QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX—(CONTINUED.)

Like their father, Ethel and Grace were very quiet and undemonstrative in their grief, which was not the less acute for that. A thought of him was always in their hearts, though they never spoke of him voluntarily, and always changed the conversation as soon as possible when his name was mentioned. But oh, how they missed him everywhere! missed his quick, springing step upon the walk as he came in, bright, and fresh, and gay, from doing nothing—his cheery whistle, or snatches of song, or the last new opera—his playful badinage, and all the thousand little acts by which a good, kind brother can make himself beloved. If they could have seen him dead—if his body could have been brought home and buried in quiet Merrivale, under the shadows of the pines, where they could have kept his grave quiet with flowers and watered it with their tears—it would have been some solace for their pain. But alas! he had no grave, no resting place, save those deep, dark Eastern waters, and who could tell what horrid monster of the deep might have torn and mangled his manly form ere it reached the bottom of the sea! It was too horrible to think of; and the faces of his mother and sisters grew whiter each day, for each day they missed more and more the young man who had been the sunlight of their home.

Poor Grandma Ferguson, too, was completely prostrated at first with the suddenness of the blow, and could only sit and cry like a little child for the boy whom she had loved so dearly, and who had always been kind and affectionate to her.

"No matter, if I ain't nothin' but a homespun, uneducated critter; he never acted an atom ashamed of me, and when he had some high young city bucks visitin' him he allus brought 'em to see me and get some of my strawberry shortcake or mince pies," she said to a neighbor who was trying to comfort her. "Poor Phil! he never sassed me but once, and then he was a boy, and didn't know no better, and he was so sorry, too," she said; and she went on to relate the circumstance of his coming to her the night before he went away to school, and asking her forgiveness for the rude words he had said to her, when she kissed him and called him her baby.

He was her only grandson, and her heart was very sore and full of pain; and, laying aside her brown silk dress, which she had thought to wear at Anna's wedding, she clothed herself in deepest black, and thought and talked of nothing but her boy, her Phil, "drowned in the Ingies."

As for Anna, she cried herself into a sick headache the first day, and declined to see her affianced husband, the major, when he called. But she received him the next day, and was a good deal comforted by the beautiful necklace and pendant of onyx and pearls he brought to her with a view to assuage her grief, which was not very lasting. She had liked Phil well enough, and had been very proud of him, and his sudden death was a great shock to her, but she liked the major better, or, rather, she liked the costly presents he made her, and the position he would give her when she became his wife, as she expected to do in a few weeks. The grand wedding, however, which she was intending to have, must now be given up; and this, perhaps, added a little to her sorrow and regret for Phil's untimely end.

"Outside of his family, too, there was deep mourning for the young man who had been so popular with every one, and of whom it was said he had not a single enemy. Everybody had some pleasant memory of him, some kind word to say of him, even to old Becky Thomas an inmate of the poor-house, who never forgot the hot August day when she was toiling up the steep hill with a pail of huckleberries she had been gathering and which made her old arm ache with their weight. Phil had overtaken her in his light sulky, and though he did not know her name he knew she was some feeble old woman with neither friends nor home save that provided by the town.

She was tired, too, and faint, he saw, and the hill was long and steep, and the pail she carried heavy, so it mattered little to him whether she were a queen or a pauper. She was a woman and old, and in an instant he dismounted from his seat and was at her side and had her pail of berries in his hand before she well knew what he was doing.

"My dear madam," he said, "excuse me, but the sun is hot and the hill is long, and you are tired, I see, so just let me put you in the sulky and carry you home."

Old Becky was as she afterwards expressed it, "all of a tremble and struck in a heap."

"Good Lordy, massy," she exclaimed, shading her eyes with her hand to look at the elegant young man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with her own. "How you skeered me, Mr. Rossiter, I believe it is. Thank you all the same, but I can't git into the wagon and let you walk. I'm nobody but o'd Becky Thomas, who has seen better days; but I'm poor enough now, and live at the—the——"

She hesitated a moment, while all her olden pride asserted itself, and she could not say poor-house, even though it had been her home for years. But Phil understood her, and replied:

"Yes, I know. You have been unfortunate, as we are all liable to be, and by no fault of yours are now an inmate of the big white house over the hill where I may one day have to live when I am old like you, and if I do, I shall be glad if some young person gives me a lift like this;" and taking the little shriveled woman in his strong arms he put her upon the seat of his sulky. "Sit there and hold to the sides if you are afraid," he said, as he saw how frightened she looked at finding herself high in the air, and in close proximity to the heels of the fast horse which seemed to her so restless and skittish.

With Phil leading him, however, he was gentle enough, and holding fast to the narrow seat, her elbows akimbo and both her faded sun bonnet and gray hair falling down her back Becky rode in triumph up the hill and into the yard of the poor-house, whose inmates came out one after another to stare, and wonder and admire, as Phil lifted Becky from her elevated position carefully and gently as he would have lifted the daintiest young lady in Merrivale. This attention from Phil made Becky quite a heroine among her companions to whom she recounted again and again the particulars of her meeting with "the rich Mr. Rossiter, who wasn't too big feelin' to let her ride in his gig while he walked and carried her pail of huckleberries."

From that day onward Phil was Becky's idol, whom she would at any time have walked miles to see, and for whom, on Sundays, when service was over, she lingered about the doors of the church, hoping to get a bow from him or a kind word of recognition. And now he was dead, and the old pauper woman's heart was very sore when she heard of it; and when on the Sunday following, the bereaved family was prayed for in church, her sobs were heard distinctly, as in her seat by the door, she rocked to and fro and cried for the young man who had been so kind to her.

In Becky's scanty wardrobe was an old faded black vail and shawl which she had bought years before when her husband died and she wore widow's weeds for him. These she had kept carefully folded away in a bandbox with lumps of camphor and yellow snuff as a preventive against moths.

"I wish I could dress in mournin' for him," she thought, when she heard of Philip's death; and remembering the shawl and vail, she took them from their hiding-place, and airing them upon the clothes'-line to remove the odor of camphor and snuff with which they were strongly impregnated, put them on when she went to church, as badges of her grief for Phil, "who had taken her up the hill in his gig," and called her "madam," too, when to everybody else she was old Becky Thomas.

Hearing at last how crushed and heart-broken was the little lady of Hetherton Place, and that there had been more than a cousinly love between her and the unfortunate Phil, she ventured to go there one day to tell the young lady how sorry she was for her, and that she knew just how it felt, for she, too, had lost her beau when she was young. But Reinette refused to see her. Indeed, she saw no one, not even Ethel and Grace, who, when they heard of her distress, went to call upon her.

