FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

CHAPTER LI.

BREAKING THE NEWS AT THE FORREST HOUSE

A wild storm was sweeping over Southern Ohio that November night, and nowhere was it wilder or more violent than in Rothsay, where the rain fell in torrents, and ere it reached the ground was taken up by the wind and driven in blinding sheets through the deserted streets But wild as the storm was in the village, it seemed wilder still in the vicinity of the Forrest House, which fairly shook on its solid foundations with the force of the tempest. Tree after tree was blown down, shrubs were uprooted, and the fanciful summer-house which the doctor had erected on the spot where Rossie used to tend and water her geraniums and fuchsias, went crashing down, a heap of ruins, while within, in the most costly and elegant chamber, a fiercer storm was raging between a soul trying to free itself from its prison walls of clay and the body which struggled so hard to retain it.

Josephine had not improved, as at one time it was thought she might. The secret which she held and the loss of the letter had worn upon her terribly, and the constant dread of some impending evil had produced a kind of brain fever, and for days her life had been in imminent danger, and the doctor had stayed by her constantly, marvelling at the strangeness of her talk, and wondering sometimes if it were possible that she could have become possessed of the secret which at times filled even him with horror and a haunting fear of what might come upon him should his guilt be known. But Josephine could have no knowledge of his crime. Van Schoisner was safe as the grave so long as the money was paid, as it would continue to be, for he had set aside a certain amount, the interest of which went regularly to Haelder-Strauchsen, and would go so long as Rossie lived. This, in all human probability, would not be long, for Von Schoisner wrote of her failing health, and told how bewildered she was growing in her mind. Should she become hopelessly insane, he would be almost as safe as if she were dead, the doctor thought, and he always waited with fierce impatience for news from Austria, when he knew that it was due. Von Schoisner's last letter had reported her as very weak, with growing symptoms of imbecility, and though the villainous man did feel a pang of remorse when he remembered the sunny-faced girl who had so loved and trusted him, he knew he had gone too far to think of retracing his steps. There was nothing left but to go on, and, as his life at the Forrest House had not proved a success, he had made up his mind to sell it and go to Europe to live permanently as soon as Josephine was better. He could hide himself there from justice, should it attempt to overtake him, and he waited anxiously for any signs of amendment in his wife.

She did seem better that stormy night, when even he quailed a little and felt nervous as he listened to the roaring wind, which, he fancied, had in it the sound of human sobbing. She had slept for more than an hour, and when she awoke she was quiet, and more rational than she had been for days. But there was a look of death about her mouth and nose, and her eyes were unnaturally bright as they fixed themselves on Agnes, who sat watching her.

The doctor had taken advantage of her sleep to steal away for a while, and in the dining-room was trying to stifle his conscience with the fumes of tobacco and the brandy, of which he drank largely and often. Thus Agnes was left alone with her sister, whose first question, asked in a whisper, was:

"Where is he,—the doctor, I mean?"

"Gone to rest," was the reply and Josephine continued:

"Yes, let him rest while he can. It will soon be over, and then a dungeon for him, and darkness and blankness, and utter forgetfulness for me; Aggie, that's all a fable about a hereafter,—a rag of mythology which recent science has torn in shreds. We do not go somewhere when we die; we perish like the brutes."

"Oh, no, no! God forbid!" and falling on her knees, with her hands clasped together, Agnes murmured words of prayer for the soul so deluded and deceived.

"Hush, Agnes," Josephine said, almost fiercely. "There's more important work on hand just now, than praying for one who does not want your prayers, for even if there be a hereafter, it's now too late for me, and I care no more for it than a stone. I cannot feel, and it's no use to try. If there is a hell, which I don't believe, I shall go there; if there is not, then I am all right, and the sooner I am like the clods the better; but I must do one good act. Agnes, do you think Everard would come here to-night if he knew I was dying,—for I am; I feel it, and I must tell him something, which will perhaps make him think more kindly of me than he does now. Can you manage it for me?"

"No, no," Agnes exclaimed. "He would not come here to-night of all others, because——"

She checked herself suddenly, and then added:

"Listen to the rain and the wind; did you ever hear such a storm?"

"Yes, I hear," Josephine replied, excitedly. "It was sent for me, and I am going out on its wings, but it seems dreary to go in such a way. Oh, Aggie, if there should be a hereafter—but there is not. We all do sleep—sleep. But Everard, Everard—I must see him, or maybe you would tell him when I am dead. Lock the door, Aggie; then come close to me and swear—swear that you will tell him—that Rossie——. Oh, Agnes, I am so afraid of him—the doctor, that I dare not say it!" And on the white face there was a look of terror such as Agnes had never seen before.

There could be no doubt in her mind as to what her sister meant, and regardless of consequences, she bent down and whispered:

"I know—I understand. Rossie is not dead. She is alive and coming home."

"How do you know? Have you seen the letter?" Josephine almost shrieked, and Agnes replied:

"Yes, I found it under the carpet long ago, just after I came here, but I did not suppose that you had ever seen it."

"I had; I did; I put it there," Josephine said, gasping out the story of her having taken it from the office, and the hiding it afterward. "And you found it? Where is it now?" she asked, and Agnes replied:

"I gave it to Miss Belknap, and she ——"

Agnes did not finish, for Josephine started upright in bed, exclaiming:

"I see; I know. She went suddenly to Europe,—to find Rossie; tell me the truth. Has she found her, and is she coming home, and what will it be for him?"

Agnes knew that by him Dr. Matthewson was meant, and she replied unhesitatingly:

"State prison for him and poverty for you."

"Yes, I know. Poverty, disgrace, State prison for life and how soon? Tell me how soon? He might have time to fly, for I,—I,—he is not good, but I'd rather he did not go to prison. He is my husband, you know. How soon? Tell me truly."

"To-night,—now,—the train is due and overdue. I do not believe he can get away. I think he is watched. Lawyer Russell knows, not Everard yet; and Mr. and Mrs. Morton are coming to-night with Rossie," Agnes said, rapidly; and the next moment a wild shriek rang through the house, which Dr. Matthewson heard above the storm, and he came reeling up the stairs from his brandy and cigars, but was sobered at once when he found his wife in the most horrible fit he had ever witnessed.

When it was over, and she became conscious again, it was pitiable to see how hard she tried to speak and warn him of his danger, but could not, for the power of utterance was gone, and she only gave forth inarticulate sounds which he could not comprehend any more than he could understand what had affected her so strangely. It was in vain that he appealed to Agnes, who was whiter if possible than her sister, and trembling from head to foot. She was sworn to secrecy—and if she had inadvertedly said to Josephine things which she ought not, she must keep silence before the doctor, and bear the glance of the eyes which looked so imploringly at her, and seemed about to leap from their sockets when she shook her head in token that she could not tell. There were flecks of blood and foam about the pallid lips, and drops of sweat upon the face and hands, the latter of which beat the air helplessly as the dying woman tried to speak. At last, when they had no more power to move, they dropped helplessly upon the bed, and the white, haggard face grew whiter and more haggard as she lay with ears strained to catch the sound for which she listened so intently, and which came at last in a shrill, prolonged whistle, which was distinctly heard in the pauses of the abating storm, as the train so long delayed swept through the town. Then, summoning all her remaining strength for one last great effort, Josephine raised her arm in the air, and motioning to the door, said to her husband in a voice which was to sound in his ears through many years to come.

