QUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

At the sound of her voice the same tremor which had run through Margery's frame when Grandma Ferguson came in, returned, and this time with greater intensity. There was a faint, moaning cry, which sounded like, "Queenie, oh, Queenie!" and, stepping forward, the physician said:

"Speak to her again, Miss Hetherton. She seems to know you, and we must rouse her, or she will die."

Thus importuned, Reinette knelt beside her friend, covering her face and hand with kisses, and saying to her, softly:

"Dear Margery, do you know me? I am Queenie—little Queenie. Speak to me Margery, if you can, and tell me what is the matter? What made you sick so suddenly?"

"No, no! oh, no! Go away! I can't bear it! You hurt?" Margery said, as she tried to disengage her hand from Reinette. And those were the only words she spoke for several days, during which she lay perfectly still, never moving hand or foot, but apparently conscious most of the time of what was passing around her, and always seeming happier when Grandma Ferguson was with her, and agitated when Reinette came in, with her caresses and words of sympathy and love.

It was a most singular case, and greatly puzzled the physician, who said once to Reinette:

"It seems like some mental shock more than a bodily ailment. Do you know if anything has happened to disturb her, which, added to over-fatigue, might produce this utter and sudden prostration?"

Queenie hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"She did hear something which surprised her greatly, but I should hardly think it sufficient to affect her so much."

"Temperaments differ," the doctor replied, while Queenie thought to herself:

"Can it be possible that Margery takes her mother's silence so to heart, and does she fear that it will make any difference in my love for her? It cannot; it shall not; and I will prove it to her.

After this Queenie took up her abode, for the time being, at the cottage, of which she was really the head, for Mrs. La Rue seemed to have lost her senses, and did nothing but sit by Margery and watch her with a pertinacity and earnestness which annoyed the sick girl, when she came to realize what was passing around her, and made her try to escape the steady gaze of those strange eyes always watching her.

"Don't look at me" she said one day. "Move back, please, where I cannot see you."

Without a word Mrs. La Rue moved back into the shadow, but did not leave the room except at intervals to eat and sleep, and thus the whole charge of the cottage fell upon Reinette, who developed a wonderful talent for housekeeping, and saw to everything. Much of her time, however, was passed with Margery, on whom she lavished so much love that her caresses seemed at times to worry the sick girl, who would moan a little and shrink away from her.

"What is it, Margie, darling? Do I tire you?" Reinette asked her, one day, when they were alone for a few moments, and Margery had seemed uneasy and restless.

For a moment Margery did not answer, but lay with her eyes shut while the great tears rolled down her cheeks; then, suddenly raising herself in bed, she threw her arms around Reinette's neck and sobbed out:

"Oh, Queenie, Queenie, you do not know, I cannot tell you, how much I love you, more than I ever did before, and yet I am so sorry; but you will love me always, whatever happens, won't you?"

"Why, yes, Margery. What can happen, and why shouldn't I love you?" Queenie asked as she held the beautiful golden head against her bosom, and kissed the quivering lips. "Margery," she continued, "do you feel so badly because of your mother's silence? She has explained it to me, and I am satisfied. Don't let that trouble you any more. No others besides ourselves need know who she is, and thus all talk and comment will be spared."

"I know, I know," Margery replied, "but, Queenie, you told me you believed there was something else—some other reason, and you meant to write to France; do you mean it still? Will you try to find it out?"

"Yes, I think so," Queenie answered, "just for my own curiosity. I shall make no bad use of it. I shall not harm you."

"No, no; you must not seek to know," Margery exclaimed, with energy. "There was something, Queenie. I have wrung it from her. She offended your father, who forbade her coming near him or you. She did right to keep silent. She ought not to have spoken. And, Queenie, if you love me, promise me you will never try to find it out—never write to any one in France. Promise, or I shall certainly go mad."

She had disengaged herself from Queenie's embrace, but was sitting upright in bed, with a look upon her face like one who was really losing her senses. It startled Reinette, who answered unhesitatingly:

"I promise. I will not write to any one in France but maybe you will tell me some time. Will you Margery?"

"Never—never, so help me Heaven!" was the emphatic reply, as Margery fell back among her pillows wholly exhausted.

For a moment Reinette stood looking curiously at her; then seating herself upon the side of the bed, and taking Margery's hand, she said:

"You make me half repent my promise, made without stopping to consider, for my curiosity is very great. But I shall keep it, do not fear; only tell me this—was it anything very dreadful which your mother did to make my father angry?"

"Yes," Margery replied; "it was very dreadful—it would make you hate her and me, too, if you knew. Don't, Queenie—don't talk to me or any one about it. Don't mention it again, ever."

"But tell me one thing more," Queenie persisted; "I have a right to know. Was my father at all to blame? Was he involved in it?"

She held her breath for the answer, and looked earnestly at Margery, whose eyes grew larger and brighter, and whose face was scarlet as she answered at last:

"At first he was in the wrong, some would say, while others would wink at it, but for the last, the part where I blame mother most, he was not to blame."

"Thank God for that," Queenie exclaimed, joyfully, while her tears fell in torrents. "Oh, Margery, you don't know what a load you have taken from me—a load I did not mean any one should ever suspect, because—because—Margery, I don't mind telling you—I've had some dreadful thoughts about papa and Christine—thoughts which dishonored him in his grave and insulted you through your mother, but now they are all gone. Forgive me, Margery, do," she continued, as she saw a strange look leap into her friend's eyes, a look which she construed into one of resentment toward her for having harbored a suspicion of her mother, but which arose from a widely different reason, and was born of bitter shame and a great pity for herself.

"I've nothing to forgive, at least in you," Margery said, as she covered Queenie's hands with kisses and tears, which fell so fast and so long that Queenie became alarmed, and tried to comfort and quiet her.

"Don't, Margie, don't," she said; "it distresses me to see you so disturbed. If father was not to blame I do not care for the rest—do not mind it in the least, but I could not bear disgrace through him whom I have loved and honored so much."

"You shall never have it to bear, darling; never, never," Margery exclaimed, and Reinette little dreamed how much the girl was thrusting from her, or how terrible the temptation which for one brief instant almost overcame her.