"They hate me, I know," Reinette said to Margery, who took their message to her; "and why should they not? But for me Phil would never have gone away, and met that dreadful death. Tell them it was kind in them to come, and that I am sorry I killed him, but I cannot see them yet. It would bring it all back to freshly, and I cannot endure any more."

So Ethel and Grace returned to their home, and left poor Queenie to her sorrow, which she did not try to overcome, and which seeme to grow more bitter every day.

CHAPTER XL.

CHRISTINE GOES TO HETHERTON PLACE.

Queenie had read with a fresh burst of anguish Phil's letter written her from Madras—a letter full of tenderness and love, showing how he kept her still in his heart as the dearest, sweetest memory of his life, and at the close containing a few words of passionate entreaty that she would overcome her scruples—would try to love him as he did her, and bid him come back to her by and by.

"Not now," he wrote," not while I am the shiftless aimless block you were right to despise, but after I have shown that there is something in me besides a love of indolence and feminine occupation. I know I can retrieve the past, and if I do—if I come home a man, with a man's tastes and a man's ways, will you reconsider, Queenie, and see if you cannot love me?"

"Yes, Phil, I would, I will," Queenie sobbed, as she finished reading the letter, which she covered with her kisses, and then kept under her pillow where she could find it readily when the fancy took her to read it.

Everything Phil had given her or helped make, was brought to her chamber where she could see it, for she refused to go down stairs, but staid constantly in her own room, sometimes pacing restlessly to and fro, but often lying down with her face to the wall and her big eyes open day and night, for she could neither sleep nor cry, and her head seemed bursting with its pressure of blood and pain.

"If I could cry," she said once to Margery, as she pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. "If I could cry, it would loosen the tightness in my throat and about my heart, but I cannot, and I am so tired, and sick, and faint, I shall never cry again or sleep."

And it would almost seem as if she spoke the truth, for no tears came to cool her burning eyelids, and her eyes grew larger and brighter each day, while sleep such as she once had known had deserted her entirely. They gave her bromide, and morphine and chloral in heavy doses, but these only procured for her snatches of troubled sleep which were quite as exhausting as wakefulness, for she always saw before her that dark waste of waters, with the white face of her lover upturned to the pitiless sky, and heard always that wild cry; that call for her who had been his evil star. Every morning the family at the Knoll sent to inquire for her, and every evening Mr. Beresford rode over to Hetherton Place to ask how she was. And sometimes he staid for half an hour or more, and talked with Margery, not always of the sick girl, or poor, dead Phil, but of things for which each had a liking and sympathy—of pictures, and statuary, and books—and Mr. Beresford was surprised and delighted to find how intelligent Margery was, and how much she knew of the literature of other countries than France.

"I always had a fancy for everything English or American, particularly the latter," she said to Mr. Beresford, one evening when they had been discussing English and American authors, and he had expressed his surprise that a French girl should be so well posted.

"You like our country, then," he said, "Did you ever wish you were part or whole American instead of French?" and he shot a curious glance at her to see what effect his question would have upon her.

For an instant her cheeks were scarlet, and then she turned very white about her lips, and her voice was not quite steady as she replied, "I pray God to make me content in that station to which he has called me, and if he has willed it that I should be French, then French I will remain forever."

It was was a strange answer, and seemed made more to herself than to Mr. Beresford, who felt more certain than ever that Margery knew what he suspected, and was bravely keeping it to herself, for fear of wounding and humiliating Queenie. What a noble woman she seemed to him, and how fast the interest he felt in her ripened into a liking during the days when he went nightly to Hetherton Place, ostensibly to ask after Queenie, but really for the sake of a few minutes' talk with Margery La Rue, who was fast learning to watch for his coming, and to feel her pulses quicken, when he came, and taking her hand in his, held it there while he put the usual round of questions with regard to Queenie and herself, appearing at last almost as much interested in her welfare as in Reinette's.

"You are overtaxing yourself," he said to her one evening, "you are growing pale and thin. Why, even your hand is not as round and plump as it was," and he gently smoothed the white fingers which he held and which trembled in his grasp, but did not withdraw themselves from him.

It was the dawning of a new life for Margery, this feeling, that Mr. Beresford, the proudest man in Merrivale, found delight in her society and loved to linger at her side. It made every thing else so easy; her life was not one of perfect rest, for Queenie did not improve as the days went on, and to soothe, and quiet, and minister to her was not an easy matter. She could not sleep, and the physician who attended her was beginning to fear for her reason, when she one day said to Margery, "Where is your mother, Margie? Why has never been to see me? Doesn't she care for me any more?"

"Yes, she cares very much," Margery replied, "and she has been here several times to ask for you, but as you would not see your cousins or grandmother, she did not suppose you would see her. Will you, Queenie, would you like to see my mother?"

"Yes, send for her, I wish to see her," was Queenie's answer, and Pierre was dispatched to Mrs. La Rue, with the message that Miss Hetherton was anxious to see her.

And so Mrs. La Rue went to Hetherton Place, and up into the room where Queenie sat in her easy-chair, with her face so pale and pinched, and her eyes so large and bright, that the impulsive French woman uttered a cry of alarm, and going swiftly to her, threw her arms around her, and cried, "Oh, Queenie, my child, my darling, that I should find you so changed!"

"Yes, Christine," Queenie replied, freeing herself from the stifling embrace, "I suppose I am changed. I feel it myself, and believe I shall die if I do not sleep. Why, I have not slept since I heard Phil was dead, and I have sent for you to hold me in your arms, just as you must have done when I was a baby, after mother died. Sing me the old lullabies you used to sing me then, and maybe I shall sleep. I feel as if I should—there is such a heaviness about my lids and pressure on my brain. Take me, Christine. Play I am a baby again. I can't be very heavy now," and she smiled a faint, shadowy smile, as she put up her arms to the woman, who took her up so gladly and covered the wan face with kisses and tears, while she murmured words of pity and endearment.

"There, there, that will do—it wearies me," Queenie said, and she laid her tired head upon Christine's shoulder and closed her heavy eyelids. "Rock me to sleep, Christine. Rock me to sleep as you did at Chateau des Fleurs," she whispered, faintly, and, sitting down in the chair, Christine rocked the poor little girl, and sang to her, in a low, sad voice, a lullaby of France, such as she used to sing when, as now, the dark curly head was pillowed on her breast.