"Doomed,—doomed,—fl——"

She could not finish and say "fly," as she wished to do, for the word died away in a low, gurgling moan; the white foam poured again from lips and nose, and when the convulsions ceased and the distorted features resumed their natural look, the soul had gone to meet its God.

CHAPTER LII.

BREAKING THE NEWS TO EVERARD.

It was an hour behind the usual time when the train from the north stopped for a moment at Rothsay, and four people, or rather three, stepped out into the storm, and hurried to the shelter of the carriage waiting for them, the fourth, whose face was carefully hidden from sight, was carried in the strong arms of Yulah, and held like a child until Beatrice's house was reached, where it was taken at once to the room which Rossie used to occupy, when visiting at Elm Park. Rossie was very tired and very weak, both in body and mind, but had not seemed at all excited during the journey from New York until Rothsay was reached, and she was in the carriage riding along the old familiar road she had once thought she should never see again. Then she roused from her apathy, and sitting upright looked eagerly out through the driving rain toward the Forrest House, which lay to their right, and seemed to blaze with lights, as the startled servants moved rapidly from room to room,—for it was just then that the soul had taken wing and was on its flight to the world untried.

"Look, look!" she said, "so many lights in the old home, as if to welcome me back. Is Everard there waiting for me?"

"No, Rossie," Beatrice said. "We are not going there to-night. I thought it best to bring you home with me until you have seen Everard."

There was a little sigh of disappointment, and then Rossie laid her head on Yulah's arm, and did not speak again until she was on the soft bed in the blue room at Elm Park, where, when Bee asked her how she felt, she whispered: "So happy and glad, because I shall see him in the morning; send for him very early."

And when the morning came a message was dispatched to Everard to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Morton had returned and wished to see him immediately. But another message had found its way to the office before this one, for knots of crape were streaming in the November wind from every door-knob at the Forrest House, and the village bell was tolling in token that some soul had gone to the God who gave it.

In his office Everard sat listening to the bell, every stroke of which thrilled him with a sensation of something like dread, as if the knell of death were in some way connected with himself. Who was it dead that day that the bell should clamor so long, and would it never strike the age, he asked himself, just as the door opened and Lawyer Russell came in, flurried and excited, and red and white by turns, as he shook the rain-drops from his over-coat, for the storm, though greatly abated, was not over yet.

"Who is dead? Do you know?" Everard asked, and Mr. Russell replied.

"Yes, Ned; it will be a great shock to you, —an infernal shock,—though of course you were all over any hankering after her; but it's that Matthewson woman. She died last night, and there's about forty yards of crape flying from the doors up there, and the doctor, they say, is actually taking on to kill, and blubbering like a calf, but we'll fix him. You'll see; he's watched; there's a po—— oh, Lord? what have I said or come near saying?"

And in his disgust at himself for having nearly let out the secret before the time, the lawyer retreated into the adjoining room, leaving Everard alone to meet what had been a terrible shock to him, for though he had heard at different times from Agnes of Josephine's illness, he had never believed her dangerous; and now she was dead; the woman he once fancied that he loved. There were great drops of sweat about his mouth and under his hair, and his lips quivered nervously while, human as he was, there came over him with a rush the thought that now indeed he was free in a way which even Rossie would have recognized had she been alive. But Rossie, too, was dead; his freedom came too late.

"Everybody is dead," he whispered, sadly, while hot tears sprang to his eyes and rolled down his cheeks,—tears, not for the woman at the Forrest House, for whom the bell kept steadily tolling, but for the dear little girl dead, as he believed, so far away, but who, in reality was so very near, and even then asking when he would come.

"Soon, darling, soon," Beatrice said, for she had written to Everard, and the messenger was at his office door and in the room before Everard was aware of his presence.

"Mrs. Morton at home!" he exclaimed, as he took the note from the servant's hand.

"DEAR EVERARD," Beatrice wrote, "we came home last night on the late train, and I am so anxious to see you and have so much to tell you. Don't delay a minute, but come at once.

"Yours, BEE."

She had something to tell him of Rossie, of course, and in an instant he was in the street, speeding along toward Elm Park, and glancing but once in the direction of the Forrest House, where every blind was closed, and where, through the leafless trees, he could see the flapping of the yards of crape which Lawyer Russell had said were streaming from the doors. For an instant a cold shudder went over him as if he had seen a corpse, but that soon passed away, and when Elm Park was reached he was in such a fever of excitement that the sweat-drops stood like rain upon his face, which, nevertheless, was very pale, as he greeted Beatrice, and asked:

"Did you hear anything of her? Did you find her grave, or see any one who was with her at the last?"

Beatrice had planned everything thus far with great coolness and nerve. She had kept Rossie quiet, and made her very sweet and attractive in one of her own dainty white wrappers, and arranged her beautiful hair, which had been kept short at the Maison de Sante, but which was now growing in soft, curling rings, giving to her small, white face a singularly young expression, so that she might have passed for a child of fourteen as she reclined upon the pillows, a smile upon her lips, and an eager, expectant look in her large, bright eyes, turning constantly to the door at every sound which met her ear. At last she heard the well-remembered voice in the hall below, and the step upon the stairs, for Bee had after all lost her self-control, and in answer to Everard's rapid questions, had said: "We did hear news of Rossie, and, oh, Everard, don't let anything astonish or startle you, but go up stairs to the blue room, Rossie's old room, you know."

He did not wait to hear more, but darted up the stairs, expecting, not to find his darling there alive, but dead, perhaps, and thus brought back to him, for Bee was capable of anything; so he sped on his way, and entered the room where the fire burned so brightly in the grate, and flowers were everywhere, while through the window came a sudden gleam of sunlight, which fell directly on the couch where lay, not a dead, but a living Rossie, with a halo of gladness on her face, and in her beautiful eyes, which met him as he came so swiftly into the room, pausing suddenly with a cry, half of terror, half of joy, as he saw the little girl among the pillows raise herself upright and stretch her arms towards him, while she called so clearly and sweetly; "Oh, Everard, I am home again, and you may kiss me once."

There was a sudden movement of his hand to his head as if the blow had struck him there, and then he staggered rather than walked toward the white-robed figure, which sprang into his arms and nestled there like a frightened bird which has been torn from its nest and suddenly finds itself safe in its shelter again. For an instant Everard recoiled from the embrace as if it were a phantom he held, but only for an instant for there was nothing phantom-like in the warm flesh and blood trembling in his arms; nothing corpse-like in the soft hands caressing his face, or in the eyes meeting his so fondly. It was Rossie herself come back to him from the grave where he had thought her buried, and the shock was at first so overpowering that he could not utter a word; he could only look at her with wildly-staring eyes, and face which quivered all over with strong emotions, while his heart beat so loudly that every throb was audible to himself and Rossie, who, as he did not speak, lifted her head from his shoulder and said, "What is it, Everard? Are you glad to have me home again?"