But she put it down, and in her heart registered a far more solemn vow than her lips had uttered that never, through any instrumentality of hers, should Queenie know what she knew and what had affected her so powerfully, taking away all her strength and seemingly all her vitality so that she did not rally or take the slightest interest in anything about her. Every day Grandma Ferguson came to the cottage to inquire after her and ascertain the probabilities of her being able to make the brown silk in time for the grand wedding which was to come off soon, and was the theme of so much gossip. At last, finding there was no prospect that Miss La Rue could make it, she took it to West Merrivale, but before doing so questioned Margery closely as to how it should be made and trimmed. She had the utmost confidence in Margery's taste, and weak and listless as she was, Margery entered heart and soul into the details of trimming, and told the old lady just what to have done and how, and when Reinette protested against it, saying it tired and worried her so much, she replied:

"It neither tires nor worries me. I like to tell her—like to please her—like to have her here in the room with me. I wish her to come every day."

So every day grandma came with her knitting work and some little delicacy for the sick girl, who would smile so sweetly upon her, and sometimes draw the old face down beside her own and kiss it lovingly.

At last the physician said Margery must have a change or she would not rally, and then Reinette insisted upon taking her to Hetherton Place, which would be change enough.

"She will be so quiet there, with nothing to excite her, and I shall take care of her all alone. You, I suppose, will have to stay here and see to the cottage," she said to Mrs. La Rue, who assented in silence, for she knew that her presence was a constant source of pain and excitement to Margery, who undoubtedly would improve more rapidly away from her.

But she doubted if Hetherton Place were the spot to take her, and Margery doubted, too, and shrank from going there with a pertinacity which almost offended Queenie, who, nevertheless, carried her point, and bore her off in triumph, leaving Mrs. La Rue alone in the cottage to combat her remorse and misery as best she could. Everything which love could devise or money do was done to make Margery happy at Hetherton Place. The sitting-room and sleeping-room across the hall from Reinette's, which were to have been Mr. Hetherton's, were given to her, and all the rarest, costliest flowers in the greenhouse were brought to beautify them, and make them bright and summery. And there the two girls took their meals, and sat and talked or rather Queenie talked, while Margery listened, with her hands folded listlessly together, and her eyes oftentimes shut, while around her mouth there was a firm, set expression, as if she were constantly fighting something back, rather than listening to Reinette, who chatted gayly on, now telling how delightful it seemed to have Margery there, and how she wished she could keep her always.

"You ought to have just such a home as this. It suits you, or rather you suit it, better than the cottage where it is work, work all the time, for people who are some of them sniffy enough to think you beneath them because you earn your own living," she said, one afternoon when they sat in the gathering darkness, with no light in the room, save that which came from the fire in the grate. "Yes," Reinette continued, "I do believe you would make a fitter mistress of Hetherton Place than I do. You are always so quiet, and dignified, and lady-like, while I am hot and impulsive, more a child of the people, and do and say things which shock my high-bred cousins, Ethel and Grace."

Margery did not reply, but her fingers worked nervously, and she was glad her companion could not see the pallor which by the faint, sick feeling at her heart, she knew was spreading over her face. Just then lights were brought in by Pierre, and in a moment the supper which the girls took together at that hour appeared, and was arranged upon a little round table, which was drawn near to the fire and Margery's easy-chair.

How cheery and pleasant the tea table looked, with its snowy linen, its decorated china, and the silver urn from which Reinette poured the tea.

"This is so nice," she said, "and carries me back to Chateau des Fleurs, when we were little girls, and used to play at make-believe. Do you remember it, Margie?"

"Yes, yes; I remember; I have forgotten nothing connected with you," Margery replied, and Reinette went on:

"I made believe so much that you were I, and I was you, that I used actually at times to feel as if it were real, and that my rightful home was up in Number Forty, in the Rue St. Honore. And once I dreamed that I was actually there, alone with the cat, and had to sweep the floor and wash the dishes as you used to do.

"And how did you like it?" Margery asked, while something arose in her throat, and seemed to be choking her, or rather to be forcing out words which she would sooner die than speak to that young creature whose face was all aglow with happiness because she was there, and in whose eyes there was that strange light which so dazzled and bewildered those on whom it fell.

"How did I like it?" Queenie repeated, and the color deepened a little on her cheek. "To tell you the truth, Margie, I did not like it all. I rebelled against it with all my might. I thought I was wearing the apron which you wore the first time I ever saw you—that coarse linen which covered your neck and arms, and I dreamed I wrenched it off and tore it into shreds, and was going to throw myself out of the window, when my maid woke me up and asked what was the matter that I cried out so in my sleep. I told her I was Margery La Rue, living in the Rue St. Honore, and wearing coarse clothes, and she could not pacify me till she brought my prettiest dress, and showed it to me, with my turquois ring, papa's last present to me. That made it real—made me Reinette Hetherton again, and I grew calm and quiet. It was very foolish in me, was it not?"

Margery did not answer at once, but sat looking at her friend with a queer expression in her great blue eyes, while the lump in her throat kept increasing in size, and threatened to thrust out the fatal words which she must not speak.

Turquois rings and pink silk dresses trimmed with real Valenciennes were far better suited to the proud, dashing Queenie than coarse aprons and coarse fare in the Rue St. Honore. These last were for her—for Margery, who was accustomed to them and could bear it, while the high-spirited Reinette would indeed dash herself to the ground, as she had thought to do in her dream, if subjected to such degradation.

"No, no, I must never, never speak! God help me to keep my vow!" Margery said to herself, while the drops of perspiration stood thickly on her forehead and about her mouth, and at last attracted Queenie's notice.

"What is it, Margery?" she said. "Are you too warm? Let me put a screen between you and the fire."

The screen was brought, and, wiping the drops of sweat away, Margery rallied and tried to seem cheerful and natural, though all the time there was a terrible pain tugging at her heart as the words "it might have been" kept repeating themselves over and over again.

That evening Mr. Beresford called, and, sending his card to both the young ladies, was admitted to Margery's sitting-room. He had not seen her before since her illness, though he had sent to inquire for her several times, and had heard various reports with regard to the cause of her sudden attack. He had heard that she had dropped to the floor in a fit, and had been taken up for dead, and that overwork and loss of sleep was the cause assigned. But, shrewd and far-seeing as he was, Mr. Beresford did not believe in the overwork and loss of sleep. As nearly as he could calculate, the fainting fit had come on about two hours after Reinette's interview with Mrs. La Rue.

