of blessedness, a vision destined to be illusive.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CALLED AWAY.

an do my hair for myself."

Mathilde retired, after a faint protestation
r two that she would wait herself and brush

out madame's hair, and Ida was alone.
Alone, and yet she could not fix her mind

sweet words were spoken over again, the ten

her heart answering back to each one of them. Her meditations were disturbed by a faint

Ida sprung to her feet, and went to answer

seeper, with a shawl thrown on to hide the

"What is it, Mrs. Hyde? Is any one ill?

a lucky thing you're up, ma'am. I hated to disturb you, but I thought you ought to

have it to-night."
"Yes, certainly, Mrs. Hyde. Sit down a

Going toward the light Ida broke the seal

of the yellow envelope, and read these

"New York, Aug. 20th, No. -- street,

"I am dying—at least, so they tell me, and I must see you while I have yet strength

to speak. I have that to tell you which will be worth your while to hear. I do not say

come at once, but I say that if you do not say come at once, but I say that if you do not come you will repent it to your life's end. ...

"GIUSEPPE ANYONARDL."

Brief, brusque, almost threatening, Ida read the telegram twice or thrice over before she could assure herself that she fully comprehended its import. Then, pressing her hand to her forehead, she tried to think what it was best to do. Of course, she must continue might be tidings of her miserable.

nother which it was essential she should

near.
"Is it of importance, ma'am?" asked Mrs.

Hyde, who had watched her young mistress

"Yes-of the greatest. Is the messenge

"Oh, yes, ma'am, to be sure! I told him to wait on horseback, for there might be an

lesk and hurriedly wrote on it the words:

"I will come at once. 1DA DELAMERE."

was sitting in the same position in which she had left her. She did not seem to notice the

on. Ida looked up.
"Yes; I wanted to know at what time the

"There is one at midnight, ma'am."
"It is past midnight now."

If you are asked anything about the cau

f my absence, you may say it was sudden "But you are not going alone, ma'am?"
"Yes. Why not?"

"You are so young, ma'am, and so inex-perienced—if it ain t a liberty, my saying so," apologized the housekeeper.
"I am young, Mrs. Hyde, but I am not in-

experienced," said Ida, with a quiet dignity which repressed the good woman's objections at once. "What time is it now?—a quarter to one. Tell Perkins to have the close car-

riage at the eastern door at four o'clock precisely, to drive me over to New Haven."

"You can get me a cup of coffee, yourself.

I don't want to set the servants gossiping any more than is absolutely necessary, and I shall want nothing else,"

"Yes, ma'am. Can I help you in pack-

"I shall have nothing to pack, and Ma-thilde will be here."

"Then there is nothing more I can do for

"Nothing."
Mrs. Hyde withdrew, and Ida, left to her-left, sat down and wrote a hurried note to

"I am called unexpectedly away from

Beechcliffe for a day or two. Will you allow me to postpone our interview until my re-turn? I do not know that I am wise in

granting it at all, but as I have promised ?

"That will do," she thought; "it is cold

and brusque, and I feel myself how awk-wardly the words were selected, but I have

will not depart from my word.

"And your breakfast, ma'am ?"

you, ma'am, at present?

Mr. Dorrillon.

"And another at seven, ma'am."
"That is the one I must take."

Mrs. Hyde looked astonished.

wished to speak to me, ma'am?

ace with some apprehension

ousekeeper's entrance.

ons. It was Mrs. Hyde, the hons

mock at the door.

minute.

r accents dwelt once more upon her ears,

CHAPTER XXXVIII. -(Continued.) Ida drew herself haughtily up.
"I am not startled, Mr. Dorrillon—it mat

ters little to me whether the secret, as you call it, is safe or not!"
"Have I offended you?" His voice had changed from an almost de-fiant accent to one of pleading earnestness. Ida's, too, softened as she replied:

o! I had no reason for " Are you going in?" for she had turned

away from the fountain. "Yes; it is late." Stay yet a moment longer. I have not said to you that which it is in my mind

What is it Mr Dorrillon 9" "Ida," he said, in a low, strangely thrillin voice, "I, too, would risk all that Ferdinand Fairfax has risked and lost, I, too, am rash enough to hazard the certainty of friendship for the mere chance of something else. I love you, Ida, I would fain call you—my

The last words were spoken almost under neath his breath. Ida listened in silence, and for an instant or two, the low, monotonous drip of waters was all the sound that was

drip of waters ...
audible between them.
"I love you, Ida," he repeated, slowly and
earnestly. "There was a time when I thought I would go away and leave these words unspoken, for Fairfax seemed to have usurped the nearest place to your heart. Toa new courage and resolve came to me -have I been too rash?"

" she said softly. "A man has the right and privilege of speaking—a woman can only stand still and wait,"
"And decide the fiat of destiny with one

word. Ida, I am waiting for that word. I am a patient man—you, perhaps, have no idea how patient, but this suspense tries even my trained equanimity. Why do you not answer me?"

"Mr. Dorrillon,"she cried, almost passionately, "what shall I say?"

"Say what your heart dictates!"

He stood with folded arms locking down

upon her, resisting the strong impulse to take her to his breast—to tell her she must love him, if only for all those years of self-repression and endurance through which he had passed. No, he would not bias by word or glance the final decision which was to sea his fate; he would drink the cup in silence, whatever it might be. "But I cannot abide by the dictation of

my heart," she said. She came a step or two nearer him as she lacking elements of her very insufficien spoke, and then paused abruptly.

"Do you love me, Ida?" he asked, still standing with folded arms. "No, ma'am; it's a telegram just come, by special messenger, from New York. It's 'I must not love anyone

That is hardly an answer!" "Mr. Dorrillon, I might love you, if-You might love me, Ida!"

If it were free to me to love anyone," I do not understand you, Ida; your words are an enigma!" "And I cannot make them plainer," she

Your husband, perhaps—your dead hus band—expressed a wish adverse to your forming a second alliance?" sald Dorrillon, with a scarcely perceptible accent of bitterness in his tone. no it is not that! Oh, if I dare tell

you all !"
"Ida, you love me, then ?"

