A DESIGNING WOMAN ----OR, THE----

Plot for Alhambra Court

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was Mr. Udy's voice and Mr. Udy's hand that had completed Madame Juliette's panic. "Are you insane?" he exclaimed, with a swift glance round. "Do you not know that anyone seeing you as I just saw you, and hearing you as I just heard you, must have been confinced of your fraudulent character? Take eare Celie or ""." Take care, Celie, or—"
The charge was hushed in a subdued cry of

Surprise. He had stepped in front of her, and was looking in alarm at her ghastly face. Conscious that she must recover herself as quickly as possible, Madame Juliette staggered a step toward a miniature fountain of ice

water.

Perceiving her design, Udy assisted ber.

"Confound her!" he thought uneasily.

"She's turning into the veriest mikkep.

Before I can get out of this snarl she'll explode the whole thing. She's no more the woman that she was than chalk's like marble." Alike unconscious of his thoughts and in-ifferent to them, Madame Juliette leaned hand heavily upon the golden rim of the asin and dashed the cool spray in her face. It revived her in a moment, bringing the swely colour back to her cheeks in a rosy

She held out her white hands and blue veined wrists, and let the spray play over

Presently she drew out her handkerchies and dried her face and hands. He then asked the question uppermost in his thoughts. "What has put you in this condition?" he

interrogated, impatiently.

After a moment Madame Juliette made a quiet statement.
"Chaillie is here," she said. "He has gone out for a walk till Mrs. Urquhart car

onveniently receive him." Mr. Udy's thoughts at once turned to his "Then I'll get out of his way," he exaimed, promptly.

And with a muttered oath, he hurried t

"A cup of coffee, a roll—anything you happen to have ready," he said to Brutus. "I must be off in five minutes." He took his coffee standing, and was off in "By Heaven!" he muttered, as he hurried

through the lodge gates, "I'd give a clear ten thousand to be out of this infernal plot for Albambra Court. I begin to think there's a fate at work against each and all of us. First, I aim at it for Wilmer. Then Celie seizes upon it for herself. Now this daredevil, Chaillie resolves to wrest it from her. Where is it all to end?" Who is fated to

While Mr. Udy was uneasily revolving those serious questions, Madame Juliette was executing her imposed task.

But Rouald Chaillie had made a sudden

change in his plans.

After leaving the Court of Delights, he de termined to avoid an interview with Mrs. Urquhart till he had seen Dr. Farnham. Accordingly he added a half hour to the hour of his absence, and made his appearance just in time to join that individual on the

They stopped there to exchange cordial greetings, and then, under the adroit management of Chaillie, remained there to discuss Mrs. Urquhart's condition,

They exhausted a quarter of an honr thus. At the end of that time they minenced slowly ascending the steps, Dr. arnham remarking doubtfully, in cautionally wered voice: "You may be right. I will not say you are wrong. But I can't see the least ray of hope for her though, as I have already said,

she may live for years."
"The old fogy." thought Chaillie, imintly, adding aloud : "Depend upon it, I am right, doctor."
Dr. Farnham made no reply to the pleasant words. He was thinking—thinking just

They reached the porch and entered the The doctor roused himself.

He turned to address Chaillie, when the footman, who had been patiently waiting in the hall, announced that Mrs. Urquhart was up, and would immediately receive them in her boudoir. "Come on, my dear fellow," cried Dr.

Farnham, heartily, Chaillie smiled, and took a step toward the library. "I am only here in the character of a

friend," he said in his deep, mellow voice.
"Make your professional visit, and I.—"
"Ridiculous nonsense!" burst out the doctor, seizing him by the arm. They went up the stairs together. They found Mrs. Urquhart reclining in

large easy-chair by the open window, and Alba seated near her. She received both with marked pleasure, Dr. Farnham proceeded to ask his He listened to the replies with the deepes

Then he folded his arms and fixed his gaz Presently he unfolded them and looked at

He spoke abruptly, hastily. "What have you to say to a change of physicians?" he smiled. "Dr. Ronald here sts upon it that a great deal more can be done for you than I believe possible—in fact he says that you can be cured."

A cry of joy broke from Alba. The doctor hurried on bringing or hurried on, bringing his double right hand down upon the palm of his left

"Mrs. Urquhart, honestly, you ought to have the chance. Try Ronald."
Chaillie sprang to his feet, his dark face flashing with genuine annoyance.

The proposition was precisely what he desired, but the manner of it was far from

being to his mind.
"I assure you—" he began hastily. "He assured you that he has not been begging the case. It's gospel truth he has not."
He turned with twinkling eyes to Chaillie
and pointed to the vacated chair.
"My dear follow," he cried with mock
gravity, "your professional honour is vindicated. I have done it. Seatyourself, I
pray."

pray."
Chaillie laughed and obeyed.

Before Dr. Farnham could say more, Mrs. Urquhart smiled flatteringly in allusion to Chaillie's triumph of the previous evening.

"I am not quite sure that a curative power does not reside in Dr. Ronaid's voice alone." Dr. Farnham asked an explanation. Mrs. Urguhart gave it. Urquhart gave it.

The doctor brought down his hand with redoubled force,
"The very thing!" he cried, "Such
music as that is good for you."
But the remainder of this interview need
not be detailed. Chaillie gained his end, For good or for evil, as his interests might lirect. Mrs. Urquhart was in his power. "I shall call occasionally as the friend of the family," laughed Dr. Farnham, as he shook her hand at parting, "and I trust to find you doing Ronald more credit than you

"And I," smiled Chaillie, in his courtlit manner, "shall, with your permission, ride over this evening to sing and play for you."

With those words he turned to Alba, bowed low over her hand, and followed Dr. Farn-

The doctor looked faughingly back at him from the top of the stairs.
"I have more faith in your music than you stem," he said in a suppressed voice. She wants amusing—shaking out of the vid remembrance of late events.