There had been ample time for Margery to see her mother and demand an explanation and that an explanation had bee made, different from the one given to Reinette he did not doubt; and with his suspicions strengthened, he was curious to see the girl and watch her with his new knowledge, which he felt almost certain she possessed.

The mother had confessed her guilt to her daughter, and how would the daughter bear it and what would be her attitude toward Reinette, and what would the latter say or do if she knew what he suspected, and what he fully believed, after he had been a few moments in the room and detected the new expression on Margery's face; the new light and ineffable tenderness in her eyes when they rested on Queenie. And yet there was something in those eyes and in Margery's manner which baffled the keen-witted lawyer, who, accustomed to study the human face and learn what he wished to know by its varying expression, looked closely but in vain for what he had expected to find.

There was nothing about Margery indicative of humiliation or shame. On the contrary it seemed to him that there was in her manner a certain reassurance and dignity he had never noticed before, and he studied her curiously and wondered if after all he was mistaken and the insinuations, amounting almost to assertions of the clerk in Mentone, false. How inexpressibly sweet and lovely Margery was with just enough of the invalid about her to make her interesting, and Mr. Beresford found it difficult to decide which of the two girls pleased and fascinated him most, the Pearl or the Diamond.

Both seemed to be at their best that night, and from both he caught a new inspiration for the picture, which was progressing slowly, for he was so anxious about it and so particular withal that he frequently painted out one day what he had painted in the previous one. He had not intended letting either of the girls know what he was doing until the picture was finished, but under the spell of their beauty he grew communicative, and telling them his secret asked them to come some day and see his work, and give him any suggestions they saw fit.

"I do not think I quite understand the arrangement of a French kitchen, but I do not need any help with regard to the two little girls. I know just how they looked," he said, and Reinette, who was all enthusiasm about the picture, exclaimed:

"Indeed, sir, you do not. You cannot know how beautiful Margery was even in that high, coarse apron which covered her neck and arms. No picture you or any one else can ever paint will be as lovely as she was, with her golden hair and great blue eyes, which were just wonderful when we changed dresses, and I put my scarlet cloak on her and said she was Mr. Hetherton's little daughter, and I was Reinette La Rue."

Mr. Beresford was not looking at Reinette as she talked, but at Margery, whose face grew very white and was even ghastly in its expression when Reinette spoke of the change of dress and name on the day they both played "make believe." About her mouth, too, there was a nervous, twitching motion of the muscles, and her hands were clasped tightly together. Evidently she was trying to suppress some strong emotion, though when Reinette noticed her pallor and agitation, and asked what was the matter, she replied that she was tired and the room was very warm.

But she did not deceive Mr. Beresford, who felt certain now that his suspicions were correct, and pitied intensely the girl on whose innocent head it might truly be said, the sins of her fathers were being visited. He did not remain long after this, but said good-night to the two young ladies, telling Reinette he was going to write the next day to Phil, who must be in India by this time; and saying to Margery, that as she lived in town, and near to his studio, as he playfully called it, he should expect her to run in often and watch the progress of his picture.

For two weeks longer Margery remained at Hetherton Place; but though everything was done for her comfort that love could devise, she did not seem happy, neither did her strength come back to her, as Queenie had hoped it would. It was very rarely that she ever laughed, even at Queenie's liveliest sallies, and there was upon her white face a look of inexpressible sadness, as if there were a heavy pain in her heart, of which she could not speak. To Reinette she was all sweetness and love, and her eyes would follow the gay young girl, as she flitted about the house, with an expression in them which it was hard to fathom or explain, it was so full of tenderness, and pity, too, if it were possible to connect that word with a creature as bright and merry-hearted as Queenie Hetherton was then. Toward Mrs. La Rue who came occasionally to see her, her manner was constrained, though always kind and considerate. But something had come between the mother and her daughter—something which even Queenie noticed and commented on to Marwith her usual frankness.

"Your mother acts as if she were afraid of you," she said to Margery one day, after Mrs. La Rue had been and gone. "She actually seemed to start every time you spoke to her, and she watched you as I have seen some naughty child watch its mother to see if it was forgiven and taken again into favor. I hope, Margery, you are not too hard upon her because of that concealment from me. I have forgiven that, and nearly forgotten it, and surely her own daughter ought to be more lenient than a stranger."

Reinette was pleading for Mrs. La Rue, and as she went on, Margery burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Thank you, Queenie," she said when she could speak—"thank you so much. I must have been hard toward mother if even you noticed it; but it shall be so no longer. Poor mother! I think she is not altogether right in her mind."

The next time Mrs. La Rue came to Hetherton Place she had no cause to complain of her reception, for Margery's manner toward her was that of a dutiful and affectionate child, and when Mrs. La Rue asked:

"Are you never coming home to me again, Margie?" she answered her:

"Yes; to-morrow, or next day sure. I have left you too long already. I know you must be lonely without me."

"And are you going to stay—always—just the same?" was Mrs. La Rue's next question, to which Margery replied;

"Yes; stay with you always just the same, and try to make you happy."

They were alone in Margery's room when this conversation took place, and when Margery said what she did, Mrs. La Rue sank down on the floor at her feet, and clasping her knees, cried, piteously:

"Oh, Margie, Margie! my child, my child! God will bless you sure for what you are doing. Oh, Margie, if I could undo it all, I would suffer torture for years and years. My noble Margie, there are few in the world like you."

And she spoke truly; for there have been few like Margery La Rue, who, knowing what she knew, could, for the love of one little dark-eyed girl, keep silence, and, resolutely turning her back upon all the luxury and ease of Hetherton Place, return to her far less pretentious home and take up the burden of life again—take up the piles of work awaiting her, for her patrons knew her worth, and would go nowhere else as long as there was a prospect of her ultimate recovery. Even Anna Ferguson, with all her airs and pretenses, and talk of city dressmakers, had kept her work for Margery, and, it was rumored, had even postponed her wedding that her bridal dress might be made by the skilful fingers of the French girl, who at last fixed the day for her return to her own home.

