QUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

"Queenie, Reinette, Miss Hetherton, what are you doing? You may be erasing something very important for me to know. Stop, instantly! You have no business thus to mutilate a letter which does not belong to you," he cried, growing more and more in earnest, and even irritable, as she paid no heed to him, but went coolly on with her erasures.

"It is my business," she answered, at last, and her voice was low and strange. "It is my business, and no one's else. The wretches have dared to hint at something which might make you think badly of papa, and I will not have you see it. It has nothing to do with the business, so far as you are concerned. It had to do with me, his daughter, and I will not have his memory dishonored by so much as a hint of anything wrong. You can have your letter now; they have paid my nurse's agent and sent you his receipt."

She handed him the letter, which, as it was written in an unusually hurried manner, he could not read, and so she read it to him, unconsciously laying a good deal of stress upon the fact that Christine had been paid, and that there was an end of that.

"You see they do not tell you where she is," she said, trying to speak naturally, though there was a kind of defiant tone in her voice. "And you need not make any further inquiries. I might not like her, and if I brought her here I should feel obliged to keep her."

She looked straight at Mr. Beresford, who nodded assent to what she said, but was not wholly deceived. That the erasure had something to do with Christine he was certain, and, with his curiosity roused by Reinette's excited manner, he resolved to ascertain for himself who and what the woman was. He, too, had the address of her authorized agent, and the mail for New York which left Merrivale next day carried two letters, one in English and one in French, directed to M. Jean Albrech, Mentone, France, and in the one written in French was a note for Christine Bodine, in whom Reinette had implicit faith as a true, good woman, notwithstanding what the Messrs. Polignac had insinuated against her. They were vile, suspicious people Reinette told herself, who, because her father paid money to a poor woman, thought she must be bad. They did not know, as she did, how kind and faithful Christine had been to her mother, who asked that she should be rewarded and cared for, and this was the way her father had done it. Thus Queenie reasoned and tried to reassure herself, but for days there was a shadow in her bright face, and a dull pain in her heart as she wondered what the mystery could be concerning the woman Bodine.

But Queenie could not be unhappy long, and in visiting Margery as she did every day, and calling upon her cousins at the Knoll, and watching what had become a decided flirtation or rather genuine love affair between Major Rossiter and Anna, she recovered her spirits, and resumed her old, fascinating manner with Mr. Beresford and Phil, drove them both to the point of seeking to know their fate, whether for good or evil.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I LOVE YOU, QUEENIE."

Mr. Beresford was the first to say it. As he did not often see Phil and his cousin together, except in company with Grace or Ethel, or Anna, he had no reason to know how much they were to each other, or he might not have been as confident of success as he was when at last he made up his mind to speak and know the worst or best there was to know. It had been his boast that no woman living could affect his happiness one way or the other. As a general thing he did not believe in them; that is, did not believe them real, or worth the love so many strong, sensible men wasted upon them.

But the little, bright-eyed French girl had torn down all his fortifications, and he did believe in her, and wanted her for his own, as he had never wanted anything in his life. She was so fresh, so original, so piquant, so different from any one he had ever seen. Ethel and Grace Rossiter were fine, and sweet, and lady-like, but they never affected him, while Margery La Rue was, he acknowledged, the most beautiful girl he had seen. Everybody conceded that, and Mr. Beresford was not an exception to the rule.

Since the night when Reinette berated him so soundly for what she thought his lack of appreciation for Miss La Rue he had called upon her a few times, and felt a growing interest in her, as he saw how pure and sweet she was, with an inborn delicacy and refinement of manner seldom found in persons of her class, for she never tried to hide the fact that her mother was a hair-dresser in Paris, and her father a nothing.

This, of itself, would have been a terrible obstacle in Mr. Beresford's way had he been greatly interested in Margery. Her family was against her, but it was not so with Queenie's. She was to the manor born, on her father's side, at least, and the Fergusons weighed as nothing, in the scales against her. She was Reinette, his little Queen, and he loved her as men of his mature age usually love when the grand passion seizes them for the first time, and he told her so one night when they sat together upon the ledge of rocks which overlooked the town and the river wandering through it.

Reinette had quarreled with Phil that day—hotly and fiercely quarreled, and had told him to go away and never come near her again, for she did not like him, and thought big cousins bores any way. And Phil had answered her back, and said he was quite ready to go, and glad to be rid of such a termagant, and that she need not expect him to put himself in the way of her temper again, even though she wrote him a hundred notes of apology.