That broke the spell, and brought a shower of kisses upon her face and lips, while he murmured words of fondness and love, and poured forth question after question, until Rossie grew bewildered and confused, and whispered faintly: "I don't know; I don't understand; I am very tired; ask Beatrice, she knows; she did it; let me lie down again."

He saw how pale and weary she looked, and placed her among the pillows, but held her hands in his, while he turned to Beatrice, who had been standing just outside the door, and who now came forward.

"Not here; Rossie is too tired. She cannot bear it, she said, as he asked her what it meant, and where she had found his darling.

Then drawing him into the adjoining room, she told him very rapidly all the steps which had led to Rossie's release from the mad-house, which had been intended as her living tomb, and as he listened to the story, Everard grew more and more enraged, until he seemed like some wild animal roused to the highest pitch of fury; and seizing his hat was about rushing from the room, when Beatrice detained him; and, locking the door to prevent his egress, said to him: 'I know what is in your mind. You wish to arrest the doctor at once, but there is no haste at present. Everything has been attended to for you. Ever since Lawyer Russell heard from me that Rossie was alive, the Forrest House has been under close espionage, and escape for the doctor made impossible. Last night in all that storm, officers were on guard, so that he could not get away if he had received a hint of what has been done.'

'Yes, I know; but now,—now,—why not seize him now? Why wait any longer, when I long to tear him limb from limb?' Everard exclaimed, gnashing his teeth in his rage, and seeming to Beatrice like a tiger doing battle for its young.

"Because," she answered, and she spoke softly now, "we must hold his sorrow sacred. We must let him bury his dead. Surely you know that Josephine died last night?

"Yes, yes, but I'd forgotten it in my excitement," he gasped, and his face was whiter, if possible, than before. "You are right; we must not molest him now, but have a double watch,—yes, treble, if necessary. He must not escape."

There was terrible vengeance in Everard's flashing eyes as he paced up and down the room. Dr. Matthewson, though he were ten times Rossie's brother, had nothing to hope from him; but for the sake of the dead woman lying in such state at the Forrest House, he must keep quiet and bide his time. So, after another interview with Rossie, whose weak state he began to understand more plainly, he left her, and schooled himself to go quietly back to his office and transact his business as if he were not treading the borders of a mine which would explode when he bade it do so. At his request, the number of officers was doubled, and every possible precaution taken lest the victim should escape, which he did not seem likely to do, for he made a great show of his grief, and sat all day by the side of his dead wife, seeing no one but Agnes and those who had the funeral in charge. Thus, he did not even know of Beatrice's sudden return, which took the people so by surprise, and was the theme of wonder and comment second only to the grand funeral for which such preparations were making, and which was to take place the third day after the death.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE ARREST.

At Elm Park the utmost secrecy was maintained with regard to Rossie, whose presence in the house was wholly unsuspected by any one except the few necessarily in the secret. The servants knew, of course, but they were trusty and silent as the grave, and almost as eager for the denouement as Ymah, herself, who had personal wrongs to be avenged, but who seldom spoke to any one lest she should betray what must be kept. Two or three times, after dark, she had stolen up to the Forrest House, which she examined minutely, while she shook her fist and muttered in execration of the man who, she heard, sat constantly by his wife, with his face buried in his hands, as if he really mourned for the woman whom he knew so much better than any one else. And to a certain extent his grief was genuine. Her beauty had dazzled and pleased him, and something in her treacherous nature had so answered to his own, that in a way she was necessary to him, and when she went from him so suddenly, he experienced a shock and sense of his loss which struck him down as he had never before been stricken.

Agnes wished to have her sister taken to Holburton and buried by her mother. But Holburton was too democratic a town, and Roxie Fleming's bones far too plebeian for his wife to lie beside, and so he bought a vacant lot in Rothsay, and gave orders that no expense should be spared to make the funeral worthy of his money and position as the richest man in the county.

And now, at the close of the third day, the grand funeral was over—and grand it certainly was, if a costly coffin, a profusion of flowers, twenty carriages, and a multitude of lookers on, could make it so; but how much real grief there was, aside from what Agnes felt, was a matter of speculation to the people, who went in crowds to the Forrest House, which was filled from kitchen to parlor. And the doctor knew they were there, and felt a thrill of gratification at the honor paid him, though he sat with his head bent down, and never once looked up or seemed to notice any one. Even had he glanced about him at the sea of heads filling ante-rooms and halls, he would not have remarked the men who, without any apparent attention, were always in the foreground, just where they could command a view of the chief mourners in the imposing procession which moved slowly to the cemetery, where all that was mortal of Josephine was buried from sight. At the grave the doctor's grief took a demonstrative form, and he stood with his face covered with his hands, while his body shook as if from suppressed sobs, and when a low cry escaped Agnes as the coffin box scraped the gravelly earth, he put out his arm towards her as if to comfort and reassure her; but she instinctively drew back, with a feeling of treachery in her heart, as if for the sake of the dead sister she ought to warn him of his danger, and give him a chance to escape, if it were possible, which she doubted; for, though she did not know just what the plan was, she knew how closely the house had been watched, and recognized in the crowd the men whom she had seen on the premises, and whose office she rightly conjectured. But she had sworn to keep the secret, and so her lips were sealed, and she never uttered a word as they drove back to the house, where she went directly to her room, and on her knees begged forgiveness if she were doing a wrong to the unsuspecting man, who, all unconscious of peril, went along to his own room to draw what consolation he could from the fumes of his best cigars and the poisons of his brandies.

And so he was as surely doomed as if the manacles were already upon his hands, and the prison walls around him. In the hall below there was the sound of voices in low consultation, Everard's voice and Lawyer Russell's, and the officers of justice, who had taken possession of the house and locked every door below to shut off all means of escape. In the kitchen the astonished and frightened servants were crowded together, asking each other what it meant and what was about to happen, but not one of them dared to move after the officers commanded them to keep quiet, whatever might occur. Then, up the stairs came the two strange men, with Everard and Mr. Russell close behind, and on through the hall to the door of the doctor's room. It was a little ajar, and he heard their footsteps, and half rose to meet them as they stepped across the threshold. But, when he saw Everard's white, set face, and saw how excited Lawyer Russell seemed, there flashed over him an inkling of the truth, and when the foremost of the officers advanced towards him, and laying his hand on his arm, arrested him for perjury, he felt sure that the desperate game he had been playing had ended in disgrace and defeat. But he was too proud to manifest any emotion whatever. If his revolver had been in his pocket, where he usually carried it, he would have used it unhesitatingly, but it was not. He had no means of defence, and in as natural a tone of voice as he could command, he asked what they meant, and on what ground the arrest was made; how had he perjured himself, and when?

"When you swore that Rossie was dead, and knew that it was false, and that she was incarcerated in a mad-house where you put her, you villain! Rossie is not dead; she is here in town,—at Elm Park, and all your infernal rascality is known," Everard burst out, for he could not restrain himself any longer, and he felt a thrill of triumph when he saw how white the doctor grew, and how for a moment he tottered as if he would fall.

He did not attempt to get away; but merely said:

"Rossie here? Rossie alive? Take me to her. I must see her. Gentlemen, there is some mistake, which can be cleared up if only I can see her. I beg of you, take me to her."