Reinette would fain have kept her longer, but Margery was firm in her determination. It was dangerous to stay too long amid the luxury and elegance of Hetherton Place. She might not be able to bear what she had sworn to herself she would bear, and so she said, "I must go to-morrow at the very latest." But with the morrow there came to Reinette news so appalling and terrible that Margery's plan was changed, and where she had been cared for and comforted in her sickness and sorrow, she staid to comfort and care for her stricken friend.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

POOR PHIL.

Nothing had been heard from him by any member of his family since he left Rome and started for India, with a friend whose acquaintance he had made on the voyage from New York to Havre, and who, Phil wrote in his letter to his mother, had persuaded him to deviate a little from his first intention to make his way directly to Calcutta, and to go, instead, for a week or more to Madras, where his friend's father was living. This was the last news which had been received from the young man, and, with her aunt and cousins, Reinette was growing very impatient, and either sent or went herself to the office after the arrival of every mail which, by any chance, could bring her tidings of Phil. To Margery, during her stay at Hetherton Place, she had talked very freely and confidentially of what had sent him away, and had more than once lamented the fate which had made him her cousin, and so, in her estimation, precluded the possibility of her marrying him, even if she were disposed to do so.

"And sometimes I think I am," she said, one day, when speaking of him. "I don't mind telling you, Margery, because I tell you everything. Since Phil went away, and I have missed him so much, there has come to me the belief that I do love him in the way he wished me to, and that if he were not my cousin I would write to him at once, and say, 'You silly boy, come home, and I will be your wife.'"

"Yes," Margery replied, regarding her attentively, with her blue eyes unusually large, and bright, and eager, "you really think you love him well enough to marry him, if he were not your cousin?"

"I know I do," Reinette replied. "You see there is a thought of him always with me; morning, noon and night. I seem to hear his voice, and see him as he stood before me that day pleading for my love, and finally reproaching me for having so cruelly deceived him, if I did not love him. Oh, Phil, Phil,—he little knows how my heart has ached for him, and how dreary my life goes on without him."

There were tears in Queenie's eyes as she said this, and in her voice there was a ring of utterable tenderness and earnestness as if she would fain have the wanderer hear her cry and hasten back to her. For a moment Margery looked at her with that same curious expression on her face, which was very pale, and then she said:

"Do you think you love him so much that you would give a great deal, or rather bear a great deal to know you were not his cousin, after all?"

It was a strange question—put, it would seem, without any cause, but Reinette's mind was too intent upon Phil to give any thought to its strangeness.

"As I feel sometimes," she answered, "I'd give everything not to be his cousin so I could be his wife—endure everything but disgrace or shame for Philip's sake."

"Yes, yes; disgrace or shame" Margery said to herself, and her heart was as heavy as lead and ached with a new pain as she thought, "God help me to keep the vow; disgrace and shame are not for her; she could not bear them, as I could for the man I loved;" and then suddenly there flashed into Margery's mind a thought of Mr. Beresford, whose manner had been so different toward her of late from what it was formerly.

He had always been courteous and polite, but since she came to Hetherton Place, where he had called frequently, there had been a change, and with a woman's quick instinct she saw that she was an object of greater interest for him than she had formerly been—that his visits there were almost as much for her as for Queenie, the heiress, the young lady of the house, who teased and coquetted with him, and then, when he was gone, laughed at him as a *spooney* to be coming there so often with any thought that she could ever care for him after knowing Phil. And Margery kept silent and hid her own thoughts in her breast, and when evening came and Mr. Beresford with it, felt herself grow hot and cold alternately, and her heart throb with a new and pleasureable sensation as she met so constantly the gaze of eyes in which there was certainly intense interest, if not admiration for her, the poor dressmaker, the child of an obscure Frenchwoman, without money or position save as Queenie's friendship and attention gave her something of the latter in Merrivale.

"If he only knew; oh, if he only knew, then perhaps it might be!" was the bitter cry in Margery's heart, for she knew by this time that she could love the proud, grave man, whose manner toward her was more than kind—more than friendly—for even to her it seemed to have in it something like pity and regret for the gulf there was between them—a gulf she felt sure he could never pass, educated as he had been in all the social distinctions of rank and position.

It was hard to know what she knew and make no sign; but she had sworn, and she swore it again in the silence and darkness of her chamber, the night after her decision to return home the following morning. She had been at Hetherton Place nearly three weeks, and had grown so accustomed to the ease, and luxury, and elegance about her that the life seemed to belong to her—seemed like something she could adopt so easily—seemed far more to her taste than the hard-work at the cottage—the stitch, stitch, stitch, from morning till night for people, the majority of whom looked down upon her even while they acknowledged her great superiority to the persons of her class.

Mr. Beresford had spent the evening with them, and, at Queenie's earnest solicitation, Margery had played and sung for him, while he listened amazed as the clear tones of her rich, musical voice floated through the rooms, and her white hands fingered the keys as deftly and skillfully as Queenie's could have done.

That Margery could both sing and play was a revelation to Mr. Beresford, who stood by her side, and turned the leaves for her.

"You have given me a great pleasure," he said, when she at last left the piano and resumed her seat by the fire. "This is a surprise to me. I am astonished that—that ——"

He did not finish the sentence, but stopped awkwardly, while Margery, who understood his meaning perfectly, finished it for him.

"You are astonished," she said, laughingly, "that one of my class should have any accomplishments save those of the needle, and it is surprising. But I owe it all to Queenie. You remember I told you it was through her influence with her father that I was sent to one of the best schools in Paris. I think I have naturally a taste for music, and so made greater proficiency in that than in anything else. If I have pleased you with my playing I am glad, but you must thank Queenie for it."

"Yes," Mr. Beresford answered thoughtfully, looking curiously at each of the young girls as they stood side by side, and trying to decide which was the more attractive of the two.

Queenie always bewildered, and intoxicated, and bewitched him, and made him feel very small, and as if in some way he had made himself ridiculous, and she was laughing at him with her wonderful eyes, while Margery, on the contrary, soothed, and quieted, and rested him, and, by her gentle deference of manner, and evident respect for whatever he said, flattered his self-love, and put him in good humor with himself, and during his ride home that night he found himself thinking more of her refined, sweet face, and of the blue eyes which had looked so shyly into his, than of Reinette's sparkling, brilliant beauty, which seemed to grow more brilliant and sparkling every day.

