## Plot for Alhambra Court

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DANGEROUS FOE. As the lace and satin hangings between the drawing-rooms and the Court of Delights fell behind Craig Grahame and Alba those draping the entrance to the téte-à-téte. suddenly closed upon a retreating figure—the figure of Ronald Chaillie.

He had just lazily sauntered into the court when surprised by the entrance of Craig and With the intention of joining them he lifted a foot.

As quickly he put it noiselessly down.
A swift thought had entered his handsom

Hurriedly he slipped behind the curtains Behind them he, by a singular coincidence did precisely what Madame Juliette had done the day before, His gaze fastened itself at once upon Craig

It was not a pleasant gaze in its fierd jealousy and malevolent meaning.
At Craig's first words he drew in his breath "My darling !" said Craig

There he paused, and gathering the tw dainty hands between both his own, he look ed hungrily down upon the exquisite fact raised to his.

There was something so piteous in the ask ing eyes that his heart ached at the sight. hurriedly resumed: came out to say to your mother that ] shall, as she desires, go abroad again im

Alba caught her breath, then as i, quiver

Angly:
"Mamma desires that, Craig?" There was a momentary silence. Then you must go?

The tone was startling, the words wer startling.
Craig looked at her in mute inquiry. She suddenly snatched her hands from his tender grasp, and covering her face, burst in

to a passion of tears.

Impetuously he drew her within his arms and rested her head against his breast. Patiently he waited. With clenched hands, pale lips, and dilated

noitrils, Ronald Chaillie looked fiercely on. "The hound! How dare he? She he breathed. "By the heaven above us, she's mine!" In the fierceness of his jealous rage, he

consciously lifted his clenched hand and im shook it at Craig. At Alba's low, sweet quivering tones he dropped his hand, and his eyes ablaze now with the mad love to which he had yielded himself, turned upon her face. She had withdrawn herself from Craig's

arms, and was speaking with evident effort.
It was a hasty detail of Dr. Farnham's opinion she was giving.
"You mistake me," answered Craig, as

she finished. "Your mother has not in mated that her desire for me to go abroad is requirement. I am quite at liberty to co sult my own inclinations. But," and his voice took a sudden tone of passion-"bu would it not be the happiest way to live wholly separated during the next two years Would it not be the easiest way?" Before Alba could reply he went on with

Lhesitate to carry out my plans." "Who is this stranger—this Dr. Ronald He may establish himself on the most familia footing here. I don't like to leave you to the without knowing something of hi Hah !" smiled Chaillie grimly. "So he

will tempt his fate by staying at home! Very good, Mr. Grahame. I shall make my qual to the occasion. Alba placed a check upon his thoughts by n eager explanation.
"You will like Dr. Ronald," she con

"And the fact that he is a friend of Cousin Juliette's should set your mind en I suppose so," Craig answered.

With the weight of another thought in her mind, Alba noticed neither the constraint nor the evasiveness of the reply. Ronald Chaillie noticed both, and made mental memorandum of both. He had scarcely done so, when with a thrill of alarm he felt the weight of a hand upon his

The hangings dropped from his grasp, and he started violently about. He faced Ashland Udy. A dangerous pastime, my friend," signifi-

cantly observed the latter.
"Pshaw! Hush!" retorted Chaillie impatiently, as well as a little breathlessly.

Those salutations rapidly exchanged, Chailreturned to his task, carefully parting the draperies again.

"I must go back to mamma, Craig," Alba was saying. "Before you leave me tell me something of your plans." hed a silencing hand backward to Mr. Udy. He listened breathlessly, his heart throb

bing with jealous anger at the pain in the girl's sweet voice.

The answer reached him in fragments as the pair moved back to the drawing-room. Nevertheless, he managed to gather its subs-

'An overland journey to California," he muttered, looking after them. "Start on Saturday. Will sail from the Pacific coast at Good !" As they disappeared he added aloud :

A most propitious ending to an eventful I would not have lost that interview for ten thousand golden guineas." This concluding statement was addressed

to Mr. Udy.

But Mr. Udy was not there. That cautious individual had vanished.

In fact, he had hastily retired to his dressing-room again. If Dr. Ronald should be caught eavesdrop-

ping, it was Mr. Udy's deliberate choice that conaid should bear the opprobrium alone. Finding himself deserted, Ronald Chaillie stared a moment. Then, nonchalantly shrugging his shoulders and smiling amused ly, he went back to the library. After allowing a safe interval to elapse, he rose, threw aside the book he had taken, and

ted the timepiece. "Too soon to visit my patient," he thought. "I may as well amuse myself, as that charming creature desired." returned to the Court of Delights.

"Aladdin's palace!" he cried. were spoken with something more than Mr. Udy's parsimonious appreciation of the beauty and magnificence about

Ronald Chaillie's nature was highly esthetic, and his tastes highly cultivate He gazed round with the appreciative, de-lighted eye of a true connoisseur.

An accomplished musician, the various musical instruments gained a large share of his notice.

The organ stood temptingly open He seated himself. He ran his fingers dreamily over the keys. The touch, the delicious harmony fired his

He stopped, his eyes glowing, his nostrils dilating, his breath coming quick and fast.

The one great, absorbing passion of his nature had complete possession of him.

His bold schemes; his mad, new-born love his adventurous life—all, all were inrgotte He breathed in a new world He had bee transported to a new sphere. He was in heaven itself.
Again his fingers dropped to the keys.
This time the touch was the touch of

some strange anomaly, he had involun tarily chosen that magnificent composition,
"I Know that My Redeemer Liveth."

