CHAPTER XLI. -(Continued.)

"My heart was sore and bitter toward him then. Moreover, I knew that he had jewels of great value with him—the Adenham dia-I have not time to tell you of them now, but some day you will learn their history. Remember then Adenham diamonds. We were staying there to see you off. My master had good reason for keeping his eye on you, Signora Ida; and even after you supposed he had left you, he stayed on quietto make sure that you were safely on the way to your new home. It was not that he loved you—I don't think he ever loved a numan creature in his life-but it was his interest. Your mother was at the same hotel

My mother—yes, you told me so," "Your mother, Signora Ida. What singular freak of chance or destiny sent her thither I know not, but she was there. So much of I know not, but she was there. So much of the story I told you years ago was true. Fate weaves her web strangely, and it so happened that your mother, passing through the hotel corridors, saw her brother. Pierre L'Echelle, through an open door. I know not how it happened, for I was on the watch all the while. It seemed as if the dial of destiny lay uncovered before my eyes. I was com-mitting no crime: I was simply the instru-ment of a higher fate."

ment of a higher fate. "Go on, Giuseppe," urged Ida.
"They talked together long and earnestly. I could hear some words from my lurking place, others I could not. She was begging k the piteous words she used would have melted even my heart, but his was of

and praying of him to return her child to he adamant."
She did not, then, abandon me—my mother?" gasped Ida, eagerly.
"No—you were taken from her—she would

have given the world, had it been hers, to have you back again; but I cannot tell you all this," said Giuseppe, with a movement of impatience. "Finally, she left him in despair -and then-Satan entered into my heart, or else the hand of Providence prompted me. I am no casuist to know the difference, and mething told me that his hour was come. The door was closed, but I opened it softly. had learned his own cat-like movements from him, and I was a worthy scholar," added Giuseppe, with a smile of bitter exultation.

sat before the fire, just where the light shone and sparkled on the Adenham diamonds, spread out before him, for he was a miser in his way, and loved to gloat over his hoards. I had seen him employed in the same way many a time before, and I had always had this final scene in my mind!"

le was silent for a moment or two, breath-

ing short and fast, and then resumed :—
"It was but the work of an instant. My hand was swift, my aim sure—he fell with a groan. I drew the dagger out—it was a foreign toy that belonged himself, and which I had secreted weeks before—and gathered up the gems, casket, and all. In my nervous ness I let the dagger fall. I searched for it, but could not find it-a sten on the hall floor without startled me and I abandoned the search. What more did I want? I had secured the diamonds and I had wrought out my revenge, fully and entirely. As I crept out, still lurking, to the doors where I had seen and heard so much, the passengers were taking coach for the next express train Your mother was among them. I said for Your mother was among them. I said myself that it was well ordered so—if su night—who had spoken of revenge, of hatred—in whose veins ran the het. "indictive blood of the L'Echelles. Whom so likely to have committed the crime as she?"

from him, but Giuseppe seemed scarcely to need her as ne went on with the details of his strange story.
"I smiled to myself as I thought of the

murdered man lying in his blood, and the building so full of life and motion and bustle around him, so unconscious of the death that was stiffening in their midst. Such, I said, was human justice. When I got to my room, which was close by, I washed away the stains from my hands, and sat down to think. One would think the brain would be dizzy and bewildered at such a time, but mine never was clearer. Bene-what is the use of lingering over the old forgotten story? The nquest followed—you remember it well. You were a child, but you were a child who noted and observed things. No suspicion fell on me, the faithful, heart-broken servant consequently it was not necessary to fabricate any lie to avert evil consequences. I assumed the burial expenses—it was not wise to court too much enquiry to bring about legal investigations. And I—I was so devoted a retainer. The jury were melted—some of them to tears. Bah! what a humbug this vaunted numan nature is.'

Giuseppe, no more of this," said Ida, authoritatively. "It is no time for you to assume a tone like this." "Time—time," repeated Giuseppe, as if he had hardly comprehended her. "Yes, it is growing short, but I have little more to tell. I did not see you again for nearly six years—where would have been the use? You were poor—friendless."

poor—friendless."
"Not 'friendless, Giuseppe!" she interrupted, the colour rising to her cheeks. ' Friendless as far as your protectors could

do me aught of good; moreover, I had lost all trace of your mother. With every knowledge of your history and whereabouts I could have extracted any amount of money from her; it would have been a mint for me, but she seemed to have disappeared totally. I could not even ascertain if she was dead or living, of your history and whereabouts I could have although my search was long and faithful. I had the diamonds unset—we Italians have always plenty of friends to help us in any such little job—and I sold them are here. -and I sold them one by one, as opportunity offered. I might have grown rich on them if I had not contracted the ruinous habit of risking little for much-the habit that men call gambling. Luck did not look favourably on me. I lost, and lost, without one redeeming glimpse of future ret one redeeming glimpse of future re-When I accidentally saw you in Paris, I was reduced to poverty—almost to begging and rags. People are divided into two classes the wolves and the lambs. One prey, the other is preyed upon. What would you have? It was not my fault that I was a wolf! We are not our own masters, and I must live some way. So, Signora Ida, I relied upon you. I told you an ingenious story—you believed it. It was a lie, but it served my purpose as well as if it had been the gospel

"How could you have been so cruel, Giu seppe ?" shuddered Ida, as she remembered the dark train of consequences which had fol-

"Cruel! What was I to do? I could not starve, signora! One cannot be fastidious when one is cold and and hungry. Well, about that time I saw Madame Avioli herself your mother. I could extort nothing from ner-I had no hold on her, and I cursed myself bitterly that it was so. My interest was now to keep you two apart, and I did so, not unskilfully. Was there anything more to tell? Stay, signora; you have had reason to hate me, yet you have not been unkind to me. There have been times when, if I had a nce, it would have pricked me. I always meant to tell you this some time—some time when luck befriended me, and I was I could not think; but the time never came until now."

He fumbled at the clasp of the black velvet bag, and drew out a little pearl cross, wrapped in two or three different papers—a ted you not to betray the murder. ing set in gold, with a slender gold stached to it, and laid it in Ida's hand.

tess Avioli, but whom Tknew as Beatrice L'Echelle—give her this cross. She will know it well—I took it from her baby's neck the last night she saw it.'