Ronald in return. "See how the system On reaching the lower hall they were stop-ed by Madame Juliette.

ped by Madame Juliette,
Fearful that it might excite remark if she suffered her old and valued friend, Dr. Ronald to leave the house without seeing her again, she stepped from the morning-room with smiling lips and extended hand.
"I shall see you this evening," said Ronald, while Dr. Farnham quickly detailed the result of his morning visit.

Monaid, while Dr. Farnham quickly detailed the result of his morning visit.

Madame Juliette heard it all with pleased composure. But when they were gone she went slowly up stairs, and locking herself in her sitting room, opened the secret drawers of the buhl cabinet. She examined each flask carefully and then ing another secret spring, took from a partment a small manuscript yellow and worn with age.

Over this she pored till the luncheon bell reminded her of the passing hours.

She closed the cabinet, rose, and softly

whispered three words:
"l'LL DO IT!" she said, her beautiful face "ILL Do it!" she said, her beautiful face inscrutable as that of a sphinx.

Late that same afternoon as Aunty Phemie was comfortably waddling toward the lodge gates for a breath of the freshening air, she suddenly spied a peddler approaching her. She stopped short, gazing at him with a feeling of vague surprise.

In spite of his mean clothing and the heavy

back he bore, there was something strangely listinguished in his whole air; more than that, there was something strangely familiar. She put out her fat forefinger to her fore-

Of whom did he remind her? She asked herself that question and then addenly awakened to the fact that she dewired to make no purchases.

With the thought she advanced a step and

wildly gesticulated her economical purpose.

The man trudged composedly forward.

Aunty Phemie now jerked up her capacious apron at the corners, and blew it with frantic energy toward him, her gorgeously turbaned head keeping periect time to each move-Still the man kept on.

Aunty Phemie dropped her apron and "I clar," she grumbled. "I'se made myself giddy as a top, an' yar he comes all de same! An' don' I know jes how it'll be? He'll open dat 'yar box, an' good-by to a dolla'. I know. This thought roused her to renewed ex

rtions. She lifted her voice in a lusty protest. "Taint no use a-comin' on," si dar aint no market fur you yar! "De ladies of 'Lambra Court does MY shop-

pin', an de young fry does dar own!"

It proved a fruitless effort.

The peddler smiled, bowed, and came r Aunty Phemie dropped despairingly upon rustic settee beside her.
In a moment she was on her feet again. Hurrying her fingers into her pocket she rew out her purse.

The next instant she had placed it carefully on the settee.

The next she had triumphantly deposited erself upon it.
"Dar!" she she ejaculated with a proud chuckle, "it ain't nigh so handy. She now watched the peddler's approach

But presently her eyes left the fascinating pack, and rivetted themselves upon the stran-She forgot the concealed treasures back ; she forgot the danger of her purse.

Whoebber am it he makes me fink ob? she asked herself uneasily. The question had scarcely shaped itself when she breathed a smothered ejaculation, rose and dropped a respectful curtesy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE PEDDLER'S VOW.

ropped a curtesy, the peddler swung sack from his shoulder to the setter. He turned and looked at her with a strai ly startled if not alarmed countenan He drew up his grand form with unconse

ous kingliness, and spoke with unac Why do you do that?" he asked. imself, and hastily added in humble accents: 'm only a poor peddler.' Aunty Phemie, gazing at him with a certain we in her attentive eyes, shook her head

"I meant no 'fence, sah. You only min'ed me ob—ob somebody!" Again the peddler forgot himself. "Of whom?" he asked sharply, a suspici

paleness showing through his swarthy visage.

Occupied with her own thoughts and feelings, Aunty Phemie never noticed the tone.
She answered, slowly, and with a little gulp:
"I don' feel like mentionin' ob no name.

At this unsatisfactory reply, the pallor on the peddler's noble features increased, and his deep-set gray eyes grew more anxious.

But great tears had suddenly swelled under Aunty Phemie's dusky lids. Half ashamed she turned hastily around.

Her dim eyes chanced to rest upon the magnificent white marble facade of Alhambra Court, showing in columned grandeur through the intervening growth of shrubbery and The peddler's gaze followed her own.

As it did so the singular anxiety died out of his eyes and he muttered impetuously:

"A palace fit for a king!"

Aunty Phemie quickly faced him swelling with pride and affection. "Yes, marse peddler," she cried, "an' i

was a king as riz it!—de pore murdered marse! Dar was'n' his like fur a man in de warl! An neider am dar a like fur de pore mis'ess an' Miss Alba!" The peddler's eyes fell with a sudden flash of eagerness to the pack on the settee.

He answered, slowly unfastening the straps

as he spoke. "It was a terrible murder-I read all about it in the papers. So the poor gentleman left a family! A large one?" "De pore broken-hearted mis'ess an' Miss Alba, an' de res' ob us darkies!" answered

Aunty Phemie, chokingly. "It was a big famberly he lef' ter mourn ob him!" The peddler gently assented, and then "Miss Alba, -was she the only child?"

As he listened for a reply, his fingers suddenly paused in their work, and he involuntarily held his breath. "De on'y one," answered Aunty Phemie, iefly. "An'she's a darlin'!" The peddler bent his face low over pack-so low that Aunty Phemie could not

see the sudden twitch of his heavily bearded nouth, or the dimness of his deep-set eyes. After a moment he asked another qu "Don't they feel it dreadfully lonely, the wo poor ladies?" he said.

Again the busy fingers were stilled, again he uneven breath was hushed.