Then Phil went away and slammed the door after him, and was soon riding rapidly down the hill, while Queenie from her window watched him, wondering if she had offended him past all reconciliation, and what her life would be without patient, good-for-nothing Phil to come and go at her nod.

And then she wondered if it was true, as he had said, that she was vixenish and *catty* (those were the terms he had used), and if others thought so, too—Mr. Beresford, for instance, who was so different from Phil, and of whom she was a little afraid. She had never treated him with such burts of temper as she had Phil, but she had been hot and imperious in her manner towards him when he did not please her, and with Phil's words, "You are a vixen and a termagant," ringing in her ears, she resolved to be very gracious to Mr. Beresford when he came that evening, as he was sure to do. Every claw should be sheathed, and if she were a cat she would be a very gentle, purring one, and she put knots of scarlet ribbon here and there, and was altogether lovely when he came, earlier than usual, and this time without any papers or foreign letters for her to read. There was nothing to do but talk, and Queenie was very soft and gentle, and acquiesced readily to his proposition that they walk out to the ledge of rocks, which was her favorite seat.

The early October night was warm and still, and the young moon hanging in the western sky giving a pale, silvery light to everything and falling upon the dark hair and bright, glowing face of the young girl who was full of life and animation, and talked, and laughed and coquetted with her companion until he could restrain himself no longer, and catching her suddenly in his arms, said to her:

"Queenie, I love you, and want you for my wife. I have loved you, I believe, since the moment I first saw you at the station, and you clung to me as your father's friend, whom you were to trust with everything. So trust yourself to me; let me have a right to call you mine. I have lived for many years with no thought or care for womankind, and such men love all the more, when at last their heart is touched. Surely, surely, Queenie, you will not tell me no."

This last was said in a tone which had in it something of fear, for Queenie had wrenched herself from him, and standing a little apart was looking fixedly at him with wide-open, wondering eyes as if asking what he meant.

"Say, Queenie," he continued, "you will let me love you. You will be my wife."

"No, never, never! Always your friend, but never your wife," she said, and her voice rang out clear and full as if the answer were decisive. "I am sorry," she began, very gently and pityingly, as she saw how he staggered back as if smitten with a sudden blow, "I am sorry that you care for me this way; sorry if I have encouraged you. I thought you knew me better than that. I have laughed, and talked, and flirted with you just as I have with Phil, but with no intention to make you love me. Forgive me, Mr. Beresford, if I have misled you. I cannot be your wife. I have no love for you."

He knew she was in earnest, quite as much by the expression of her face as by her words, and for a moment he felt bewildered and stunned with his sense of loss and pain which was all the greater because he had expected a different answer from her. Not expected her to say yes at once, for that was not her nature. She would tease him, and maybe laugh at him, and call him old, as she had sometimes done, when he was conscious of trying to act young. She would assume all these coquettish manners which he thought so charming, and then in the end she would lay her little hands in his, and answer in her saucy way:

"You can have me if you really want me, but you will get a bad bargain."

This, or something like it, was what he had fondly imagined, and alas! the result was so different. The little hands he had expected to be laid in his were locked firmly together, and the girl stood up erect and dignified before him, with no coquetry in her manner, or even shyness, and she gave him her answer which hurt him so cruelly. He was not one to beg and plead as a younger, more impetuous man might have done, and so the blow hurt him worse and made him shiver with a cold, faint feeling, as he looked earnestly at her for a moment, while she looked back as curiously at him, seeing something in his face which awoke within her a feeling of great pity for him.

"Oh, Mr. Beresford," she said, coming a little nearer to him. "Don't look at me like that. Don't care for me so much—I am not worth it. I should not make you happy, I am so high tempered, and passionate, and bad, and say things you never would forget. Nobody could forget them but Phil, and he has sworn never to do it again. Only to-day he called me a vixen and a termagant, and left me in hot anger, and if I can make him feel like that, what could I not do to you, who are so different—so much more matter-of-fact."

The mention of Phil was unfortunate, and awoke in Mr. Beresford a feeling of bitter jealousy which made him say things he would have given worlds to unsay when it was too late do so.

"Phil!" he repeated, sneeringly. "Yes, I see; I understand; Phil is my rival, and I might have known it. Women always prefer idlers like him, who have—" he stopped suddenly, checked by the expression of the black eyes confronting him so steadily, and growing so fierce and bright, as the girl said:

"Well, go on. You did not finish. You said, 'idlers like him who have—' Have what? I insist upon knowing what you mean. What is it Phil has which you have not?"