His rich, deep, mellow voice rose with slow, thrilling sweetness and power—such a they nicely marked a distance between

oice as had never before been heard at Alham-

It swelled sonorously through the Court of Delights. It palpitated upon the dewy freshness of the evening air without it. It floated off like a faint, sweet echoing voice from heaven to the fragrant, blooming vales and leafy hillsides. Mrs. Urquhart heard it in her distant chamber and smiled peacefully. Alba heard it, and clasped her hands in speechless de-light. Aunty Phemie heard it, and breath-

essly crept to the near shrubbery with streaming eyes. Old Sambo heard it, and reverentdropped upon his knees. And Madame Juliette?

Madame Juliette, hidden among the deli-ate shrouding laces of Mrs. Urquhart's bed, coard it, and wrang her hands in a white, tearless woe.

How often she had heard snother charming voice sing that—the voice of her sister, Vesta; Rorald Chaillie's beautiful, gifted,

and most hapless young wife.

Mr. Udy had returned to the Court of
Delights just as Chaillie's voice burst out in its first thrilling note.
"Might as well speak to the dead as to

to him when he is so!" he muttered, with that placid indifference to sweet sounds which the misfortune of certain natures.

He seated himself and waited patiently thinking the while that tea would soon be ready, and wondering whether Aunty Phemie rould treat them to cream muffins.

"I'm confoundedly hungry!" he muttered, with a yawn. At last Chaillie's hands fell from the instru-Mr. Udy seized the opportune moment, and

spoke to him.

Chaillie looked round half wearily.

Chaillie looked round half wearily. "I should have been named Saul," he said.
"The one thing on earth that will exorcise my evil spirits is—music.",
Aunty Phemie rose up from her lair in the shrubbery, and wiped her eyes.

She was still thus engaged when she reached the kitchen Her first glance was directed to her chief

hand-maiden. 'See here you Wenus!" she cried, with mingled solemnity and energy, "dat Dr. Ron'l am a born angel. Fus' he lif's, under de good Lor' de pore, dear mis'ess from de shaller bo'dah's ob de grabe. Secon', he sings us all inter de sebenf heaben. He must hab cream muffs for supper, Wenus. On dis mis'able day I wouldn't make cream muffs er nobody short ob Marse Craig; but when a gemman shows you he's a angel, what's ter be done? So run an' bring de fings, and put de griddle on d's fire. Be apry, now, dar ain't no time to spar'."

While Aunty Phemie was thus catering to

Mr. Udy's appreciative palate, Mr. Udy and Mr. Chaillie were amicably engaged in sharpning their keen wits on each other.

The contest ended in defeat on both sides. Plotter and marplot had each assumed the vulnerable armour of a cautious tongue. Their wits were none the worse for the skirmish; but the sum of their knowledge was not increased.

Of Chaillie's plans Mr. Udy learned absolutely nothing. Of a possible change in Udy's, Chaillie gathered not a hint.

They amicably dropped their weapons, Mr. dy volunteering a piece of harmless advice. Be cautious !" he whispered impressively. Ronald Chaillie acknowledged the kindness haracteristically.

He amiably shrugged his shoulders. That done he consulted his watch, rose, and went up to Mrs. Urquhart's room. Mr. Udy's glance followed him darkly 'He's master," he muttered, bitterly And I can't help it. As Celie says, he'

unmask himself to unmask us if we should dare oppose him. The fiends take them both. I'll settle the estate and get out of the way as quickly as possible. But, in the meantime, what will he do?" It was a serious question. He little knew

Could he have penetrated Ronald Chaillie's mind at that moment his hair would have stood on end withconsternation at the daring deed that individual was contemplating.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE PHOTOGRAPH. It was past nine o'clock when Ronald Cha-

e from Alhambra Court. If he left behind him two fiercely anxious nds, he gave them no thought. He was intoxicated with his succe Mrs. Urquhart was doing well-would be

able to rise the following morning—he had More: She had added to her thanks an nvitation which left him free to visit Alham ra Court at his own pleasure. More scill Alba had parted with him the beautiful, madening embodiment of gentle trust and speech

less gratitude. As Madame Juliette had done at an earlier date, he felt a crowned victor. He used her own words to express his exultation.

Starting to his feet, he impetuously bared his handsome head to the moonlight, and wed his hat high in the air. ' Veni, vidi, vici ?'" he shouted, madly.

At this unexpected and startling ebullition horses suddenly broke into a furious gallop. Chaillie kept his feet with all the ease,

grace and coolness of a champion circus The whirl and clatter only added to his excitement, but he soon tired of it. He had worked off the superfluous glow and exhilaration, and was ready to resume his medi-

He sat down, wiped his moist forehead. settled his hat, and drove quietly on.

But he also drove rapidly. The fences flew by, the miles shortened—he was at Araheim

nickly closed them after him. A groom awaited him on the sweep. He sprang to the ground, tossed him the reins, and issued his commands.

"Take care of the horses," he said rapidly, and with the unmistakable tone of a master, and then come to the dining-room with Raven and Todd. I suppose Terry is about,

Yes, sir," answered the man, respectfully. "He's been most of the evening get-ting your wardrobe ready for fear you might be wanting him for something else in the morning Chaillie turned away. He turned hastily

back again. "Hold, Winters," he called, adding in a suppressed voice: I don't want your wife in the way. I've

nad my supper, and there's nothing to keep I know she's as true as steel, but SHE'S A WOMAN! The less she knows of BUSINESS the better. You understand? "Yes, sir. All right," returned Winters. Chaillie went in. As he can hold he uttered four words. As he crossed the threa "Now for that hound!" he

grimly. He proceeded to the parlour.

In the doorway he paused. A vision of Alba had suddenly risen before -a vision of her as she had lain in her pure, death-like loveliness on the blue satin couch there in front of him. A vision of her as she stood at her mother's bedside. A vision of her as she had filled with pretty grace and dignity that mother's place at the tea-table.