Attracted by the sound, Margery stole softly to the door and looked in, but Christine motioned her away, and went on with her song of "Mother Mary, guard my child," until nature, which had resisted every artifice and every drug, however powerful, which had been brought to bear upon it, gradually began to yield—the head pressed more heavily, the rigid nerves softened, a slight moisture showed itself under the hair upon the forehead, and the eyes, which had been so wild, and bright, and wide open, were closed in slumber.

Queenie was asleep at last, and when Margery came again to the door of the room and saw the closed eyes and the parted lips, from which the breath came easily and regularly, she exclaimed:

"Thank God, she sleeps at last. You have saved her life—or, at least, her reason; but let me help you lay her down. She is too heavy for you to hold, and you not strong."

"No, no," Mrs. La Rue answered, almost fiercely, with a look in her eyes of some wild animal when its young is about to be taken from it. "No, no, I will not give her up, now that I have her in my arms. I am not tired. I do not feel her weight any more than I did when she was a baby, and if I did, think you I would not do it all the same—I, who have so longed to hold her as I do now, and feel her flesh against my own. Go away, Margie, and leave us alone again."

So Margery went away a second time, and busied herself below with some work she had been persuaded to take, and part of Anna's bridal trousseau, for that young lady had found by experience that Margery, with her exquisite taste, was worth all the dressmakers in Springfield and Worcester both, and had insisted upon her making the traveling dress, which was all there was now to finish of the elaborate and expensive wardrobe for which, it was said, the major's money paid.

And while Margery worked in the sitting-room below, Mrs. La Rue sat in the chamber above, holding the sleeping girl, until her limbs were cramped and numb, and ached with intolerable pain, while rings of fire danced before her eyes, and in her ears there was a humming sound, and a fullness in her head, as if all the blood of her body had centered there. And still she did not move, lest she should awaken the sleeper, but sat as motionless as a figure carved from stone, sometimes shutting her tired eyes, which were growing dim, and again fixing them with a steady gaze upon the upturned face resting on her arm.

"Little Queenie, my Queenie," she whispered once, and there was a world of love and pathos in her voice; "darling Queenie, I have not held you so in many a long, long year. You are very lovely, Queenie, even in your sleep, with all the sparkle and brightness gone from your face and your wonderful eyes shut from view, but not as lovely as my Margie; no, not as beautiful as she, nor as good either. You could not do what she is doing—bear what she is bearing for your sake. God pity her, and forgive me, the guilty one, who has caused all this sorrow!"

Two hours had gone by, and Mrs. La Rue was beginning to feel that her strength was failing her, when Queenie at last awoke, and smiled up at her with a smile so like a happy, good-natured infant's when it awakes to find its mother bending over it, that the impulsive woman covered the little wan face with kisses, sobbing like a child as she did so, and murmuring something which Reinette could not understand.

"There, there, Christine; don't you almost strangle me!" she said, her olden pride reasserting itself, and rebelling against so much demonstration from an inferior.

She would be very familiar with Christine when the mood suited her, but she did not care for a like return. Still she could not be harsh with the woman now, and withdrawing herself from the arms which had held her so untiringly, she said, very sweetly and kindly:

"I have been asleep, I am sure, and I feel so much better. How good in you, Christine, to hold me so long. I must have tired you very much. Thank, you, dear old Christine!"

And taking the pallid face between both her hands, Queenie kissed it lovingly, thereby paying the tired woman for her two hours' endurance.

Queenie was much better after that long sleep. The spell which bound her so relentlessly was broken, and she improved steadily both in health and spirits, but would let neither Mrs. La Rue nor Margery leave her.

"I shall sink right back again into that dreadful nervousness if you go away," she said. "I need you both to keep me up—Margery to cheer me by day, and Christine to soothe me to sleep at night, when the world is the blackest, and Phil's dead face seems so close to mine that I can almost feel its icy touch, and can hear his bitter cry for me. Only Christine's song can drown that cry, which, I think, will haunt me forever."

So the two women staid a little longer, Margery busying herself with the work which her former customers persisted in bringing to her as soon as they heard she was free to do any of that sort, and Christine devoting herself to Queenie, to whom she talked of the days when she first entered the service of Mrs. Hetherton in Paris. Reinette was never tired of hearing of her mother, and the same story had to be told many times ere she was satisfied.

"It brings her so near to me to hear all this," she said to Christine, one evening, when they sat together by the firelight in Queenie's room, and Christine had been describing a dress which her mistress wore to a grand ball at which dukes and duchesses were present. "I like to think of her, beautiful as she must have been in that lovely dress, and happy, too, I am sure, though you have sometimes talked as if she were not always as happy as she should have been—as if my father were sometimes remiss in his attention. But I know he loved her very much, though he might not have shown it before you. Men are different from women. Did he never pet her in your presence?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes, and called her his little Daisy—that was his pet name for her," Christine replied, and Reinette rejoined:

"Daisy is such a sweet name. I wish it were mine though Queenie does very well. I like pet names so much, don't you?"

Mrs. La Rue was gazing steadily into the fire with a look of deep abstraction on her face, and did not at once reply, and when at last she did she said, more to herself, it would seem, than to her companion:

"Yes, yes—he used to call me Tina."

"Tina," Reinette exclaimed, starting suddenly, while like a flash of lightning there shot through her brain the memory of the long black tress she had burned, and the letters whose writer had signed herself Tina. "Who used to call you Tina?" she demanded. "Was it your husband, Mrs. La Rue?"

Not a muscle of Christine's face moved, nor did her voice tremble in the least as, without withdrawing her eyes from the fire, she replied:

"Yes, my husband; there was more sentiment in his nature than one would suppose from seeing him. He was very fond of me at times."

"Tina is not a common pet name," Reinette continued. "Did you ever know any other Tina beside yourself."

"Never," was Christine's emphatic answer, and now she looked curiously at the young girl, and felt the blood rushing to her cheeks.

But her face was in the shadow, so that Reinette could not see it, and as Pierre just then came in bringing candles and a tray with his mistress' supper upon it, the conversation was brought to a close, nor was it resumed again, for after tea Margery came up and sat with Reinette and her mother until the latter asked to be excused, and retired to her room.

CHAPTER XLI.

TINA.

Reinette kept saying that word over to herself after Margery left her, and when at last she was in bed, it repeated itself again and again in her brain, while a horrible suspicion, the exact nature of which she could not define, was forcing itself into her mind. To sleep was impossible, and with all her old wakefulness upon her, she tossed restlessly from side to side until she heard the clock strike one.