Her tone and manner made him angry, and he answered her at last:

"He has plenty of time at his disposal to make love to you; he has nothing else to do and women like men with no aim, no object in life; nothing to do but to play the Sardanapalus."

"Mr. Beresford," and Reinette's eyes blazed with scorn, "I did not dream you were so mean—so dastardly. Idler as you say he is, Phil Rossiter would cut his tongue out sooner than it should say a word against you, his friend, were you a thousand times his rival; and you, in your foolish jealousy, accuse him of wearing women's dresses, and spinning, and—"

"Queenie, I did nothing of the sort," Mr. Beresford said, interrupting her, and she continued:

"Yes, you did. You likened him to Sardanapalus, which is the same thing, and I hate you for it!"

"Not more than I hate myself," Mr. Beresford said, for he was beginning to be very much ashamed of the weakness which prompted him to speak against Phil Rossiter, whom he liked so much. "Forgive me, Queenie; it was unmanly—cowardly in me to attack my rival, and nothing but cruel disappointment and bitter pain could have induced me to do it. Phil is my friend, and the most unselfish, kind-hearted fellow in this world. Can you forgive me for saying aught against him?"

Queenie knew he was in earnest, and, as ready to forgive as to take offence, she answered at once.

"Yes, I know you did not mean it; you could not. Phil may be an idler, I rather think he is, but he is so noble, so good, so unselfish, and bears with me as no one else ever could. But, Mr. Beresford, you are mistaken. Phil is not your rival, and it was no thought of him which led me to refuse you. He is my cousin, and if I loved him ever so much, I could no more marry him than I could my brother, if I had one. I am enough of a Roman Catholic to think such a marriage unnatural and wicked. I could not do it, and I have no desire—no love for him that way. Why I would sooner marry you than Phil; upon my word I would."

She had forgiven him and he knew it, and hope rose suddenly within him, and taking her hands in his and holding them tightly there he began again:

"Oh, Queenie, you give me new life, new hope, for if Phil is not my rival, you may come in time to think of me, not now, not for a year perhaps, or more, but some time, when you have learned how much I love you. Promise me that you will try. Put me on trial for a year, during which time I will not bother you with love making. I'll be your staid old guardian, nothing more. Will you—will you think of it a year?"

"Of what use would that be," she said, "when at the end of the year I should think just the same?"

"But you might not," he replied. "At least give me that chance; give me one ray of sunlight, for without it the world will be very dreary. I shall put myself on probation whether you will or not."

She did not answer him, but stood looking off across the moonlit meadows with a troubled look in her dark eyes which he could not fathom. At last releasing her hands from his, she said, with a little shiver:

"It is growing cold. I must go in now, and you must go home, and never speak to me again as you have to-night."

"Not until a year, and then, if no other love has come between us, I shall tell you again that I love you," he said, and she replied:

"A year is a long time, and so much may happen to us both."

It did seem long to her, but to him, who was so much older, it seemed as nothing, if at the end he could hope to win the girl who walked so silently by his side until the house was reached, where he said good-night to her and then rode back to town, feeling, in spite of her assertion to the contrary, that there was a grain of hope for him, if he would bide his time patiently, and feeling, too, a great remorse and hatred for himself for what he had said of Phil.

CHAPTER XXV.

PHIL'S WOOING.

When Phil left Reinette so suddenly he was full of resentment, for she had been unusually unreasonable and exasperating, and he meant what he said when he told her he would not come to her again if she wrote him a hundred notes of apology. She had called him a bore, and a spooney, and a Miss Nancy, and he didn't know what else; and his anger continued all through the day and night when he lay awake thinking of her, and how she looked with the great tears standing in her flashing eyes as she bade him leave her and never come again.

"And I won't by Jove!" he said, as he was dressing himself in the morning; but when breakfast was over, and he had sat an hour or more with his mother and sisters, he began to feel terribly *ennuied*, and to wonder why Grace and Ethel would be so dull and tame, and take so much interest in their worsteds, as if their lives depended upon having the right shades of wool in their roses.

They were nice girls, of course, he thought, but quite commonplace and old-maidish, and he was puzzled to know how he should dispose of his time, now that he could not go to Reinette. It had been his custom to ride over to Hetherton Place quite early in the day, and stay until late in the afternoon, but that was over now; he was never going there again, and life had rather a dreary lookout for Phil when he at last left the house and sauntered slowly toward Mr. Beresford's office.