A vision of her as she had parted with him in the white moonlight. He strode over to the couch, gazed down upon it with folded arms and throbbing reart, and said-a deep, angry flush mounting to his

"The hound. If he takes himself to the Pacific coast, well and good. If not-With that sinister, unfinished threat ropped into silence. It was nearly an hour before he went to the

ning-room.

He found the men waiting him the They rose in respectful since as he entered, and looked at him inquiringly.

"You can seat yourseives round the light," ne said, pointing to a table on which flamed large astral lamp. "I have something to ow you."
While both voice and manner were kindly,

self and his agents. There was no coarse familiarity. He was king, they were subjects.

For years they had served him, and been munificently paid. They knew better than to take liberties with him on the score of his

He made it to their advantage to serve nim, and they served him both faithfully and espectfully. They were all men of intelligence and som education; but Terry, the quiet, gentlemanly coking valet, seemed to be a grade above th

Chaillie stepped to the table and drew from is pocket a finely executed photograph.

It represented a man's head—a handson ble head, which indicated both brains an

Chaillie's brow darkened as his gaze chance meet the clear, honest, pictured eyes. He instantly did two things. He aspirated an oath; he flung the picture cross the table to Terry.

He then waited, his eyes fixed keenly upon

the man. Past experience had taught them what wa xpected of them. One after the other they intently studied From hand to hand the card passed back t

He took it, pocketed it, and spoke. 'That gentleman's name is Craig Grahame, e said rapidly. And each of the men read in his tone how ne hated the very name.

'You are sure you understand what is r uired of you?" he asked significantly.

Terry, who was sort of captain of the force

aswered:
"He is to be shadowed, and the ne Chaillie nodded. It was an action as grim as emphatic.
"In the meantime," pursued Terry,

Arnheim cottage is to preserve its air of pectability; the gardener must work, the room must exercise his horses, the—"
Chaillie suddenly interposed by turning or ais heel and moving to the door

"You can all go to bed," he said, as he reached it. "Report promptly. You have your signals—make use of them if I should be at Alhambra Court or elsewhere." He left the room.

The men looked at each other with pleased

untenances. Each knew that he had been rofoundly complimented. "Hot work ahead, I guess," said Winters s they rose. Raven, the butler, set back the chairs, re arking, dryly : think Mr. Chaillie mean

usiness, unless things work pretty square to his mind. Meanwhile, Mrs. Urquhart had been made omfortable for the night, and Madame Julitte had retired to her own apartments.

She went straight to her sitting-room She looked unutterably weary, and unutterbly depressed. The minutes slipped into a half hour-into an hour.

Marie, stolidly waiting in the dressing com, glanced half impatiently at the golder "One of her moods!" she muttered As she spoke, Madame Juliette's musica

all bell sounded. Marie rose from her easy-chair. "Heaven be thanked," she said, hurrying yay. "She was just as likely as not to away. ood there till daybreak. She found Madame Juliette seated beside

ner writing-desk, her elbow on it's edge, her white, taper fingers supporting her and her eyes rooted to the floor. At the woman's entrance she never stirred, sever moved a muscle. To all appearance he was quite unconscious of it. She instant proved the contrary.

She spoke four words You can be bribed ?" she said. The words spoken in that even, half asertive, half enquiring voice, took Marie tely by surprise.

Madame Juliette repeated the inquiry, woice and attitude unchanged.

Marie gathered her wits together, and answered : "Yes, madame."

At that brief, stolid, and truthful reply She turned to the desk, took from it a rol f bank-notes, and then turned about again, and fixed her great, glowing eyes upon Marie Your price ?" "For what, madame?"

There was a slight pause. When Madame Juliette spoke again her pice was quiet as ever; but there was a ubtle change in it that hinted of an almos controllable agitation.

He must forestall her.
"Permit me," he hastily smiled. 'I do not," she commenced. "offer to And without waiting for a reply he passed her, and going to her desk, closed and locked bribe you to faithfulness to my interest in this house, for it would be useless. You would at any time permit Mr. Chaillie to outbid me. His safety thus insured, he moved away from the desk as she passed into the drawing-She paused, silenced by her crowding emotions.

"Yes, madame," she said. Madame Juliette resumed without ap-

parently having heard the woman's answer. Her voice was full of suppressed passion. You have learned that the St. Agnes shelters my gitted and hapless little niece, Camille Chaillie. It was the mother's hourly prayer that her own fate should never be the child's. Heaven willing never shall be! Heaven willing, Ronald Chaillie shall never look on Camille's lovely

ace again! Speak! What is your price? The woman bent her head and considered Madame Juliette suddenly resumed again. Stay! I mean you to be true! Don' ndulge hopes of striking a second and better pargain with Mr. Chaillie. Marie lifted her eyes, her face

dispiciously.
"Listen!" continued Madame Juliette. had recalled her, commanding, fortunately for his purpose, not only her mind but her You are not aware that I am acquainted with certain treasured secret of yours. She paused in inward surprise at the effect she unhappily been turned aside. Thus,

f her words. with the golden opportunity placed there before her very eyes, had she forever lost it. She had made a bold leap in the dark, and an effective one.

The expedient had suddenly presented itself while uneasily revolving Marie's well known avarice, and had been decided upon when he abruptly stopped.
"What am I thinking of?" he muttered,

She used her advantage discreetly. Reeping her eye piercingly fixed upon the livid countenance she dismissed the subject in a few words. We will now return to the question of your price," she said. "The fact that I con-

to pay you one dollar will prove to you that I shall use my knowledge pitilessly ou tempt me to that course. Be true, and I vill continue silent. ' Name your price ?" With white lips Marie obeyed. Shrewedly suspecting that she had saved

everal hundreds by her expedient, Madame uliette promptly paid the sum. As Marie meekly retired, Madame Juliette bent her cheek to her white fingers again. "I have secured her," she thought terly; "but so long as there is a possibility of Ronald Chaillie finding Camille, he will rule me. Should he find her he would drag me after him a chained slave, for I'd never forsake her, my poor Vesta's precious dar-

ling."
With that passionate vow she closed the writing-desk, rose and went slowly and wearily to her dressing-room The rising bell had not yet rung at Alhambra Court the following morning when Ronald Chaillie made his appearance there.