"From my neck?" asked Ida.
"Yes, Signora Ida, from your neck." "Giuseppe," she said, slowly and gravely, you have done me a cruel wrong—a wrong that you can never set right again. For-As she spoke she remembered Reginald Dela mere's broken heart and early doom—the estrangement that, through the acency of Giuseppe Antonardi, had then up between herself and her young husband. "But I have promised to forgive you, nor do I recall the promise. May God be meroiful to you, His erring creature." His erring creature."

Giuseppe looked at her with dreamy, be wildered eyes.
"It was murder," he said, in a scarcely audible tone; "murder, but he provoked it himself. Did he not atrike me-me, an Italian, with free blood in my veins, and not

a slave!"
"Giuseppe," pleaded Ida, leaning over his couch with the pearl cross in her hands, "try to forget all that. Try only to remember your prayers—your entreaties to the great God at whose bar you will stand so soon."

For his face had grown strangely drawn and haggard and the ash grey hus of the a slave!"

and haggard, and the ash grev hue of the corpse was already suffusing his forehead, while the lids drooped heavily over his glassy

"Giuseppe, shall I call the woman and the priest?' There was no answer, and Ida, now terrified lest she should be alone in the room with death, sprung to the door, and, opening it,

called aloud for help. The summons was at once answered. Nina who was rocking herself to and fro in the hall, crying softly-for she had a warm and loyal heart, this poor Italian woman, although she had not seep her one brother for years, and had been almost an outcat from his affection-rose up immediately and ran into the room, while the good old Catholic priest, summoned from an adjoining apart ment—where he was nodding over his book— for he had been up all night with other de-

parting souls, joined her presently. You'd better step in here, miss, and sit down a bit," said Eleanor, the bold-faced girl of the sewing machine, who stood leaning against the doorway.
But Mrs. Delamere shook her head; she

was pallid and trembling, and felt that she ould endure no more.

Ida descended the stairs, feeling as if the close and sultry atmosphere must suffocate ber, and entered the carriage which, sur ounded by a swarm of children, was wait-

ing at the door. "Where to, ma'am?" asked the driver, as e descended to close the door. "Drive to the New Haven depot," was the

And so Ida Delamere was done forever with iuseppe Antonardi.

CHAPTER XLIL HOME TO BEECHCLIFFE.

The soft, misty opal of the summer even-ing was enfolding the bright hills and velvety dows of the beautiful country surrounding the New York and New Haven railroad track the New York and New Haven railroad track, and the stars were shining peacefully down from a sky as blue and cloudless as that we read of as belonging only to a Southern at mosphere, as Ida Delamere sat with her arm resting on the open window, and looked dreamily out into the enchanted haze of earth

part real and part anticinatory that she would not stop to analyze, content to revel in it just as it was. For the first time in years she felt that she could see a bright, unclouded future before her-that she could close her happy eyes and wait for God's gift of peace and love to come to her. The haunting shadow was gone—the va ue sense of guilt and shame had passed out of the world, with the spirit of Giuseppe Antonardi, and the constant shadowing dread that fol lowed her like an unquiet spirit was exorcised

But first and brightest of all her half-form ed visions of happiness was that of laying her hand in Frederic Dorrillon's, and saying to "The barrier that separated our two hearts has passed away; I am free to love you now."
With happy fancies and meditations filling

her mind, it was scarcely strange that the homeward journey seemed wondrously short to Ida Delamere—that the long country drive, after the train had stopped at New Haven, possessed very little of the tediousness which enerally characterized it. Again and again da pictured to herself her meeting with Don illon, after their brief separation-what she should say to him-but she should express to him all that lay within her heart without overstepping that invisible limit of womanly which she had learned to reverence still more than do those who grow up encom passed round about with motherly admonitions and the care of innumerable female

Beechcliffe was dark and silent when she reached it-save in one window, that of Mrs Hyde's room, where a solitary light shone out. Veil, she could hardly have expected other wise-it was long after midnight-and yet Ida was inconsistent enough to feel a little pang of regret that Dorrillion had not sat up late into the small hours of the night for the mere possibility of the pleasure of hearing the carriage wheels of her return grate upon the gravelled sweep. Mrs. Hyde, carrying a lamp in her hand, answered her summons at

the bell-wire. "Bless and save us. Mrs. Delamere !" she cried, shading her eyes with her hand. "It's you, is it? Welcome back again to Beech cliffe, though I didn't look for you quite so seon, to be sure."

"I am sure it seems to me as if I had been away an age," said Ida, wrapping her shawl about her, with a slight shiver, as she passed through the door, held wide open for her by the housekeeper.

"You don't bring us any bad news, I ope?" said Mrs. Hyde, wistfully.
"Oh, no; my news, such as it is, is all ood," answered Ida. "Mathilde is up stairs, I suppose ?" "Yes, ma'am; but what will you have be

fore you go up? A cup of chocolate, or glass of wine, or a little fruit?" Nothing, Mrs. Hyde, thank you. "Then shall I send you up something our own room ?' "No; I'm not hungry—I dined before left New York. They are all well at Beech

cliffe, I suppose?"
"All well, ma'am, thank you.

And Ida ran lightly up stairs to her own room. There was a dim light burning in the anteroom, and the door communicating with Mathilde's apartment was open. The young damsel was lying, dressed, upon the outsid of the bed, evidently intending to rise and disrobe herself, when it was too late to expect the possibility of her mistress' return for

that night. But, in the meantime, she had fallen fas asleep, one round check resting on her hand, and her bright, brown hair tumbling all about She started up at the sound of Mrs. Dela

mere cautiously closing the door, and came into the antercom with French demonstra-"Madame has then returned. Ah, but if was too good fortune to anticipate; and ma dame has been away—see, only the one day.

Ah, but Beechetiffe has been solitary and lonely as a hermit's cave with madame gone.

Is there nothing I can bring madame to eat or to drink? There are white grapes down stairs, such as were never brought in before this year—and some rolls, most delicious, and with a glass of wine—"
"No, Matilde, I am not hungry. I could eat nothing. Take my things, and I will go to bed at once."