But his request was not granted. He was a prisoner, and all resistance was vain. Cold and pallid, and seemingly indifferent, he did just what they bade him do, and went with them down the stairs and out of the house he was never to enter again. On the piazza outside they encountered a strange woman, who threw herself directly in the prisoner's way, and shrieked into his ear:

"It bees you, Dr. Matthewson. I knows you, sure, and I has the revenge. I finds her there in Haelder-Strauchsen, and sends the letter here to him (pointing to Everard), and the lady, Madame Morton. She comes and I gets her away, and you into the *conciergerie*:—ha, ha? What does you think now of the tragic queen?" and she snapped her fingers in his face, which was deadly white, and livid in spots as he recoiled from her, exclaiming:

"Yulah! betrayed by you!"

"Yes, me. I swore it. I's glad to be revenge," she cried, and was going on with more abuse when the officer stopped her, and hurried the doctor away to a place of safety, where a close guard was placed over him, and he was left alone with his wretched thoughts.

It did not take long for the news to spread over the town, for secrecy was no longer necessary, and never had there been such wild excitement in Rothsay. That Rossie Hastings had been alive all this time, and buried in a mad-house, while her brother enjoyed her property, seemed almost incredible, but there could be no doubt of it, for old Axie had seen her, and talked with her face to face, and in their fury a mob, preceded by the old negress, assembled in the streets, and surrounding the building where the doctor was confined, demanded the prisoner, that they might wreak vengence on him then and there.

Order was, however, soon restored, and the wretched man was left in quiet to think over his wicked past, and to dread the future, which he knew had no hope for him. His sin had found him out, and though he had not conscience enough to be be much troubled with remorse, his pride and self love were cruelly wounded, and he writhed in the anguish of bitter mortification and rage.

CHAPTER LIV.

TELLING THE TRUTH TO ROSSIE.

Rossie had asked, on her voyage home, who lived at the Forrest House, and had been simply told that Josephine was there still, but no mention had been made of the unnatural marriage lest it should excite her too much. Now, however, it was desirable that she should know the truth, in part, at least, for her testimony would be necessary when the trial came on. So Everard told her a few days after the arrest when she seemed stronger than usual, and able to bear it.

She had been steadily improving since Rothsay was reached, though she talked but little, and was most of the time so absorbed in thought that she did not always hear when spoken to, or answer if she did. She heard, however, when Everard came, and recognised his step the moment he touched the piazza, and her pale face would light up with sudden joy and her large eyes glow like coals of fire; but since their first interview she had not suffered him to kiss her, or even to hold her hands in his as he sat and talked to her. Josephine living was a bar between them still, and Everard guessed as much, and told her at last that Josephine had died on the very night of her return to Rothsay. She was sitting in her easy chair, with her head resting upon a pillow, and her little white thin hands held tightly on her lap, as if afraid of the masculine fingers beating restlessly upon the arm of her chair. But when she heard of Josephine's death, her hands involuntarily unlocked and crept toward the restless fingers which caught and held them fast—while Everard went on very slowly and cautiously to tell her the rest of her story,—the part which involved her brother, whose name he had not before mentioned to her. At first she listened breathlessly, with parted lips and wide open eyes, which almost frightened him with their expression of wonder, and surprise, and incredulity.

'Everard,—Everard!' she gasped, 'you are not telling me the truth? Say you are not. I would almost rather have died in that dreadful place than know my brother did this. Surely it is not true?'

'Yes, true in every particular,' Everard replied, softening now as much as possible what he had still to tell of the man whose trial would come on very soon, and for whom there was no escape.

'Couldn't you save him, Everard, if you should try? Couldn't I do something?' she asked.

'No, Rossie,' he answered. 'You could not save him, and ought not if you could. Men like him must be punished, must answer for their misdeeds, else there is no such thing as justice or protection for any one. You are not angry with me, Rossie?' he continued, as she drew her hand from his and leaned back in her chair.

"No, not angry; only it's all so very horrible, and brings the buzzing back, and the confusion, and I hardly know who I am, or who you are, or what it's all about, only you must go away. I can't hear any more," she said, wearily; and after that there were days and weeks when she lay in bed, and scarcely moved or noticed any one, except Everard, whom she welcomed with her sweetest smile, saying to him always the same thing:

"I have been thinking and thinking, and praying and praying, and I suppose it is right, but oh! I am sorry."

Everard knew that her mind was dwelling upon the miserable man, who when told of her condition and that the trial was to be delayed till she was able to give her testimony, had said:

'No need of that. I don't want Rossie dragged into court to swear against me. I know more than she does; nothing can save me. I shall not put in a defence; and he did not.

Coldly, proudly and apparently unmoved, he sat in the criminal's seat and listened to his trial, and saw the looks of horror and execration cast at him, and saw Yulah's face, like the face of a fiend, sneering exultingly at him, and heard at last his sentence of imprisonment with the utmost composure; and no one who saw him on the way to his new home would have dreamed of the fate which awaited him. Only once did he show what he felt, and that was when the prison dress was brought for him to put on. He had been very fastidious with regard to his personal appearance, and he flinched a little and turned pale for an instant, then rallying quickly he tried to smile and affect some pleasantry with regard to the unsightly garb which transformed him at once from an elegant man of fashion into a branded felon, with no mark of distinction between him and his daily companions.

CHAPTER LV.

CONCLUSION.

After the trial was over, and the doctor safely lodged in prison to serve out his length of time, Rothsay gradually grew quiet, and ceased to talk of the startling events which had thrown the town into such commotion. They were getting accustomed to the fact that Rossie was alive and with them again. She had appeared in the streets with Beatrice two or three times, and many of her old friends had been admitted to see her, but she was still very weak in body and mind, and was kept as quiet as possible. Beatrice had made a short visit with her husband to Boston, but had returned again to her own home, bringing Trixie and Bunchie with her, hoping the effect on Rossie might be good. And it was, for the moment the children came and turned the orderly house upside down with their play and prattle, she began to improve and seem much like the Rossie of old, except that her face and figure were thinner and there were no roses on her cheeks, and there was always a tired look in her eyes and about her mouth. Of her brother she never spoke, nor of Josephine either; neither had she ever been near the Forrest House, which, without her knowledge, had gradually been undergoing a transformation, preparatory to the time when she should be equal to visit it. Both Everard and Beatrice, with Aunt Axie to assist them, had been busy as bees, removing from the house every article of furniture which either the doctor or Josephine had bought, and replacing it with the old, familiar things of Rossie's childhood.

When the doctor refurnished the house he had ordered all the rubbish, as he called it, to be stored away in the attics and unused rooms, where it had lain untouched save as dust and cobwebs had accumulated on it, and thus it was comparatively easy for the rooms to assume their natural appearance, except so far as they had been changed by new windows and doors, and partitions thrown down to make them more commodious. Could Axie have had her way, she would have put everything back as it was, and not have left a vestige of the past, but Everard had the good sense to see that the changes were such as both he and Rossie would like when accustomed to them. He put himself with Rossie, for he knew he should live there with her, although nothing definite was settled by word of mouth. He had a plan which he meant to carry out, and when the house was restored to itself, and the same old carpets were on the floor, and the same old pictures on the wall, and the chairs in his father's room standing just as they had stood that day when Rossie came to him so fearlessly and asked to be his wife, he went to her and said she was to ride with him that morning, as there was something he wished to show her. She assented readily, and was soon beside him in Beatrice's phaeton, driving toward the Forrest House grounds, into which he suddenly turned.