"I cannot lie here," she said, and putting on her dressing-gown she drew her chair to the grate where the fire which Pierre had replenished just before she retired was burning, she sat down, and with her face buried in her hands began to think such thoughts as made the drops of perspiration stand thickly upon her forehead and about her lips. "Tina, Tina;" that was the name of the woman or girl whose tress of long black hair she had burned, and whose touch, as it clung around her fingers, and throwing out her hands with a gesture of loathing as if to thrust it from her as she had thrust it that day when she found it in the letter.

"Your little Tina," the writer had called herself, and asked if Mr. Hetherton was wondering why he did not hear from her?

"Who was this Tina?" Reinette asked herself.

Not Christine; surely not Christine, for that would be too horrible. Christine was uneducated. Christine had been a peasant girl, her mother's maid, and it was not like a proud man like Frederick Hetherton to think of such as she. There were other Tinas in the world, other Christines, who bore that pet name. The writer of the letter, the owner of the tress was some bright-eyed, bright-faced girl of humble origin, perhaps, who had caught her father's fancy for a few days and been flattered by a kind word from him, who, possibly, was for the moment more interested than he ought to have been. That was all; there was nothing more, and she was foolish to be so disquieted.

Thus Queenie reasoned, or tried to, but all the time a terrible fear was tugging at her heart, and she was living over again that dreadful death scene on the ship when her father made her swear to forgive him whatever might have come to her knowledge. She had thought at first that he meant her American relations, of whom he had never told her, and she had forgiven that long ago. Then came the mystery concerning Christine and her concealment of her identity, but Reinette had recovered from that and charged it to some offense which had made her father angry. Margery had told as much, or had told her there was some cause for the concealment, but had said distinctly that for what Margery would consider the greater wrong her father was not to blame, and so she had banished every unpleasant thought from her mind, and was beginning to like Christine so much, when this name Tina was thrust upon her and awakened anew all her old suspicions; ay, awakened them tenfold, for never had she writhed under them as she was writhing now, as she sat alone in her room while the clock struck the hours two and three, and the fire in the grate grew lower and grayer, and the winter night seemed to grow blacker and colder around her.

At last when she could keep still no longer, she arose, pacing the room hurriedly, beat the air with her hands, as she was wont to do under great excitement.

"What is it I fear?" she asked herself. "What is it I suspect? Let me put it into words, and see if it sounds so very dreadful that I should break my own heart over it. I fear I suspect that Christine Bodine, in her girlhood—when, I dare say, she was rather pretty and piquant—attracted my father more than she ought to have done. Such people are very ambitious, and susceptible too; and if my father was at all familiar in his manner toward her, she probable was flattered at once, and may be cheated herself, into the belief that he was in earnest, and meant to marry her, when such an idea never existed in his brain. She probably wrote to him, and like a gentleman, he answered, and at last made her see how mistaken she was in supposing he could ever think of her after having known my mother. And then, by way of amends, he settled that money upon her. Yes, that is probably the case," she continued, and the tightness around her heart gave way. She could breathe more freely, and her hands ceased to beat the air, until like lightning there flashed into her mind:

"But where was Mrs. La Rue, and where was Margery, when Christine wrote these letters to my father, if write them she did? Margery is not much younger than I am. Christine told me she was married soon after mother died, and that father was angry about it, as it took her from me. Oh, if I only knew the truth—and I can know it, in part at least, by reading those letters which I hid away that day, swearing never to touch them, unless circumstances seem to make it necessary; and it is necessary, I am sure it is. I must know the truth, or lose my mind. I am so unsettled since poor Phil died, and to brood over this will make me crazy in time. Yes, I must know who was the Tina who wrote those letters to father."

Reinette had reached a decision; and, lighting her candle, she opened the door of the closet where she had hidden the letters months before. There was the box on the upper shelf just where she had left it, and where she could not reach it without a chair. This she brought from her room and stepping unto it, stood a moment looking at the box, on which the dust lay so thickly, while a feeling of terror began to take possession of her, and she felt as if the dead hand of her father were clutching her arm and holding her back when she would have taken the box from the shelf.

"I don't believe I'll do it," she said, as she came down from the chair with a sense of that dead hand's touch still upon her arm. "It seems just as if father were speaking to me and bidding me let the letters alone. I wish I had burned them when I found them, and then I should not be tempted. And why not burn them now, and so put it out of my reach to read them?" she continued, as she stood shivering before the hearth and listening to the storm which was beginning to beat against the windows.

February was coming in with gusts of snow and the shriek of the north wind, which swept furiously past the house, and seemed to Reinette to have it in a sound of sobbing. She thought of her father in the quiet grave-yard in Merrivale, with the tall pine overhanging his grave—of her mother, far off in Rome, where the violets and daisies blossom all the year round and of Phil, asleep beneath the Eastern waters, with nothing to mark his grave, and her heart ached with a keener pain than she had ever felt before as she stood in her slippers and dressing gown and shivered in the cold, gray, winter night. And always above everything else the name of Tina was in her mind, with a burning desire to solve the mystery and know who this Tina was, and what she had been to Mr. Hetherton.

"I may as well burn them first as last," she thought, and going again to the closet and mounting upon the chair, she took the box from the shelf, and carrying it to the fire, sat down upon the floor, and began to open it. There were four boxes in all, one within another, and Queenie opened each one till she came to the last and smallest, where lay the envelope containing the three letters.

"There can be no harm in glancing at the handwriting, and then if I ever see Christine's, as I sometime may, I shall know if they are the same," she thought, and took out the yellow, time-worn package, which seemed to her so different from anything pertaining to her surroundings.

The paper was coarse and cheap, and the handwriting cramped and stiff, like that of an uneducated person doing her utmost to write well, and Queenie shrank from it, and only held it between her thumb and finger as she examined it more closely, and read her father's name upon it. But looking at the outside begat an intense longing to know what was inside—to have her doubts confirmed or scattered to the winds, and at last she made a desperate resolve, and jerking her arm, which it seemed to her the dead hand still held firmly, she said, aloud:

"I shall read these letters now, though a thousand dead hands held me."

Queenie felt herself growing very calm as she said this, and though outward the storm raged with greater fury, and the sobbing of the wind was wilder and louder than before, she neither heeded nor heard it, for she had opened the letters one by one, and selecting that which bore date farthest back, began to read. And as she read on, and on, and on, she forgot how cold she was—forgot that the fire was going out—forgot the fearful storm which shook the solid foundations of the great house, and screamed like so many demons past the windows—forgot even that Phil was dead in the Indian sea, so horrible were the sensations crowding upon her and overmastering every thought and feeling save the one dreadful conviction that now she knew her father's secret—knew who Tina was, and that the knowledge paralyzed for the time every other sensation.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE LETTERS.