For there had been something in the thrilling tremulousness of her voice that brought a sudden rapture into his heart. He advanced toward her, but she shrank away from him. words as these. I am shut out from love and happiness such as are reserved for others more fortunate. I live a life of my own, apart and self-contained. In the name of all that is generous and chivalrons, leave me to

"You have not answered me yet, Ida." "Is it manly to demand an answer after what I have told you, Mr. Dorrillon ?" 'Is it womanly to refuse it? Oh, Ida, my heart's queen! the idol of my soul! I hav surely a right to know my fate!"

"You know it already, Mr. Dorrillon."
"Then I am to understand," he said, slowly and haughtily, "that you do not love

"I have not said so, Mr. Dorrillon. Oh. why will you pross me so?"
"Well, what is it you have said? I am waiting patiently."
"I have said, Mr. Dorrillon, that there is a

reason why I cannot marry."

"And that reason is——" "I cannot tell you; it is a secret which I must never divulge-no, never !" She leaned against the rim of the fountain and Mr. Dorrillon could hear the quick, panting breath she drew. How he longed to fold her to his heart—to shelter her within the

depths of his lave—to comfort her as a husband should comfort her as a husband should 'Ida, can I not guess at this secret?" "No," she said, sadly, "you could never guess at it." "Is it an actual barrier between two

"Yes, a barrier that can never be sur-mounted—a dark, wicked thing, whose shadow has darkened my life for years— which shuts out all possibility of the happiness which comes to other women.

"Do not look at me so, Mr. Dorrillio

Do not speak to me in that tender voice; cannot bear it—no, I cannot bear it!"
"Ida, you are weeping." "If I could weep tears of blood they would hardly express the auguish, the despair of my heart," she uttered passionately. "Let me go in, Mr. Dorrillon; I have stood here long

"Am I, then, answered Ida?"

"But I do not choose to consider this answer. You must tell me still more."
"Not to-night, Mr. Dorrillon."

"Not to-night, if you choose that it should be so. But to-morrow, Ida, you will let me come to you in the library, at ten o'clock? It is an hour at which the room is quite unoc you will perhaps take courage to impart to me this mystery at which you hint. Grant me this one favour, Ida, and I will ask no more of you-for the present, at least. You will receive me?"

For, even while she felt within herself the ntter uselessness of thus postponing the evil day of final separation, Ida Delamere could not find it in her heart to put away this one glimpse of happiness!

"I will see him once more," she thought " and then I will tell him that we must part

turned back.

"You are not coming in, Mr. Dorrillon?"

"No, I shall keep viril with the stars awhile longer. Good night, Ida."

"Good night."

His heart stirred joyously, at the soft, rembling manner in which she spoke the two

wardly the words were selected, but I have neither time nor inclination now to study the graces of rhetoric. If he does not like it—"but then, in the midst of her perplexity and annoyance, a soft, shy smile hovered around her hips. She knew too well to confess it, even to herself, that the brief phrases she had written would be liked whatever might be their import.

For he loved her—that was the sweet refrain of all her thoughts—he loved her.

She had swallowed the cup of fragrant and "She loves me," he thought, "she loves me, or she never could have spoken thus. Oh, merciful Heaven! can it be possible that the great gift of happiness is coming to me at last? I am like Jacob, in Holy Writ! I have served seven years for this blessed revard, and now I see it dimly, yet not must

eaming coffee which Mrs. Hyde brought to

Mathilde, Mathilde; wake up !" Mathilde raised herself on one elbow a stared around her as people do when rous suddenly from a deep slumber.
"What is it? Who called me? Madal nadame is going away. Oh, what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened, Mathilde, I am going on a short journey, that is all."
"And madame has not called me?" "Because it was not necessary. I do not require your attendance. All I want of you is secrecy and——" She hesitated a second

Pale and trembling, yet conscious through it all of a blissfulness that pervaded her whole being with strange, electric buoyancy, Ida Delamere sunk down into the low easy-chair in her own room and buried her face in her "Madame may depend on me," promptly interposed Mathilde. "And," went on Ida, speaking rapidly, an in a low voice, "I want you to give this note, with your own hands, to Mr. Dorrillon as soon after breakfast to-morrow as you can, Mathilde came softly in from the other

without incurring observation. You understand me, Mathilde?"
"Yes, madame." All that was French in Mathilde's nature came out at the mention otes which were to be delivered secretly

"Will madame please to undress?"

"Not yet, Mathilde': I am not ready."

Mathilde yawned behind her hand. The evening had not seemed long to her, in truth, and in fact Mathilde was carrying on a very brisk little aftaire du cour with Mr. Perkins, the coachman, who had taken a fancy to her pretty Gascon face and the musical tone in which she managed to misropoulnes most of notes which were to be delivered secretly. "Where is the billet-doux?"

Ida's dark eyebrows contracted.

"It is no billet-doux, Mathilde—only a ne cessary communication," she said, sternly.

"I quite understand, madame;" and Mathilde placed it tenderly beneath her pillow. "Madame's wishes shall be followed strictly.' She drew forth the letter again to look at its superscription as her mistress left the which she managed to mispronounce most of the words in the English dictionary. But Perkins, devoted swain as he was, could not sit up all night making love to Mathilde, and she had been alone in madame's room since "It is after midnight," she hazarded,
"and madame has had, to be sure, a very
atigning day——"
"You need not sit up for me, Mathilde; I

world, up and down, here and there, one win and another loses, while I—Grand ciel! bu how steepy I am!" She closed her eyes, and lapsed into a dreamy half somnolence. will raise myself up presently, and put the little note so precious under my pillow," she thought. "It will be safer there."

And, so thinking, Mile. Mathilde fell fas

upon the grave subjects that should have oc-cupied it. He loved her; his heart was all her own; the full joy of this consciousness was sufficient in itself. For a brief while she sleep again.
It was broad daylight when she at length awoke, the sunshine flooded her room with early brightness, and the little pendule clock might revel in this, even though the snadows of destiny closed in upon the future that was so near at hand. Once in her life she had n the room adjoining striking seven. The first thought was that it was time ise and prepare her mistress' shower-bath so hear at hand. Once in her life she had tasted the cup, whose draught was like the elixir of immortality, even should it be dashed from her lips the next moment. He loved her, and that was enough. She let her thoughts wander back upon the hour which the second, a remembrance that Mrs. Dela-mere had visited her room in the grey dawn, shawled and veiled and dressed as if for ourney; the third, a consciousness of some charge impressed upon her mind—the letter for Mr. Dorrillon.