The lawyer was busy, as usual, but he greeted Phil even more cordially than usual, for there was in Mr. Beresford's heart a feeling of keen regret for having allowed himself to say aught against the young man whom he really liked so much, and who, it seemed to him, looked rather sober and abstracted, as he seated himself near the window and began idly to turn the leaves of a law book. The mail was just in, and amongst Mr. Beresford's letters was one from his uncle, in New York, who wrote asking if his nephew knew of any honest, trusty, winning young man who would like to go out to India for a year or more on business for the firm. Tact, and patience, and suavity of manner were the essential qualifications, he wrote, and to a person possessed of these, the firm would pay a liberal salary. On many accounts he preferred a man from the country, and so had written to his nephew first.

Mr. Beresford read the letter carefully, then glanced at Phil, and asked himself whether it were not a desire to remove a possible rival from his way which prompted him to think him just the man for the place. Phil was trusty and winning, with any amount of tact and perseverance if once roused to action. The post would suit him exactly; and deciding at last that he was not wholly selfish in the matter, Mr. Beresford handed him the letter, saying:

"Here is something which may interest you, and possibly you may like the situation."

Phil read the letter through, and his first impulse was that he would go. He should enjoy the voyage immensely, for he liked the sea, and he should enjoy the new life, too, only—and Phil gave a little gasping breath as he thought of going away where he could not even see Reinette. Of course, she would never be to him what she had been, but it would be some pleasure to see her come in and go out at his father's house, and to watch her in the street, and hear occasionally the sound of her voice, and all this would be impossible in India. And still the chance to do something, which he had so longed for at times, was too good to be lightly thrown away, and he said to Mr. Beresford:

"I am half inclined to go; at all events I will see what father says, and let you know to-night."

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Rossiter," fell suddenly on Phil's ear, and turning, he saw Pierre, who handed him a dainty note, and waited while he read it.

It was dated at "Hetherton Place, 9 o'clock a. m.," and read as follows:

"DEAR PHIL:—"What a simpleton you must be to think I was in earnest when I told you to go and never come back again. I know I tried you awfully and so you did me, and you called me such dreadful names—a vixen, a virago, a cat, and a termagant, and the dear knows what, and I called you a bore, and a spooney, and said I hated you, but, Phil, I don't, and I am just as lonesome without you as I can be, and last night, after I went to my room I cried real hard, and said to myself, 'I am sorry, Phil,' and I am, and I want you to forgive me, and come right over here with Pierre and stay to lunch. I have ordered broiled chicken, with pop-overs and maple syrup. You know you can eat a dozen. I shall be out on the rocks, and see you when you come down the hill, and I'll tie my pocket-handkerchief to my parasol and wave it for a signal. And now you will come, won't you, and we will make it up, and never, never fight again?

Your repentant, "QUEENIE."

Phil Rossiter was not the man to withstand an appeal like this, and, as he read it, India and everything else was forgotten in his intense desire to fly to the girl waiting for him. Mr. Beresford saw Pierre hand Phil the note, knew it was from Reinette, and watched him as he read it, while his color came and went like that of some young schoolgirl, and he was not greatly surprised when Phil said to him, as he rose to leave the office:

"By the way, I've been thinking it over, and I don't believe I care to go to India; it is too far away. There's Will Granger—just the fellow they want, and he needs money badly; offer it to him."

Phil was in the street by this time, and ten minutes later he was galloping toward Hetherton Place and the girl whose signal he saw as she waved it aloft to let him know she was there. And Phil rode hard and fast until he was at her side, sitting just where Mr. Beresford had stood the night before and asked her to be his wife.

How sweet and lovely she was with that air of shyness and penitence! for she was very sorry for what had passed, and very glad to have Phil back; and she gave him both her hands, and offered no resistance when he kissed them more than once, and then held them fast while he talked to her, and asked if she did not think him weak and silly to come the minute she sent for him.

"No, I don't," she said; "I knew you would come back, just as I knew I should send for you. It is useless for us to try to live apart, for what would the world be to either of us without the other?"

"Nothing, Queenie, nothing," Phil said, eagerly, as he drew her down beside him and passed his arm around her waist, while the light of a new hope and joy shone all over his face.

