to end an existence so full of troubles and disappointment. When I met you at Paris, seven years ago, and was drawn toward you by one of those subtle, indefinable instances of sympathy which are so strong and unaccountable, I felt, for the time being, that there was still something worth living for—that perhaps some new interest might rise up to fill the emity void, the yearning space of my lonely heart. But then came your estrangement, to me so mysterious, so utterly without the shadow of a aincle account and once more why scarcely "Within three weeks or your birth, the countees." 'Oh, that dark, evil man But when, Ida? You have not yet told me and people in the streets of Paris, and burned as quietly as possible, to avoid further in restigation by the legal authorities, leaving her lips to it as she answered:

"Seven pars ago,"
"You knew it when you were in Paris before?"
"You knew it when you were in Paris begard to go the word of the street of the possible in the street of the street of the possible in the street of the possible in the street of the street of the possible in the street of the possible in the street of the street of the possible in the street of the street of the possible in the street of the s

and true you were—how foully I had been deceived.

"Where is he now—this Antonardi?' asked Mme. Avioli, passionately." If there is law or justice in the land he shall most risk in the General Oh, have held to refut the land he shall most with his deserts. Oh, have held love for seven years? "be we so gale and rigid, and her lips quivered violently.

"Mamman," Ida's around her neck with soothing, tender pressure, "he is now beyond the reash of any earthly tribulant. Oh, be calm, be your own sweet self. Gimeppe Antonardi; asked in ""Dead" reheated Mme. Avioli, the rigid look melting from her features. "It is the under the garden of the self-garden of the last time. "Oh, la, you who are not a mother voile deed dead? But Ida, I cannot forgive him even in the grave. He has womend me so cruelly—he has blighted my life so fear. Telly."

"But he has restored us to each other ast the last, mamma. Now, listen to me, you shall hear it all. These-state in the last time. Oh, mamma, I never know it was so sweet to have a mother?"

"And then followed a brief recital of the life of travel which succeeded her early windowhood, ending in the sylvan seculation of Beechchiff.

"I used to admire the sweet oid place when I was a child," hhe subjoined; "but I never in my wildest dreams entertained the idea of living there. Mamma you must come and be the queen of my little realm—it is the low may may a seek and coile fire last my wildest decame sucterined the idea of living there. Mamma you must come and be the queen of my little realm—it is the low may be all their plant. "Phirten by a would be sure to wire the interesting with a sort of earthing tonderness into her live to make to him was not then. I 'Eshelle urged me to wait; the lowed to admire the sweet oid place when I was a child," has subjoined; "but I never in my wildest dreams entertained the idea of living there. Mamma you must come and be the queen of my little realm—it is the low my may well as a potture gar and wrath that they disade any no more. "Levine the place of mat

You must wake and call me early; call me early; mother dear.
For our association starts its picnic from the we've a couple of lads to dance, mother, and a dozen or so to spar.

And I am to run the bar mother, I am to run the bar!

"The boys are perfect gents, mother, though they're fond of getting high, So, just wrap up the cartridges and pistols with the pie.

If any Sunday schools, mother, should picnic thereabout, We're able to knock 'em out, mother, we're able to knock 'em out,

Of course there will be rows, mother; if there wasn't it would be queer. wasn't it would be queer.
When I serve them all with mugs of froth, where they've called aloud for beer; but what can you expect, mother, when a couple of hundred meet.
Who would rather fight than eat, mother, who would rather fight than eat?

"If I shouldn't come home at all mother, through being a bit too game,
Just work the hospital list, mother, until you find my name;
Or else at the station house, mother, though the cops would hardly dare.
Yet you'll possibly find me there, mother, you'll possibly find me there!"

Pashion Notes, The old-fashioned Garibaldi waist is being

revived. Seaside suits of flannel serge will be wor in all colours, but bright tints and white will be preferred by young ladies and misses. Gloves are still worn very long, and the new English styles are gathered at intervals around the wrists and a m. forming puffs. Linen band collars have two buttonholes near the upper edge, through which narrow ribbon is run and tied in a long-looped bow. Biscuit-coloured tweed, with collars, cuffs, and accessories of pe cock-blue velvet, plush, or velveteen, make stylish walking suits.

London girls of the highest social position are making it fashionable to take lessons in dressmaking. This is a move in the right direction.