She felt under her pillow. It was not thoughts wander cack upon the nour which had just passed; she conjured up, by aid of the enchanter's wand of love and memory, the starlight, and the drip of the fountain, and his voice sounding in her ear as human tones had never before sounded. All the

there. "How clumsy of me!" thought Mathilde. "I have dropped it among the bedclothes-but I certainly remember putting it unde She sprung out of bed and shook out the

clothing—there was no note there. A candle stood on the table, burning down into its socket—the candle Ida had left there the night before. Mathilde looked into the silver rim with eyes of terror, to see if perhap there might be flakes of ashes there. "And I," she mused, in apprehension, "I am such a log when I sleep—I may have dropped it directly into the candle, but praise me to the saints there is no ashes and no smell of burned paper. Prenez bon courage—it had no legs, and could not run away—

t must be here somewhere!"
But, notwithstanding Mathilde's solation, the note appeared to have vanished as effectually as if it were gitted with what Mathilde was sure it had not—legs. She earched the room, her own night-garments the bed-clothes, in vain.

CHAPTER XL DISAPPOINTED.

Frederick Dorrillon slept very little that ugust night, but his thoughts and aspira tions were sweeter and more refreshing to him than any slumbers could have been Even in the brief interval of unconsciousness that descended upon his eyelida, after he had turned and tossed long upon his pillow, the enigmatical words that Ida had spoken haunted his broken and disconnected dreams, and the and the fountain and the star-light, and song of summer insects mingled fantastically with grave, deeper thoughts?

It was little more than suurise rose, cooling his heated brow with iced water, and trying to quiet his reflections by looking out upon the fresh morning landscape, where the short grass of the lawn was sparkling with dew-drops, and the crescent-shaped heads of dazzling petunias, verbenas, and scarlet geranium were glowing like rainbows

penciled on the earth.

"How shall I pass the time away until ten o'clock?" was his first thought; and he added, half smiling at himself, "I am getting as impatient as a school her." "You were very thoughtful. There is answer. I will write it directly."

She took a sheet of paper from her writingyet there were the four or five long hour

Directing it, she inclosed the envelope in another, superscribed to the telegraph company, and gave it to Mrs. Hyde.

"Come back to me, please, Mrs. Hyde, after you have given the letter to the man."

When Mrs. Hyde returned, her mistress still to be existed through. That was a fact as undeniable as it was disagreeable. "I cannot meet all those chattering mag-pies downstairs, and discuss the weather, the chances for a shower, and the latest item of news in the morning papers, as if my destiny were not hanging on the thread of the coming hours," he said, impatiently to himself. "will go for a walk in the woods; there is n thing like bodily exercise for restraining mind that is preternaturally active!" said Mrs. Hyde, after she had coughed gently once or twice behind her hand, without suc-ceeding in attracting Mrs. Delamere's atten-

"I need not return until time to see her," he thought. "I had tather be alone with these old, forest trees, and the rush of the river, and my own thoughts, than to answe irst express train to New York leaves New questions in which I am not interested, and listen to remarks that I can't take the trouble to comprehend at the Beechcliffe breakfast table. She will know how to in-

terpret my absence."

He kept his resolve, and it was a quarter to ten when he ascended the broad stairway to his own room at Beechcliffe, There was no one in the hall but Mr. Carisforde, the terpret my absence." "Are you going away, ma'am? No bad news, I hope?"
"No—yes; I suppose it would be called Bridgeport banker, who lay lazily outstretch had news. I wish to go as quietly and with as little comment as possible."
"Shall you be gone long, ma'am?"
"Not more than a day or so, probably." ed on a bamboo settee, fancying that he wa

"Hallo, Dorrillon!" he called out, in an injured tone of voice. "You've been fishing again. Why didn't you tell me? You knew again. Why didn't you self ind.

I wanted to go!"

"I have not been fishing," returned Mr.
Dorrillon, "in the first place; and, in the second, I wanted no companionship. Don't look so aggrieved, Carisforde. Are there never any times when you prefer the society

of vourself alone ?" Mr. Carisforde shook his head; there was no preponderance of the ideal in his nature, and he could not comprehend what he called "freaks" in others. Ten minutes afterward Dorrillon descended

the stairs and took his way toward the library, where he threw himself into the leathern-covered easy-chair, then rose up again impatiently. It was quite impossible to sit still and listen to the ticking of the tall, black, marble clock, and the distant sound of the drawing room piano, where sound of the drawing-room plane, where Angie Gresham was singing simple little ballads to Mr. Waverley Cleve, in whose ears they were doubtless preferable to the sweetest Italian bravara ever warbled by Parepa. est Italian Dravura ever warded by Parepa. Quite impossible—and Mr. Dorrillon began to walk slowly up and down the room, ever and anon comparing his watch with the clock, and wondering if ever the moments lagged so

slowly before.

Ten o'clock—and no light footstep at the door, Ida was rather punctual in her habits, but women, as a rule, were seldom very methodical, and he would allow her at teen minutes grace.'

Fifteen minutes past—and no Ida still. Dorrillon sat down and resolutely took up a book; but if it had been written in the Chaldee language, it would have been equally profitable to him. His eyes skimmed along the sentences, telegraphing no report whatever to his brain, and presently he laid it saids impatiently. side, impatiently.

Half-past ten—the clock struck the hal

hour with a shrill sound, as if some tiny elf hidden within the black marble case were ing at his disconfiture. He rang the bell; in a minute or two James came into the room. "Where is Mrs. Delamere?-in the gar-

"She ain't anywhere, sir," said James

"No, sir; she went away early this mo

"Went where?"
"I don't know, sir."
"And when is she to return?"