He had said to Margery that he was glad she was to return on the morrow, and that he hoped she would take enough interest in his picture to come and see it often, and criticise it, too. And as he talked to her he kept in his the hand which he had taken when he arose to say good-night, and which was very cold, and trembled perceptibly as it lay in his broad, warm palm. Was it Margery's fancy, or was there a slight pressure of her fingers, as he released them—a touch different from that of a mere acquaintence, and which sent through her frame the first thrill of a certain kind she had ever experienced.

She was not mistaken, and for hours she lay awake, felling again the clasp of Mr. Beresford's hand and seeing the look in his eyes when they rested upon her.

"If he knew! Oh, if he knew!" was the smothered cry in her heart, as she bravely fought back the temptation assailing her so sorely, and then vowed more solemnly than ever before that through her he should never know what might bring him nearer to her if there was that in his heart which she suspected.

Next morning Margery was later than usual, for she lingered long over her toilet, taking, as it were, a regretful leave of all the articles of luxury with which her room was filled. The white cashmere dressing gown, with the pink satin lining, which Queenie had made her use, and the dainty slippers which matched them, were laid away for the last time. She should never more wear such garments as these, for she should not again be a guest at Hetherton Place. She could not, with that awful secret haunting her continually, and shrieking in her ears, "Tell it, tell it, and not go back to that drudgery, and dreariness, and the life which must always be distasteful and hateful to you now."

She dared not put herself in the way of so much temptation. She must stay in her place and only come here when she could not help herself for Queenie's importunities. She had enjoyed it so much, and had tried to imagine what it would be to live in ease and comfort like this all the time—to have no care for to-morrow's rent, or to-morrow's bills—to see no tiresome customer coming in with her never ending talk of dress, and the last fashion, and the thread and sewing-silk, and pieces which ought to have been sent home and were not—the assertion that so much material never could have been put into one dress—that there must be some mistake—must be yards lying around somewhere, and the look which made her feel that she was suspected of being a thief, who kept her customer's goods for uses of her own.

All these indignities she had experienced at times, but laughed at them as something which belonged to her trade, which she had professed to like so much, and which she did like, for there was a deftness and nimbleness in her fingers which could only find vent in such occupations.

But after a three weeks' experience of a life so different; after knowing what it was to have every wish anticipated and gratified, there came over her for a moment a sense of loathing for her work, a horrid feeling of loneliness and homesickness, as she remembered the cottage she had thought so pretty and which she knew was so much prettier and pleasanter than any home she had ever known. But it was not like Hetherton Place, and for a moment Margery's weaker nature held her in bondage, and her tears fell like rain as she went from one thing to another, softly whispering her farewell. The sitting-room which had been given her, and which communicated with her bedroom, had been Mrs. Hetherton's in the days when that proud lady queened it over Merrivale, and on the walls were portraits of herself and husband, the stern old man who had turned Grandma Ferguson from his door when she came to tell him of his son's marriage with her daughter and to proffer her friendship on the strength of the new relationship.

These pictures had a great attraction for Margery, who was never tired of studying them and for whom there was a wonderful fascination about the lady, with her finely cut features so indicative of blood and birth, and her quaint, old-fashioned velvet dress, with its low neck, its short waist, and wide belt, and the beautiful hands and arms, with the rich lace and jewels upon them.

Reinette, on the contrary, professed the utmost indifference to the portraits, except as they gave her some idea how her father's parents looked.

"I think Mrs. Hetherton just as frumpy and fussy as she can be, with those puffs piled so high on her head, and that little short waist," she said, once, when, with Margery, she was looking at them, "And there is such a proud look on her face, as if she would have turned Grandma Ferguson out of doors twice when grandpa did at once, and yet I have a pride in all that rich lace she wears, and the diamonds on her neck and in her ears, and am glad to know she was my grandmother, and highly born, as she shows upon the canvas."

"You are a genuine aristocrat, Queenie," Margery had said, with a faint smile, and then she asked if there was any resemblance between Queenie's father and the portraits.

"Yes," Queenie replied, "he was like both his parents, but most like his mother; he had her nose, and forehead, but his eyes were like his father's.

After this Margery gave more attention to the portrait of Mrs. Hetherton, and on the morning when she was preparing to leave she stood a long time before it, saying once, very softly, as if the painted canvas were a living thing:

"Would you approve of what I am doing, if you knew? Yes, I am sure you would, if you knew Queenie as I know her, and yet I'd like to kiss you once for the sake—of your dead son," she continued, and standing upon a footstool, she pressed her lips to the fair, proud face, which did not seem to soften one whit in its expression, in token that the great sacrifice the young girl was making was apprehended or approved. "Good-bye to you, and you, too," Margery said nodding to the picture of Mrs. Hetherton, and then taking her hand satchel, shawl, and hat, she left the room, not expecting to return to it again, for she was to start with Queenie for the village immediately after breakfast.

The carriage was waiting for them now, she knew, for she heard it when it came to the door, and she had heard, too, the sound of horses' feet coming rapidly into the yard, and looking from her window, had seen David, Mr. Rossiter's man, dismounting from his steed, which had evidently been ridden very hard. It did not occur to her to wonder why David was there so early.

"Some message from the young ladies for Reinette, most likely," she thought, and a few moments after started for the dining room, which she at first imagined to be empty, for she saw no one, and heard nothing. But as she advanced farther into the room she saw Reinette standing near the conservatory with an open letter clutched in both hands, her head thrown back, disclosing a face which seemed frozen with horror, and her whole attitude that of one suddenly smitten with catalepsy. At the sound of footsteps, however, she moved a little, and when Margery went swiftly to her, asking what was the matter, she held the letter toward her, and whispered faintly:

"Read it."

Very rapidly Margery ran her eyes over the letter, feeling the blood curdling in her own veins as she read what it contained, and when she had finished, saying:

"Alas! alas! poor Phil!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LETTER.

It was written at Madras, and was from William Maher, a young man who had been Phil's *compagnon de voyage* from New York to India, and it was as follows:

"MR. AND MRS. ROSSITER:—*Respected Friends*:—I do not think I am an entire stranger to you, for I am very sure your son Philip wrote of me to you in some of his letters. We were together in the same ship, occupied the same state-room, and, as we were of the same age, and had many tastes and ideas in common, we soon became fast friends. I have never met a person whom I liked so much upon a short acquaintance as I did Philip Rossiter. He was so genial, so winning, so kind, so unselfish, and let me say, with no detriment to him as a man, so like a gentle, tender woman in his manner toward every one, that not to like him was impossible. He was a general favorite on shipboard, but he attached himself mostly to me, whom he was good enough to like, and we passed many hours in quiet conversations which I shall never forget.