"Madamo is most prudent—the best thing in the world after madame's long journey," and Mathilde bustled officiously about, putting down the laced linen cambrie of the ruffied pillow-cases, and moving chairs hither and thither as if continual motion were a

"I suppose all the visitors have retired long ago, Mathilde?" said Mrs. Delamere, a ittle wistfully, as the girl began to brush out er black masses of hair a few minutes later with, quick, skilful fingers.
"Oh, yes, long since," said Mathilde 'They retired early to-night; the house

ras désolée without madame!"

Ida smiled a little at Mathilde's transrent flattery. Suddenly the girl dropped Oh, I had all but forgotten, madame .

on, I had all but forgotten, madame; a note from Mr. Dorrillon which he charged me to the you before he went away."

The Before he went away, Mathilde?" excending did. "Is he gone from Beechcliffe?"

"Yes, madame." "I do not know, madame. His note will perhaps explain. Mathilde was evidently embarrassed. Sh turned red and white as she stood fingering

and avoided her mistress' eyes.
"Where is the note?" asked Ida. Where is the note: asked that She had grown pale, and a curious sensation of chillness thrilled through her veins at the tidings spoken by Mathilde. Was it the premonition of coming evil? Was the fair sunshine to be so soon overcast?

CHAPTER XLIII. Mathilde brought the note—a simple sheet of paper, folded twice, and enclosed in an white envelope bearing the cipher of "F. D." curiously entwined on its outside. Ida took it into her hand with a pang

of foreboding. "You may go, Mathilde," she said. "I shall want nothing more of you to-night."

And then, with a long, shuddering breath,
Ida advanced toward the clusters of waxcandles which Mathilde had lighted on eith ide of the dressing-bureau, and broke the seal of Frederic Dorrillon's letter.

It was brief. That she could perceive at the first glance : but as she read on the colon faded out of her cheek, and a wild, hunted light glittered in her eyes. Mrs. Delamere" (the cruel words seen ike knives piercing into her heart), "I do not know why I humble myself to write to one who cares so little for me. Surely it was not necessary to leave Beechcliffe order to convince me how unacceptable were

my attentions. I could have instantly rid you of my presence at one word, had you taken the trouble to speak it. Be assured that you will never see me again. I accept the answer implied, and only ask that you will forgive my presumption, and forbear from judging too harshly one who passes forever out of your world, with the closing words of this letter, and, although I am now thoroughly convinced that you never can nine, I still remain,

"Yours eternally,
"Whether in life or in death, "FREDERIC DORRILLON." The note fell from between Ida's nerveless fingers, as she sunk back in one of the lov chintz-cushioned chairs, the tidings contained in its curt lines seemed to strike her like a blow. She could scarcely comprehend a first the full meaning contained in them, but

first the full meaning contained in them, but kept repeating over and over again to herself, in a vague, purposeless sort of way:—
"Gone—gone, to leave me. And just when the barriers were broken that separated us. Oh, God in Heaven! what have I done to deserve this new calamity? Why should Thy vengeance follow me thus?"

Then starting up, she read the note again, and yet a third time, scrutinizing every line, as if she would seek out some hidden meaning that might perchance lurk beneath the and heaven, seeing nothing of the fresh beauty that surrounded her, for her heart and brain were alike full.

Full of like full.

Full of like full. Full of a soft, vague happiness that was daggers, the words stared her in the face.

> the exact tenor of the note she had written "I am sure—sure," she repeated to herself,
> "that it contained no dismissal it only requested him to await my return. How could possibly thus miscontrue my meaning? Or did I, in my haste, word my communication more ambiguously than I intended? No; I am quite certain that I merely asked him ostpone our interview-not to excuse it.

ead, she endeavoured to recall to herself

And he has gone-" The mere effort of recollection shot a tor turing pain through poor Ida's overtasked brain—involuntarily she placed her hand to her head.

"I wonder if I am going to be ill?" she asked herself. "I wonder if brain-fever is like this pain. And if—if I should die. But oh, no, no, I cannot die until I have telt my mother's arms around me. Oh, mother, mo ther, why are you not by my side to help me bear the cruelest of all the blows that has yet fallen on me?"

Ida woke the next morning with that dull. heavy consciousness of some overhanging calamity which we all of us have sustained at some period or other of our lives, and the sight of the crumpled note on the floor instantly supplied the missing clue. Govering her face with her hands, she turned away from the vivid sunshine and fresh, hay scent ed air, which seemed to mock at her grief and yet, at the same time, a keen pang o self-reproach pierced her whole nature. "How ungrateful I am," thought she thus to break my heart for a man's love,

when God has just bestowed upon me the priceless gift of a mother! And yet—yet the world is desolate to me now. I may learn to be contented in a still, emotionless sort of way-flowers do grow in the shade, and preous stones shine far down in the prison deeps of dayless mines-but I never happy, in the true meaning of the word, now that he has gone and left me!" Yet she rose up as usual, and breakfasted

in her own room, where she was visited by Angie Gresham, all curiosity to know the secret of her friend's sudden and mysterious journey. "I cannot tell you now, Angie, dear," Id: said, passing her hand across her forehead. It was on business—very important business. Some time, darling, I will tell you all

about it." Fortunately, Angie's heart was too full of her own shy, maidenly happiness to be as demonstratively curious as she might otherwise have been, and, to her great relief, Ida was presently left to herself. But she had enjoyed the luxury of solitud. out a short time, when Mrs. Hyde tapped at

he door. "I am sorry to interrupt you, ma'am," said that discreet and useful functionary "but Esther, the housemaid, has just brough me a note that she found slipped down be tween the outside frame and the springs of Mademoiselle Mathilde's bed. Mathilde complained that the springs were stiff, so was having them taken out to be loosened little, ma'am, and Esther found this note." "Is it directed to me?" Ida asked, listessly, without even lifting her eyes from the nterior of her writing desk.

Mrs. Hyde coughed behind her hand.