"And when is she to return?"
"I can't say."
"Who does know anything about it?"
"I don't know, sir," returned Jame orely perplexed by this cannonade of que sions. "Miss Hyde, she don't know more I know—may be," he added, unconscious heaping Ossa upon Pelion of his tautolois "Miss Matildy, as is madame's own makenows." "Send her to me at once." Yes, sir. Presently Mathilde entered, in a blue mu

in dress, a great deal more fanciful and ex-pensive than any that poor Angie Gresham wore, and a jaunty white apron, trimmed all around with delicate ruffles.
"Did monsieur wish to speak to me?" she questioned, demurely, looking, as James might have said, "as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth."
"Where is Mrs. Delamere?" inquir

Whither ?" Mathilde shook her head—she did not know, Madame had not told her.

"Do you know when she will return?"
"No, monsieur."

"This is very strange," enunciated Dor

"This is very strange," enunciated Dorrillon, biting his lip.

"Yes, monsieur," Mathilde answered, with downcast eyelide "it is strange."

"Did she—did she leave no note or message for me?"

"Did monsieur expect one?"

Mathilde's look of innocent surprise was sufficient of an answer; he turned away, annoyed that he had exposed himself to the comment and wonder of servants.

"That will do, Mathilde," he said, coldly, and the French maid withdrew, internally congratulating herself that she had passed through the dreaded interview without being

through the dreaded interview without being compelled actually to tell a falsehood!

"A little bit of an equivocation is no harm," thought Mathilde, "the priest himself couldn't object to that, when one is really driven to it." Meanwhile, Dorrillon stood in the library

Meanwhile, Dorrillon stood in the library, his arms folded tightly across his heaving chest, his eyes full of a stern, dangerous light. "So," he muttered, to himself, "she has chosen to avoid this interview by something not very different from flight. Was she so much afraid of me? or was it that she was unwilling to stay and abide the consequences of her own coquetry? She did not love me—she has never loved me—and I have been deceiving myself a second time. Well, I shall learn experience after awhile, and wisdom learn experience after awhile, and wisdom. Oh, my God! that thou shouldst allow one human being to be so cruelly at the mercy another. Thy waves and billows have go over me, and I am weary of striving again

All the morning he remained in the library Carisforde, lounging in the hall, wondered what on earth Dorrillon could find to busy himself about among those books—people came up and down, their blithe voices float ing on the summer air, like echoes from another world from that which surrounded the lonely, heart-broken solitaire—and the sun-shine ebbed like a sea of gold along the grass on the Beechcliffe lawn. When at length he came out, it was with a face as haggard as if

he had passed through weeks of illness.
"Hallo, Dorrillon," said Carisforde, as he passed, "I didn't know but you were having passed. "I didn't know but you were naving a fit in there, or making your will, or something else equally disagreeable. You're done up with the hot weather, aren't you? I knew that long walk wasn't the thing, with the thermometer up in the clouds. Try a little iced claret—it's the most cooling thing a man

need claret—it's the most cooling thing a man can fake this weather."

Dorrillon muttered some 'minitelligible reply, and when Mathids met him on the stairs, on her way down to the upper servants' lunch, in the housekeeper's room, she started, so pale and worn did he look. "Monsieur is not well?" she asked timidly
"Monsieur is perfectly well. Mathilde

"Perfectly, Monsieur."
"I am leaving Beechcliffe. Will you give this note to your mistress as soon

"Notes again!" thought Mathilde, as she received the little sealed and folded billet with a generous douceur in the shape of a rustling new bank-bill. "Monsieur is too kind—yes, surely madame will have the note. We shall all be sorry to lose monsieur from Beechcliffe!"

from Beechcliffe!"

"Speak for yourself alone, Mathilde,"
said Dorrillon, almost savagely, as he turned
away. Mathilde watched him enter his
room with wandering eyes; then she scrutinized the note he had given her carefully
before she slipped it into her bosom.

"There shall be no mistake about this," thought Mathilde, "at all events. All the same, I should like much to know what is in

it. I hope there is nothing about the other one which he didn't get! On the whole, it is just as well that he is leaving Beechcliffe before madame returns. It saves explanation which might be awkward for a poor girl like me, who meant no harm." So Mathilde went down stairs to lunch with an excellent appetite, and thought no more about the mischiet she had unwittingly

And, when the nightfall, with its purple and its dew, gathered once more over the lovely shrubberies at Beechclife, Frederic Dorrillon was miles and miles away on the journey he had commenced. Whither he went he cared not—it was enough that he was leaving behind him the ashes of a dead

CHAPTER XLL GIUSEPPE'S STORY.

The August heats were pouring down in the narrow, reeking streets of the vicinity commonly called the Five Points, in New York, like an Arab sun reflected from the fierce sands of the desert, and the big bell of the City Hall clock had just proclaimed the hour of one in the afternoon, when a dark, villamons looking man, clad in a suit of rusty velveteen, came down the shaking stairway of a two-storey wooden house and took his stand a two-storey wooden house and took his stand in the door, both hands in his pockets, and a black, stumpy pipe between his yellow teeth.
At the same moment, a woman's footstep came down the stairs, and a worn, haggard face, framed in big bands of dead-black hair, looked over the shoulder of the man in the

"She ain't comin' yet, is she, Chris?"

She spoke with a slightly foreign accent, and pushed aside her hair with a weary " No—she ain't !"

"Is it late, Chris?" "Where's your ears? ain't the clock just "I've had other things to think of beside watching for the clock, Chris. He can't last long. Poor Giuseppe!"
"He'll last long enough to wear us all
you'll find!" snarled the man.

"He's the only relation I've got world," pleaded his wife. "And a good thing it is; if you'd had many of the same sort, I'd emigrate to Aus-tralia—hanged if I wouldn't!"

"He never has troubled us much," said the wife, with a slightly resentful accent in

"No; 'cause he's never wanted nothin' of us. I don't believe in no relations—I dont." "He's my brother, all the same," said Nina, "and I'll take care of him, husband or no husband; so I tell you.
"Humph!" grunted the man. O' course you will—I never doubted that! Get back into the house with you, Nina!"

"But you'll stay here and watch!"

"Twon't be for any love of him—that you may understand!" was the gruff answer.

"For my sake, Chris!" she pleaded.