They were written at different times, with an interval of some months between two of them—but all were dated at Marseilles, where the writer seemed to be living in very obscure lodgings, for in the first letter, written not very long after Mrs. Hetherton's death in Rome, she said: "The rooms suit me exactly, for few ever come to occupy the lower floor, and the old concierge is so blind and deaf that I go in and out without attracting notice, which is what I am anxious to do at present. I have found a trusty woman to stay with me, and if I could see you sometimes I should be quite content, only I never can forget the sweet lady who died in my arms, believing in me as the best of servants and in you as the best of husbands. Oh, does she know? does she see me? Sometimes I think she does—think she is here in the room watching me, and then I am afraid, and rush into the street until the terror is past."

"That was Christine, sure, for mother died in her arms," Reinette whispered, faintly, while a prickly sensation was in every nerve, and her lips quivered convulsively.

And still she read on, taking next the second letter, the one which had contained the lock of hair, and which was written two or three months after the first. Evidently Mr. Hetherton had been in Marseilles and seen the writer, for she spoke of his recent visit and the great pleasure it had given her, and even hinted at a vague hope for the future, when she might be acknowledged by him as his wife. It was in this letter that she called herself his little Tina, and wrote: "I have been sick most of the time since you were here, and that is why I did not answer your letter at once. You were so kind to me and treated me so much like a lady that I cannot help hoping you mean to do me justice. But why wait? Why put it off until I am condemned by the world? I was good and innocent once, and there must be still some goodness in me, or I should not hate myself as I do at times, and wish that I was dead. Oh, if you would take me to Chateau des Fleurs as your wife. I would serve you so faithfully. I would be your very slave and make up to you in love and fidelity what I lack in culture. In a lady's dress I should look like a lady. You yourself say I am very pretty. You are the first who ever told me so, and that was the beginning of all the sin which followed. You praised my eyes and hair in your last letter, and said you should not be likely to forget me. I cannot send you my eyes, but I can a lock of my hair, which I cut this morning when making my toilet."

"That's the tress I burned," Queenie whispered, feeling as if she, too, were burning and writhing on live coals just as the lock of blue-black hair had writhed and hissed in the flame.

But she had not finished yet. There was still another letter—the last and the longest. And she read it, while every hair of her head seemed to stand on end, and, instead of burning with heat she shook with cold, and her teeth chattered like the teeth of Harry Gill as she devoured the contents of the letter, which threw such a flood of light upon what had gone before, and which she had not suspected. She had read enough to make her hate Christine and almost hate her father, who she felt was most to blame, but she had no suspicion of the real state of things until she began to read the third letter, written in November, and showing great physical weakness on the part of the writer.

"Dear Mr Hetherton," it began. "I have been very sick, so sick that the old woman who attends me thought I should die, but I am better now, though still so weak as scarcely to be able to hold my pen. But I must tell you of our dear little girl who was born two weeks ago, and who now lies sleeping at my side."

"What!" Reinette exclaimed aloud, clasping both hands to her forehead as if a heavy blow had fallen there. "What does she say? A little girl born in Marseilles—born to Christine Bodine, that was—that was—Margery?"

She could scarcely articulate the last word, for her tongue was thick and parched, and in her ears was a sound like the roar of the wind outside.

"Oh, Oh!" she cried, throwing up her hands as if in quest of some support; then they dropped helplessly at her side, and she fell forward upon her face, with the blood gushing from her nose and staining her dressing-gown. How long she lay unconscious she did not know, for since the clock struck three she had taken no note of time, but when she came to herself the cold gray of the early dawn was stealing into the room, and far away in the vicinity of the kitchen she heard the sound of some one stirring. The fire was out and the candle was out, and she was cold, and stiff and bewildered, and could not at first remember what had happened. But it came back to her with the rustling of the letter she still held in her hand—came with a terrible pain, which made her cry out faintly as she staggered to her feet and lighted another candle, for she had not finished the letter yet. But she finished it at last and laid it with the others, while there swept over her a feeling of delight, mingled with the horror and loathing she had at first experienced. Margery was the little girl born at Marseilles, and whom Christine, the mother, was sure Mr. Hetherton would love, because he was so fond of children."

"Yes, that was Margery," she said, "and if so, then Margery is my sister, for she is my father's daughter, and not M. La Rue's Margery; Margery, whom I loved the first time I saw her in that forlorn room; whom I have loved ever since, more and more. Margery, Margery, my sister, my sister; if anything would reconcile me to my father's guilt, it would be this, that through his sin I have Margery. Does she know, I wonder? Did Christine tell her that day she was so suddenly taken ill, and is that the reason she has seemed so different since? seemed almost afraid of me, as she has at times? Yes, she knows, and I shall tell her that I know, too, and drive that idea of shame from her mind. She is not to blame. No one can censure her, or cast a slight upon her, for she is my sister, and I shall proclaim her as such, and bring her to live with me, and share my fortune with her, and make her take her father's name. But Christine must not stay. I could not endure to see her every day, and be thus reminded of all I had lost in losing faith in my father. Christine must go. She was false to mother, false to me; and where was I when she was living in Marseilles, or rather hiding there, for it was a hiding from the world? She could not have cared for me so long after mother died. I do not believe she ever took me to Chateau des Fleurs, or ever was my nurse, as I have supposed. I have wasted too much love on her, but I know her now for what she is, and shall deal with her accordingly."

Such, in substance, were Reinette's thoughts as she sat shivering in the cold, cheerless room, while the morning light crept in at the windows, and she could see herself distinctly in the glass upon the mantle. It was a very white, haggard face which looked at her from the mirror, and the eyes almost frightened her with their expression. About her mouth and on the front of her dress were spots of blood, which had dropped from her nose while she was unconscious, and which added to her unnatural appearance. The stains from her face she washed away; and exchanging her dressing gown for a fresh one, crept into bed, for she was very cold and dizzy and faint, while, strangely enough, in spite of the wild excitement under which she was laboring, there was stealing over her a heavy stupor which she could not throw off, and when at the usual hour Pierre came to make her fire, he found her sleeping so soundly that he stole softly out and left her alone. An hour later Margery looked in, but Queenie was still asleep, nor did she waken when, as cautiously as possible, a fire was kindled in the grate to make the room more comfortable, for the morning was bitterly cold, and the frost lay thickly upon the windows. Margery could not see Queenie's face, as it was turned to the wall, and partly covered with the sheet, and so she had no suspicion of the frightful storm which had swept over the young girl during the night, and no presentiment of the still more frightful storm awaiting her when she awoke. The letters which had wrought so much harm lay upon the table, and Margery saw them there, but did not touch them or dream what they contained. She saw, too, the dressing gown on the floor where Queenie had left it, and picked it up and laid it over a chair, without noticing the stains upon it, and put the little French-heeled slippers near it, and brushed the hearth, and heaped fresh coal upon the grate, and then went quietly out and closed the door, leaving her friend to the sleep which lasted until the clock struck ten. Then, with a start, Queenie awoke, and opening her eyes, looked about her with that vague sense of misery and pain we have all felt at some period of our lives, when the first thought on waking was, "What is this which so weighs my spirits down? Why is it I feel so badly?"