"Well, dey does," nodded Aunty Phemie, orrowfully. "But den, you see, it might be sorrowfully. "But den, you see, it might be wus. Dar's Marse Udy come ter lib wir us, an' mis'ess's 'nection and cousin, Ma'me Jul'ette—" A deep flush had mounted to the peddler's

brow at the mention of Udy's name, but as Aunty Phemie uttered Madame Juliette's With an almost imperceptible start he lifted his head and fixed his eyes upon her.

"A cousin? — Juliette?" he echoed.

"Madame Juliette? What other name does

Marked surprise and hushed anguish struck marked surprise and hushed anguish struck langerously through the low tone—so langerously that, recalled to a sense of his mprudence, he hastily dropped his eyes.

But Aunty Phemie answered the question without either thinking of its boldness or observing its troubled tone.

Her whole mind was absorbed in her sub-

ect—the most interesting subject in the world to her—Alhambra Court and its inmates.

The peddler had stifled a weary sigh on reeiving her answer to his question.

After that he proved the most attentive of

With intense satisfaction she dilated upon

Mrs. Urqubart's and Alba's beauty and good-With graphic earnestness she told of Udy's vent; of Madame Juliette's advent and lendid charms; of Dr. Ronald's advent and

But every word was marked by a singular ense of propriety.

She never trenched, by even a hint, upon urely private matters.

At the end of her story she awakened to a

sort of vague surprise.
"But what on yeth am I a-tellin' all dis yar If?" she suddenly exclaimed.

The peddler replied by exposing the secret plendours of his pack. Aunty Phemie commented by hurriedly umping herself upon the purse, and eyeing is gorgeous display with wildly covetous Directly she sighed.

upon the purse.
"Taint no yerthly use," she groaned.
"I may set on it. I may swaller it—its all de same! de peddler 'd git de chink out ob it.
Gib me dem big hoop yar-rings wif de red one settins. The peddler obeyed, a suspicious curl about

the corners of his heavy, iron-grey moustache.

Aunty Phemie drove a sharp and satisactory bargain.
At its close the peddler drew out a gorgeon Madras—the most georgeous Madras Aunty Phemie had ever been favoured with a sight

She gazed at it in mute anguish.

The next moment she uttered a cry of de-The peddler had asked her to accept it as a

Nevertheless she presently watched him out of sight with a disapproving shake of the "Pedla' or no pedla', he's a gemman," she muttered: "but fur all dat I hope he won't come yar no mo'. Onct an' awhile he do min' me ortul oh...."

The sentence was cut short by a sigh as she Meanwhile the peddler trudged monoton-ously on till he reached a piece of rising ground, affording him an unobstructed view

of Alhambra Court. There he paused, sweeping it in a long and earnest gaze,
As he gazed, his features grew rigid with a dreadful anguish and despair.
"Is it to be forever thus?" he muttered.

"I have just received reliable information, but how am I to use it? Shall I ever enter that palatial residence as—"
The words failed on his lips and with a smothered groan he turned about and com-

menced descending the slope.

He stopped as suddenly as he had started.

He lifted his battered straw hat and raised his deep-set eyes reverently to heaven. "Thou," he whispered, "Thou, the good and Ali-merciful-Father, knowst the truth, Thou hast protected me through countless perils. Thou hast brought me thus far on my way. Pli trust Thee to the—end."

He replaced his hat and stood a moment lost in thought.

"Yes," he presently breathed, "it is time now to do and dare. For year's I have patiently suffered and worked without daring. From to-day I suffer and dare also. But I have have had my warning. have had my warning—I must procure better disguise." As he spoke the words he slowly moved forward again, and directly disappeared on the

dusty highway.

The evening brought Ronald Chaillie to
Alhambra Court precisely at the appointed His professional visit made to Mrs. Urqu-

hart's sitting-room, he descended to the Court of Delights to redeem the promise of the It was lighted, the stained globes diffusing a mellow, tinted glow throughout its length, while doors and casements stood wide to the

His first glance was for Madame Juliette. Apparently the Court was quite tenantless.

Inwardly chaing, he made a hurried search for her through the flowery aisles of the centre of the Coart.

It proved a fruitless one.

He moved impatiently to the bell.

At the moment that he placed his hand upon it Madame Juliette stepped through one of the open casements.

The expression of her countenance rivetted is immediate attention and awakened a

CHAPTER XXXIX. A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

With a due regard to the eyes of some passing servant, Ronald Chaillie covered his alarm, and smilingly advanced to meet Madema Indicates dame Juliette. His greeting was warm and easy, as it was befitting the greeting of an old-time friend should be

As he reached her he extended his hand. But Madame Juliette had suddenly turner the casement again and was intently looking out upon the shrubbery.

He quickly added a hurried question to his

warm greeting.
"What is the matter?" he asked in a supressed voice.

Madame Juliette answered in her usual

sweet, bell-like tones, turning toward him. "Twice, while sitting opposite that casement, I fancied Isaw a pair of eyes glittering through the heavy foliage draping it without. The second time I was almost certain of it, and started involuntarily to my feet. My first shock over, I ran out to make an in-

"And without alarming result," laughed Chaillie in relieved tones. "Nevertheless, I feel vaguely nneasy," assented Madame Juliette,
And she emphasized the statement by turning her head and casting another glance

at the casement.
Chaillie only laughed.
Half relieved by his cool indifference, she obeyed the almost imperceptible sign by which he bade her accompany him across the He paused beside one of the larger

Under cover of its musical din and the monster sweet ferns that shadowed it, he could speak with a sense of security.

"We must be quick," he said rapidly.

"Mrs. Urquhart is about to retire and Alba will join us as soon as she does. What of

A cold listlessness had settled upon Madame Juliette's beautiful features the moment the sweeping ferns had closed them in from ob-As he put his eager question she dropped her eyes to the fountain's silver basin, toyingly dipped her white fingers into the

She spoke, her voice as listless as her air. "He has not been here to-day," she answered.