Phil had long ago told himself that he loved Queenie with more than a cousin's love, and had only been deterred from telling her so by her fitful moods, sometimes all sunshine, sometimes all storm. But now he surely might speak with the full assurance of a favorable answer, for what but this could her manner mean, and her assertion that they could not live apart. She loved him, he was certain; and with his arm around her, holding her fast, he began rapidly and impetuously to tell her how inexpressibly dear she was to him, and to speak of the future when she would be his wife, as if everything were understood and settled between them.

"We'll never quarrel then, will we darling," he said. "I should not like to see a frown on my wife's face, and know it was meant for me, and I will be so good and loving that you'll not wish to call me a bore, and send me away from you. And we will be married at once. You need a husband to care for you, and there is no reason why we should wait a day. I'll tell mother to-night, and she will be so glad, and so will Ethel and Grace, for they all love you dearly. Why don't you speak to me, Queenie?" he said, as she did not answer him, but sat like one dead to all sense of speech or hearing. "Why, Queenie, what is the matter? How white you are," he continued, as he stooped at last to look into the face, which was pale as ashes, with an expression of pain, and even horror, upon it, which he could not understand.

"Oh, Phil, you have killed me," Queenie said, at last, as she released herself from him and moved to another rock, where she sat down and looked at him with eyes from which the hot tears were falling like rain.

"Killed you, Queenie!" Phil cried. "How could I kill you by telling you that I loved you, when you must have known it already. Surely, surely, you have not been deceiving me all this time—not been leading me on to believe you loved me, just as I love you, only to mock me at the last? That would be cruel, indeed."

And this he said because of something in her face and eyes which filled him with dread and fear.

"Oh, Phil," Queenie replied, beating the air with her hands, as she always did when excited, "If my conscience reproved me one whit, and said I had purposely misled you for my own amusement, I would drown myself in Lake Petit, but I have not, I certainly have not. I thought ——"

"You thought," Phil interrupted her, as she hesitated a moment—"thought what? That I was a stock—a stone, to be unmoved by your beauty and sweetness, and—I will say it—your wiles and witcheries, which, if they meant nothing, were damnable, to say the least, and prove you to be the most heartless coquette that ever breathed. Girls do not usually write notes to men such as you have written me, begging them to come back, and then, when they come, receive them as you have received me, without meaning something, and if you do not mean marriage, may I ask what you do mean?"

He spoke bitterly, but not at all as he had ever spoken to her before when his temper and hers were at their height. It was the outraged, insulted man, not the passionate boy speaking to her now, and Queenie recognized the difference and shivered from head to foot, as she crouched down on her knees beside him and sobbed:

"Listen to me, Phil, before you judge so harshly, and believe me, as I hope for heaven. I never tried to make you love me this way. You are my cousin too, my blood relation; our mothers were sisters, and I have been taught that such unions were unnatural, such as God disapproves and curses."

"You are not a Roman Catholic?" Phil said, quickly, and she replied:

"No, but I had much of their teaching in my childhood, at home in France, and this is one of the things which took deep root in my mind. I had a governess who married her own cousin in spite of everything, and two of her children were idiots, while the third was deaf and dumb, and when the poor mother knew that, she drowned herself in the Seine. Phil, I would no sooner marry my cousin than I would my brother, if I had one, and I looked upon you as a brother, and I loved you as such, and thought you understood. Surely, you cannot think me so brazen-faced and bold, as to treat you as I have, with a view to making you want me for your wife. I am sorry, Phil, so sorry, and I wish I had never crossed the sea, for I can never be your wife—never! My whole nature revolts against that, the same as if you were my brother, and I know all that is over between us—that we can never be to each other again what we have been in the past. You will come here no more as you have come, and the days will be so long without you, Phil, and worse than all, you will perhaps think always that I meant to deceive you; but I didn't. Oh, I didn't, and you must believe it and forgive me! Will you?"

She was still kneeling before him, her white face was turned to his, and every muscle quivering with anguish, as she thus importuned him. He could not resist her, and stooping down he kissed the quivering lips, but did not say he forgave her; he asked, instead:

"If I were not your cousin, could you marry me?"