To Queenie it came very soon why she felt so badly, and with a moan she hid her face in her pillow, while something like a sobbing cry escaped her as she whispered:

"I thought him so good and true, and now I know him to have been so bad—false to mother whom he neglected and deceived—false to Christine whom he ruined and forsook, and doubly false and cruel to Margery, his own child, whom he repudiated and disowned. Why did he not bring her home like a man when I first found her, and told him of her, and asked him to educate her because she was so pretty, and I loved her so dearly? Why did he not say to me, 'Queenie, I have sinned—have done a great wrong to a poor, uneducated girl—a wrong which many people in this country wink at as of too common occurrence to be noticed, but which, nevertheless, is a sin, for which I am sorry and would make amends. Little Margery La Rue whom you love so much is your sister. Christine Bodine is her mother, but I am her father, and I wish to bring her home to live with you, and share equally with you as if no cloud of shame hung over her birth. Will you let her come, Queenie? Will you take her for your sister?' Oh, if he had done this I should have understood it, and taken her so gladly, and been spared all this pain. Oh, father, father, you have dealt most cruelly with both your children, Margery and me!"

Queenie had risen by this time and was making her toilet, for she meant to appear as natural as possible to Mrs. La Rue and Margery until the moment came for her to speak and know every particular of her sister's birth. While she was dressing Margery came to the door, but it was locked, and Queenie called to her:

"Excuse me, Margie, if I do not let you in. I have slept heavily, and am not yet quite myself. I shall be down as soon as I am dressed. I hope you have not kept any breakfast for me. I am not hungry."

But Margery did not heed her, and when at last she descended to the dining-room she found a most tempting breakfast set for her in the large bay-window where the south sunlight came in pleasantly, for the storm of the previous night had subsided, and as the morning advanced the sun broke through the cold gray clouds and shone with unusual brightness. In a slender, silver vase Margery had put a white Easter lily from the conservatory, while by the side of Queenie's plate lay a beautiful carnation pink with a few leaves of the sweet rose geranium, the whole sending a delightful perfume through the room. And Queenie, who was very susceptible to creature comforts, saw it all and took it all in, and could not feel quite as miserable as she had up-stairs in her own room, where the surprise and pain had come upon her so crushingly. But she had no appetite, though for Margery's sake she tried to drink a little coffee and picked at the delicious cream toast which she ordinarily liked so much.

"You are sick this morning," Margery said looking curiously at her as she sat making a pretense of eating. "You are as pale as ashes, and there are dark circles around your eyes. Oh, Queenie, I am so sorry for you;" and thinking only of Phil as the cause of Queenie's pale face and hollow eyes, Margery drew her head down upon her arm and smothered the shining hair carelessly.

Then Queenie came nearer crying than she had since she first heard Phil was dead. Grasping Margery's hand she sobbed hysterically for a moment, though no tear came to cool her aching eyeballs.

"I must not give way," she said. "I must not, for I have a great deal to do to-day,—a great deal to bear. Where is your mother, Margie? I must see her. Find her, please, and bring her here; or no, we will go into the library. No one will disturb us there, and we must be alone. Call your mother, Margie, I cannot wait."

What did it mean, and why was Queenie so strange this morning, like one unsettled in her mind? Margie asked herself, as she went in quest of her mother, whom she found in her room, and to whom she gave Queenie's message.

"What can she want with me, I wonder?" Mrs. La Rue thought, as she went to the library, where she found Reinette curled up in a large easy chair, which she did not more than half fill.

Her head was leaning against the cushioned back, and her face looked very white and wan, while her eyes wore a very peculiar expression as they fixed themselves on Mrs. La Rue. It was the same chair and the same position Queenie had occupied on the occassion of her first interview with Phil, who had stood leaning his elbow upon the mantel while he looked at her curiously. Something brought that day back to Queenie's mind, and a sob which was more for the dead Phil than for the secret she held escaped her as she bade good morning to Mrs. La Rue, who went up to her and said:

"What is it? What can I do for you, *Petite*?"

This was the name Mrs. La Rue had often applied to her during the last few days, and Queenie had liked it heretofore, but now, with her knowledge of the woman's sin fresh in her mind, she shuddered and shrank away, Mrs. La Rue laid her hand upon her head and asked if it ached, she cried out:

"Don't presume to touch me, or come near me. I don't know whether my head aches or not. Only this I know, my heart is aching with a pang to which physical pain is nothing. Christine, I have lost all faith in you—faith in father—faith in everything. I know the whole now—the story you meant to conceal. You are Tina, the shame-faced, who wrote those letters to my father and sent him a lock of your hair!"

THE BESIEGED FARMER.

Mr. Boycott—How he Excited Hostility and why he is to be "Hunted Out."

Mr. Boycott is a Norfolk man, the son of a clergyman, and was formerly an officer in the Thirty-ninth regiment. On his marriage he settled on the Island of Achill, and farmed there until he was offered some land agencies, which occupied so much of his time that he, after some twenty years' residence in Achill, elected to take a farm on the main land. For seven years he has farmed at Lough Mask, acting also as Lord Erne's agent. He has on his own account had a few difficulties with his workpeople; but these were tided over by concessions on his part, and all went smoothly till the serving of notices upon Lord Erne's tenants. All the weight of the tenants' vengeance has fallen upon the unfortunate agent, whom the irritated people declare they will "hunt out of the country." The position is an extraordinary one. During his period of occupation Mr. Boycott has laid out a great deal of money on his farm, has improved the roads and made turnips and other root crops to grow where none grew before. But the country side has struck against him, and he is now actually in a state of siege. Personally attended by an armed escort everywhere, he has a garrison of ten constables on his premises, some established in a hut and the rest in that part of Lough Mask House adjacent to the old castle. Garrisoned at home and escorted abroad, Mr. Boycott and his family are now reduced to one female domestic. Everybody else has gone away, protesting sorrow, but alleging that the power brought to bear upon them was greater than they could resist. Farm laborers, workmen, herdsmen, stablemen—all went long ago, leaving the corn standing, the horses in the stable, the sheep in the field, the turnips, swedes, carrots and potatoes in the ground. Even the laundress refused to wash for the family any longer; the baker at Ballinrobe is afraid to supply them with bread, and the butcher fears to send them meat. The state of siege is perfect.