This startlingly early visit was plausibly and flatteringly explained by a professed anxiety for Mrs. Urquhart. In reality, it was due to a very different cause—a cause fraught with infinite danger o himself. Early as it was, he yet question ed with fierce anxiety whether it might not e too late. His first inquiry related to Mrs. Urquhart's

ondition. It was answered satisfactority. He put the second. himself, his dark, handsome face paled, Too late !" he thought, with a fiercel in ward curse. "I'm unmasked!

mentarily overwhelmed, he stood like

a statue, vacantly gazing at Brutus's pleased are to keep your eyes and ears open when is here, and report everything The butler's voice inviting him to the Court romptly to me."
He stopped and eyed Madame Juliette's of Delights startled back his native daring nscrutable countenance a moment. He resumed, a fierce determination in every tone of his slow, hushed voice:
"For every failure of yours I will lay the
lash over Camille's shoulders under your very

away, when Madame Juliette's voice, forced into steadiness and cold indifference, stopped

She had gained her purpose in uttering the

In a sudden passion he told her the truth.
"I shall find her!" he hissed. "If for no
other purpose, I shall find her to coerce you.

One thing more: carry yourself heedfully for—THE TRAIL HAS BEEN STRUCK!"

He paused a moment to gloat over her white, drawn features. The next he said non-

"Go and tell Mrs. Urquhart—my future

These mocking words awakened a sudden storm of passion in Madame Juliette's breast. "What is your purpose?" she demanded, her voice so low and husky as to be scarcely

As her choking emotions silenced he

utterly, Chaillie cried, with restored good-

You are welcome to a little information. We'll take the matter in order. First," and

he struck the white, shapely forefinger of his right hand upon the palm of the left at each

"First, I brought my old, efficient servi

cors over with me, meaning to enter into business on American soil. Raven, Todd, Winters and Terry are at Arnheim cottage

with me. Blake started on Saturday mor

ssly intent on what was to follow.

ing to pay his respects to—MR. PINARD."

He stopped to laugh, resuming with twink

You understand that with Blakeat his

"Second," and his lip curled amusedly a

entertain certain intentions toward my avoured rival, Mr. Craig Grahame. Third,

At this point he leaned toward her, with

"Lastly, Camille will here be fitted to

"With her mother's fine intellect and

harming face, and her father's superb voice

iercely clenched hand as it lay pressed to

"Camille will bear, NOT the sins of he

ATHER but the sins-the rebellion-of her

"Pshaw! what's the use of hard words

other-in-law.

"What fiendish-"

audible.

apid statem

ling eyes

"You will find her first," she said.

"Declining that functionary's services in a way that immensely tickled the man's vanity, he went to the court alone.
"I'll brave it out," he muttered between his teeth, as he crossed the drawing-room. With that brutal speech he was turning CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LETTERS. The butler's reply to Ronald Challie's econd inquiry seemed unimportant enough. "Oh, yes sah." he had said, "Miss Alba

am up. She's a writin' ob letters in de Court ob 'Lights. Leas'ways dat's what she aid she would, "Due I lone by dis yar time."
With Brutus's words ringing ominously in his ears, and his breath coming quick and sharp, Ronald Chaillie paused on the threshold of the Court of Delights. said she would. But I guess as how she

There was no chance to play the spy.

The stained glass doors had been run back their grooves, and the lace and satin hang ngs looped away so as to give free passage he sweet morning air.

He was compelled to make an open and onourable entrance.

But during the moment that he stood in the doorway, his absolutely pale face grew His glittering eyes fastened themselves in a fascinated gaze upon Alba.

There she was, seated before her quaint, mother-of pearl, gold-studded, writing-desk—the very dest he had, the previous evening, plundered of its letters and Caric Care

ing, plundered of its letters, and Craig Gra-hame's cherished picture.

It was a bold deed, and one which, by a certain combination of circumstances must inevitably point to him, in Alba's mind, as

The desk lid was dropped. She must have lready discovered the theft. How could it be otherwise? There were the empty pigeon-holes; there was she, at and her gaze fastened fixedly upon the holes. With his usual daring Chaillie had made a

heels, Mr. Pinard is not likely to do either pholesale robbery.

Determined to possess himself of a specime us much harm.' Madame Juliette remained silent, breath f Craig Grahame's penmanship, and finding t impossible to make the necessary examin-tion on the spot, he had boldly taken every He hurried on. estruck off the brief statement-"second,

In spite of his daring he quailed as he stood insanely bent upon winning the beautiful girl before him, this premature unmasking was felt as a terrible blow.

avoured rival, Mr. Uralg Graname.

I propose this morning to secure Mrs. Urquant as my patient. Fourth, I propose to make her, at a later date, my mother-in-law.
Fifth, I propose to enjoy my beautiful wife's
magnificent fortune unrestricted by my dear 'What am I to do?" That hushed question was answered in the me breath. nother-in-law. How? Time, my dear Ma-Boldly, audaciously, he dared the issue. lame Juliette, will make manifest. Enough "Good morning, Miss Urquhart," he said. His deep, mellow voice uttered the words that Alhambra Court and everything els will be MINE. Udy will be dismissed. with easy courtliness and respectful assu

As he spoke he took one step and then stood still. What a god he looked as he stood there. enter the arena of life. Alba started to her feet.
"Dr. Ronald!" she exclaimed.