She paused a moment,
Before she could resume Ronald irritably interposed.
"Pshaw! I know that already," he cried. "He has only left Boston to-day to display his admirable horsemanship in the neighbour-hood of Arnheim cottage. It's his plans I want to surprise.

want to surprise.

At his mocking statement Madame Juliette had hastily withdrawn her fingers from the water and rested them on the basin's edge. She fastened her eyes in a swift, alarming She expressed her thoughts in one emphatic

picious," she breathed. "And wholly on account of my being a a friend of Madame Juliette Ecker," nodded tonald composedly.

Madame Juliette started and for an instant Directly she expressed herself in two em

phatic words.
"A mistake," she said. Ronald shrugged his shoulders, and replied a nonchalantly as before. as nonchalantly as before.

"All plotters make them," he said.

To that truthful assertion he added a hasty account of the scene he had witnessed between Craig Grahame and Alba the previous

"But what do his suspicions signify?"

ncluded negligently. "He will be affection-icly cared for if necessary." He then drew from Madame Juliette's un-illing lips a brief account of Craig's reject-n, and the fact that Mrs. Urquhart had

on, and the fact that Mrs. Urquhart had talked freely with her of the matter.

Satisfied on those points, he repeated his question concerning Graig's plans.

"He need occasion you no uneasiness at present," answered Madame Juliette coldly. "He starts this evening for New York city, and will be detained there some two or three weeks."

For what purpose ?" asked Ronald quick y and suspiciously.
"To attend to important business of Mrs.
Ponsonby's."
"Did he write to that effect?"

"No. The Ponsonbys were here to see
Mrs. Urguhart this afternoon."
"Was anything said about his trip abroad? "That he seemed very unsettled in purpose leclaring that he might go at a moment's notice, or not go at all."

Ronald received that answer with a sup-

ressed chuckle of intense satisfaction.

He hesitated a moment, as if about to say He abruptly ended his indecision Brushing through the sneltering ferns, he woode to the piano and seated himself.

His fingers swept the keys.

His voice rent the airs.

In that first incomparable burst of passionate song he was raised us high above his nefarious schemes as the neavens are high above Madame Juliette swept with superb grace and tortured mind to the vine-draped case-ment. Alba stole breathlessly in to a seat be-side her. Cat-like and solemu, Mr. Udy

ined them. heir very existence.

It was nine o'clock when he at last ros

As on the preceding evening, his hand ome face was pale and weary-looking. But t swiftly regained its wonted life and colour. He had suddenly caught sight of Aiba. She sat with bowed head, and clasped hands, her pale, exquisite face still instinct with the emotions awakened by his wonder

ful gift. A great joy leaped to his eyes, and h hastened toward the group. He was yet a few paces distant when his eet were suddenly chained to the inlaid pavement beneath them. hollow, rebuking voice had weirdly

broken the impressive silence following his last matchless strain—a voice crying in slow olemn accents: "WHERE-WHERE IS GALEN KIMBAL?" That startling question was instantly echo-id by a stifled nowl of supreme terror from among the draping vines of the casement.

No one heeded the howl.

The question itself filled every thought.

It had fallen like a bombshell upon the ittle group near the casement.

Alba started to her feet in pale, questioning light and deed deed.

oubt and dread.

Madame Juliette started to her feet, he reat, luminous eyes blazing a mingled sur-rise, fear and defiance.

Mr. Udy started to his feet, the pitiable imbodiment of a speechless, agonizing terror.

His knees shook under him; his eyes started from his head; his cheeks and lips were horribly livid, his long lean hand The eyes of each were directed in a statue

ike stillness toward the garden door of the roice-more hollow, more rebuking, more colemn than before-rang through the court or the second time : WHERE-WHERE IS GALEN KIMBAL?"

At that repetition of the threatening question a guttural cry burst from Udy, and a white froth gathered upon his parted lips.

"The voice of the dead!" he screamed, shrilly. "The voice of—" The words were lost in another guttur

Ronald Chaillie, who had stood a cool, astonished observer of the whole scene, rushed burriedly to his side and apoke to him.

"St down, Mr. Udy, sit down," he cried cheerfully, forcing him into a chair. "The merry prank of some merry fool, sir."

As he spoke Alba ran hastily for a glass of wine.

At the same moment Madame Juliette coused herself to definite action. Withdrawing the amazed, questioning gazeshe had fixed upon Udy's livid face, she turn ed and hurried swiftly, breathlessly to the

Taking advantage of Alba's absence. Ronald ried nurriedly in Udy's ear:
"See here, my good fellow, rouse yourseld little. You don't want to die in a fit, nor neither do we want you to—at least," he added to himself, "not till the estate i He had drawn a small medicine case from

his breast pocket as he spoke, and now wiped away the froth and shook a few pellets riped away the flow lips.

He was restoring the case to his pocket, when Alba came in with the wine.

A glass of it soon brought a tint of natural clour to the wretched man's features. As Ronald set the glass aside, Alba suddeny exclaimed with a mingling of decision and "This extraordinary scene must not hentioned to mamma, Dr. Ronald," Before Ronald could utter more than one

useanting word, Mr. Udy's eyelids flew open, and he half raised himself in his chair.

"No one must be told!" he cried wildly, in low, strained, unnatural accents. "No one," he added, looking from one to the other

he added, looking from one to the other.
"Do you understand?"
"Fully, Uncle Ashland," Alba hastened to
answer soothingly. "And I think Dr. Ronald
will agree with me that you are quite right."
"Undoubtedly I do," laughed Ronald,
adding as he placed a cautioning finger upon "Why should we tell anything so utterly

Meanwhile Madame Juliette had hnrried through the garden door to the grounds.