"HUNTED OUT."

When the strike first began Mr. Boycott went bravely to work with his family, setting the young ladies to reaping and binding, and looking after the beasts and sheep himself. But the struggle is nearly at an end now. Mr. Boycott has sold some of his stock; but he can neither sell his crop to anybody else, nor, as they say in the north of England, "win" for himself. There remains in the ground at least £500 worth of potatoes and other root crops, and the owner has no possible means of doing anything with them. Nor would any human being buy them at any price; nor, if any such person were found, would he be able to find any laborer to touch any manner of work on the spot under the ban. By an impalpable and invisible power it is decreed that Mr. Boycott shall be "hunted out," and it is more than doubtful whether he will, under existing circumstances, be able to stand against it. He is unquestionably a brave and resolute man, but there is too much reason to believe that without his garrison and escort his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. There are few fairer prospects than that from the steps of Lough Mask House, a moderately comfortable and unpretending edifice, not quite so large as a farmer's homestead in England. But the potatoes will rot in the ground and the cattle will go astray, for not a soul in the Ballinrobe country dare touch a spade for Mr. Boycott. Personally he is protected, but no woman in Ballinrobe would dream of washing him a cravat or making him a loaf. All the people have to say is that they are sorry, but that they "dare not." Hence either Mr. Boycott, with an escort armed to the teeth, or his wife without an escort, for the people would not harm her, must go to Ballinrobe after putting a horse in the shafts themselves, buy what they can, and bring it home. Everybody advises them to leave the country, but the answer of the besieged agent is simply this—"I can hardly desert Lord Erne, and, moreover, my own property is sunk in this place." It is very much like asking a man to give up work and go abroad for the benefit of his health. He cannot sacrifice his occupation and his property.

QUEER CASE IN COURT.

A Young Woman Accused of Gaining Control Over a Youth by Means of Love Powder.

NEWBURGH, Nov. 3.—A curious and amusing case came up before Recorder Waring at the Police Court this morning. The complainants were a family named Riley, of West Newburgh, who alleged that their son and brother, Phil Riley, who is about 21 years of age, was in the clutches of a young woman named Quinn, who had administered drugs to him for the purpose of gaining his affections, and inducing him to marry her. Mr. Riley, his wife and their daughter were in court, and all testified that Miss Quinn had given Phil a love potion. They said that Phil was not the same person he used to be, but that he had stayed out late nights since May last, when, they charge, the potion was given him. Mr. Riley said that Phil had acted very curiously since then; that they could do nothing with him, he was so flighty. He also said that Phil's body had often been covered with boils since May last, an affliction he never had before in his life. Phil's sister said that Miss Quinn had made her boasts of entrapping Phil, and said that he was going to marry her, for she had "fixed" him. She also said that Phil did not know that he had been drugged. It was also charged that Miss Quinn went to Mrs. Lockskin, a fortune teller, and got the love powder, and they were certain that Miss Quinn gave it to him and that it had the desired effect.

Miss Quinn admitted that Phil frequently called to see her and that they are the best of friends, but she denied ever having given him any powder or drugs. She added that Phil's family had brought the charge against her because he went with her against their wishes. Judge Waring adjourned the examination until Friday next.

—The other day an Englishman went over to Ireland to see a friend of his, who is an Irish landlord. He said that he should like to meet one of the most ardent opponents of landlords, and his friend referred him to the village blacksmith, who, he said, was a good enough fellow, but who, he believed, contemplated shooting him shortly. To the forge he betook himself, and the blacksmith explained the wrongs of Ireland. "Are we not," he said, "suffering from absentees taking from Ireland all the money that we earn, and do you suppose that we mean to continue to pay this tribute to the Saxon?" "But," replied the Englishman, "here there are many resident landlords." "You are mistaken," answered the blacksmith. "I know the country, and I tell you it is full of absentees."

—Some Russian officers in north China waters recently worked themselves into a needless state of alarm. A rumor was circulated that American naval officers had been seen drilling Chinese troops. The Russians complained to Commodore Schufeldt, who indignantly denied the truthfulness of the statement. The Russians, however, asserted that they had seen through a field-glass American officers drilling Chinese on one of the United States men-of-war, and this disclosure enabled the Americans to give a satisfactory explanation. It appears that the Chinese servants on board the American vessels are sometimes drilled with the marines, and the Russians, it turned out, had seen them put through their movements.

—It appears by an Odessa circular that the total stock of wheat in that market is 80,000 qrs, whereas to keep the mill going until the opening of navigation in March no fewer than 600,000 are required. Russia, which ordinarily exports 40,000,000 quarters, will now have to buy grain. The *Golos* gloomily points out that there is small ground for looking forward with any degree of confidence to a good harvest in the future. The thousand insect pests which, aided by improvidence and the communal system have brought things to their present pass, have have defied the efforts made to exterminate them, and lie safely hidden under the snow until spring enables them to resume their destructive work. The *Golos* puts the expenditure of Russia this year at 26,343,401 roubles over the revenue. Things are altogether in a poor plight there.

—Welland *Tribune*: A German came in town the other day and inquired if "that Scotch Act had been carried yet."

SEVEN DAYS ON A RAFT.

Two Survivors of a Wrecked Bark Afloat Without Food or Water—Rescued and Taken to Boston After Dreadful Sufferings.

[From the New York Herald.]

Richard McDonald, first officer of the British bark County of Richmond, arrived in this city on Tuesday from Boston. The County of Richmond had a crew of nine men, all told, and left Elizabethport, N. J., on October 3, for the island of St. Thomas. On October 14, after a series of severe gales and rough seas, the bark was found to be in immediate danger of foundering. By eight o'clock at night the crew had given up all hopes of keeping her afloat, and took measures for saving themselves. In the heavy gale which preceded the foundering of the vessel one of the two boats carried by the bark had been smashed by the sea, which constantly broke over her. The other boat, however, was capable of holding sixteen men and a sufficient amount of stores to last that number for eight or nine days. In the afternoon an attempt was made to launch her, but it proved a failure, as the boat was instantly swamped. Shortly after the swamping of the boat the bark went down suddenly, stern foremost.

ONLY TWO AFLOAT.