The surprise involuntarily expressed by and musical abilities, she is sure to make her pice and countenance demanded an expla mark and secure that father's prosperity to his dying day. More still," and here he laid his white finger on Madame Juliette's ation from Chaillie He made it with the same respectful a

urance, the same easy courtliness.

Nevertheless, he kept his place at the door The next instant he drew a deep breath. The girl was advancing-advancing with iling lips,

f her mother.

writing-desk.

He must get rid of her.

this unexpected proposition

His triumph was short-lived.

miling explanation she volunteered

mean villamy might be exposed.

Chaillie realized all his peril.

He left the key in the lock.

is post of observation

een breath of relief

book from his pocket.

stand?" he concluded.

eadily into her own.

pencil.

He was right.

Franame.

was going back to close the ope

In the one moment it would take to do it

There was but one course for him to pursue

She crossed the drawing-room-she dis

appeared up the broad stairway.

Without an instant's delay he abandoned

He hurried to the desk—he opened it. In

a trice picture and letters were restored to their proper places, and the desk closed and

"Thank the gods!" he muttered, with a

Dreamily she had entered the Court, dream-

she had opened the desk, dreamily she

aw nothing, thought of nothing but Craig

From that troubled reverie Chaillie's voice

Thus, on the very brink of discovery had

Ronald Chaillie left the desk and slowly

ommenced pacing the length of the Court, He had reached the drawing-room door

with the words he drew a memorandum

He had just torn out a leaf and placed th

encil against it when the soft rustle of sweep-

He quickly closed the book and put up his

"Ah, madame, my sister-in-law," he ex-

claimed in suppressed tones. "I was just

wishing for you."

Madame Juliette silently looked at him

with coldly inquiring gaze.

Equally indifferent to silence and coldness

he rapidly explained and issued his com-

that she might unduly hurry herself to see

fast, and I have declined the invitation, have

ng already taken that meal. You under-

"Why are you here at this hour?" icily asked Madame Juliette, without noticing his

return, a faugh in his eyes. Then, with

udden change of purpose, he drew a folded

sheet of paper from his pocket.

It contained the fac similie of one of Craig.

He held it wide before Madame Juliette.

She looked at it, then at him. "You need not be alarmed," he laughed

rahame's letters from opening to close.

"Of course you have invited me to break-

"Go up to Mrs. Urquhart and state that I

ng garments caused him to lift his eyes.

ad gazed at those vacant pigeon-holes.

"Saved by a girl's dreaming!"

To those concluding words, uttered with Still he never stirred from the Persian run n which he had planted himself.

If she had thus far made no discoveries she the significance and impressiveness, he added "Au revoir," he said profoundly. ust not be permitted to do so. She must be He looked at her an instant, smiled, bowed, won, as far as possible, from that tell-tal and with an elaborate wave of the hand She came close, extended her tiny hand, and turned on his heel.
Frozen into perfect stillness, Madame Juli

hanked him warmly for his thoughtfulness ette watched him in pallid silence. He swung himself grandly through the Court. He reached the garden door. There he turned, bowed, kissed his hand, and dis-He was swiftly revolving that urgent necess-ty, when Area saiddenly came to his assist "I will myself inform mamma that you ar At the instant that he did so Madame Juli-

ette drew a long, shivering breath, and lifted her hands in a frenzied clasp high above her ere," she said. "I know she will be delighted to see you. She intends rising this morn-"He tempts me," she gasped, shrilly-"he Chaillie could scarcely conceal his delight empts me to-A swift, light tread close behind her suddenly restored her senses.

"Alba," she lought.

Her arms dropped, and thrilling with terror Alba prettily excused herself, turned away, and then instantly turned about again. Her intention was evident without th

er swelling throat :

-AUNT!

t her own mad imprudence she stood absoutely incapable of further motion The next instant a light hand fell upon her arm—a soft, suppressed voice sounded in he She closed her eyes and shivered. It was

all she could do. To be continued. A Dying Man's Desperate Remorse.

It will be remembered that Thomas Clinton ecently committed suicide at Regina. On nis person was found the following note, ad dressed to his friend, Geo. D. Edwards. peaks for itself :-"George, -Forgive the trespass. Thrown out of buggy this morning, and oh, my back! I am crazed. Think of me kindly. My babies -see my pockets. Nellie, all is over. George, save my reputation. Take all I have. Send my boy his clothes. See Customs officer. Death before dishonour. I opened your valise roughly. Take my new one in its place. I am just waiting for the "feeling." Off from here to the other world. George, no matter what the world , tell her from me that my last thought and kindest was of her. I do not know what to do or say. Had yesterday occurred three months ago I would have been happier than ow, but poor me ! I am dirty, thrown out of buggy opposite Mrs. ——, your neighbour. Please brush my clothes, and have me put in the hole decent or clean. Oh, God 1 Oh, God ! Tears can't help. CLINTON, per-

unkind, I always wished well to him. [Here there is a flourish with the pen.] " Now for the eternal rest. 11.55 p.m.

Give him what's

She Regarded Her Husband and Son as of More Value. The carcass of a fine buck deer was lying front of a place on Michigan avenue, and at ifferent times was surrounded by small crowds of sight-seers. By and by a wandering Arab of a boy came along, and almost the first thing he did was to dig his fingers into he bullet hole and smear the tips of the horns with blood. What's the excitement here?" asked

haps I am minding the name. Mother George—oh, my boy! Give him wha left, my watch, ring, and his clothes. Th

re really his sacred, the watch particularly

I am full of-oh, George, tell Morrison not t

woman with a basket on her arm, as she came ushing her way in. 'They've finally got him," answered the boy. "Who?" "Why, them deer who has bin hooking so many folks to death.