"No, ma'am, it's not directed to you,' said she. "But I think it is in your hand. the table at Mrs, Delamere's side; and with a thrill of strangely mingled emotions, Ida cognized the note she herself had written Frederic Dorrillon on the evening of her departure to visit the death-bed of Giuseppe

He never had received it, then. No wonby her seeming neglect and contempt wonder that he had bid her an eternal well. With an instinctive impulse, Ida rose and stretched forth her hands, as if she would call him back from the echoless dista attering, in the same instant, a low, yearn and then fully comprehending at least h

vain and futile was all earthly endeavour to bridge the chasm of fate, she sat down and buried her face in her hands."

"You are not ill, ma'am?" solicitously questioned Mrs. Hyde—and Ida corrected herself with an effort.
"No, I am not ill, "she answered. "Please send Mathilda for send Mathilde to me at once, Mrs. Hyde."

And Mathilde presently came, all unconscious of the storm which was so soon to break upon her devoted head.
"Madame wishes to lay her commands

upon me?" she twittered; as usual.
"Mathiide," said Ida," sternly and coldly, "Mathilde," said Idai" sternly and coldly, with an ominous glitter further eyes which the girl had never seen before there, "you were bid deliver this letter into Mr. Dorrillon's hand. How dared you disabey me?"

One glance at the sended letter in her mistress' hand was sufficient proof to Mile. Mathilde that her perfidy was discovered. She clasped her hands theatfreally.

"Madame knows it aff, then," cried she.

"Madame is aware that I was so unfortunate

"Madame knows it all, then, cried sie." Madame is aware that I was so unfortunate as to lose the note. Hower where, I swear I do not know. Madame gave it to me at night, in the morning it was gone. Alas! alas! it was not my fault of searched everywhere—I wept—I tore my hair. Who, then, was so base as to steal Wirein me?"

"No one stole it, Mathilde," said Mrs. Delamere, convinced by the girl's mauner that she really was speaking the truth. "Esther found it wedged in between the springs and the forms of them.

springs and the frame of your bed. You were culpably careless thus to lose it." Mathilde burst into tears

"Ah! madame, pardon—forgive. But what could I do?"

"You could at least" have told Mr. Dorrillon that you had been charged with a note to him, which was lost. You could have confessed your blame to me immediately on

my return."
"Ah, madame, but how could I know it was so important? I told myself: 'Bon, Mathilde, you have been unfortunate indeed, but perhaps there is no harm done: and a long as madame did not ask me in so many

"That will do. Mathilde," said Ida, sternly Another such act of deceit and treachery as this, and you leave my service forever."

Once more Mathilde broke into sobs.
"I meant it not for treachery, madame, she wailed; "it was but my evil fortune.

should be wretched away from madame."
And, after a fashion, Matbilde spoke the truth. Next to herself, she loved her beautiful young mistress the best of anything in

"You have received a lesson," said Ida

gravely. "Let it be sufficient for all future And Mathilde retreated, whimpering and crying, from her lady's presence, while Ida sat down with contracted brows and absent eyes, to consider what was best to be done She had been stern and sharp with Mathilde, but, nevertheless, a great weight was lifted from her heart. If this separation were the result, as now appeared, of a mere misunder-standing, perhaps all might yet be well. Identifying herself with Frederic Dorillon, she could actually feel the pang of heartbreak and wounded pride with which he compelled himself to accept the fact of her strange an inaccountable silence-to draw the only ossible inference to write that letter which nad smitten down her newborn happiness as the reaper's sickle smites down the tend

"My love, my darling, "she murmured to herself, with crimson cheeks and heart pul sing high with vaguer resolves and half formed hopes "I will verkenguer feet and formed hopes, "I will yet conquer fate, and all shall be well again!"

CHAPTER XLIV. BAFFLED ONCE MORE.

From the peculiar circumstances in which she had of late years been placed. Ida Delamers had lastned, in a great degree, to depend upon herself, and her plane for the future were soon formed. The longing for a mother's love and sympathy, a mother's advice and counsel, in this great emergency of her life, had waxed almost ackening in its strength and intensity, and Ida determined at once to seek out Mma Avioli. Her address, she knew, could easily be found. From the chance conversation of some of her foreign friends at Beechcliffe, she had accidentally learned that the Countess was at dentally learned that the Countage resent living in Grosvenor Square, in Lonlon. The exact directions could of course be obtained from the London banking house with whose silver headed senior partner Mrs Delamere was slightly acquainted.
"I will go first to my mother—my

mother," Ida repeated, softly, to herself, her lips lingering with loving tenderness upon the syllables that were so new and so sweet "She shal! tell me what to do, and whither to turn."

And the mer bers of the household at Beecheliffe were a second time electrified to learn, the next morning, that their eccentric young hostess had taken an unceremoniou leave of them. "But you are none of you to hasten you

leparture on that account," said Angie Gresham, colouring like a pretty June rose. "I am to take laa's place as hostoss, as long as you can any of you can be induced to emain."

And so people stayed on, secure of a warm

welcome until the original limit set to their visits had expired. Veritably, there was not much conventional form and ceremony Meanwhile Mrs. Delamere, accompanied only by Mathilde, proceeded at once to New York, whence she had resolved to embark in

the next steamer that sailed for Europe. Stopping at a quiet hotel, near one pretty parks which form so beautiful a fea ture of the great city, she immediately inst tuted enquiries as to the sailing of the steamers, and learned, to her great satisfaction, that one would leave port Saturday at noon. And this was Thursday So far, so good. And now to while away the slow hours which lay between herself and the Saturday's ncon. "I will go and take a little walk in the

park this afternoon," said she, irresolutel "The air is fine—it will do me good." "Shall I accompany madame? the officious Mathilde.

But Mrs. Delamere shook her head-sh felt that she would rather be alone. She was crossing the street, when a carria drawn by two high stepping and spirited horses, thundered unexpectedly around the orner. Ida uttered a slight scream ; but gentleman who was crossing the street in th pposite direction made a grasp at the leader ein just in time to avent an almost certain

Be a little more careful next time, you river." he said sternly, to the bewild Jehn who had nearly dropped his reins in Delamere, he doffed his cap to the slight veiled lady.
"Do not be alarmed,) madam," he said

There is no further danger-and-But Ida had throwns up her veil, and ac anced eagerly toward him. He stared in amazement.