"My parents are American by birth, but I was born in India, in Madras, where my father has lived for many years, and where we have a handsome home. Seeing in your son a true artist's love and appreciation for everything beautiful, both in nature and art, I was anxious for him to see my home, which, with no desire to boast, I may say is one of the most beautiful places in Madras. I told him about it and begged him to accompany me thither before going on to Calcutta, and he at last consented. I was the more anxious for this as he did not seem quite well; indeed, he was far from well, although his disease, if he had any, seemed to be more mental than physical. Frequently during the voyage from New York to Havre, he would go away by himself and sit for hours looking out upon the sea, with a look of deep sadness on his face, as if brooding over some hidden grief, and once in his sleep, when he was more than usually restless, he spoke the name Queenie—'little Queenie,' he called her, and he said he had lost her, but in his waking hours he never mentioned her. I think, however, that he wrote to her from my father's house the same time he wrote to you. Probably you have received his letter ere this. He was delighted with my home, and during the few days he was with us improved both in health and spirits. He was very fond of the water, and as I have a pretty sailing-boat and a trusty man to manage it, we spent many hours upon the bay, going out one morning fifteen or twenty miles along the coast to a spot where my father has some gardens and a little villa. Here we spent the day, and it was after sunset when we started to return, full of anticipated pleasure in the long sail upon the waters, which at first were so calm and quiet. Gradually there came a change, and a dark cloud which, when we started, we had observed in the west, but thought nothing of, increased in size and blackness and spread itself over the whole heavens, while fearful gusts of wind, which seemed to blow from every quarter, tossed and rocked our boat as if had been a feather. I think now that Jack, our man, must have drunk a little too much at the villa, for he seemed very nervous and uncertain, and as the storm of wind increased, and in spite of our efforts carried us swiftly out to sea, instead of toward the coast, which we tried to gain, he lost his self-possession entirely; and when there came a gust of wind stronger than any previous one, he gave a loud cry and a sudden spring, and we were struggling in the angry water with the boat bottom side up beside us.

"Involuntarily I seized your son's arm and with my other managed to get a hold upon the boat, which Mr. Rossiter and Jack also grasped, and there in the darkness of that awful night, we clung for hours, constantly drifting further and further away from the shore, for the gale was blowing from the land, and we had no power to stem it. Far in the distance we saw the lights of vessels struggling with the tempest, but we had no means of attracting the attention of the crew, and our condition seemed hopeless, unless we could hold on until morning, when we might be recovered and picked up by some ship. For myself, I fear that I could endure it, and Jack, too, but I feared for my friend. He was breathing very heavily, and I knew his strength and courage were failing him, besides his position was not as easy as mine, as he had a smoother surface to cling to.

"'If you can get nearer to me,' I said, 'I can support you with one hand. Suppose you try it.'

"He did try, and made a desperate effort to reach me, while I held my hand toward him, and then—oh, how can I tell you the rest—there came a great wave and washed him away.

"I heard a wild cry of agony above the howling storm, and by the lightning's gleam I caught one glimpse of his white face as it went down forever to its watery grave. Of what followed, I am scarcely conscious, and I wonder how I was enabled to keep my hold with Jack upon the boat until the storm subsided, and the early dawn broke over the still angry waves, when we were rescued from our perilous situation by a small craft going on to Madras. I cannot express to you my grief, or tell you my great sorrow. May God pity you and help you to bear your loss. If there is a Queenie in whom your son was interested, and you know her, tell her that I am certain that, whether waking or sleeping, she was always in the mind of my dear friend, and that a thought of her was undoubtedly with him when he sank to rise no more. Indeed, I am sure of it, for his last cry which I heard distinctly was for her, and Queenie was the word he uttered just before death froze the name upon his lips. You can tell her this, or not, as you see fit.

"Again assuring you of my heartfelt sympathy, I am, yours, most respectfully,

"WILLIAM J. MATHER.

And this was the letter the Rossiters had received and read, and wept over—the mother going from one fainting fit into another, and refusing to be comforted, because her son Philip was not. And then they sent it to Queenie, who read it with such bitter anguish as few have ever known, for in her heart she felt she was guilty of his death. But for her he would never have gone to that far off land. She, with her cruel words and taunts, had sent him to his death. She was his murderess. She whispered the word murderess to herself, and felt as if turning into stone as she finished the letter and stood clutching it so tightly, with no power to move or even to cry out. It was like that dreadful phase of nightmare when the senses are alive to what is passing around one, but the strength to stir is gone. There was a choking sensation in her throat, as if her heart had leaped suddenly into her mouth, and if she could she would have torn the collar from her neck in order to breathe more freely.

When Margery came in she rallied sufficiently to pass the letter to her, and that broke the spell and sent her free from bands which had bound her so firmly. At first no words of comfort came to Margery's lips. She could only put her arms around her friend, and, leading her to her room, make her lie down, while she stood over her and rubbed her ice-cold hands and bathed her face, which though white as marble, was hot to the touch, like faces burning with fever.

"You won't go? You will not leave me?" she said to Margery, who replied:

"Of course I shall not leave you. You staid with me, and I must stay with you."

Later in the day Mr. Beresford, who had heard the dreadful news, came to Hetherton Place, bringing the letter which poor Phil had written to Queenie from Madras, and which together with one for his mother, had come in the same mail which brought the news of his death.

When Queenie heard he was below asking for her she started from her pillow, where she had been perfectly motionless for hours, and shedding her black hair back from her pallid face, said to Margery:

"Yes, I will see him, I must see him. I must these horrible feelings on some one or I shall go crazy! Show him up at once."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME BRAVE WOMEN.

[From Chamber's Journal.]