As she did so she fancied she saw a fleeing With the fearlessness which characterize

oer, she instantly started in pursuit.
"I will fatnom the meaning of this," she thought.

She had left the house some distance behind her, when she suddenly became aware that she had been misled by her own imagin-

ation.

With an impatient ejaculation, she stopped and cast a scrutinizing glance round her.

The next moment, her light feet were flying piselessly over the deep, rich sward. There was no mistake this time.

Diagonally from the path first followed sh ad caught sight of a skulking figure among the shrubbery.

With eyes fixed upon the point at which it had vanished, she breathlessly spurned the friendly sod.
She reached the point.

There was the figure skulking quietly and unsuspectingly among the shrubbery less than six feet ahead of her. Breathing one swift, exultant word, she darted round a great clump of pyrus japoni-cas and white lilac bushes, intending to inter-cept the figure as it faced the full glow of the

She rounded the clump.
The next moment her flying feet struck tome unseen object, and she was preciditated had stretched out her hands, and one o them had fallen upon another hand—a hand bony, clammy, and icy cold.

CHAPTER XL. A STRANGE ADVENTURE. Madame Juliette's first sensation was one of overpowering terror; her second one o

she thought swiftly, "there were With the thought her hand slipped fro the cold, bony fingers to a shaking shoulder.

It was covered by a man's coat.

She fastened a firm, determined grip upon

"Who are you?" demanded Madame fuliette in her clear, musical voice.

The chattering teeth chattered s little

Madame Juliette was in earnest. She seized his arm with both hands and agged him from the cover of the bushes to a faint moonlight.

The next instant she repeated her question, ooking a little wonderingly down upon the copy frame and iron-grey head.

Even in the uncertain moonlight he looked pitiable wreck of humanity.

At Madame Juliette's repeated inquiry he helicking radiod.

A great awe seemed to gather in them as they rested on the splendid beauty of her face, etherealized, as it was, by the soft light of the moon. Coweringly he twisted himself to his knees.
"Mebbe you are his angel," he chattered,
huskily. "Mebbe—"
"Nonsense," hurriedly interposed Madame

Juliette, with a vague sense of discomfort at this turn of the scene. "I am flesh and blood like yourself. Get up from your knees and answer me: Who are you, and who was it that made that strange enquiry about Galen Kimbal ?" At that question the negro seemed to sink

"Oh, Lor! oh, Lor!" he gibbered, wringing his hands, and grovelling at Madame Juliette's feet. "Oh, Lor! Don'I know it was le pore dead marse a-callin' on me ter fess an At each broken word he had uttered he syes clazed more fiercely, her breath had come more gustily. She now seized him by the shoulders, and

chook him in a very fury of excitement.

"Speak, speak!" she panted breathlessly

"Are you Galen Kimbal?" To that question she was destined to re give no reply. Even as she uttered the words her hands oosed their grasp; her head sank to her preast, and she slipped gently and slowly to

the fragrant turf.

Her eyes were closed, her face still calm and As her head gently touched the sod a large, misshapen form bent for an instant over her—the form of the man she had been so eagery pursuing.
"Madame Juliette, without doubt," he from be

muttered, looking keenly at her from be-neath a pair of shaggy, overhanging eyebrows. "Thank Heaven her cry called me to this spot. And thank Heaven for this marvellous scovery!"
With those reverent words he hastily

turned and rested a gentle hand upon the bowed head of the still crouching negro. "Come with me my poor fellow," ne whis-pered, low and rapidly. "I am a friend and will care for you."

At the unexpected sound of another voice The success of this form of collegiate education for women is said to be assured. A fund of \$67,000 has been obtained by the ladies of the Executive Committee. the negro raised his head.

His first glance feil on Madame Juliette's

soumbent figure.

He stared confusedly from that to the man reside him. But he seemed incapable of The man cast a hurried, anxious eye aroun nim, and then spoke again, his voice hushed as before.

"You have cause to fear Ashland Udy," he said. "Don't stay here, or you will fall into his clutches. Come. Don't be afraid. I have cause to fear him too. I will be your friend."

The mention of Ashland Udy's name seem-

He scrambled shiveringly to his feet. But when on them he fixed a suddenly suspicious eye upon the speaker.

Those last hurried words set his min "The Lor' A'mighty bress you," he talte

ed. "I fought as how mebbe you'd scurry me back ter Zil an' inter de mines agin." "Heaven forbid!" whispered the stranger, sgitatedly? Low as the words were spoken the negro aught them.

His sunken eyes expressed all his gratitude.

Then he leaned forward and whispered

confidentially:

"You see, marse, Irun'd away."

"I know, or you'd never be here," answered the stranger again, in his hushed, agitate "Yes," nodded the negro, "and I come'd yar—a-axin' my way ebery step—ter see ef dar wasn't somebody ter 'tect me. "You see, I can read de papers, marse, an

read all 'bout pore Marse Guy—"
He stopped shudderingly, and shudderingly
eized the stranger's arm. "An' when I got yar," he suddenly re-sumed, his eyes rolling in terror, "didn't l see HIM ?" As he uttered the last word, he grasped the stranger's arm more tightly, and crept close

"You fink," he breathed, his eyes blaz de pis'ol?"

The stranger started violently, and fixed s half terrified gaze upon the uncanny face.

The next moment he seemed to recover

'His own half-brother."
"Yes, his brover," echoed the negro exitedly. "But den—but den—" He stopped, and suddenly seizing the tranger by his misshapen shoulders, pressed his lips close to his ear.