"Lands sake! but did he gore anybody?"
"Three men!" was the solemn answer. have gone out for an hour's stroll, fearing Whereabouts " "Up north. "Why, my husband and son are up north! xclaimed the woman, as she dropped her basket and flung up her arms. A man in the crowd prevented her from fainting by pinching her arm with one hand and cuffing the nquiry.
"Have I not already told you?" he asked

walking off with the woman's basket.

she had recovered her composure a little, she "I felt sure that I had sustained an over whelming loss, and you needn't run after the boy. The basket ain't worth half as much as a husband and son-no, not half!"

Gentlemen in search of picturesque wive

oy with the other, but the boy got even by

The original has just been restored to its hould go to Loreto in Italy. The women are place."
With the words he refolded the paper described as dark and lovely. They wear a jaunty costume, consisting of sixteen petti-coats on week days and eighteen on Sundays and pocketed it again.

Before Madame Juliette could ask the and holidays. These petticoats are all starched and some are very richly trimmed with lace nestion trembling on her lips, he hurried on n singularly emphatic tones, his eyes blaging and embroidery. A coloured skirt is then looped up over these baloon skirts, and a "You have your part to play in my game, Celie," he said, "I need you. a Briefly, you stay bodice confines the waist to its smalle ensions over & spotless white chemis

WOMAN'S KINGDOM

What sort of a gift will I take?"
Asks my saucy debtor. Shall she make or buy the thing,
Which do I like better?"

Then to mine a little hand Is yielded up completely,
While the red lips try to pour
And the eyes smile sweetly "Know'st thou—prisoner at the bar (Still I hold her tightly).

The meaning of that Grecian word?"
"No," she answers lightly.

"Pœna-penalty; philo-love, According to the letter, And if you cannot pay the debt I must keep the debtor. Would you buy your sentence off?

For and About Women, Patti is the only girl in this country in afford to wear a \$5,000 cold.

toward California, where a woman only years oid has already had five husbands. Miss Julia Jackson, daughter of General Stonewall Jackson, will make her debut i

ful and accomplished. A ballet master says that tight lacing unfits women for positions in the ballet, and yet only the other day we saw an article against tight-lacing in a religious paper, -Philadelphi

now practices eighteen hours a day on the piano. It is reported that her father and other are missing. How things do change A Mrs. Flannagan is under arrest at Liver pool upon the charge of murdering six per-

amounts. The prayers of little children are very gestive. A little girl on Long Island a few nights ago closed her devotions with these words: "I do thank Thee, Lord, for all my

thermometer, one of your best." Shopman This ma'am is one of our finest-Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. Shodd "Silver; that would be nice for the kitching, but I want one for my boodor Haven't you one with quick gold?" Algernon Swinburne, the poet who swoon

appalled when we think of the con the meeting between him and Miss Ells Wheeler, the impressible young poetess who gives a shudder of delight when his hot A Young Lady's Idea of Marriage, So she was going to be married; to be ess of a house, settle in London; be able to go out into the streets all alone to shop or risit; have a gentleman all her own, whom she could put her finger on any moment, and makehim take her about, even to the opera and the theatre; to give dinner-parties her own self, and even a little ball once in a while; to buy whatever dresses she thought prope

instead of being crippled by an allowance have the legal right of speaking first in society instead of sitting mumchance and mock modest; to be mistress instead Miss — contemptible title; to be a woman instead of a girl; and all this rational liberty, domestic power, and social dignity, were to be obtained b merely wedding a dear fellow who loved l and was so nice; and the bright career to be dshered in with several delights, each of them dear to a girl's very soul; presents from all her friends; as many beautiful new dresses as if one was changing her body or her hemisphere instead of her name : éclat ; going to church, which is a good English girl's theatre of display and tem and there tasting delightful whispered miration in a heavenly long veil

nmerated in the Book of Common entranced her that time flew by unheeded.

the decorative tendencies in every direction but the original impulses are found in all countries and in all times. The savage who shows a curious taste in nose pieces and bod paint is as much a votary of fashion as th Parisienne whose whole soul is concentrate upon the effectiveness of her dress. sexes have been equally weak at times in their slavish surrender to this tyrannic despotism. But the males have in a measure emancipated themselves. The garb of our modern bucks and bloods compares favourably with that of the dandles and mac ronis of the past. Their attire has some manliness in it : they are sensibly shod : the stuffs changeable seasons. It is no longer the cu tom to swallow up a whole patrimony is tailors' bills. The lavish employment of th most costly materials has also disapshirts which cost £10 or £20 apiece, as they did when that sum meant six or its present value; nor do they fix priceles jewels in their shoe-laces, or carry muffs of rare furs on their hands. The present fashions are a distinct improvement upon those fitting, high-collared monstrosities permitted a seam but called a crease intolerathe time Beau Brummell devoted to his vol

with the weaker sex the reverse is still the

It is always his mother-in-law upon whom sarcasm spends its random ineffectual shots. Her mother-in-law escapes. egotism editors and writers, who are invarly and hopelessly masculine, remorseless ly put the stale slanders in cold type and assume that their mothers are peried mothers-in-law. "Are we not their sons? "Could so perfect a specimen of manhoo spring from any but a perfect source?" As suredly not. But wives are proverbially known to be imperfect; hence their mother are more so. Who ever knew a wife that could cook like "my mother," or make a shirt that set like "mother's," or darn socks so they wouldn't hurt the tender feet? 'Mother used to do it, I don't see why you can't." The wife being so faulty, what can her mother be?