"Can it be possible that this is Mrs. Dela-nere?" cried he. "In fown, and at this seaon of the year?" In an instant Ida had determined what urse to pursue. "Mr. Dudley," she said, with that quiet straightforward dignity which cannot possibly be misconstrued, "I am very glad I have met you, because I think you can possibly afford

me some information regarding one of my late guests—Mr. Dorrillon." guests—Mr. Dorrillon."
"Dorrillon? Why, of course I can," said
Dudley. "Allow me to give you my arm
across the street, unless," he added, with a
smile, "you particularly wish to get run
over. Dorrillon dined with me the day before Ida's heart gave a great leap—the deep crimson blazed into her face.

ning young widow of Wayne county was to have been married a few days ago. The feast was spread and the guests were on hand, but the bridegroom failed to come to time. Three days after the young man explained that his father, who objected to the match, had hidden his wedding clothes, even to his suderplothing.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

My Summer Girl. My Summer Girl is muslin decked,
Low-sleeved and often open-necked,
And I've no reason to suspect
She vaints or powders—
For her complexion was the same
That time from Neptune's arms we came
And sweetly fed our mutual flame
On two clam chowders. My Summer Girl she sporteth, too, A sunshade—buff, and lined with blue

A sunshade—buft, and lines was
This useful to obscure the view
When our two faces
Come into closer neighbourhood
Than separate faces always should—
A thing at times misunderstood
In public places. My Summer Girl can eat ice cream-I wish you saw her! It doth seem To vanish like a fleeting dream Vanilla, strawberry, or pistache— Or all at once—an ice-cream hash— I charge such items up to "cash" In my expenses.

Summer Girl is very fond Of water illies from the pond—
In fact, I'd need a fairy's wand
To meet her wishes.
She likes cut roses, moonlight sails,
Fingerless mittens, long white veils—
That's the one point in which she fails Also, she's rather glib of speech, And talks away beyond my reach; 'Tis all in vain I try to teach Her to be dumber.

Her to be dumber.
I'll have to give her up, I fear;
But autumn, after all, is near,
And first-class girls are scarce and dear—
She'll last this summer. For and About Women Sweden has given the degree of Doctor of hilosophy to the daughter of an army officer The young American ladies who assisted Lady Waterlaw in the American stall at the

great fishery-fete, among whom were the daughters of Mr. John Bigelow, all wore the stars and stripes in shoulder-knots.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor daughter a gown;
She made it up slattern,
With a sack for a pattern,
And the style spread all over the town. German law courts are not over polite A lady witness in a Strasburg court, who had sworn to the ownership of only twenty-six summers, when, in reality

she was the happy possessor of twice that number, was indicted for perjury. A woman at a White Mountain hotel i owner of a very handsomely painted black satin parasol, which she keeps open has it spread over her head when sitting or

the piazza, when crossing the hall, and even when ascending the stairs, probably from At one of the watering places an impatient young man walked up to the door of the bathing-house in which he thought his male companion was dressing, and, knocking on the same, testily inquired, "When are you going to get those pants on?" There was a faint giggle, and a silvery voice replied, "When I get married, I suppose."

Feminine impossibilities :- To attend church without gossiping about clothes of other worshippers on the way home. To get along without the latest love of a To meet her feminine enemy without kissing her. To get along with a "fixed-over" dress when the next-door neighbour flaunts out in a new silk. To refuse that horrible dude, Mr. a tooth extracted without going about town to have her friends condole with her. To think her husband enjoys her neat appearance as well as her friends. To understand why home isn't as pleasant as elsewhere. To know why her children don't trouble her eighbours as much as theirs bother her. -

Waterloo Obeerver. At intervals, when she was not engage teaching the young idea to shoot, Miss Fuller, a school teacher at Grand Marais, M. ch., has been teaching herself to handle a Winchester rifle. Having attained a degree of skill which seemed to her sufficient, she induced Mr. Michael Bragel, at whose house she is a boarder, to procure her just one shot at a deer. A tavourable night was chosen, a small boat with a Jantern in the bow and Miss Fuller in the stern was rowed out upon a sectuded lake, and presently a noble buck attracted by the glare, sprang through the brushwood into the water. "Now's your time," said the gallant Michael, shall I aim for?" gasped the girl. " Right behind the ear," was the answer a moment's silence, then a flash, a sharp crack, and the buck was stringgling upon the water, crimsoned with blood which flowed from a ballet-hole "right behind the ear." The school teacher sank upon her knees in the boat, clasped her hands, raised her eyes to heaven and softly murmured : me only bag a bear and I shall be ready to

Score One for the Woman. "No, George," said a sagacious wife at a ummer hotel, "I can't think of having you

come here to spend Sunday, after working hard in your office all week. and recreation. Next week, now be sure and stay in the city and enjoy yoursel George vows a vow that his Sundays shall be passed at the hotel while his wife rema core one for the woman. know, don't know how to carry a point, That is to say, she can't reason her way, but she can now and then get along by h can man with his God-like reason.

Queen Margherita's Silk Stockings Many stories are told to illustrate the likng of Queen Margherita of Italy for en. Some months ago she asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk stockings birthday gift, and gave her twenty lire to buy the material. The Queen forgot circumstance till her birthday came, she was reminded of it by the arrival of a well-knit stockings and the maker's pest wishes. Not to be outdone, Que Margherita sent a pair to her young friend as a return gift, one stocking being full of lira pieces and the other of bon-bons. They were accompanied by a little note: "Tell me, my dear, which you like best?" A reply reached the palace next day: "Dearest Queen—Both the stockings have made me shed many b tter tears. Papa took the one with the money, and my brother the other.'