"Oh, Everard," she cried, as her cheek flushed scarlet, "where are you going? Not there? I cannot bear it yet. It will bring the buzzing back, and all the uncertainty. Don't go, please. It's like a haunted place."

But Everard was firm, and quieted her as well as he could, and pointed out Aunt Axie standing in the door just as she used to stand waiting for her young mistress, and John farther on in the stable-yard, and even the old dogs barking in the early sunshine, and running to meet them as they came up. It did not seem strange nor haunted now, and Rossie made no resistance when Everard lifted her from the phaeton and carried her into the house, which seemed so restful and home-like that she felt all her old morbid feelings and fears dropping from her, and flitted from room to room like some joyous bird, until she came to the judge's chamber, where she paused a moment on the threshold, while there flashed upon her a remembrance of that day which seemed so long ago, when she had entered it so fearlessly, and done that for which she always blushed when she recalled it. Passing his arm around her, Everard drew her into the room, and closing the door made her sit down beside him, while he said, "Rossie, you surely have not forgotten a scene which took place here more than six years ago, when a miserable, sorely-tried young man sat here a beggar, with a secret on his mind far worse and harder to bear than prospective poverty. And while he sat thinking of the future, and shrinking from it with a dread of which you cannot conceive, there came to him a little sweet-faced girl, who, in her desire to comfort him and give back what she believed to be his, asked to be his wife, without a thought of shame. No, Rossie, don't try to get away from me, for you cannot. I shall keep you now, forever," he continued, as Rossie tried to free herself from the arm which only held her closer, as Everard went on: "In one sense that time seems to me ages and ages ago, so much has happened since, while in another it seems but yesterday, so distinctly do I recall every incident and detail, even to the dress and apron you wore, and the expression of your face as it changed from perfect unconsciousness to a sense of what you had done. You came to me a child, but you left me a woman, whom I do believe I would even then have taken to my heart but for the bar between us. That bar is now removed, and Rossie, my darling, I have brought you here to the old home, and into the very room, to answer the question you asked me then, that is, if you are still of the same mind. Are you, Rossie? Do you still wish to be my wife?"

He had her face between his two hands, and was looking into her eyes, which filled with tears as she said to him, "Oh Everard, yes, yes. I have wished it so much when it was wicked to do so, and now that it is not, I wish it still; only I am afraid I must not, for there is such a horrible fear before me all the time which I cannot shake off. Day and night it haunts me, that I am not all right in my brain. I saw so much and suffered so much that I can't put things together quite straight, and my head buzzes at times, and I do not remember, and am even troubled to know just who I am and what has happened. Oh, do you think, do you suppose I am going to be a,——a,——," She hesitated, and her lips quivered pitifully as she finally pronounced the dreadful word, —"fool."

Everard's laugh was something pleasant and good to hear, it was so long and loud.

"Fool, Rossie. No. You are only tired out and must have the perfect rest which you can find alone with me," he said, and he covered her face with kisses. "And were you ten times a fool, I want you just the same. And you are mine, my own precious little Rossie who will be my wife very soon. There is no need for delay, I want you and you need me, and Beatrice ought to go back to her husband, which she will not do while she thinks you need her care. So it will be within two weeks at the farthest. You need no preparation, just to come home, —though we will go away farther South for a while, where the season is earlier and where the roses will soon come back to these pale cheeks, and vigor to the poor tired brain."

Rossie let him arrange it all as he pleased, and the wedding took place two weeks from that day in Beatrice's drawing room, without parade or show, for both bride and groom had suffered too much to care for publicity now; but both were perfectly happy, and Rossie's face was sweet and beautiful as are the faces of Murillo's Madonnas, as she lifted it for her husband's first kiss, and heard him say, "My wife at last, thank God."

There was a trip southward as far as the mountains of Tennessee, where, in a lovely, secluded spot Rossie gained so rapidly both in body and mind, that the second week in May was fixed for their return to the Forrest House, where Aunt Axie again reigned supreme, and where Agnes had found a h[illegible] of [illegible] last. Beatrice, who had gone with Trix and Bunchie to Boston, had offered Agnes a home with her as nursery governess to the children, but Rossie had said to her first, "If you can, Aggie, I wish you would live with me. It will make me happier to have you at the Forrest House," and so Agnes went to the Forrest House, and was there to meet the newly-married couple, when they came back one lovely afternoon in May to take possession of their old house, amid the pealing of bells and the rejoicing of people, who had assembled in crowds upon the lawn in front of the house, where Everard's most intimate acquaintances had arranged a grand picnic, to which all who were his friends and wished to do him honour were publicly invited. It would seem as if everybody was his friend or Rossie's, for the whole town was out, filling the grounds, which were beautifully decorated, while over the gateway a lovely arch of flowers was erected with the inscription on it, 'Welcome to the rightful heirs.'

And so, amid the ringing of bells and the huzzas of the crowd, and strains of sweet music as the Rothsay band played a merry strain, Everard and Rossie drove up the avenue and passed into the house where they had known so much joy and sorrow both, and which hereafter was to be to them an abode of perfect peace and happiness.

There was a dance upon the lawn that night, after the hundreds of lamps and lanterns were lighted, and people came from afar to see the sight, which equalled the outdoor fetes at the *Champs Elysees*, and were continued until the village clock chimed twelve, when, with hearty handskakes and three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, the crowd departed to their respective homes, and peace and quiet reigned again at the Forrest House.

And now, there is little more to tell of the characters with whom my readers have grown familiar.

Dr. Morton is still in Boston, and perfectly happy with Beatrice who is the best of wives and step-mothers, idolized by husband and little ones, and greatly honored by the people, notwithstanding that she sometimes startles them with her independent way of acting and thinking.

Yulah is at the Forrest House, in the capacity of waiting-maid, and no one looking at her usually placid German face would dream of the terrible expression it can assume if but the slightest allusion is made to the wretched man, who in his felon's cell drags out his miserable days, with no hope of the future, and nothing but horror and remorse in his retrospect of the past. Once or twice he has written to Rossie, asking her to use her influence to shorten his term of imprisonment. But Rossie is powerless there, and can only weep over her fallen brother, whose punishment she knows is just, and who is but reaping what he sowed so bountifully.

In course of time Everard heard from Michel Fahen of the excitement caused by Rossie's escape, of the means taken at first to trace her, and of the indignation of the people, and the invectives heaped upon Van Schoiser when Michel told, as he was finally compelled to do, what he knew of Rossie's unjust detention as a lunatic. It is more than six months now since Rossie came home a bride; and in that time no cloud, however small, has darkened her domestic horizon or brought a shadow to her face. The house has been furnished from garret to cellar, and is seldom without guests, both from city and country, while the village people are never tired of taking their friends to see the beautiful grounds, of which they are so proud, and to call upon the fair young matron, on whom the duties of wifehood sit so prettily, and who is as sweet and innocent as in the days when she wore her white sun-bonnet, and was known as Little Rossie Hastings.