It is never disagreeable to him to hear his mother say that "Mary Jane dresses too much;" "that Mary Jane entertains too much;" "that she is extravagant in her housekeeping, careless in the management of the children;" "too demonstrative," or the reverse. Oh! no, it is his mother and she must know. But let her mother but hint in the kindest manner that "George stays out too late," or that the "club is too expe for a young man just starting in life, with his own way to make;" "that his cigar bills would suffice to bring many a little luxury into his home," and then will flow the vows (made to his wife with protane prefixes unfit for "ears polite") "that he won't stand that old woman's tyranny any longer," "that he has put p with it long enough," (although it may be the first hint that she does not think him perfect), "that if she

It is estimated that there are 320,000 young women in England engaged in bus

Massachusetts girls are looking longingly Southern society this winter. She is beauti-

Mary Churchill has got her " mad" up ar

sons, her husband among the number, all of whose lives she had insured for handsome

blessings, and I'll do as much for you son Mrs. Shoddy to shopman-" Show me

when "their lips melt in a kiss," is comir over to this country in the spring. We are

which she could not wear even once if she re mained single, This bright and variegated picture of holy wedlock, as revealed to young ladies by feminine tradition, though not en-

Fashions and the Seves The progress of civilization has developed they wear are serviceable and suited to our most costly materials has also disappeared. Silks and satins, except as regards gorgeous socks or decorative neckties, are left to women. The use of friils and jabots of rare Valenciennes has gone with full-buttoned wigs and small-clothes of gold brocade. Men do not wear white which cost \$100.00 \text{constant}\$ of even a more recent period. The tight-Georgian epoch went out with the king who ble. No one, not the most fatuous and empty-studded devotee of high collars and single-headed shirts, would give a tithe of uminous and largely unsuccessful ties. But

Her Mother-in-Law

keeps on in that strain she will drive him straight to the devil," etc. But these are nothing beside the trials of a

young wife taken to live with her mother-inlaw. Who ever saw a mother with a darling son that could find a girl good enough or pretty enough for the splendid creature who one day is going to make "Rome howl" with his nal cleverness and wonderful abili ties? Be she ever so pretty or ever so sweet —she is not too sweet nor too pretty to incur his mother's aversion. The first battle-ground it looks like tattle ground as written.—ED, is the housekeeping of this double household—and although all the drudgery o the housekeeper may be relegated to the young wife—be sure the reins of government are still in the hands of his mother. This gives her an opportunity to criticise and admonish that is not to be gained by any other arrangement. Who has not seen in their own circle of acquaintance some sweet young girl married and taken to live with her nother-in-law? Did no one notice how, little by little, the happy light faded from her eyes, the youthful elasticity from her step, until people began to say, "How Mary Jane is fading!" "She used to be so pretty!" Those delicate, bright looking girls fade so Her mother has seen it if no one else has, and perhaps this is the beginning of the

rouble between him and his mother-in-law, of which he writes so fervently Etiquette in Mexico.

There is probably no country in the world where etiquette is more strictly observed than in Mexico, says a correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and the following are some of its peculiarities:—The windows of all residences in northern, and I might say in all, Mexico are barred with an iron or wooden grating, projecting a few inches to-ward the sidewalk and forming a sort of balcony. The object of this is to separate all gentlemen not properly introduced and vouched for from meeting the ladies of the house. No gentleman is allowed to call upon a lady until after he has been regularly introduced by some intimate friend or relative of the family, who becomes responsible for the visitor's conduct. This is never done until his character, personal habits, and the standing of his family are known. If the introduction and standing of the party are satisfactory he is then permitted to call upon the dy of the house, and she can receive him only in the presence of some member of the amily or trusted friend, who is expected not o leave the room while the caller f the caller is a young man and he calls upon a young lady, then her mother or some lady friend of the family is always present, and she does most of the enterta the young man calls three or four times it is resumed that he knows what he wants, and it is therefore expected that he will at once seek the hand of the lady in marriage, but if he fails to declare his intentions, then the father or the oldest son, if living—if not, the member of the space or some other member of the amily-invites the gentleman to come forward and state the object of his visits, or discontinue them. The young lady is never allowed to ride or drive alone with a gentleman; neither is she allowed to walk upon the street, visit any friend, nor to attend a pub lic ball, except she is accompanied by some member of the family or a trusted lady friend. Neither gentleman nor lady is expected to either converse or promenade the plaza, or to exchange any but the common-est courtesies. After being introduced, the gentleman is always expected to recog-nize the lady first, and if he fails to do that soon after his introduction tood that he desires to cut her acquaintance. At a public ball, or if at dinner at the house of a friend, then both ladies and gentlemen may dance and converse at pleasure, they are in the presence of mutual friends
If the gentleman desires to form the ac uaintance of a lady, or has not been properintroduced and vouched for then nly admire her at a distance, send billets loux, or at best talk to her through the bars of her window, which is only large enough to admit the hand and arm. It is a common sight to see young Mexicans standing before the windows of the houses with one hand on

if he were the most privileged of wooers, Correspondence,

the window bars and the other holding the

vitable cigaret, laughing and chatting as

MEDICATED MASKS To the Editor of Women's Kingdom Madam,—Let me informe "C. B. Kingson" that bathing the face with water as hot as she can bear it before going to bed and then wearing a thick plaster of oatmeal and water during sleep will get rid of wrinkles and soften the skin.