"But den—HE DONE DE ODER!" he whis

"It can't be. It can't be!" he muttered

At those mysterious words the stranger's ace grew ashy white. In his turn he excitedly seized the negro's "Speak," he whispered, his massive fram

ave sought you vainly, and now the m Fatner has sent you to me. Speak, Galen, speak! Tell me all. Tell me—" He was startled into a sudden silence. In his excitement he had incautiously slipped to louder tones, and was only awakened to

sense of his imprudence by the sight of the negro dropping upon his knees.

Before a word could be uttered on either side, a sigh from Madame Juliette startled The stranger cast a hurried glance upon The next instant he seized the negro and

aised him to his teet. "I have been mad to linger here with you, he breath d hurriedly. "If you don't want to call down a swift destruction upon us ooth, exert yourself. See there!"
As he spoke the last words he spun the limp negro round, and pointed to a figure which he had just spied creeping, snake-like,

The negro gazed helplessly. The figure shrank back among the shadows of the shrubbery.

The man stooped to the negro in a breathless excitement, whispering hurriedly:

"You see that foe? Think of Ashland
Udy. Think of the diamond mines, and run
for your freedom—for your life."

With those words he seized the negao's
hand and whirled him about again.

Thoroughly awakened to a comprehension Thoroughly awakened to a comprehension of the tangible danger which threatened him. the poor fellow uttered a stifled howl and

Ronald Chaillie had remained in the Court of Delights till assured that Mr. Udy could be safely left with Alba. Hé was just saying that he would follow Madame Juliette's example and take a look about the grounds, when a twice repeated call of a whip-poor-will caught his attention.

He left the court as Madame Juliette had ione, by the garden door. Just without the door he paused, intently

He must have been a man of experie the dubbed the baby carriage a "crycicle "Here, Bill," cried a rural gentleman hing to the elevator as he saw it comi

The cry of the whip-poor-will was repeated. He moved rapidly in the direction of the

To be continued.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

An Idyl of the Kitchen wn holland apron she stood in the kits sleeves were rolled up and her cheef

aglow; hair was colled neatly; when I, indi ood watching while Nancy was a the dough. Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sv

or who hum a song so delightfully low.
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tend
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading
dough? How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it, And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow. Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sad-

"Twas my heart she was kneading as well as

At last, when she turned for her pan She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please go, Or my bread 1'll be spoiling in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

begged for permission to stay. She'd

The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!" Yet when I had vanished on being thus ban-My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my

woe.

And we dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen.

Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough. -John A. Fraser, jr. For and About Women Sara Bernhardt owns a profitable dairy.

The girl with a big hat seems to be all nead until you talk to her. "No," said Mrs. Parvenu, "we haven't seen Irving yet, but we have all his books in our library, and I went to Sunnyside on the Hudson two years ago."

Fancy stationery is properly voted vul-ar. There is nothing more gentrel than gar. There is nothing more gentrel than plain, white paper and envelopes, and it is still more "genteel" and after the manner of the "old school" people to use sealing Miss Van Zandt is believed by Parisian

to have led a romantic career in her early days among the Indians of Texas, but an unimaginative uncle says she never saw an Indian, except the wooden ones guarding the tobacco fastnesses in her native city of Brooklyn. The fourth year of the Harvard Annex ha lemonstrated that the undertaking may fair-y be regarded as no longer an experiment.

The students in a female college in Milwaukee, Wis., are in rebellion because the authorities have forbidden the wearing of set of resolutions stating that though teachers might have some control over the education of their pupils they had nothing to do with their personal tastes or wishes.

A wife not liking the publicity of obtain-ing a divorce soaked the kinding wood in water the night before, and then placed a can of kerosene near the stove. In the morning the husband attempted to build the fire, and his widow, it is reported, was married within six months after the sad tragedy occurred. This is the story they tell, but it is probably untrue, as no one ever heard of a married man getting up to build the fire.

The Vagaries of Charity. Charity is represented by a correspondent as having become fashionable in New York. Fifth avenue belles are taking to it as a diversion. In some instances it is merely a Sunday school class that serve's as a rich girl's hobby, in which case she both clothes, and religiously instructs her pupils. One heiress is fond of heading a kind of procession of twenty uniformly dressed little boys

sion of twenty uniformly dressed little boys from their place in a Sunday school room to them. Another makes some tiny girls picturesque by putting them into costumes of Mother Hubbard cut. A third has indus triously sought out bandy-legged and knock kneed youngsters of impoverished parentage, and out of her private purse they are main tained in a hospital while recovering from operations which usually result in straight-

ing their limbs. Training for Girls In these days every middle-class mother ought to train her gir's to do something which is of marketable value. As it is, they are often not even trained for marriage. The know nothing—nothing about house worl servants, buying, selling, health of children their own health, economy, method, neatne order—all is happy-go-lucky with them, hail the better system of education prevent at our high schools and others und Government inspection; but technical training of all kinds for girls is quite left out. If a girl doesn't marry she ough out. If a girl doesn't marry she ought to be able to turn her hand to something. Our social feeling is quite false upon this question. Everything is infra dig. Young ladies with nothing a year may do all sorts of things for their amusement, but they must not do the very same things systematically for money. For instance, a girl will paint her own bedroom doors with flowers in pan-els, will pick out the cornice of her mother's drawing-room, or will gild her picture fram but suggest that she should train herself as house-high-art decorator, and she would n more sit upon a ladder in some one else's house and pick out the cornice or paint a flower-wreath on the ceiling for money than she would fly. That would be infra dig!

Therefore girls are out from many industri for which they might qualify themselves, and turn to in an emergency. The Engaged Girl.