THE END.

—A writer on Zulu peculiarities in the *South African Folk Lore Journal* says that when a child is about ten days old it is partially buried "at a spot beneath some tree that has been struck by lightning," in order that it may render it courageous. When diseases are prevalent, "all the girls and married women of a kraal rise early in the morning, dress themselves entirely in their brothers' skins, and, taking their knobkerries' and sticks, open the cattle pen or kraal and drive the cattle away from the vicinity of the homestead, not returning until sunset. No one of the opposite sex dares to go near the girls on that day."

—A facetious old lady, describing the rambling sermons of her minister, said: "If the text had the small-pox, his sermon would never catch it."

THE LAKE HURON COLLISION.

Statement of Capt. Jas. McMaugh, of the Sunken Steamer City of St. Catharines—How the Disaster Occurred.

The following is the statement given by Capt. James McMaugh, of the steamer City St. Catharines, which was sunk by the steamer George A. Marsh in Lake Huron on Monday morning last:

The City of St. Catharines left Montreal on Tuesday, 6th July, bound for Chicago with a general cargo. Nothing of note occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip as far Sarnia. We left that port about 8.30 p. m., Sunday, having a fine clear night with no wind. The watches were changed at 1 a. m. Monday, all right. About 3 a. m. the lights of a steamer were seen approaching, which afterwards were seen to be on the George A. Marsh, showing her red light. When within about one hundred yards or so of the City the Marsh suddenly changed her course and showed her green light. Our mate observing this blew his whistle one blast, which was immediately answered by one blast from the Marsh. The mate then ordered the wheelsman to port his wheel, which was done at once. The Marsh, however, continued on, and came crashing into our port bow, smashing an immense hole, turough which the water rushed in torrents.

The Marsh at this time still worked full steam, in fact never stopped her engine until she had turned the City half way round. She then tacked away some distance from us, and only after several appeals that we were going down did she return, when the passengers and crew were transferred to her. Evidently from the circumstances of the case, the man in charge of the Marsh lost his presence of mind or made a deliberate attempt to have his own vessel sunk. His actions on no other conclusion can be accounted for. After the people were all on board the Marsh, the captain acted in so surly a manner, and fearing that the damage to the Marsh might have been serious, I ordered them to be transferred to the steam barge David Rust, which happened to be in the vicinity of the disaster, and whose noble captain, in marked contrast to the actions of the other, immediately placed his cabins and wardrobe at the disposal of the passengers and crew. "God bless him for his kindness," was the heartfelt expression of all the unfortunates. Capt. Pringle, of the Rust, remained by the wreck until most of the baggage was recovered from the cabin, which had floated away from the hull.

The City went down fifteen minutes after she was struck in fifteen fathoms of water. The passengers and crew were all saved. Considering the short time that elapsed between the collision and her sinking, all have reason to thank Almighty God for his mercies in sparing them. All that could be saved from the wreck was tranferred to the Rust and brought to Sarnia, where the Rust afterward got aground, which was a matter of regret to all whom she had rescued, and could their wishes for her noble captain have raised the water to float her off she would not have remained on long.

The above are the facts of the case as they really occurred and can be substantiated by reliable and unprejudiced testimony.

ST. CATHARINES, July 15.—Captain James McMaugh, of the wrecked steamer City of St. Catharines, arrived home from Sarnia last night. He says the propeller is sunk in 15 fathoms of water and that the craft will be abandoned, his impression being that she broke in two as she sank.

DEATH AT THE OAR.

Capt. Fred Thompson, a wealthy Englishman, Falls Dead from a Row-Boat into Fox Lake—Arrival of the Remains in Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 13.—The body of Capt. Fred. Thompson, of Wakefield, England, who formed one of a party of prominent gentlemen at the Grand Pacific Hotel on Friday last, was brought to this city yesterday morning, from Fox Lake, Ill., and turned over to Mr. Jordan, the undertaker, to be embalmed and forwarded to England. The facts surrounding Mr. Thompson's sudden death are somewhat singular, and are given by the gentlemen who accompany the body, in the following statement: They say that the deceased, who was a wealthy and well-known miller in England, came to this country in May last to attend the millers' exposition at Cincinnati. He arrived at Chicago on Thursday last, in company with W. D. D. Whittemore, of Quincy, Ill.; E. M. Hutchinson and Louis Flechter, of Liverpool, England; J. W. Throop, formerly of Auburn, N.Y., but now of London, Eng., and Carl Seidl, of Vienna, Austria, all gentlemen largely connected with milling interests in this country and abroad. On Friday last the party left the Grand Pacific Hotel for Fox Lake, and on the following morning, shortly after five o'clock, the gentlemen started from Lippincott's Hotel in boats for a fishing tour. Mr. Flechter and Mr. Thompson occupied one of the boats. After pulling out about two hundred yards from the shore, Mr. Thompson suddenly relinquished his hold on the oars, and fell into the water. Mr. Flechter promptly jumped to the relief of his companion in the water, but as the drowning man weighed over two hundred pounds, and his would-be rescuer less than one hundred and thirty pounds, the latter's efforts were in vain, and Mr. Thompson sank to the bottom, pulling his companion down with him. Mr. Flechter was rescued, however, and after several hours' treatment restored to consciousness; but the body of Mr. Thompson was not recovered until Saturday afternoon. An inquest was held on the body at Fox Lake, and the jury returned a verdict to the effect that death resulted from heart disease or apoplexy, and that the deceased must have been dead when he fell out of the boat. As already stated, the body was brought to this city by his companions, and will be shipped for England to-day. Mr. Thompson was a captain in the Yorkshire militia, 48 years of age, and said to be a gentleman of large means, and prominently identified with the milling interests in the Provinces of Great Britain and Ireland. He leaves a wife and three grown up children. He was to have sailed for Europe in company with a number of the gentlemen above named on Saturday next, intending to return to this country in a few months hence and establish branches of his business in Illinois, Ohio and Minnesota.

A YOUNG RED-HAIRED LADY.

Wanted as Material for an Albino, and Nothing Strange or Remarkable About it.

WANTED—A young red haired lady: travelling engagement. Apply at once, agency 64 East 14th street.

The above advertisement was shown to a tall, beneficent-looking young man standing behind a rail in the office of Brown's Dramatic and Variety Agency at the address given.

"I called," the reporter explained, "because there seemed to be something unusual—"

"Nothing unusual about that," interrupted the tall man blandly.

"But who wants a young red haired lady? it isn't usual to advertise for them in——"

"Nothing unusual, I assure you. Charlie——applied to us for one and we advertised. He runs a side show with the——circus."

"Did he tell you what he wanted a young red-haired lady for in a side show?"

"Certainly."

"Well, can you tell me what he wanted her for?"

"Of course. He wanted to make an Albino out of her."

"Don't you think that is strange?"

"How strange? Here is a man that wants an Albino. A red-headed girl makes the best Albino. Here is a red-headed girl that is willing to be an Albino. Why shouldn't he advertise for her? I don't see any thing strange in that. The only thing strange about the matter is that out of a hundred red headed girls that have come here to-day, not one would consent to go with a side show. They all want to go on the stage and be Clara Morrises.