The unhappiest woman I know is a brilliant woman of semi-Bohemian literary society. Envied but not enviable, admired but not oved. The wittiest woman of her city, on mots are the cleverest at the clubs. elever and thinking woman, her work is as ever and thoughtful. She says :- "I would ather be the weakest, least talented the world; the honest wife of an honest nan, who would love me and let me love him an the most beautiful, successful woman of the world. I would rather be the slave of ousehold than a Queen usurping masculine

The happiest woman I know lives in a small one-storey cottage, behind which are two tiny rows of corn and a patch of sunflowers, and a little brook that thirstily ries along to find more water. All she has in the world to "protect" her is the stronglimbed, hearty, unambitious husband, wh pauses but few times from morning until ight, even to wave a willing hand at her rom a small marble quarry two rods away. She says :- " I will work for Tom in my way, but he must work for me. A woman who will, may."

Queer Marriages. There is no end to the laughable stories that the clergy tell about the queer mar-riages that they solemnize, and the queer fees which they receive, or sometimes don't re-ceive. One of the latest of these is told by

him then, but bracing himself, he said:—
"You see, doctor, I am a little short at present, but would like very much to pay you.
I am a bird fancier and am importing a lot of educated parrots from London. Now, instead of paying you in cash suppose I restead of paying you in cash, suppose I present you with one of these birds on their arrival" "I should be glad to nave a parrot," admitted the doctor. "Well, it's agreed then. I will send you one in a few days; but have you a cage to put the bird in?" "No, I have not. How much does a cage cost?" "O, you can get a good one for \$2.50," was the reply. Dr. Appleton handed the young man the amount required to buy the cage, and that was the last he ever saw of the grown bridge and the same last he ever saw of the grown bridge.

of the groom, bride, partoticage, or the \$2,50.

Ducked by a Beautiful Bather, There is a young Chicago banker who had an adventure in the surf at Cape May that surprised him, to say the least, writes a cor-respondent of the Chicago News. He was bathing in company with his cousin and a handsome, intelligent young lady from the West. Chicago was very frisky in the breakers and duked his cousin unmercifully in the surf by pretending to stumble when a great roller Came tumbling in. Finally, in his transfer clumsifies, the hipped up the young lady friend of his cousin, who, falling tace downward, was so rolled by the breakers that she was nearly strangled when she reached the surface. Chicago laughed with the glee of a hyena at her gasping face. The young lady said nothing. Chicago did not know that this young lady was an accom-Chicago did not plished athlete. After recovering from the swallowing of a gallon or so of salt water she walked back as if to rest. She was soon jost in the throng of spectators and promenaders. A few moments after Chicago came along, chuckling. He sat down on the edge of the surf to the his bathing slipper. List! oh list! as they say in novels. See that darting streak of blue flannel. It dashes through the crowd, and lights with the force of a projectile upon the back and shoulders of the terrified Chicago joker, crushing him into the waters, and, and foam until he too gurgles, chokes and tries to begs for mercy, only to swallow a pint of water every time he opens his mouth. He fights pluckily, but he is not released until he is so nearly drowned as to be weak as a rag. When he gets up, amid the roars of the crowd, he finds the sharp manicured finger-nails of his Nemesis have

tatters. This Chicago joker did not regard the episode as one bit funny. How He Bought His Wife

taken several small inch strips from his bare

arms, while his bathing suit was torn to

The most famous guide and interpreter luring the Florida war was Samson, before alluded to. He was a negro, born with the ndians, raised by them, and he had acquired all their cunning and knowledge of wood-craft, which made his services invaluable to the Government. He had no book knowedge or conception of numbers, excepting by he custom of keeping account with bundles of sticks. He was well paid for his services, receiving, possibly, \$100 per month, so he had plenty of money, but he never carried it about with him, and no one knew what he did with it. At that time I owned a very comely negro

girl who served as maid for my wife.

was very handsome, of superb figure, and

black as a lump of coal. Samson came to me one day and wanted to buy her. I said: "Why, Samson, that girl cost me \$1,300, which is a good deal of money. You could not begin to, ay for her." "Beg pawden, lieutenant, I think I might. Dis nigger done saved money. I could pay part of it, any-how.' I talked it over with the girl and how.' I talked it over with the girl and she was willing, so I agreed to sell her to Samson for what I paid on condition that he should be legally married to her and treat her as his wife. This he consented to, and the next question was, Where was his money to come from? When the time came for payment Samson, marched to a certain place in the garden and began digging in the sandr. He went down a couple of feet and brought forth a large beef bone, which he carried to He went down a couple of feet and brought forth a large beef bone, which he carried to my quarters and laid upon the table, saying. "H'yea am de money, boss." The marrow had been ex racted, and the hollow of the bone was packed full of gold vieces. I shook them out on the table and counted them, Samson out on the table and counted them, Samson as well as he could. There was not enough. He started out and went to an abs building, and entered a room where there was a stove-pipe hole, and thrusting his hand in pulled out more gold. Still he was short. He made another search, and the next time

brought back an oyster keg and completed

the payment. Samson was very proud of his wife and they got along very comfortably. Fashion's Sway Relaxing. Perhaps at no time within the memory o he present generation has freedom in and fabric of dress been so universal as at the present hour. There will always be high points in fashion to which large numbers will losely adhere, but the tendency to-day is in the other direction, and choice and freedom in dress may almost be said to be the rule

rather than the exception. This is well, because it is opening a way out of the habit of indulging in extravagant expenditure, and make it the more easy for women of moderate means to appear in society attired in simple costume, without making themselves target for rude comments and ungracious comparison. The time when elaborate apparel, the result of a lavish, often reckless, use of money, will cease to be a subject of domestic and public comment is a long way off in the right direction is to be encouraged because as this column has always insisted economy and good taste and propriety, and even art in dress, are not so divergent that they may not be made to harmonize and go hand in hand together. The same tendency to unrestricted choice in dress is prevalent in England as well as in our own country. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, writing from London, after describing the true court costume, says: "Beyond these restrictions all is latitude in costume; no iewels or any number of them may be worn; ress materials the richest or the flimsies that money can buy; and though the display of elegance, beauty, and fashion is unsurpassed, those who happen to be badly dressed will find others of the same sort to keep them in countenance." This may be thought to be cold comfort to the "badly dressed," but it may be taken as the straw to show that the winds of fashion are veering, and that the inflexible laws which in the upper spheres of society have held iron sway are relaxing

of a choice, even if it shall finally prove to be

their grasp a little, leaving women the benefit

Braces or Waistband. Having worn a Spanish sash for some time many years ago while walking in the Pyre-nees, I am decidedly of opinion that the weight of the trousers is supported much ore easily and pleasantly by a sash than by braces : these last are narrow, about two ches wide, and though custom enables us to wear them without conscious inconvenence I think any one using them not the first time would find them very annies ant. The sash worn by the middle and lower class, and (if my recollection is correct) about 43 feet ong; when of such width and length it does not need to be drawn tight, but only closely wrapped round the waist and the end tucked in. I should certainly wear one constantly but that I do not wish to have an eccentric appearance. Medical men, I believe, attach much value to the wearing of sashes or bands and the stomach, especially in hot countries. A narrow silken sash which m drawn tight is, I should suppose, far less