Engaged young ladies are the prescribed wallflowers of society. The vast majority of them are pretty, or they would not be engaged; but how many of them wear out their beauty in the vain hope that engagement will mean marriage, and that marriage will mean happiness. Every girl who goes to balls and parties, to the opera, and race meetings, to Saratoga, or on one of the fashinable steamers to Europe, can tell you that should one of these doomed ones attract the attention of one of the other sex sufficiently to provoke an inquiry as to her name and station it is enough to kill all interest in her to answer: "That's, Miss So-and-So. She's engaged!"
As to the engaged one, if she be a faithful sweetheart she is bound to consider herself as somebody labelled and ticketed and laid by for future use. Knowing the irra-tional jealousy of man, she devotes all her thoughts to appearing above the suspicion of flirtation—or even above the suspicion of taking the remotest interest in any male human being other than he who has laid a first and second mortgage on her, and may be flourishing a free foot and on her, and may be dorstaining a receiver and a fellow to it at the very moment she is pining in the metaphorical but tangible weed of widowhood. If she be, on the other hand, what is termed a "lively" girl, and cannot understand why a young lady who is engaged should make a sort of social mummy of herself, and mixes innocently, but joyously, in the ordinary pleasures of girls of her age, she is open to the basest misconstruction of her ownsex—and will surely incur it. There is not a society girl who reads these lines who cannot call to mind an instance in her own circle of acquaintances where the conduct of a fellow-female of her coterie—innocent enough in it-self—has not been stigmatized by persons of her own age and sex as "outrageous," simply because she had the misfortune to be "en-gaged."

How Shall I Dress ? It is quite true that the question, Hov shall I dress—what shall I wear? is some times a perplexing one, and loss of tempe and trial of patience very often precede the

a decision is reached at all. The number of women who can as deliberately choose a dress as they would choose a disn for dinner is not large, and hundreds of women who can successfully administer the affairs of a large successfully administer the affairs of a large household are at their wits' end when the question of dress can no longer be post-oned or evaded. It is not strange that its settlement and solution are hedged with difficulties and trials. If dress were regarded as a mere covering, a protection from the vicissitudes of the weather, or a simple veil cast situdes of the weather, or a simple ven case between the wearer and the outside world, the trouble would be a light one and the question would be quickly settled. But where fashions and fabrics change with the seasons, or oftener; where modes of dress and dress material become matters of supreme importance, or are so regarded, it must be confessed that the case of these bewildered women is a hard one, provoking the sympathy of those of the sisterhood whose natural good taste or intuitions save them from such a sea of trouble. These women live and move in society, and they mistakenly think they must yield conformity to its laws and methods, to its whims and caprices, even if they verge at times on the repulsive, a they sometimes assuredly do on the absurd and ridiculous. It is the right and the duty of every woman to prize at its true value every natural gift, whether it be of mind or person, and to display it, with modesty and reserve, in as attractive a setting as her own good taste and judgment can devise. Let her study the appropriate and becoming; what is best for her, what fittests comports and is in keeping with her form, features, and com-plexion; and all this she can do without rudely setting herself in opposition to pre-vailing styles or fashions on the one hand, or

yielding senseless deference to their exact CORRESPONDENCE. The Editor Woman's Kingdom,

ADDRESS WANTED. DEAR MADAME, -Can you give me Lady Habberton's (of dress reform) address, or inorm me how to get it, and much oblige

[Lady Habberton, Dress Reform Association, Hanover square, London, Eng.] A GIRL AND A QUILT. I see in the last week's MAIL the names of me ladies given who have made quilts with a large number of pieces in them. Let me add something. I know a young woman in

cabin quilt with 3,803 pieces, which she put together entirely herself. Thomas C. SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Can I learn through the columns of your valuable paper if there be anything procurable that will permanently remove superfluous hair? Yours, &c.,

the township of Amaranth who has a log-

[All depilatories are more or less injurious and more or less ineffectual. Many ladies who are troubled with superfluous hair either pluck them out with a pair of tweezers of burn them close to the skin with a flame.

A PRETTY COSTUME.

Your "Woman's Kingdom" is filling a want long felt. All the ladies of the family look anxiously for it every Saturday. Will you please tell me how to make a pretty street costume for a young gurl, rather tall and slim, with a good figure, sixteen years of age, out of ruby velvet, brocaded.

NELUE C. (Woodstook) NELLIE C. (Woodstock.) [Brocaded silks and velvets are not in the est taste for young girls and it is too late in the season to wear a street costume, but the season to wear a street costume, but a stylish dress can be made in the following manner, which will be very elegant for evening wear and will look handsome under the out-door cape or the present Newmarket coat, which opens at the front to show the skirt. A pointed close-fitting bodice, with skirt plain at sides and front and drapery en bouffant at the back. Buttons of dead gold and simulated collar, lappels and cuffs of dead gold braid. Or pointed bodice open all the way down the front, with plain skirt.

of dead gold braid. Or pointed bodice open all the way down the front, with plain skirt and draped tunic. Plastron in ruby silk, the lower part kilted and crossed with narrow bands of dead gold velvet.]

Burdette's Patent Screen. "Last March I invented a screen that I am of a name for it," says Bob Burdette. "Two women sat down in the seat before me. parking as usual upon the closeness of the on to keep from being blown over the back of the seat. I took the newspaper I was read-ing, folded it in half, and, bending it into a semi-funnel shape, laid it up at such an angle that the blasts of March howling in at that window were not only turned away from my-self, but were directed against the back of the neck of the window-opener. When that window slammed down, which was just as soon as the ventilator dared let go of her bon-net with both hands, it woke up the man asleep on the wood-box and I got a glare that made it warm for me for 50 miles. But I didn't open the window and let in the gale. I only exercised the right of a freeman and

turned it away from myself. other day in which a lawyer, a preacher, and a cuspidor were engaged, the reverend brother and the cuspidor coming out victori-



DISFIGURING Humours, Humiliating Erup tions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Sal Rheum, and Infantile Humours cured by the Curicular Remedies. Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purific cleanses the blood and perspiration of impur-ties and poisonous elements, and thus remove

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, Instantly llays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and the Hair. Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humours, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Rough Chapped, or Greasy Skin.