ALICE. The medicated masks which "C. B. Kingston" asks about can be obtained from Madam Latour, 2146 Lexington avenue, New York. The mask costs \$15 and a wrinkle

alm for the same purpose, but slower in action, costs \$5. A German savant named Gruselbach, proessor of chemical science in the University of Upsala, has been devoting a considerable time o perfecting an apparatus to freeze living people, and keep them in a torpid condition for a year or two. In any case, he announces that he will undertake by his process to freeze up any lady or gentleman willing to submit to the experiment, and benumb them, deprive them to all appearances of vitality, pledging his word to bring them round again at the expiration of a couple of years, with no prejudi-cial effects to mind or body. As no adventurous person has come forward to supply the want with the desired opportunity, he has submitted his invention to the Swedish Go rnment, with the request that a criminal condemned to death shall be provided to en-





perspiration, and thus removes the cause. Cutt-cura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itch-ing and Infiammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, restores the Complexion. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, and for rough, chapped, or greasy skin, blackheads, blotches, and baby humors. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers and skin beautifiers.

Chas. Houghton, Esq., lawyer, 28 State street, Boston, reports a case of Salt Rheum under his observation for ten years, which covered the patient's body and limbs, and to which all known methods of treatment had been applied without benefit, which was completely cured solely by the CUTHOURA REMEDIES, leaving a clean and healthy skin. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Stebbins, Belchertown, Mass., writes:—Our little boy was terrioly afflicted with Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Errsipelas ever since he was born, and nothing we could give him helped him until we tried CUTICURA REMEDIES, which gradually cured him, until he is now as fair as any child.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N.Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by CUTICURA REMEDIES. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpan full of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die. Cure sworn to before a Justice of the Peace and Henderson's most prominent citizens.

Hon. Wm. Taylor, Health Commissioner. Boston, says:—After three months' use of the CUTIOURA REMEDIES, and twelve years of as constant suffering from Scrofulous Humor of the face, neck, and scalp as was ever endured, I can say that I am cured, and pronounce my case the most remarkable on record.

Sald by all dynastets Currous Science Pro-Sold by all druggists. CUTICURA, 50 cents; RE-SOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co.. Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases,"

NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Dominion

CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely highly medicinal, indorsed by sicians, preferred by the clite. Sales, 1 1882, 1,000,000 cakes. Sold everywhere.

AGRICULI

THE FAT STOO

We will always be pleas of enquiry from faing agricultural in given as soon as prac

Mr. Henry Wade, retary of the Agricultu ciation, has just returne tour through the United S he has visited several fat one held at Chicago he s success both financially number of exhibits. Ther
557 entries of cattle at th
who exhibited were well
trouble and expense incu
sent from Canada were reg
cans as first-class specime cans as first-class specime awarded three or four pri each day was a special fe tion. As many as twenty in one afternoon. The pri Wade's visit was to obtain how fat stock shows are ru with a view to incorpora most attractive features in to be neld in this city. The show, the first ever held her December 14th in the Com The place will be tasteful green boughs and the floo with sawdust. It is also the place lit up by electric the place is rather dark, w all throughout the day. A and season tickets will be pected that the stables about 200 cattle. Mr. Wad

oronto will not have as Chicago, yet it will have a

GIVE THE COWS The qualities of the vario are being freely discussed agricultural papers, the obreeds advocating in st which they are intereste cow, as a cream producer. and consequently many made in her favour, but take issue with Jersey fa never become a profitabl after her milking run is e cally of no use, being butchers. This view may it is so frequently made t worthy of note by farmers chase good general purp may be readily turned into sion demand it. There connected with all breeds not unjust to compel ordin for themselves, while pet pered with good food, the not being considered good The various tests that have Holsteins, Shorthorns, J which great milk and butte sulted, are not solely at cows themselves, but in a their treatment and food, fore, to give such attention animals, which are no midisease and death than le would it not also prove a ment to bestow more care upon the ordinary cow? that can be easily answered tion is thrown for the bene and not in a hostile spi find so much to admire, an sows with almost illimitable

The Western Rural in a r re erring to the care of covered many valuable cows at and many indeed that ar cows. If such cows are cared for they make good themselves eminently sati common cows sees what he his cows just as good care and Jersey gets. He mu equal them, but he will proif such treatment is new in with the result. Suppose shelter as these breeds which is necessary for main of milk. There is nothing the flow of milk quicker the the cow. If she becomes man recently expressed it locked the mik glands a pick the lock.' The cow will give less milk at the n she will never recover unti calf. Once lower the flow ently lowered. But thous cattle are not guarded at danger, and it is no wonder

satisfactory." TRANSFER OF

A deputation from the Car ment Association waited County Council recently, an troduced to the Council. ex working of the Torrens syst Mr. Mason, Mr. Holmested, son, who showed that land could be transferred with simplicity, and absence of in a bank, and demonstrate over the present cumbrous s After some discussion, th tion was adopted by the Lloyd only dissenting, bed that the matter should be January session :- Resolved cil having heard the explan tion from the Land Law sociation, do hereby authori sign a petition to the ovince of Ontario praying of the Torrens or other syst fer in the province. The committee rose and re

action was unanimously end LIVE STOR

of cattle exported from the the present year is far in e mer year. Scab has enti-among sheep since the er wise restrictions made h Among the recent transf tle are the following:—Bu Lambert, from S. N. Cook Hamilton; and Max of St. A. Rel urn to H. Stephens,

Returns at Ottawa show

Cows-Minnette of St. Lan moon of St. Lambert, from E. Fuller. The Canadian vice-preside cheron Horse-Breeders' Ass ca, recently elected, are :— Manitoba ; John Pierce, Qu man, Nova Scotia; E. Chap Territo y: T. Snider, Oata New Brunswick; and Prince Edward Island.

French shepherds find th in water and sprinkled over sheep gives them an increas forage and contributes to French writer states that th is about one pound of salt to sheep, but he does not say are thus fed. He also stat weather one and a half witriol, dissolved in eight pr given to sheep, and that it vantageous to house-fed sto The Verterinary Journal s be cured by the following hole on each side of the stall of where the fore legs stan hide, wedge tightly in, and reach well out toward the co When the horse paws he wi