In October, 1877, the brigatine Moorburg left Foochou in China, for Melbourne; carrying four seamen, the captain, mate and last, but by no means least, the captain's wife, who was a little delicate woman, and her baby. They had not gone far on their voyage ere the crew fell sick, and one after another died. The mate did not succumb entirely, but became reduced to a skeleton, and was incapable of doing much; while the captain himself was almost in as miserable a plight, his legs having swollen tremendously, and his body being a mass of sores. His wife alone held up under the terrible heat, although she had nursed the sick till they needed nursing no longer, had looked well to her baby's needs, had done duty at the wheel in regular watches, and taken her share of seaman's work besides. To make matters worse, the ship sprung a leak, which the captain luckily was able to stop; and eventually the Moorburg got into Brisbane harbor half-full of water, with two sick men on board as her crew all told, and a woman at the helm; the gallant woman bringing not only the ship but her baby safely into port.

Some time in 1871, a woman named Theresa Maria, dwelling in the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on the way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd-boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and directed by the lad, climbed to a high place, and looking eagerly around, descried the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey, the boy shouted at it and pelted it with stones, so infuriating the wolf that it left its meal unfinished, and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror-stricken onlooker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone, she rushed on the beast and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undaunted woman contrived to keep his throat closely infolded by her left arm, while she battered his head with the stone, and at length killed him. Meanwhile the villagers had been alarmed, and came hurrying to her aid, armed with guns, sticks and stones; meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood from terrible wounds in her face arms and hands. They carried her to the hospital at Niza, where pitiful to tell, she expired exactly a month afterward, consoled in her dying hours with believing that she had not sacrificed her life in vain. A false belief, alas! For the shepherd-boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

Courageous in another way was a woman of the Commune, who during that terrible rising had worked day and night in the hospital, assisting a certain surgeon, whose services were freely rendered to men with whose cause he had no sympathy. When the insurrection was quelled, the doctor was arrested, and marched off to be tried by drum-head court-martial. As he approached the door of the tribunal, he met his female assistant coming out between two soldiers. "Why, Adele!" he exclaimed, "how came you here?" Looking hard at him, with unrecognizing eyes, she replied: "I don't know you sir"; a denial he set down to a fear of acknowledging the acquaintance of a doomed mon. Not a little to his surprise, he got off, and was set at liberty; to learn that Adele had been shot, and was on her way to death when she had repudiated all knowledge of him, and forbore appealing for his aid, rather than compromise him, and render his chance a desperate one.

A poor servant girl of Noyon, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some planking but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men returning home from work, stepped on the planks, which being frail and rotten, gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened; and when the people gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men, by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently a fragile-looking girl of seventeen, stepped to the front, said quietly; "I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows"; and creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catharine Vasseur let down on her valiant but fearful mission.

Then ensued a few long moments of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing but unconcious men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before deceending again, regardless of the risk she ran.

This second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer and fastening a rope around one prostrate form, Catharine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately, the rope around her own waist had become unfastened; and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall, her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient to pull it down. Dazed as she was, she still had her wits about her, and loosing the long hair, twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up, and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave young girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she had failed in saving all, her brave endeavors had restored three of the bread-winners to their families.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S MORAL PURPOSE.

Charles Kingsley touched our English life at more points, and expressed its doubts and longings, and at the bottom its faith, more truly and vividly than any of his contemporaries. He was artist, poet, sportsman, politician, man of science, sanitary reformer, and in thinking of him in one of these capacities we may forget him in the others. But no one who remembers at all the man himself can forget for one moment that he was a churchman and a clergyman, not by any forcing or restricting process, but to the backbone; and that it was this which gave him a standpoint and a strength which was the basis of his life's work. Varied as are his writings one characteristic runs through them all, which drew on them the censure of the critics, tempered, of course, by praise of dramatic and artistic power which no one could deny. According to the accepted canons of criticism, they said a poem or novel should be a work of art, pure and simple, which says nothing, teaches nothing, but simply portrays human nature as a photograph, while in every one of these books some precept or doctrine underlies the whole, and spoils it as a work of art. Such was the complaint of the critics. No doubt this is true. There is not one of all his books which will not prove a stumbling block to such. High churchman and low churchman, Popish saint, and fourteenth century inquisitor, monk of the Thebaid, Methodist preacher, sailor, poet, deist, skeptic, saint and sinner—he paints them all with that wonderful pen of his, but in every picture there is the clear handiwork of the parson and the teacher beneath the colors and the version of the artist and the poet. I am thankful that so it is, even assuming (what I neither admit nor deny) that they may suffer as works of art. For after all the highest aim of such books must be, not to delight and satisfy men's intellects, but to touch their heart and conscience. The man who stands a head taller than any of his contemporaries as pure artist is Thackeray, and no one delighted in his matchless photographs more than Charles Kingsley, or more loyally acknowledged his supremacy. But I must question whether any book of Thackery's ever wrung from struggling and fallen men or women one such cry of new courage and reviving hope as came to Charles Kingsley, again and again, a few samples of which she who so carefully treasured them unknown to him has given us in the memories of his life.—*Thomas Hughes at Cincinnati.*

—Generally speaking the French farmer is not a jolly soul. Whether he be a man of education or not, he settles down into a grub sort of life, faring frugally on soup and the thinnest of ordinary red wine or cider. The stock of his soup is bacon, and he eats butchers' meat only twice a week, that is, on Sunday and market day. When he attends market he makes a succulent *dejeuner* and drinks a good deal of beer afterward at the cafe. This is his only cheerful time.

WHAT MADE HIM A SAILOR.

A Curious Story of Adventure, Passion and Death.

(From the New York Sun.)

The body of Ward Bassett, the sailor who shot himself on board the brig Marion last week, when she was off Fire Island, on her way to the Port of San Blas, was turned over to Undertaker Oaks of Stapleton, Staten Island, for burial in Potter's Field. The Coroner's inquest, held on Saturday, had discovered nothing about the deceased save that he had shipped as a steward, and that his appearance and manner were so much above his condition as to have been a frequent subject of remark on board. He shot himself in the brain, and although he lived for some time after, refused to give any account of himself, or tell why he had shot himself. Among his effects were found the photograph of a beautiful, fair-haired girl, about 19 years of age, and letters from West Suffield, Conn.