"Go in with you, I say!" ejaculated the man, turning upon her with such a volley of imprecations, that she stayed to hear no

a century, she opened the door and softly glided into the back room, used, apparently, for bed-room, kitchen, and dwelling-room for the whole family, and dirty and crowded to suffocation. Two grimy-taced, black-eyed children sat on the floor, fighting over a piece of gayly coloured crockery; a tall, bold-looking young woman sat at a ratiling sewing machine, stitching away at a pile of tailor's slopwork, which lay on the floor beside her, and a boy was asleep in a rocking-chair, a worn newspaper in his hand, while on a bed in the further corner of the room, tossing to and fro and uttering now and then low, murmuring sounds which might have been words or might have been mere ejaculations of pain and uneasiness, lay Giuseppe Antonardi, waiting for the end of all things.

He opened wide his half-closed eyes as the Italian-born woman entered.

"Has she come?" he asked, eagerly.

Italian-born woman entered.

"Has she come?" he asked, eagerly.

"She'll be here pretty soon," said Nina.

Better try and sleep."

"I shall not sleep again until I sleep for ever," he answered, in a hollow voice, as if

Giuseppe Antonardi lay staring at the ceil-ing with lips that worked ceaselessly, and tremulous fingers clutching at the bed-

"To think that it should end thus!" he muttered once. "I thought of everything, but I never thought of this! Well-a man can't live forever!" and then his voice died

can't live forever!" and then his voice died away into silence.

He lay, apparently, quite quiescent for some minutes, then raised himself on his elbows, staring wildly around.

"She is coming! I hear her! She is coming!" he exclaimed.

"Lie down Giuseppe," soothed his sister; "it's only the children on the stairs,"

But the next moment the door of the miserable apartment opened, and Ida Delamere stood on the threshold, pale and travelworn, a dark shawl wrapped round her slender form, and a heavy well thrown back from her face.

"Signora Ida!" he faltered, with a gesture, as if he would have shrunk out of her

ture, as if he would have shrunk out of her sight.

"I have come, Giuseppe," she answered, advancing slowly to his bedside, and seating herself in the chair that the Italian woman had drawn forward for her.

"Yes." he assented, slowly, "yes, it is well. I could not have died in peace, unless—unless—The black velvet bag, Ninetta—where is it?"

Nina picked up the bag from the place where it had fallen on the pillow, close by his land, and placed it once more in his cold

alm.
"Here it is, Giuseppe."
"Then go, Ninetta—leave me alone a little
"Then go, Ninetta—leave me alone a little
"You are not afraid?" while with the signora. You are not afraid?' "No," she answered, quietly. "I am not afraid. Why should I be?"

"Surely—why should you be?" he slowly repeated. "It is the living who wreak their vengeance on one another. A dying man can harm no one—and I am a dying man!" "Why do you not send for a priest?" she asked, pityingly, as a spasm of pain contracted his features.

tracted his features.

"A priest?" he echoed, bitterly. "I have lived without a priest, and I do not need the help of one to die. I am no puling child or chattering old woman, yet, to please Ninetta, I shall let her send for a priest by and What is it that you wished to say to me,

Giuseppe?" said Ida, breaking the ice at once, for she felt that she could not long endure delay. Neither had the man before her many moments in which to shrive his parting Much, signora-much. But, first, you

ust promise me forgiveness for all!"
"For what?" she asked. ' For everything !" he answered emphati-

ompassion. For who could cherish thoughts if bitterness or revenge toward one who stood on the awiul verge of the unseen world? Whatever crimes he had committed, whatever weight of sin lay on his soul, he was dying now, and the ægis of Divine mercy faintly reflected on human souls shielded it

"I am glad you have promised that,"he said, slowly. "It would have been harder for you to have spoken the words, after you have heard it—after I have told you— "Told me what?"
"That I have deceived you all your life

ong. "I have never believed you to be true, Giuseppe," she said, bitterly. "It is no news that you have deceived me; but I do not comprehend you—Madame Avioli is not my mother?"

A sudden gleam of light seemed to flash through the dark mystery of her fate—a pos-sibility of escape which made her heart beat faster and more unevenly. "Madame Avioli is your mother," eppe answered, slowly.

Ida's clasped hands fell to her kne

Ida's clasped hands fell to ner knee—the transient gleam was fading out in darkness. "Listen, Mrs. Delamere." said Ginseppe. "Madame Avioli is your mother, but it was not her hand that dealt the fatal blow to Pierre L'Echelle's heart. She is as innocent

sa a babe—as pure as a flower. Moreover, she never knew that aught like the shadow of suspicion of so foul a crime rested on her name. How should she?"

"My mother," murmured Ida, with a new sweetness in the word—a sudden thrill of joy, like a sepulchred hope rising up from the sealed stone of death; "my mother, and I have repulsed her so cruelly. Oh, what will she think of me? How can she compressions. will she think of me? How can she compre-

end my conduct?" "You forget, signors, that she never knew you were her child, she could not deem you undutiful," explained Giuseppe, slowly.
"True, true!" exclaimed Ida. "Thank Heaven for that at least; her heart has been spared a double rending. Oh, my mother—
my poor mother! But how—why——"
"Patience, Signora Ida, and I will tell you

all, if only-"One thing first, Giuseppe. If it were not she, who—who murdered Pierre L'Echelle—

who was it?"
"It was I!" "You, Giuseppe?"

"Ay, you may well shrink away from me in horror and dismay," he said, in low, deep accents. "I am the murderer—his blood is on my hands. Nor do I regret it!"

"Oh, Giuseppe!" she shuddered, "this is too horrible!"

"I hated the man," said Giuseppe, with baleful glutter in the eyes that were already dim and glazed. "I hated him, and I mur-dered him. Justice cannot reach me now. Death will be beforehand with the law. Do you ask me why I cherished the bitter hate ! I will tell you, Signora Ida! He had treated me like a dog, always. I would have been faithful—nay, I might even have learned to love him, for there is somewhat of good in every human soul, even mine, Signora Ida; but he struck me down like. but he struck me down like a dog, one night, because I had erred in carrying out some order that he had given. From that moment I vowed to be revenged; and I carried the vow in my heart, as only an Italian can do. He was generous at times, he was even liberal, but he never was kind. I need not tell you all that tended to strengthen my resolve, and add evil weight to the vow I had registered. You remember Pierre L'Echelle; you can-not wonder that one who was exposed to the constant fury of his ill temper and changing moods should weary of them! Well, Signora Ida, you cannot have forgotten the night the old priest came from the country to take you away?"