"But Albinos are not young red-haired ladies Don't you think there's something strange—"

"Not at all," said the dramatic and variety agent. "A human hair is a tube nearly white and transparent. The coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is easily bleached out. When the coloring matter is bleached out of red hair it leaves it a shade of white more nearly resembling the hair of a true Albino than in the case of other kinds of hair."

"May I publish that Mr. Charles——wants to transform a young red-haired lady into an Albino for his side show with the——circus?"

"Certainly. He'll have no objection, if you think it worth printing, but I don't see anything strange or remarkable about the matter."

CROP RUMORS IN WALL STREET

In Wall street, the speculative interest just now centres in the crop news. "Bulls" and "bears" respectively try to give the prospect their own coloring; and, for this reason, reports circulated on the street must be received with due allowance. It hardly seems to have occurred to the speculators, however, that, with good crops or indifferent, the prospect is about the same for the railroads. If the yield of cereals exceeds that of last year—which now appears highly probable—then the quantity to be sent to seaboard will be immense; but with average crops in Europe, the price of grain would then rule so low that the roads might be compelled to reduce their freights to encourage the forwarding of it. If the crop were being seriously damaged by excessive rains, as some reports would have us believe, then the quantity to be marketed would be reduced; but that fact would cause prices to range higher, which would enable the railroads to get the better rates. In either case therefore, the result to the carriers will be about the same; and hence it is hardly worth while to tax the wires with exaggerations in either the one interest or the other. *From the New-York Commercial Bulletin.*

TERRIBLE COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

OVER 100 SOULS' HURLED INTO ETERNITY.

LONDON, July 15.—A Cardiff dispatch says that a hundred and twenty-eight men were in the pit of the London & South Wales Colliery Company's mine at the time of the explosion, and it is believed they have all perished.

The bodies of three unfortunate miners were found near the bottom of the shaft, but were not brought up. The force of the explosion was terrific, blowing to atoms the ventilating fan in the upcast air blast. While the men were at work yesterday the atmosphere was noticed to be heavily overcharged. The scenes about the mine are reported to be heartrending. There is a large throng present and everything possible is being done to expedite the rescue of the men, but scarcely anyone hopes to find one of the miners alive.

There is some confusion as to the number of men in the pit. Recent calculation lessens it to 80, but it is not impossible that over 200 colliers had gone down. The pit is 280 yards deep. All the machinery was new except that in the black vein seam, which is old, and is well known in connection with previous explosions, one of which in 1860 killed 145 persons.

Another account of the colliery explosion at Risca gives the number of men in the pit at the time at 107. Three bodies thus far have been discovered.

A careful examination of the company's books show that 120 men descended into the pit for the night shift.

Sir Wm. Harcourt, Home Secretary, replying to an inquiry in the Commons to-day, said he believed that 118 men perished by the explosion.

CARDIFF, July 16.—At half-past ten Wednesday night the Risca Colliery was reported exceptionally free from gas and all the workings in good order. One hundred and nineteen miners therefore descended into the pit The explosion occurred at fifteen minutes past one on Thursday morning.

LATEST.—It is now certain that 119 persons have perished in the Risca colliery. It is impossible to say when the bodies can be safely reached.

MASONIC GRAND LODGE.

The following is a list of the Grand Officers in attendance at the meeting of the Grand Lodge, A.F. & A.M., in Guelph, now going on:

M. W. Bro. Jas. A. Henderson, Q.C., Grand Master.
R. W. Bro. Jas. Moffat, Deputy Grand Master.
R. W. Bro. T. C. Macnabb, D. D. G. M. St. Clair District.
R. W. Bro. R. B. Hungerford, D. D. G. M., London District.
R. W. Bro. T. B. Bain, D. D. G. M., Wilson District.
R. W. Bro. A. McLennan, D. D. G. M., Huron District.
R. W. Bro. W. D. Hepburn, D. D. G. M., Wellington District.
R. W. Bro. J. M. Meakins, D. D. G. M., Hamilton District.
R. W. Bro. John W. Coy, D. D. G. M., Niagara District.
R. W. Bro. Thos. Sargent, D. D. G. M., Toronto District.
R. W. Bro. John Nettleton, D. D. G. M., Georgian District.
R. W. Bro. G. H. F. Dartnell, D. D. G. M., Ontario District.
R. W. Bro. T. K. Ross, M.D., D. D. G. M., Prince Edward District.
R. W. Bro. R. T. Walkem, D. D. G. M., St. Lawrence District.
R. W. Bro. Wm. Kerr, D. D. G. M., Ottawa District.
R. W. Bro. David McLellan, Grand S. W.
R. W. Bro. John Walsh, Grand J. W.
R. W. Bro. Rev. John Gallagher, Grand Chaplain.
R. W. Bro. Ed. Mitchell, Grand Treasurer.
R. W. Bro. J. Greenfield, Grand Registrar.
R. W. Bro. J. J. Mason, Grand Secretary.
V. W. Bro. Wm. Tytler, Grand Senior Deacon.
V. W. Bro. H. G. Lindsay, Grand Junior Deacon.
V. W. Bro. O. E. Stewart, Grand Superintendent of Works.
V. W. Bro. R. T. Coady, Grand Director of Ceremonies.
V. W. Bro. Donald McPhie, Assistant Grand Secretary.
V. W. Bro. G. C. Eden, Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies.
V. W. Bro. E. R. Shepley, Grand Sword Bearer.
V. W. Bro. James O. Emmet, Grand Organist.
V. W. Bro. Robert L. Hunter, Assistant Grand Organist.
V.W. Bro. M. I. Breman, Grand Pursuivant.
V. W. Bros. John Sinclair, T. R. Powell, John C. Ross, Thomas Baff, Hugh Hyndman, Lauchlin Leitch, George W. Morrison, Wm. C. Dobie, Archibald Davidson, Philip Taylor, Albert Chard, John G. Campbell, Grand Stewards.
Bro. George Smith, Grand Tyler.

Election of Officers.

GUELPH, July 15.—At the meeting of the Most Worshipful the Grand Lodge of Masons of Canada, Most Worshipful Bro. Dr. J. A. Henderson, Grand Master, was re-elected unanimously, 744 votes being cast for Dr. Henderson, being the entire vote of the Grand Lodge. Prest. Col. Moffatt, of London, was elected Deputy Grand Master; and R. J. Horeden, Grand Senior Warden; Grand Junior Warden, H. Walker, Guelph; Grand Chaplain, Rev. W. Hay, Scotland, Ont.; Grand Treasurer, E. Mitchell, Hamilton; Grand Secretary, J. J. Mason, Hamilton. The other elections are now going on. The various districts have elected their Deputy Grand Masters as follows: St. Clair, L. C. MacNab, Chatham; London, R. Mackay, St. Thomas; Nelson, G. C. Eden, Woodstock; Huron, D. Martyn, Kincardine; Wellington, A. Irvine, Harriston; Hamilton, J. M. Meakins, Hamilton; Niagara, G. Walker, Beamsville; Toronto, B. Saunders, Toronto; Georgian Bay, J. Nettleton, Collingwood; Ontario, G. Dartnell, Whitby; Prince Edward T. K. Ross, Odessa; St. Lawrence, G. Walkem; Ottawa, Rogers, Ottawa. The Grand Council of Royal and select Masters met this morning and elected R. W. Bros. J. G. Burns, Toronto, Grand Master; C. A. Macdonnell, Peterboro', as Deputy Grand Master; W. H. Whathern, London, Principal Conductor of Work; J. Ross Robertson, Toronto, Grand Lecturer; D. Spry, Barrie, Grand Recorder; D. McLellan, Hamilton, Grand Treasurer. Inspectors of Districts—Thos. Sargent, Toronto; E. Mitchell, Hamilton; R. McRay, London; J. O'Connor, Manitoba. R. L. Gunn, Hamilton, Grand Registrar; W. W. Summers, Hamilton, Grand Tyler. The next meeting of the Grand Lodge will be held in Hamilton.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS AND MUSIC.