Ward Bassett, the suicide, was of good family—indeed, of one of the best families in Connecticut. His father was Dr. Bassett of Manlius, N. Y., afterward practicing at Palmyra and Syracuse, and a veteran of the war of 1812. The family still preserve an old Bible which he carried through the war, and which he used constantly as a pillow. His uncle, Dr. William Taylor, of Manlius, was at one time President of the New York State Medical Society, was a member of Congress from 1833 to 1839, then President of the State Board of Supervisors, and served in the State Legislature in 1841-2. Another uncle, Mr. Roland Taylor of West Suffield, Conn., is a wealthy veteran politician who has filled a number of county offices for long periods of time. He is still living, is 93 years of age, and boasted, in a political speech recently, that he was probably the only man in America who had voted for sixty-two Governors and eighteen Presidents.

Mr. H. M. H. Taylor, the gentleman who was sent after the body, said to a *Sun* repoter:

"Poor Bassett had a pretty rough time of it, even if he did start out under uncommonly favorable circumstances. He was liberally educated, was studious and clever, but he had a handsome face, and it seems to me that a man is doomed who starts in life with an attractive person and plenty of money, for I never yet knew one to succeed. When his father died he left the boy plenty of money, but he was restless and didn't seem inclined to settle down upon the old place as his forefathers had done, but was vacillating and unsettled."

"Did he ever marry?"

"No, he never did, and just here comes in the romance of his life. When he become of a marriageable age, instead of choosing a girl from his own or one of the surrounding towns, he fell ardently in love with a very attractive young lady in New Bedford, Mass., whose picture is mentioned in the Sunday issue of your paper as having been found in his trunk. One might well suppose that a man of his personal appearance, genial disposition—he was never otherwise than courteous and pleasant—and wealth, would find no difficulty in winning a wife, but in this case everything went the wrong way. He was in the habit of visiting her at frequent intervals, but suddenly his attentions ceased, and he became melancholy and down heated. His friends tried in every way consistent with delicacy to find out the cause of the estrangement, but it has never come to light. The girl never married, although, as you might guess from her picture, she has had abundant opportunities."

"What became of Bassett then?"

"Well, he lived discontentedly on his farm for a year or two, and then sold out, saying that he was going abroad. He went to London and stayed there for a year or fourteen months. He then returned to Boston, and occupied rooms in the house in which Paul Revere was born, just opposite Father Taylor's Bethel. He was extravagant in his way of living here, and after a residence of nearly two years suddenly broke away from all his old ties, and shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound around the Horn. We didn't hear from him for a long time after that. Finally he returned as first mate of the ship. By a disheartening stroke of fortune he fell through a hatchway, and broke his arm in such a manner that he was incapacitated for further duties as an officer. Then he accidentally heard that his old love was still unmarried, and again he approached her only to be again refused. He went away again after that, and for a long period we only heard from him at rare intervals. During the period his sister Lucy died, loving him fondly to the last. He reappeared at the family Thanksgiving dinner last year, but we knew nothing more of his movements until we read of them in *The Sun* last Sunday."

It was said that at the time of his death Bassett must have had at least $5,000 left of his fortune, but no trace of it could be discovered, and the people with whom he last boarded, at No. 77 Oliver street, in this city, say that although he always had plenty of money for ordinary purposes, they never knew of his carrying large sums about him nor of his having a bank account.

A DOG'S CLEVER ACTING

From the London World.

Mr. John Hare, the actor, may be described as inhabiting the locality known as "round the corner," his dwelling being situated in one of those pleasant nooks of Kensington, just out of the hurly burly of traffic. At the top of Hornton st., beyond the large mansion just built, is a house, if of any order, then of the chalet order of architecture. It is one of those houses which appear to have dropped down where it is without reference to alignment or the Severities generally. Externally it is of fine Venetian red; inwardly it is decorated after the fashion which has received the name of a proverbially defunct queen.

For the moment the members are Smut, a black collie, with the proper quantity of tan distributed about his person, and a small terrier, swathed in a dog's coat and ensconced before the fire. Smut makes friends at once with a friend of the drama, for he is a theatrical dog—perhaps rather amateur than professional. While "New Men and Old Acres" was being rehearsed at the Court Theatre, Smut, who went to the theatre every morning with his master, followed him about diligently on the stage, and in the ruins scene threw himself at his master's feet in the most picturesque of all prssible attitudes.

On the first night of the wonderfully successful revival of the comedy, which he wrote with the collaboration of Mr. Dubourg, Mr. Tom Taylor was struck by the want of a dog in the scene just referred to. To him the grouping was imperfect, and after seeing the comedy again he spoke to Mr. Hare on the subject. Now Mr. Hare was doubly sensitive, as actor and as manager, to the possibility of some ridiculous contretemps, and demurred altogether to the presence of Smut on the stage. Mr. Tom Taylor insisted, and Mr. Hare protested, until the success of the piece being assured, he yielded to the author's importunities, and Smut was allowed to follow his master on to the stage in the important scene. The sagacious beast walked on as quietly as possible, took not the slightest notice of the audience, and flung himself down at his master's feet just as he had so often rehearsed the part. After this—as playgoers will recollect—Smut played every night during the long run of "New Men and Old Acres," with such perfect success that he became a prime favorite with the audience.

HOW TWO BROTHERS MEET AFTER A LONG SEPARATION.

John and Daniel Miller discovered the strawberry marks on their left shoulders and rushed into each other's arms a few days ago in Elmira, after a separation of sixty years. They were born in Adams County, Penn, in 1816. When they were four years old their mother was left a widow. Being destitute and in ill health she was unable to support herself and children. She sent Daniel to live with friends in Washington County. John found a home in Westmoreland County. Daniel grew up and became a miller. John learned the blacksmith's trade. They never saw or heard of each other after leaving their mother, and each supposed that the other was dead. More than fifty years ago John Miller abandon his trade and became a toll-gate keeper on the Butler turnpike in Alleghany County, Penn. One day he went out of the house to collect toll of an old gentleman who was driving through the gate. A neighbor stood by. He made the remark that the traveler and the keeper looked enough alike to be twins. This brought about enquiries on the part of the two old men. The traveler proved to be Daniel Miller, John's twin brother. He had lived for years in Bradford, only a few miles from the toll-gate, in another county.

—The art of not hearing should be taught in every well regulated family. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear—many which we ought not to hear—very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness—that everyone should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

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F. W. GEARING. 1-6y

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

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

MARBLE WORKS.

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Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

Granite Monuments, English & American Grave Stones.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

Granite Monuments Imported and Finished to Order.

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31 A. M. MORROW.

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