Pretty tea aprons are made of Oriental net, with ruffles of Oriental lace over atrawberry surah, and also of ficelle lace over pale blue

All sorts of materials are used for afternoon tea-aprons; embroidered muslins, ban-dana handkerchiefs, plush, moire and lace are all in favour for these fanciful additions to the dressy house toilet.

covered with gold braid, are consisered very stylish. A silver gray dress embroidered in silver, with white watered silk vest, likewise mbroidered, is a unique and delicate-looking dress for special occasions, but one that soon bears its date. Made lace goods were never prettier that this season. Among the novelties may be mentioned collars and collarettes and the long-pointed collars of Pompadour lace.

These are in various shapes, some pointed back and front, others with rolling and square corners, and some with a square plastro There are the usual number of twilled woollens. A novelty christened velours serge has its twilled surface dotted over with velvet designs. Quite new in cheviots are those with rough surface. At present these are not pleasant to look upon, but with the approach of cold weather it is quite probable they may

have a run. Pretty linen and mull sets have fine em broidered edges that turn over the edge of the collar and sleeve; the collar is fastened with a g ld button, and has a long pin with jewelled nead thrust through the dress and collar—a neat and stylish de-ign. Ruches are used inside the neckband of dresses again; and Pompadour ruches are worn by ladies having long: thin necks. The latest of these

crepe lisse, with fringed edges.
Only a leaf of a rosebud
That fell to the ball-room floor,
That fell from the scented clusters
Of the big bouquet she wore. Quickly he stooped and seized it.
"Tis the leaf of a rose," said he;
"Tinted with summer blushes
And dearer than gold to me."

But when to his lips he pressed it, He muttered in accents wroth: "The blamed thing is artificial, And made out of cotton cloth!"

Mme. Carla Serena, the explorer and writer, has been made an honorary corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Marseilles. She is the first woman even "Yes, my son, advise all your friends not to marry money. When you have succeeded in getting them all married for love, you can then look about you at your leisure and decide upon what particular girl with money you can lavish your love."—Boston Transported

Lucy H. Hooper wants Charlotte Bronte's American admirers to raise \$300 to put a handsome memorial window in the church where she is buried. This would not only be a tribute to her genius, but would be a quiet rebuke of English indifference, and especially of the ingratitude of her widower who kept the \$30,000 Charlotte Bronte had earned, and married another woman.

Dancing is very popular in Italy, but it is conducted differently from what it is in this country. The first thing the men and women do is to take their shoes and stockings off, if they happen to have any on. A man does not go up to a girl and ask if she will dance, but he fixes his eye upon her from a distance and nods. She nods in return, and then both kick off their shoes and advance toward each other and hegin to dance. other and begin to dance.

New Designs for Wearing the Hair.

the end. No. 2 — Divide the front hair about three inches from the forehead, from one ear to the other. Take hairpins and twist the hair round the pins instead of putting out and in, as we generally crimp the hair, and in turning the hair round the pins it will exactly give the desired ir nt coiffure. The all the ends of the hair on the top of the head, and add two or three pieces of natural waved hair with the ends curled. No. 3:—Take a long, false switch and make a small braid, curl the end of it, and mix one with the other and let the end fail behind the ear. Your own hair may be turned in a soft Your own hair may be turned in a French twist.

When Fere-Orban, the head of the present Belgian ministry, was a young man he fell in love with a girl who was considered superior to him in station, and though the damsel loved him in return her parents refused consent to their marriage. As an elopement was out of the question the girl devised an original method of securing the consent of her father and mother. She arranged that her lover should visit the family box at the opera on a gala night, when the house was full and friends were chatting between the acts. The moment the young man entered she arose and flung herself into his arms coram populo. After that of course there was no resort but matrimony.

What is my opinion of woman's regard for woman? Being a woman, I am almost ashamed to give it. I know women have all the tender graces and affections, and there is a great deal said about their warm hearts and all that sort of stuff, but I've lived with them long enough to know that the most of it is boah. Women when they associate intimately as friends do very well, and it is pleasant to see it, but you take three, or five, or any number more tuan unity, and compel association, as in a boarding-nouse for instance, where they live together, not from choice, but from necessity, and I'll wager a spring bonnet that they will be in a constant wrangle from morning until night. Men in the same house, under the same circumstances, never have a squabble: night. Men in the same house, under the same circumstances, never have a squabble; but the women are a laways hunting up slights, making mountains of mole-hills, saying mean little things of each other, and doing all manner of unwomanly unlady-like things, with reference to each other. They will listen to no reason, will not recognize a common-sense argument against their foolishness, but surrendering themselves entirely to the dictates of every petty jealousy, will keep themselves and everybody else in hot water and call it the proper thing to do. If they have husthe proper thing to do. If they have husbands who get along all right, as men do, they will drag them into their miserable little bickerings, and the result is that life is a ceasele's strife of female loveliness turned wrong side out and the devil to pay generally.