"I remember it well," said Ida, in a low voice. How all the past seemed to rise up be-fore her like the spectral figures in a dim phantasmagoria? How strangely the is and was blended at the death-bed of Giuseppe Antonardi!

"If you will let me take your stick of candy

"But you'll stay here and watch!"
"Twon't be for any love of him—that you may understand!" was the gruff answer.
"For my sake, Chris!" she pleaded.
"Go in with you, I say!" ejaculated the man, turuing upon her with such a volley of imprecations, that she stayed to hear no more.

Dashing up the creaking stairway, worn slanting by the tread of the footsteps of half

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

My Country Cousin My Country Cousin,
With fair complexion, watchet eyes,
With lips as red as any rose,
With such an air of frank surprise,
And Tennyson's 'tip-tilled' nose;
With bird-like music in each tone,
And hair a most bewitching brown,
In short, with charms she boasts alous
My country cousin comes to town.

She likes the season, she declares,
As I once liked it long ago.
Though she encounters endless stars
From languid loungers in the Row,
She's always fresh for ball or rout,
Though maiden aunts severely frown;
I trow it's but to gad about
My country dousin comes to town. She cries "Academy;" 'tis mine
The task to take her; quite a brute
She thinks me, if I draw the line
At visiting the Institute,
And Grosvenor on the self-same day a
And so I win the nurtyr's crown;
Tis just to go on in that way.
My country cousin comes to town.

She loves the ancient London sights,
The tower, Tussaud's, and Monday "po
The theatres fill up her nights.
The mornings she will spend in shops.
We go to Greenwich, where we dine,
Or I to Richmond drive her down;
For such enjoyments, I opine,
My country cousin comes to town.

I wait upon her night and morn,
Like some poor "bobby" on his beat;
I earn alternate praise and scorn,
I carry percels in the street.
I know of all the ill-used men,
That I'm—Why what a charming gow
I'm not so very wretched when
Mx country cousin comes to town,

Fashion Notes.

Vests of white lace are worn on evening Wraps entirely of black jet beads are very White embroidery and Irish points are used

stensively to trim sateen morning dresses. A charming toilet of cream canvas batiste can be trimmed with a quantity of Saxony lace and ruby velvet. A great many toilets for garden parties are being made this season of Burano lace cloth in the light shades so popular.

Leghorn straw hats, trimmed with se lace and bunches of fruit veiled with lace, are the dressy hats at gay watering Silk gloves in the popular jersey shape will

be worn during the summer, and are embroid-ered along the back of the hand and across the arms Black brocaded grenadine, with large velvet flowers, makes a graceful basque and draperies for plain grenadine skirts that have lace

Brocades are economical-first, bec they wear better than plain silks, and then less material is required to make a dressy gar Watered silks and satins are employed for

combining with other materials, such as camels' hair and brocades, but are not used for the entire dress. Black, relieved with the merest touch o thite in the way of lace or flowers, remains the favourite costume of high ceremony with

New York women. Amongst the most expensive toilet acces sories are fichus, coming in all lengths Escurial lace scarfs and lace breakfast caps, worn by both old and young ladies. Tall and slender women still wear the English plaited jackets, with a white waistband

of the material ending in two long loops tha fall over the puffed back drapery. Kate Greenaway handkerchiefs of white silk, with gayly coloured figures of old-fashioned children on the hem, are knotted as cravats for little boys to wear with their kilt

bodice and train of damask silk, and the front of puffed tulle draped with bunches of gay flowers that have long stems tied with knots Eive hundred yards of narrow ribbon, which is scarcely more than braid in width,

New evening dresses from Paris have the

are used on a single dress in rosettes, bows, and loops that form a fringe of which the whole vest and tablier are made, The thatched bonnet is a summer novelty. It is made of grey porcupine straw, with round high crown and clinging sides that are covered with bunches of grapes, berries, or

The linen duster is extinct as a traveller's cloak. Ladies now wear cloth, cashmere and summer silk dresses for travelling suits, with a tailor-made jacket or a Jersey polonaise that protects the dress from dust, and affords

needed warmth.

Clusters of three jet beads strung together like a three-leaved clover make a pretty finish to the edges of the basque, neck and sleever of the black silk or grenadine dresses. Dul jet beads are used in the same way on black nuns'-veiling dresses for ladies in mourning. A tucker of plain white lawn, shirred across, with two soft puffs around the neck, fills the pointed or square openings of dress waists; two puffs also edge the sleeves. If embroidery is preferred it is flat inside the open space, and there are two standing frills

around the neck. Bathing dresses with short sleeves and kne bathing dresses with short sleeves and knee trousers are worn at Long Branch and New-port. A short skirt for draping the figure extends below the tull bodice, and the trous-ers are buttoned on beneath. Long stockings are worn, and a handkerchief is tied over the

hair like a turban. Belts of red, blue, or white canvas are wor with flannel dresses in the country. For tan-coloured belts alligator skin is used, and seal-skin. Russia leather of dark russet colour makes a handsome belt for black dresses. The belts vary in width from an inch and a half to three inches. Low shoes are universally worn this sum-

mer in the country and at the most fashionable hotels. Patent-leather ties are considered in the best style, and these may have tan-coloured or blue kid tops with only tips of the glossy leather. Low heels are in better taste than the curved high French heels, and of course are much more comfortable. A plastron of India-red silk makes a gay tress of the serviceable pongees that have seen so long in favour. A collar of embroidery

in the high officer's shape fastens around the neck, and an embroidered band edges the painted plastron. The skirt has pleats to fall open over red silk bands, and the tunic is of scarfs of the two materials draped to good style :- The skirt, of shot flamme de punch de taffettas, is covered with flounces cut in long scallops pinked out at the edge; these flounces are remarkably pretty and effective, the long points fluttering at every movement. A narrow but very full scarf edges the corsage and falls at the back in two puffed ends. The corsage is a paysanne jacket of blue Indian cashmere, the fronts loose over

a waistcoat of fancy material, but the backs fitting closely, the plaited basque resting on A very tasteful walking-suit, just imported, has a box-plaited skirt of ivy-green Ottoman silk, the plaits being broad and double. A polonaise of a pale crushed strawberry foulard polonaise of a pale crushed-strawberry foulard silk is covered by large polka dots of ivy-green chenille. The neck has revers of the Ottoman, and the sleeves are finished by cuffs of the same. The hat to go with this toilet is of whit chip, faced with ivy-green velvet with a facing of crushed strawberry, and is trimmed by two bands of the velvet about the crown and a cluster of three dark-green tips falling over the front.