It seems to us high time that the songs of the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting and the regular church service should become more closely allied to each other, so that while the latter shall be made more hearty and earnest, the two former shall be less unworthy of a place in the mind and heart with the grand truths and magnificent literature of the Bible.

Too much countenance has heretofore been given in the Sunday-school to "hymns" which are mere rhymes without reason, with here and there a dash of sweet sentimentalism in place of vigorous thought—flippant in style and irreverent in expression, and set to tunes of little merit.

Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, the author of "Songs for the Sanctuary," rendered a valuable service to the churches when he added to his latter work, "Spiritual Songs for the Church and Choir," a most excellent edition called "Spiritual Songs for Social Worship;" and now a continuation of the series is to be issued, "Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-school," by the same accomplished author, who has been assisted in the work by Mr. W. F. Sherwin, the well-known musical conductor, composer and general Sunday-school worker.

The title of the book is hopefully suggestive, and the names of Dr. Robinson and Mr. Sherwin give such promise of thoroughly sensible and attractive work that the advent of the new volume will be watched with eager interest, as one likely to meet most happily the present need. The book will be published by Scribner & Co.

HAVE you heard of the success of Edison's Electric Belts? If not, call on your druggist for pamphlets with testimonials. They are as food to the hungry, as water to the growing plant and as sunlight to nature.

LISTOWEL CARRIAGE WORKS

GODDARD & GREEN

Are now manufacturing

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, FARMERS' DEMOCRATS, LUMBER WAGONS, &c.

From the very best selected material, and which they will sell

AT BOTTOM PRICES!

We would say to those who wish to purchase any of these articles, to call and examine our material before purchasing elsewhere.

No apprentices employed. All work guaranteed.

Repairing, Painting, Trimming, &c.

done with neatness and dispatch.

Also repairs for Thompson & Williams' Agricultural implements kept on hand.

GODDARD & GREEN,
21 Cor. Wallace and Inkerman sts., Listowel.

BANK OF HAMILTON.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, $1,000,000.

DIRECTORS:
DONALD McINNES, Esq., President.
JOHN STUART, Esq., Vice-President.
James Turner, Esq., Dennis Moore, Esq.,
Edward Gurney, Esq., John Proctor, Esq.,
George Roach, Esq.

LISTOWEL AGENCY.

Interest allowed on deposit receipts at the rate of

Four Per Cent. per Annum.

Drafts on New York, payable in Gold or Currency, bought and sold.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. On Saturdays, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

J. OLIVER MOWAT.
14 Agent.

MONEY. MONEY.

McDONALD'S BANK.

FARMERS, MERCHANTS AND others, desiring money on short date endorsed notes, or with good collateral security, can obtain it at any time by applying to the undersigned. Also interest allowed at the rate of

SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM

on money received on deposit. Can be drawn at any time with interest to date of withdrawal. Drafts issued to all points in Canada, payable at the Merchants Bank of Canada and its branches. American currency bought and sold.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

A. McDONALD & CO., Bankers,
26 Osborne's Block, Main street, Listowel.

SCOTT'S BANK,

LISTOWEL, ONTARIO.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

Does a General Banking Business.

Special attention given to collections at a moderate charge. Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of

SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM

can be drawn at any time.

Money advanced in small or large amounts at all times, on good endorsed notes or on collateral security.

J. W. SCOTT,
Manager and Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FENNELL & DINGMAN, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Offices—Over Messrs. Climie, Hay & Co.'s store, Main street, Listowel.
T. G. FENNELL. D. B. DINGMAN.

SMITH & GEARING, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Office—Opposite Grand Central Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
R. SMITH. J. GRAYSON SMITH.
F. W. GEARING. 1-6y

DRS. DILLABOUGH & DINGMAN, Physicians, &c. Offices—Over Livingstone's drug store. Dr. Dillabough's residence, corner Main and Livingstone streets. Dr. Dingman's residence, cor. Dodd and Pe...

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., PHYSICIAN Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his drug store, Osborne Block, Main street. Residence, opp. Post Office, Main st.

MARBLE WORKS.

W. MITCHELL,

Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

Granite Monuments, English & American Grave Stones.

Table tops, Mantel pieces, Fire Grates, window and door sills, etc.

STAND—Opposite town hall, Mill street, Listowel.

W. M. BRUCE, SURGEON DENTIST, late of Toronto. Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Bean & Gee's store, Main street, Listowel. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas. 15

PROCTOR & GALL, ARCHITECTS and Superintendents. Plans and elevations of public and private buildings drawn architecturally and practically, with specifications in detail. Offices—Wingham and Listowel, Ont.
J. C. PROCTOR, Wingham.
WM. GALL, Listowel.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. D. CAMPBELL, LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Sales of all kinds conducted on reasonable terms. Orders left at STANDARD Office will receive prompt attention. 2-13

THOS. E. HAY, AUCTIONEER for County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at Climie, Hay & Co.'s store, or at the STANDARD Office, promptly attended to. Money to loan. 7y

R. L. ALEXANDER, NEWRY, Ont. Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Conveyancer, &c. Mortgages, deeds, &c., drawn up at lowest rates. Money to loan on farm property at lowest rates. Complete arrangements for sales can be made either at Newry or at the STANDARD Office, Listowel. 40

THOS. FULLARTON, NEWRY, Ont., Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Deeds, mortgages, leases and all conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Money to lend.

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

DOMINION HOTEL, WALLACE street, Listowel, F. W. Meckes, proprietor. Under the new management this house will be kept in first-class style throughout. Excellent accommodation for guests. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling, etc Prime lager a specialty.

W. J. FERGUSON, B.A., ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Campbell's Block, Main street, Listowel. Money to lend on farm security at low rates.

MISSES TRIMBLE, DRESS and Mantle Makers. Rooms, over Bean & Gee's store, Main st., Listowel. Latest fashions. Terms reasonable. Ladies attention invited.

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

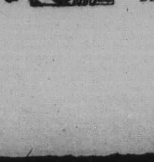
LISTOWEL MARBLE WORKS

A. M. MORROW

Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

Granite Monuments Imported and Finished to Order.

English and American Grave Stones, Mantel Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. SHOP—Opposite the Commercial Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
31 A. M. MORROW.



L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Regian 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.