In a recent work, Dr. Norman McLeod is represented as thus characterizing his countrymen:—"It must be frankly admitted that there is no man more easily offended, more thin-skinned, who cherishes longer the the Rev. Dr. Samuel E. Appleton, of Philadelphia, and is to the following effect:—A young couple called on him not long ago and asked him to marry them, which he did. The happy groom then walked reluctantly to him and asked:—"Doctor, how much is your fee?" "I have no fixed price, but generally receive \$10," was the answer. The bright smile of the Jersey groom seemed to leave this-skinned, who cherishes longer the memory of an insult, or keeps up with more freshness a personal family or party feud, than the genuine Highlander. He will stand by a friend to the last, but let a breach be once made, and it is most difficult ever again to repair it as it once was. The grudge is immortal." Even a Scotchman must be forced to acknowledge that there is much struth in Dr. McLeod's statement.

SUBJUGATION OF WOMAN A Curious Story From the Navajo Myth-

In the American Antiquarian for July is a paper by Mr. W. Matthews on the Navajo mythology. It seems that the Indians, a great way back in time, while they still lived in the fourth world—that is before they had ascended into the fifth world where we all now live, dwelt in peace on the north bank of a great river, where the population multi-plied and crops were abundant. They lived in this serenity under twelve chiefs, for a long time, until disturbances arose concerning

THE INFIDELITY OF WOMAN. They must have been as much civilized as we are, for even at that remote period no account seems to have been made of the infidelity o man, which must have been a necessary con comitant of the other. At any rate a words arose between the men and the women. The women said :- "We depend not on ou husbands: it is they who depend on us. We till the soil and carry the water; we make the fire and weave the baskets: we can take care of ourselves, and will, therefore, do as we please." But the men said :- "It is we who clear the fields and help to till them; we kill game for you, and guide and assist you in all your labours; you cannot live without us." So the quarrel went on, and the sexes agreed to separate. The men built a boat and crossed over to the south side of the river, leaving the women the cultivated

This separation lasted four years. And now mark what happened. In the as the men had to make new farms, they had a small crop; while the women, having land cleared and ditched, had an abundant yield; and we are sorry to say that they jeered a

. COMINGS. The second year the men had a better crop, while the women who had prepared no new land, had hardly sufficient corn for their needs. Besides, the men were among game needs. Besides, the men were among game and killed abundance of it, while the women had no meat to eat. At the end of the fourth year the men were fat and prosperous, while the women were starving, and latter called across the river and begged to be

taken back.

And now mark again what happened, and that if the men conquered, it was as much by tenderness as by strength. For, behold, the men, whose hearts were softened, met in council, and many urged that the women be forgiven; but while they were still debating for it is the nature of men to debate, and bold deliberative assemblies, and act in or -some of

THE WOMEN JUMPED INTO THE RIVER. ntending to swim over, and were lost to sight under the waters. This decided the soft-hearted men. So they made boats and took the women across the river. But they said to them—for it is the nature of men to have compacts and understanding, and consti something that you must remember. You supposed yourselves to be as strong, as willing, and as wise as we : but you now see that you are not, and that you cannot live without us." And the women-with that angelia weetness that has always been characteristic f women, even before they had held a single convention," answered: "Your words ar ue. We will hearken to you evermore. And they came together once more in peace and amity, under the new understanding that all powers not specially delegated were re " And this appears to be the origin of the subjection of women.

CHEAP FOOD.

A Vegetarian's Advice to Flesh Eaters, People can live on a purely vegetable diet, but I alvise some meat—not too much, however, as it is an expensive article of food, and not more nutritious than some vegetables I were placed in ti

eople as the head of a family. I WOULD STINT MYSELT a little for a week as to meat and potato and on the next Saturday night, when I got my pay. I would take home a half-bush ans, costing about a dollar and a quarter. With the help of the beans I could easily conomize on potatoes and meat for another week, and then I would take home a half seventy-five cents. Having done this I would already be on the road to true economy, and they do say that economy is wealth. At the end of the third week I should expect to be able to take home a half bushel of rice and two dozen cans of tomatoes. The next present that I would make my family might be a quantity of catmeal sufficient to em every morning for a month or so, cost-

ing from a dollar and a half to two dollars. After this the road would be easy. I would ALWAYS HAVE IN MY HOUSE PROVISIONS lough to carry me through a month's sickness if such a misfortune should overtake me, and now, being so well supplied, I could afford to indulge occasionally in luxuries. could buy a barrel of potatoes or a quarter of eef at a time. At the same time I should expect to find my family healthier and "wealthier" at the end of the first month than they had ever been before. Of course I hould always purchase in large quanties, as by that means I would save about twenty per cent.; but in selecting the most nutritious oods instead of throwing away all my substance on beef teak and potatoes, I should save at least twenty-five per cent. more