falling over the front. A very pretty summer toilet is of lawn, with narrow satin stripes and a printed pattern of large drooping iris blossoms in white and pale violet. The skirt is of lace, over a foundation of parma violet-coloured faille, three ruches of tea-rose faille bordering it at the edge. The tunic is of batiste, full from the waist, puffed and caught up at the hips with flat bows of pale violet, white and tea-rose ribbons. The corsage is of batiste, on a pale violet lining, plaited and crossed front and back, leaving the throat exposed in a very pretty manner; the satin sash-ribbons A very pretty summer toilet is of lawn,

are fastened in front by a strass buckle, and the sleeves are puffed; the hat to wear with the dress is of manilla straw, covered with an immense bunch of clover blossoms.

People who lay large stress upon salt water bathing will, by experience, find that two nickels worth of salt in the bath-tub of Lake Michigan water, will produce all the symp-toms of the Atlantic. When you add the comforts at home to the discomforts of the sea serpent and shark regions of the East, the stay at homes can congratulate themselves that they are not like the poor publicans in 8 x 10 rooms at fashionable resorts. The best thing, however, in going from home is the getting back and the larger appreciation of the comfort it gives.

Useful Household Hint. A piazza may be changed from a small Sahara to an alluring spot of shade and shadow by running an awning around it. This may be simply a sufficient number of breadths of the cloth to reach around the piazza, cut long enough to make shade clear across the floor, scalloped and bound around the lower edge, and furnished with rings along the top by which it is hung on hooks placed below the roof of the piazza. The corner breadths should be cut with a bias seam where they come together, so that the awning may be extended at an angle from the piazza. To hold it out round crisks the piazza. To hold it out round sticks three or four feet long are fitted into sockets on each corner post of the piazza, and furnished at the other end with a hook which fastens through a ring on the lower edge of the awning. These can be taken out or put up in a minute, and are taken out or put up in a minute, and are better than a more extensive frame, as the awning is only used in pleasant weather and when the piazza is occupied. When it is desirable to shade off only a part of a porch, curtains made of two breadths of the cloth seamed together, scalloped and bound across the bottom, and furnished with a few rings along the top, will be found extremely useful. They can be put up and down with little trouble, and can be used in a number of different places. ent places.

We saw recently a dainty bed for a child, nade as follows:—The foundation was a simple little iron bedstead. This had been painted a perfect gold colour with gilt paint which comes for colouring gilt picture frames.
To the top of the bed was affixed a frame of woodwork, having a circle at the top, and slender boards reaching to the bedstead and forming a sort of triangle. This was covered with a white linen drapery, caught back so as to look like angels' wings, and on it were embroidered in outline stitch, with pale blue emoroidered in outline stitch, with pale blue and gold, two angels, one on either side, with their hands joined in the middle. The circle at the top was embroidered in a design of pink roses and butterflies. Beneath the angels was the little prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray to God my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

The lettering was in blue and gold, with a wreath and harp of gold below the verse. Around the bottom of the bed was a frill of the linen, bordered by a blue statching and embroidered in flowers, birds, and little Dresden china designs. The whole effect was very charming.

A Queer Story. A little story was told us by a lady lately abroad, which illustrates the moral obtuseness that is sometimes seen in the fair sex when they covet the goods of their neighbours which they cannot obtain legitimately. The teller of the story was in Rome, and had by much trouble and care collected a large number of photographs of persons and places which she wished bound up with the letterpurpose she went to a Roman shop and left her book and photographs to be bound, while she went on a visit to Naples. On her return, the man of the shop, who was a German by the way, informed her that through the tartelessness of his boy the book had been lost after binding, and he was very much troubled both of the loss and, being a poor man, at having to make it good his customer. Though rather discourag the lady duplicated her former collects she wished without further mishap. Soon after, when showing the volume to a friend in Paris, she was told that Mrs. Blank, an had the same volumes, illustrated same way, and, on further inquiry, found that her fair countrywoman, having left a large order for books at the same Roman op, saw and wished to buy the volumes left there to be bound, and which were then ready for the owner. The shop-keeper told her they were not his, and refused to part with them, until she declared she would countermand her order, and buy nothing from him unless he would sell her those paricular volumes and tell the owner he had lost them. At last, rather than lose a profit-

The New York Telegram describes the seculiar fancies and habits of the bathers at

the different watering places along the coast. The picture it gives of some of the styles is

not overdrawn :—At Long Branch, for in-stance, bathing is as much a part of the day's

business as the hop at night or the drive, Young ladies feel no diffidence in asking gentlemen to "come and bathe them." In-deed, each tender fair imagines that the at-tendance of a chevalier in the surf is indis-

pensable. Rich costumes, too, are in vogue are, and then the bath is always preceded

here, and then the bath is always preceded by a loll upon the sands. This is a singular, not to say a very "loud" habit. Young girls and married women do not hesitate to stretch upon the sand at full length, attired in a thin, tight-fitting suit of cashmere, silk, serge, or flannel, beside men whose sole covering is a garment like a boy's night drawers. These ladies would have a man socially extraored if he

would have a man socially ostracised if he tried to peep furtively at their ankles on the

bluff over head; but they do not seem to find the slightest impropriety in this extra-ordinary display of their persons. They also permit themselves to be buried in the sand and to be "handled without gloves" in a semi-ruda and altegether rough manner by

semi-rude and altogether rough manner by their attendant swains in the waters. It

should likewise be remarked that bathing, like death, levels all ranks and lays the

heiress beside the pauper in the surf. Un-like Long Branch in many other respects, Coney Island differs from it in the matter