When our vessel went down, said Mr. McDonald, the wind had moderated considerably, although the sea was running very high and was washing over us every minute. We all knew that she was going down, and each of us was casting about for some means to save himself. I was standing on the fore rail, holding on to the starboard fore shrouds. Before the sinking I had secured a ladder and had lashed a couple of planks to it. This I had with me when I saw the bark was sinking. The rest of the crew were running about the deck, some of them not seeming to know what they were about, and some apparently mute with peril. I threw the ladder overboard and sprang after it. I was tossed twenty feet from it by an immense wave, but swam to it and managed to get hold of it, and as I did so I saw another man holding on. He was bareheaded and cried out to me to cling fast. This was Harry Lang, a seaman of the bark. We both kept hold of the ladder until the forecastle deck, which had floated from the wreck, drifted near us, when we let go and swam to it. The deck was about thirteen feet long and eight broad, and afforded us some room and a comparatively safe refuge. When we gained it we both looked about for the rest of the crew, but could see nothing of them. Capt. McDonald and all except myself and Lang unquestionably went down with the vessel. A few spars were in sight, tossed about by the waves, but no living thing was visible.

As large as our raft was the heavy sea tossed it about like a cork, and we were in imminent danger of being swept off every minute. We managed, however, to lash ourselves to it, the sea keeping us drenched all the time. I had been suffering for some time before with a sore leg, and the salt water increased the pain very much. To relieve this and protect my leg I took off my flannel undershirt and wrapped it about my legs. We remained lying down on the raft until twelve o'clock next day. At twelve o'clock I got up, and by steadying myself with a hand on Lang managed to look around the horizon. As soon as I stood up I cried out that there was a sail in sight. A second glance showed me that it was a bark under full sail, but that we had not been seen, and that she was bearing away from us. By this time thirst had begun to tell on both of us, though Lang bore up wonderfully and did not complain at all. When he stood up with me and saw that the vessel in sight was slowly receding from us we looked at each other and sank down upon the raft. We had nothing with which to make a signal but the flannel shirt wrapped about my legs. I took this off and tried to wave it to the bark, but it was not seen. In two hours when I looked again she was out of sight.

From this time until the sixth day of our stay upon the raft I cannot tell how the time passed. When thirst tortured us too much we rinsed our mouths with sea water, which seemed to relieve us. Our mouths and tongues were parched and swollen and the sun was beating down upon us. Lang had only his shirt, which was in shreds, and an old pair of pantaloons on, and suffered from cold as well as from thirst and hunger. He stood it bravely, however, and tried to cheer me up, although I was in a better condition than himself. His face on the fifth day was blistered and his lips were black. My own were little better. After the third day neither of us suffered so much from hunger as might have been expected. It was the thirst that tormented us. From this there was not a minute's rest. During the third and fourth days the sea was almost perfectly calm. The sun beat down upon the sea and almost blinded us by its reflection. On the fifth day we were both too weak to stand up unassisted, but we still managed to keep a lookout for a sail. Lang would sit up on the raft and I would stand behind him, and by placing my hands upon his shoulders I could support myself and look over the sea. This we did alternately and at intervals during the day. At night we sat side by side upon the raft.

THREATENED BY SHARKS.

On the second day, while the bark was in sight, we saw near the raft a number of finback sharks and some of larger size. They plashed and played about the raft for hours at a time, and seemed, as Lang said, waiting for a chance turn of the raft to furnish them with a meal. On the fifth day Lang began to show signs of delirium. He had been shipwrecked before and had suffered terribly. When he began to grow flighty he recalled this event and confounded our situation with his former misfortune. I was slow to notice it, for my own head was light. The sky and sea seemed as one to me, and I could hear in the noise of the seas voices that I knew on shore. I was first made aware of Lang's condition by his starting up suddenly, when we had both been lying side by side for hours silent and almost motionless on the raft, and crying out, 'They're coming with the boats.' I raised up and looked out, but saw no sail nor any boats. I turned round to Lang and saw by the glitter in his eyes and the unearthly look in his face that he was out of his head. All that day he would point to the white caps of the waves and say that the boats were coming. Sometimes he would say they were fishermen, but that they would not save us, for they did not care. By night his hallucinations began to affect me. Each time he would call out 'a boat' I would stagger to my feet and look about the horizon. In a moment I was conscious of Lang's delirium, and would settle back to my position only to start up and repeat it over and over again.

On the sixth day our sufferings were terrible. I can't give you any idea of them. I remember only that Lang improved while I felt myself giving way. He cheered up wonderfully and tried to impart some of his confidence to me. He said that he knew we had been slowly but surely drifting southward, and must be near the track of the homeward bound West Indiamen. In this he was right. On the sixth night we had been lying side by side without uttering a word. At the first sign of daylight I managed to get on my knees and look about. I looked toward the east, and was rewarded by seeing a sail. As the light increased I saw another sail nearly opposite the latter, but both of them were bearing away from us, and neither had evidently seen us. Weak and exhausted as we were we managed by turns to watch these sails all day. The wind was so light that they made little headway, and we saw them as the sun went down, but they did not see us. In the morning neither vessel was in sight. We comforted ourselves, however, with the thought that we were in the track of vessels and stood a good chance of being picked up.

THE RESCUE.

The last night on the raft was one of less terror than any of the others. We bathed our heads and rinsed our mouths with sea water, which greatly relieved our thirst. Neither of us suffered much with hunger, which was almost forgotten through the agony of our thirst. On the morning of the seventh day a slight rain fell. By lying down on our backs we caught some of it in our mouths. At noon I stood up and saw a bark about six miles to windward of us. By our united efforts we tore up a piece of the planking of our raft. This we split and succeeded in fastening my flannel shirt to it. In an hour we saw the bark, which was close hauled, fall off two or three points, and knew that she had seen us. She proved to be the bark Leandro, Captain Gaudalich. We were taken on board and landed at Boston.

First Officer McDonald and Lang are both Englishmen, and were taken care of by the British Consul in Boston. The day before yesterday McDonald's sister went after him and brought him from the City Hospital to this city.

The bark County of Richmond was owned in Halifax, and was of 410 tons burden.

—There was a big oarsman named Trickett,
Who thought he was deucedly quick at
Pulling an shell;
But now ——. Well,
He has sent for a bucket, to kick it.

—People are beginning to think that a person named Hanlan, who lives on a sand-bar near Toronto, is likely to become, with practice, a very fair oarsman.

—Where is Australia, anyway?

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COUNTY OF PERTH.—THE Warden will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's Office, Stratford. 38

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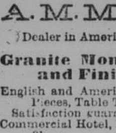

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L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Reglan street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.
DR. J. A. BURGESS, Master.