The matrons of high fashion and the swell damsels of the Thlinket tribes never make a canoe voyage without smearing themselves well with the black dye that they get from a certain wild root of the woods, or with a past of soot and seal oil. On sunny and windy days on shore they protect themselves from tan and sunburn by this same inky coating. On feast days, and the great occasions, when they wash off the black, their complexions they wash off the black, their complexions come out as fair and creamy white as the palest of their Japanese cousins across the water, and the women are then seen to be some six shades lighter than the tan-coloured and coffee-coloured lords of their tribe. The specimen women at Juneau wore a thin calico dress and a thick blue blanket. Her feet were baie, but she was compensated for that loss of gear by the turkey red parasol that she poised over her head with all the complacency of a Mount Desert belle. She had blacked her face to the edge of her eyelids and the roots of her hair; she wore the lids and the roots of her hair; she wore the full parure of silver nose ring, lip ring, and ear rings, with five silver bracelets on each wrist, and fitteen rings, ornamenting has probled, Theres, and a more thoroly proud and self-satisfied creature never arrayed herself according to the behests of high fashion.

No habit is more inelegant than that of walking with toes turned in, or straight for-ward of us, like the Indians; it always suggests a deject of character quite out of pro-portion to the bodily imperfection, as one may realize any day who will take the paint to observe the movements of those who be lieve that while it is proper to pay attention to their heads, the feet will take care of

way to or from school, we shall notice some who seem to tip up the inner side of the foot and step on the outer edge of the shoe sole, as if thus to escape painful pressure elsewhere. This kind of awkward walk originates in the wearing of too short shoes; others disp ay a firm but elastic gait, their feet di-

"pigeon-toed,"

We once knew a girl of fourteen who was oxyam. This latter will only relieve the the despair of her first dancing master because of the fault in question. Her efforts to obey his orders failed to sufficiently relax the muscies of her ankle. She, howeve, was a determined character, and made up her mind to overcome the difficulty or die in the attempt, and she hit upon a plan which succeeded admirably. Every spare five minutes in the day she spent standing at hem chamber window with her feet extending laterally against the wainscotting. This settled the case in less wainscotting. This settled the case in less than ten days. As the instructor in foreign languages finds it desirable at first to exaggerate the unaccustomed gutterals and linguals, in order that his pupils may afterward fall back with ease on the correct pronunciation, so that my young friend found that by pressing out her feet at right angles previously, she attained the desirable adjustment of pedal attitude, and was no more a reproach to hall or street.

Hygiene for Babies, Food.—At a year old the child must be entirely weaned, and soon he must have daily a little under-cooked meat pounded up into a pulp, and to which a little gravy and salt are added; some potato finely mashed and covered with gravy; an egg, or a little mikpudding. On no account should he be allowed any wine, beer, tea or coffee, though he may have cocco or milk. He should be given his meals regular v, and he should not be allowed to "pick" at bread and butter, cakes, and sweet stuff in the intervals. Children flourish best on fresh foods. The worst nourished patients that I see at the hospital for sick children are those reared on Swiss milk and various patent foods. Rule: Do not give a baby food or physic that is advertised. Food. -At a year old the child must be envertised, Clothing.—Babies and children must always

Clothing.—Babies and children must always be kept warm. They cannot be "hardened" by scanty clothing or cold baths. Their necks, thighs, legs, and arms need to be sovered as well as their cuests and bodies. They should wear long sleeves and stockings, and, when old enough, cotton or flannel drawers.

Fresh air.—Children should be taken out of doors each day that the weather is fine. If they are sent out in a perambulator care. If they are sent out in a perambulator care must be taken that the feet and legs are warm to start with, and that they are so well covered throughout the ride that they are warm on the return home. Every day, unless a bitter wind is blowing, or it is foggy, the windows should be opened for a while; for fresh air is as necessary for children as fresh

Several English and French Medical Gentlemen

And their Opinions on Diseases,

HIGH SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS.