Cuticura Remedies, are absolutely pure, and the only real Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers, free, from mercury, arsenic, lead, zinc, or any other mineral or vegetable poison It would require this entire paper to do jus

ice to a description of the cures performed by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

Rezema of the palms of the hands, and of the ends of the fineers very difficult to treat, and usu-elly considered incurable; small patches of tetter and salt rheum on the ears, nose, and sides of Scald Heads with loss of hair without number, heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of

Itching, burning and scaly tortures that paffied even relief from ordinary remedies, soothed and healed as by magic.

Psoriasis, leprosy, and other frightful forms of skin diseases, scrofulous ulcers, old sores, and diseases, scrofulous ulcers, old sores, and diseases, sech and all of which have been speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies failed, as proven by a vast number of sworn testimonials in our possession, which we will cheerfully mail to any address.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents, RESOLVENT, \$1. Soan, 25 cents. POTTER DEUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

NORTHEOP & LYMAN, Toronto, Dominion Send for " How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTY For Rough Char Greasy Skin, Blad

AGRICULTURA

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

REMOVING SPLINS

T. C .- "What will remove can it be done without leaving marks ?"

Unless splints are causing the majority of cases it is bett them alone. Any mild counter-

a tendency to produce more or tion, and consequently leave mar LAME PIG.

BRANT,—"I have a thoroug about seven months old, which his front legs, He is rather fat, sible to cure him, and how?" From your meagre description to say what is the matter with

Your safest plan would be to

veterinary surgeon and have

MARE IN MILK. MARTIN. - " I have a mare that ficult to dry her milk. She milk, years after her first colt, and app same now, although she

again. Can you recommend anyt Feed sparingly on dry food, a drachm iodide of potassium m night. Rub the udder daily we composed of acetate of lead half tincture of camphor four ounces,

BRAN MASHES. ENQUIRER .- "What is the pro feed bran to cows; should it be hot or cold water? I have been in warm food should not be give cattle, it being injurious to them. The general custom is to feed or bran mashes, which is no doub by pure laziness. Warm masi doubtedly the best-but there tion between warm and hot-as

by them being almost invaria mended for cows out of condition

BLINDNESS IN SHE THORAH.—" I have a flock of getting blind, a white scum g their eyesight. I cannot account have not heard of any other cases stone blind. Please give me sor tion as to what would help them is any cause for the disease. Is a for they all seem to have it, or ge of them have now been blind for

Possibly there is something wro

general management of your flock

to pasture or sheds. Mix in

small quantity of nitrate of potas the eyes with a lotion composed of iron one drachm, laudanum and water twelve ounces.

SALE OF SHORTHOR The sale in this city on the 14t inst., under the auspices of the Br can Shorthorn Association promidecided success, as the followi

will offer cattle for sale :-

James I. Davidson, Balsam, tw

ported Cruickshank bulls.

Arthur Johnson, Greenwood, or ported Cruickshank bull, and a from John Miller's imported cow Messrs. Heron, of Ashburn, of fine heifer from their imported sto Messrs. Fothergill, of Burli Pettet, same place, offer bulls and by the splendid prize bull Pri which carried off the honours a trial Exhibition this year.

trial Exhibition this year, Collacutt & Sons, Tv bulls and heifers and one bull c imported cow Emerald from the Polwarth. Messrs. Gardhouse & Son, M Messrs. Gardhouse & Son, M. some spiendid stock.
Messrs. Curree, of Everton, Di Little Britain, Hart, of Woodstock of Salem, Burnett, of Greenbank Appleby, Axford & Son, of Davis, of Glanworth, Patteson, of Barclay & Son, Lindsay, Wood, and others, all offer good animals, any herd.

any herd.
Catalogues are now ready, procured by addressing Mr. R. secretary of the Shorthorn As

King street east, Toronto. POULTRY AND POTAT MARKHAM asks :- "Can you information as to how hens would there would be two or three hr together for eggs and chickens fo to market? 2 And which would

breed to keep? 3. What is th

productive food? 4. Are potato

crop when not ready for the early

1. There is no reason why such

tion should not prove profitable, persons have tried the experiment It is an industry that requires tion, and unless you are prepare your own personal supervision would prove a loss. Poultry car advantageously unless they have arranged house for their account which should be weather proventilated, but the ventilation secured without causing draught always a good demand for poultr and prices are invariably good in 2. Poultry raisers differ as to w best breeds, but the most success in the United States are stocked Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Les Hamburgs. If you aim to rai table use a good cross may be ma a Brahma cock and a Dorking her between a Brahma and a whit makes an excellent fowl for eggs, horns are among the best layers i 3. The sunflower is the best eg food known for poultry, keeping thriving condition, and largely inc production of eggs. Every po who tries it will find that this is t known for glossing the plumage of is almost indispensable to those with their birds for exhibition to vantage. The Russian sunflow raised, requires very little care, grown in fence corners and other cult to cultivate. Its productio

market the better price is obtained general rule there are more fi crops of early than late varieties. toes prove very profitable crops. LIVE STOCK.

immense, yielding often at the bushels to the acre. It should be hills four feet apart, any time from

of May to the 1st of July. Thr

seed will plant an acre.
4. The earlier potatoes are plant an acre.

One of the Bow Park Duchess gave birth to a fine roan bull calf When young hogs are fed exe

corn, they cease to grow at an ea commence to lay on fat. Green them thriftier and larger than dry Some one truthfully observes to ful sheep-raising cannot be long to low, boggy, and swampy lands. steadily sheep must have at drained, if not rolling, pastures. To a great extent the proport reat in hogs is dependent on the exercise they take, and this is no ing. The growing of peas, allow