Coney Island differs from it in the matter of bathing. There is not that air of

sociability about it that is its chiefest charm at Long Branch. People go to Coney Island to bathe for sanitary reasons, and therefore make a regular business of it. To be sure, one will find here and there along the beach parties of pleasure bathing for the mere fun of the thing and not be the sand the sand

the beach parties of pleasure bathing for the mere fun of the thing, and not because they need the benefits to be derived from salt water. Young folks in the city, having resolved to spend a happy day, include bathing in the programme and go to Coney Island to obtain it. There are not so many gorgeous and outre costumes visible upon the sands of this resort as they are at Long Branch, Cape May, Martha's vineyard, Falmouth, and other resorts of haut ton and ultra fashion. Coney Island and Rockaway Beach are essentially the bathing grounds of the work-a-day folks. Newport and Long Branch are the ocean lavatories of the

Long Branch are the ocean lavatories of the rich. To bathe at Newport is an expensive luxury for beauty. A belle must have as many bathing suits as afternoon and morning dresses. The rivalry between the angels of

society is just as strong and exacting in the surf as in the drawing room, and husbands and fathers feel, while they dare not grumble at the expense. There is a tendency in most people to stay in the water toolong. This is injurious, and should be avoided. Nobody

shipped fourteen pedigree polled Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons, (a pair of handsome heifers of able trade, he did so, and the books now re-pose among the valued momentoes of an American lady of taste and fashion. The Beautiful Bathers,

enough to break. Tie it up occ the stall with the dam, and free it by her side when taking her o cise or work. Put on a piece of

weeks to make sure work. Mr. Russell, of Horton, England London Farm and Home, provides as water, so that his sheep may ha it whether the the weather be we this were done generally, those losses which are now suffered we experienced. Sait acts as a cond is no doubt an appetizer; but i

health and comfort as to that of animals. Therefore, keep a sup water in the sheep pastures as any other, and if the sheep do not it, give them a little salt once a washould have salt as often as

Buying and selling stock is an part of every farmer's business, etions where stock-breeding is not It requires a good deal of judge this successfully, and this will quired by experience and the use weigh the stock occasionally. experience, a farmer can lear weights of cattle or other farm

AGRICULTURA

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

MILK FEVER.

A subscriber in Williamsport st has a "valuable cow which was dition up to the time of calving while after, when she got very tongue swelling to almost doub size, which was continually han her mouth," and asks the cause ar From the above meagre descri condition of the cow it is evident ing from puerperal apoplexy, com milk fever, a disease that is, a items in our exchanges, causi farmers considerable annovance. is one of the most fatal comple breeding cows, and consequent should become conversant wit symptoms, treatment, and prevent eighty per cent. of the animals a cumb to the disease.

The cause, according to Profess

is mainly due to an impression uterine nerves at the time of pa disturbance being carried on nerves, and from thence to the the vessels are so gorged with bl plexy follows. Free milking of liable to the disease than other ally with their third, fourth, or it is a most unusual event for fall with her first calf. The symptoms in the early st gour and restlessness, the co

sniiting positions, with a peculia the hindquarters, first moving i one hind leg and then on the hindquarters become so weak that can scarcely stand. The brea changeable, and the bowels or increases until the cow falls, a to regain her feet. The stomach becomes distended with gas, and rapidly being affected, as the wil of the eyes and distressing man the head is thrown indicates. quarters become so insensible pin is stuck in the beast it wil nore affected, and the power of The treatment should be under

tion of a veterinary surgeon, som in the earlier stages, resort to bl ping the jugular vein until a free duced, which relieves the pres brain. Then the bowels deman and a powerful purgative is need lowing being highly recommer pound Epsom salts, eight drach solution, given in three pints of A fresh sheepskin should be pla back, or if this is not obtainable ing liniment should be well rub spine. After the purgative ha every half hour until relief is exp One ounce aromatic spirit of am ounces spirits of nitric ether, strong ale. If the animal shows able symptoms Prof. Symonds strong stimulants, giving haif a whiskey every hour and a half change for the better takes place, five doses the case may be look hopeless. If on the other han favourable signs, the first of probably be a movement of the begradual return of consciousness. gradual return of consciousness, and bran mashes may be given pondent of the Rural World says he cows affected by giving them one half of fresh lard and halt a pint mixed with new milk, warm, r dose in two or three hours.

If the disease is to be guarded not permit the cow to drink after calving, and it would be be that little, glinkeling. that little slightly warmed, draughts of cold water at this contrary to nature's laws to mile before calving, or immediately It is generally conceded that no for the services of a competent

sons who trifle with it run g persons who was losing their stock.

LIVE STOCK. It is found by experience that healthy oxen, of whatever size, is fifth of their own weight of turns about one-fiftieth of their wei straw, or other dried food. Mr. Wilken, Waterside of

surgeon more than puerperal as

Queen tribe to the Hon, M. H Messrs. Green Bros., of Oak have purchased of Mr. John Brookin, Ont., M.P., the short Fanny, baving three crosses of (Lulls, and she is in calf to Mr. Dimported Cruickshank bull Lord Oat straw is a valuable feed, an better for having the grain cut w green. It will be eaten in wint well as hay, but has not nearly t value of clover, and must be su with grain or meal to make a per Do not let a colt run wild u

now and then, and it will be m harness the animal when it become A Vermont sheep-raiser says the method for doctoring sheep for for wet the foot of every sheep in the or lame, thoroughly with kerosens and put what sulphur you can thumb and finger between the hofoot. Keep them in a dry place hours. Repeat the operation in weeks to make sure work.

something more in quickening to the internal organic aystem, and the generation of internal parasite Sheep often go a long time with ing, especially if in a pretty good p the dews are heavy so that they ca wet grass in the morning: but w want to drink water, is as necessa

under any circumstances. Hon. Rufus Prince, president of State Agricultural Society, writes Farmer: "I am no horse doctor give you a very simple but effecti give you a very simple but effective scratches, given me by one that care of horses for a long time, and never failed with me. It is this woollen rag around the horse's fasten it on and let it be until it. No matter if you drive your horse, do not take off the rag, and before of it the scratches will be cured. The scratches will be cured.