Several medical gentlemen from the Euglish and French armies having recently become associated with M. Souvielle, of Paris, and ex-aide surgeon of the French army, at his International Throat and Lung Institutes, Phillips' Square, Montreal, and 173 Church street, Toronto, where thousands of people are yearly treated successfully for diseases of the Head, Throat, and Lungs by Spiron eter, the present opportunity is emdiseases of the fleat, throw, and spiron eter, the present opportunity is embraced of making known to the people of Canada this fact, and also the opinions of these specialist surgeons connected with the these specialist surgeons connected with the International Throat and Lung Institutes on the symptoms attending the following preva-lent and dreadful diseases, in language de-void of technical difficulties:—

Hemorrhage of the Lungs. As a general thing, hemorrhage from the lungs is looked upon as a fatal symptom. True it is seldom patients recover from lung disease who have had severe hemorrhages

disease who have had severe hemorrhages without the very best care and treatment. Still many cases have recovered fully under properly-directed treatment, who have had several severe attacks of bleeding from the lungs. In the majority of cases the hemorrhage occurs early in the disease, and is consequently amenable to treatment. But when it occurs late in the course of the disease the prognosis is very unfavourable,

Consumption. This dreaded disease is seldom developed in a few months. It is slowly and gradually creeping on the patient, sometimes very in-sidiously, but often as a result of other diseases of the air passages of which the patient is perfectly cognizant, but foolishly allows to run and advance until the fatal disease, to run and advance until the fatal disease, consumption, has the lungs so fairly grasped that no earthly power can restore them to health. After the positive symptoms of consumption have been developed, there is always an uncertainty in the prognosis. We find cases even advanced in the second stage, where recovery has taken place from proper treatment by inhalations suitable to the individual case, and such constitutional individual case, and such constitutional treatment as the case demands. We also find cases in the first stage that the best directed skill cannot make any impression upon—hence the necessity of applying early, either before the disease has reached what we call consumption even in the first stage. we call consumption even in the first stage, or if that climax has already been reached, lose no time in applying for treatment to those who make a specialty of diseases of the

air passages.

Causes.—The most important causes are catarrh, laryngitis, and bronchitis being allowed to run until finally the lungs are involved. Heavy colds and inflammation of

wolved. Heavy colds and inflammation of the lungs, or pleure, or both, debi ity of the system, which predisposes to any of the above causes, hereditary predisposition, poisons of the blood, scrofula, errors of youth, or anything that lowers the tone of the system, even poor living and insufficient clothing.

Symptoms—The most important symptoms are a regular cough, it may be very little, but at a certain time every day, generally in the morning upon rising, sometimes upon lying down, expectoration of white, frothy material or a yellowish substance, sometimes mixed the blood, shortness of breath upon exertion, night sweats, chills and fever, the chills generally being irregular, but the fever regular at a certain time every day. The temperature rises slowly but surely in consumption. The palse is frequent and feeble, the pattern becomes emaciated and weak, the eyes are sunken, the nose pinched, and a peculiar appearance is given to the mouth in advanced cases which cannot be mistaken by an experienced eye, and lastly, but not least the voice has a desired and seak. specialist (who sees so many cases), and who becomes so familiar with the sounds arthunlated. This is a disease not to be trifled with. On the first indication of anything that would lead to consumption, have it attended to. And don't despair even if your family physician tells you that you are beyond help. With our present knowledge of the new and scientific modes of treating disease, applying the medicine directly to the part affected, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach, hundreds of cases are being cured that are even far advanced in consumption and pronounced beyond the skill of man to save.

our treatment for asthma has for its object the removal of the cause, the principal of the removal of the cause, the principal of the removal of the cause, the principal of which is a catarrhal inflammation of the mucus membrane lining the bronchial tubes and an undered will be "splay-footed," but this is infinitely less objectionable than to be "this control of the massal mucus membrane and larynx in many cases, and not simply "this control of the cause". Our treatment for asthma has for its object spasm—not cure. Our applications contain medicines which will not only relieve the spasm, but also relieve the inflammation, which is the principal cause. When the cause is complicated with derangement of the blood, the stomach or the heart, we give suitable remedies to remove those causes also. Our treatment will cure asthma, not simply

relieve it.

Physicians and sufferers are invited to try raysicians and sufferer are invited to try
the instruments at the offices free of charge.

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

WHAT IS CATARRH?

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amceba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blightest corpuscle of tubercle, the cerm po son of syphilis, mercury, toxemea, from the retention of the effected matter of the stin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sceping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nestrils and down the fauces or buck of the throat; causing membrane of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hourseness; usurping the proper structure of the tronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalents and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the anneba are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time, since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients, which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this norrible discesse whether standing for one year or forty years' standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, Messrs A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.—From Montreal Star.

Menaleden The

THROAT AND LUNG SPECIALIST. 357 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

stages, and before the changeable weather of autumn comes on.

Having completed his Ontario tour of professional appointments, Dr. Malcolm will now be in his office daily.

If unable to consult personally, write for blank statement of case and consult by letter.

AT During the Toronto Exhibition the office will be open daily from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m.

AGRICULTURA

We will always be pleased to rec of enquiry from farmers on any ma-ing agricultural interests, and ans-given as soon as practicable.