Men and Horses of Former Times Mr. Gladstone is credited with having said

recently to at every symptom indicative of a nation which has seen its best days, and is now lowly settling, may be discerned on every side of us at this moment. That there is far less vigour and endurance in ordinary men and ordinary horses than existed at the commencement of the century is so apparent that ione but the very young and very thoughtless can be blind to the fact. We find in the "Life of Lord Chancellor Campbell" that in 1810, when he was 31 years old, he wanted to get from Stafford, where he was on circuit, to London with the least possible delay. "My plan" he writes to his father, 'w s to go in a chaise to Wolverhampton, and then to take the stage-coach ; but there was no chaise to be had at Stafford, and I was forced to set off an foot: The distance is 16 miles, which I performed in less than four hours. At Wolverhampton I found the London coach ready to start, and passing through Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford, I reached the Temple next day at 2 p.m." How many young barristers of to-day would be fit for a hard afternoon's work after going through such an ordeal? A still living veteran upon the stage, Mr. Chippendale, re members the time when as a young actor, he occasionally had to waik 40 miles in a day from town to town and to play at night for the noble stipend of 25 shillings a we Sixty or seventy years ago such famous hunting men as Squire Osbaldeston or the late Lord Lichfield endured in getting to the covert side fatigue and hardship which none but a madmin would now think of facing. Lord Lichfield, when master of the Warwickshire hounds, would take his seat on a Sunday by the coachman's side at 8 p.m., upon the box of the Birming ham "Grayhound," and, travelling all night would arrive at Coventry about 6 a.m. on Monday. Having washed, put on his hunt-ing clothes, and breakfasted, he would ride, ing clothes, and breakfasted, he would ride, perhaps, twenty miles to meet his hounds, hunt all day, and upon more than one occasion return from Coventry to London upon Tuesday night by the up coach. When Squire Osbaldeston was master of the Quorn and Oakley hounds at the same time his days and Oakley hounds at the same time his days were often passed in hunting and his nights in galloping from one pack to the other. The horses bestridden and driven by these iron-framed sportsmen were, like their riders and drivers, more enduring than the animals now sold at Tattersall's,

## AGRICULTUR

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

## ONTARIO'S CROP

Following is a summary of th port of the Bureau of Industrie The area under wheat this yes acres; the estimated produ bushels, and the average yield bushels, but later returns will duce this estimate. Last under wheat was 1,775,337 ac duce 40,921,201 bushels, and yield per acre 23 bushels, area of fall wheat sown, as retu ship assessors for this year, acres, of which 88,734 are repo been ploughed up or re-sown.
of spring wheat sown is nearly last year.

The return made by farmer of June showed that they had that date 5,453,485 bushels of fully six months' supply for t vince. The quantity held b stored in warehouses has no tained, but it is not large. The area of barley is less than 91,000 acres, and the estimated 3,670,000 bushels. In the wer of the province it was injured sive rainfall of June and th July, and the bulk of it is not a In the counties of York, Durha berland, and Prince Edward a has been reaped and housed in

The acreage under oats is I than last year, and the crop is an excellent one in all parts of Like other cereals, it is about later than usual in rip-ning. product is 5,626,000 bushels n year, and the average yield is n

els per acre.
Rye is only moderately good variety fared better than the he spring rye was injured by stand was light.
Peas has been a good crop i and north-eastern counties, h Midland and Lake Erie countie or drowned out by the rains

somewhat less than last year mated product is 775,000 bushe TABLE OF AREA AND F The following table shows produce of those staple crops or 1882 and 1883 :-

Acres. Bush. F, Wheat. 1,089,455 16,522,359 S. Wheat. 587,090 10,237,050 Barley 757,622 20,613,435 Oats 1,423,529 55,724,044 Rye 188,488 3,577,774 Peas 541,713 11,718,339 \*Total.... 4,587,847 118,393,091

Corn was planted late, and ti of June and July did great injusome sections of Lake Erie cocorn is chiefly grown, it was di the heavy rains, and excepting its condition at the beginning was generally very poor. Th ing crop has doubtless been coduced by the unfavourable bean crop is in a more hopefu also is buckwheat. The total corn, beans, and buckwheat is tables to be 313,013 acres, a acres last year. CROP OF HAY AND CLO

The crop of hay and clover is largest ever grown in the coubulk of it has been well cure noused. The area was 2,350,4 the estimated produce 4,127,411,825,890 acres and 2,030,626 c.over was almost completely i ter exposures and spring frost accounts for the smaller area; yield as compared with this year crop of clover was making fine beginning of the month, but m formation gives ground to th many localities the seed will be the midge. This new pest is r. ing to all parts of the province. Roots made slow progress in of the season, in consequence rainfall, but the reports show to half of July they made rapid growth. The chief difficulty ex been to keep the weeds in ch under potatoes is 167,302 acrès 700 last year; and under carr and turnips 127,198 acres, ag

last year. FRUIT CROP A FAILUI The fruit crop is to a large en in all parts of the province. ception of plums and small fr hardly be sufficient for home The trees are, however, in a generally, and have made a f young wood. Black knot is r the cherry trees, and in some plum trees also. The total orchard and garden this year, a township assessors, is 200,846 year's return, which was in p was 213,846 acres.

The area of cleared or improv

province this year is 10,587, which 7,745,627 acres are und and orchard and garden. Last of cleared land was 10,172,712 a 7,326,859 acres were under crop and garden. It thus appears taking account of flax and to cent. of the improved land is in low this year, against 28 per c last year shows that the quanti 33,442,123 lbs.; but a large 1 mers were unable to fill the this head, and it is probable tha

given does not represent more cent. of the actual production-There are in the province creameries, or 13 more than las produce of 17 of these from the cosesson to the 31st of July was of which 217,855 lbs. sold for 8 number of cheese factories is 628 more than the number reported last year. The produce of 262 have made returns for the same creameriea was 10,823,507 lbs quantity 8,431,372 lbs. was the sum of \$903,310. The quan on hand at the 262 factories August was 2,402,135 lbs.

## MANITUBA'S CRO

The third crop bulletin of the

Manitoba has just been issued b Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Ac and is made up of reports fro ships. It was anticipated weather in June and the early, would have proved disastrous but the rainfall on July 11, 1 lieved the minds of the farme extent, and several subseque showers helped forward the crops to a large extent.

HAY.—The dry weather of the yield of timothy, and it is ported light, but the quality i total tonnage reported saved to 72,358 tons, the aggregate yie son being estimated at 214,8 crease of 25 per cent. over that Haying began very generally week in July, the average date of July. In several localities the been fully gathered, and repor there being an abundance i The average yield per acre wi The total area under timothy have been 3,375 acres. WHEAT-Correspondents