HOP CULTURE.

The hop is found wild as America and Asia, but has long been of Germany, where its use has been as far.as the 9th century. In son it is now an important agricultur being largely cultivated in Englan Bavaria, and the United States, C comparatively backward in this only 2,051 acres were cultivated last year, the counties of Hu Northumberland, Prince Edward, and Grenvi le raising more than d entire product. The same anom to other countries, as the produ county of Kent represents one entire amount raised in England York and Wisconsin are the I ducers in the United States, the atter State a few years ago \$2,500,000. Several varieties of hops are ke

Several varieties of hops are kn tivators, among them being the E ter, Grape, and Pompey. The being considered the best. The selected for hop yards are the sun hills, or wherever there is a free of air. Such soil as will produce of Indian corn is suited to hop essential that it be naturally or drained, as success is impossible soil. The planting is done in sets the underground stems of old vir pieces of two or three joints five sets being planted in pieces of two or three joints five sets being planted in The plants are well cultivate year, the vines being allowed to the ground, but the following p set in the hills, and the vines are twine upon them, the crop being weeds. In some places where mature the poles are pulled up w hanging to them, from which the ps are gathered and carried o from mould or rust, and the devi aphis, or louse. This insect p stroys more than half the cross, mainder is lost by unfavourable aphis, or louse.

other causes.

FALSE ECONOMY

Mr. J. A. Ramsden, writing ston, Ont., says :- " I have just some sick cows belonging to a mine, by the name of Albert professional veterinary surgeon l but I am satisfied in my own mi disease is pleuro-pneumonia. Ty dead, and three more, I think, morrow. Nine were taken sick l It is to be regretted that so farmers adopt the short-sight allowing their cattle to die rath s few dollars in consulting surgeon, as the cost of such would be almost nothing wh with the sums saved in prolong of affected animals. The loss to year by this species of false con greater than they realize, and if greater than they realize, and if a leases were footed up the figure are sure, startle even those wh this subject any thought. If M retary of the Ontario Bureau o would ask his correspondents the province to give him approxima of the number of horses, cattle, allowed to dis answelly through he would be conferring a benefit ers, as the publication of such in a tabulated or other concisconvince them that trifling will affected with unknown or complicationally causes serious losses. is of more than a personal char terests the country at large, a cattle by disease is a direct los

PUBLICATIONS RECE

The seventh volume of the Ca horn Herd Book, published un tion of the Agricultural and Art of Ontario, has been forwarded tary, Mr. Henry Wade, whose la work are creditable to him. Th the pedigrees of 1,023 buils and 1 and when taken conjointly wit ceding volumes gives the reco bulls and 12,800 females, makin history of the Shorthorns in Ca of animals imported from Gree bought by Canadian purchase dates of birth of the animals an of the sellers and purchasers, t alphabetical lists of breeders an and heifers in Canada, are feat readily impress the reader with ness. Mr. Wade devotes a para naming of anima's, finding fan multiplicity of common names, an Beauty, Bessie, Daisy, Lillie, Red &c., occur as frequently as the property of the state of the stat Browns in a city directory. The of names often leads to blun only way to avoid them in the select uncommon names or pre mos ones with some distinctive It is the intention of the Coun the next volume as near the en as possible, and breeders who advantage of it should do so at

HOW TO GROW SMALL I s the title of an interesting lished by Stone & Wellington, which is replete with informat the culture of garden fruits, those who undertake such wor

LIVE STOCK

Israel Groff, Alma, Ont., bas dale mare for \$300, J. Hope, being the purchaser. Thomas Wilkinson, of Glan ported some fine Southdowns H. Sorby, of Gourock, near recently shipped pure bred Berk Scotia and the United States. Snell & Bro., Edmonton, O imported fourteen head of Berk

lude several prize winners. Peter Arkell, of Teeswater, C England, where he intends pure Down sheep and Berkshire pigs George Wilken, Waterside of e well-known breeder a polled cattle, will visit America Professor Brown, of the Ont

Rochester on September 12 (dur on " The winter feeding of cat The Breeders' Gazette says :ointment may be made of equal badoes tar, Burgundy pitch, and carefully melted together over a stirred till cold. This, it is keep the horse's hoofs soft and

o continue growing. to continue growing.

The Canadian Stock-Raisers
Hamilton, Ont., which has Hamilton. Ont., which has and greatly improved, and con ably in appearance and matter States exchanges, says:—"U Kentucky has been looked upo Shorthorn centre of America. losing its prestige in this respective shorthorn breeders of the way on the unity to Ontario to replenisher the unity faces. While the for the prize rings.