"I don't know, Phil. You see, I never thought about you in that way. I might, perhaps, in time, but I could not now, for you are like a brother, and I must go back to the beginning and build up a new kind of love for you; and then, Phil, I should wish you to be a little different from what you are now. Girls do not generally marry men who have ——"

Here Queenie stopped suddenly, appalled at her own temerity, but Phil bade her go on in a tone she must obey, and she went on, and said:

"Who have nothing to do but amuse themselves and others. It is all very nice in cousins and mothers to know how to run our sewing-machines and how our dresses should be trimmed and ought to hang, but we wish our husbands to be different from that; wish them to have some aim in life—some occupation, and you have none. You have never done anything toward earning your own living. Your father is rich, it is true, and able to support you, but it is more manly to support one's self, don't you think so?"

She spoke very gently, but every word was a sting, and hurt Phil, if possible, more than her rejection of him had done.

"Yes, I see," he answered, bitterly. "You think me a lazy dog, whom people generally despise, and so I am, but it is very hard to hear it from you, Queenie; hard to know that I have neither your love nor your respect, when, fool that I was, I believed I had both."

"And so you have, Phil; so you have," Reinette said, eagerly, touched by the grieved, hopeless expression of his face, which was not at all like Phil's face, usually so bright and happy. "You have both the love and respect—love as a sister—for neither Ethel nor Grace can love you better than I do, in a certain way, and I respect and esteem you as the oldest, and best, and most unselfish Phil in all the world. Don't, Phil, oh don't cry!" she continued, in a tone of agonized entreaty, as the great tears, which he could not restrain, rolled down his white face which was convulsed with pain. "If you cry like that I shall wish I were dead, and I almost wish so now," she added, frightened by the storm of sobs and tears to which he at last gave vent.

She was still kneeling by him, and she crept closer to him, and took his hands from his face, where he had put them, and wiped his tears away, while her own fell fast as she tried to comfort him and could not, for in only one way could she do it, and, with her view of the matter, that was impossible. On that point she was as firm and conscientious as the most rigid Roman Catholic. To marry her cousin would be wicked, and so there was no hope for him in that way; but maybe she could comfort him in another, and she said at last:

"Phil, I can never marry you; this is just as impossible as for your sister to do it, but I can never promise to marry any one else. That would not be hard, for I do not believe I shall ever see any one for whom I care as I do for you; and, if you wish it I'll swear to remain single for your sake forever shall I?"

"No, Queenie; no, I am not as selfish as that," he said. "You ought to marry; you need a husband here at Hetherton Place—somebody with energy and will, and not an effeminate idler like me."

He was still smarting from the hurt of her last objection to him, and he went on:

"Whether you marry or not cannot affect me, for I am going away—going to do something and be a man, whom you will never taunt again with his laziness and sloth."

"Oh, Phil, you misunderstood me! I didn't taunt you. I only told you that girls would rather their lovers had some occupation. It wasn't a taunt at all. Forgive me, Phil. I am so sorry—oh, so sorry for this morning's work, when I meant to be so happy!"

Phil had risen to his feet, and she had risen, too, and stood looking up at him with an expression which if it was not born of love, was near of kin to it and nearly maddened Phil.

"Queenie," he began laying his hands upon her shoulders and looking fixedly into her eyes, "do you mean to send me away with no word of hope?—mean that you cannot be my wife?"

"Yes, Phil; I mean it. I can never be your wife, because I am your cousin, and because I do not love you in that way," she said.

And Phil knew she meant it, and was conscious of a death like sickness stealing over and mastering him, and making him sit down again, while everything grew dark around him, and Queenie's voice seemed a long way off, as she spoke to him in affrighted tones, and asked if he were fainting.

He did not faint, though it was some minutes before he was himself again and rose to say good-by. There was no question of lunch, no thought of boiled chicken and pop-overs, for both were past caring for such things now, and only remembered that, in some sense, this good-by was forever.

She thought he would, of course, come to Hetherton Place again—to-morrow, perhaps—but not as he had come heretofore; not as in the old happy days; not as the Phil with whom she could play and coquette, but more as a stranger; more like Mr. Beresford before he troubled her with his tale of love.

He knew he should not come again to-morrow, nor for many, many to-morrows—never, perhaps; for there was danger in that far-off Eastern land to which he now meant to go. Possibly his grave was there waiting for him, or he might tarry years and years, until the bright, beautiful girl standing before him had grown old and gray with the cares of life. And so, to him, it was good-by forever; but he would not tell her so. He would wait and write his farewell. But he must kiss her once, for the sake of all she had been to him and that he had hoped she would be. He was a tall, six-foot young man, and she a wee little girl, whom he could take in his arms as he would a child; and he took her in his arms, and kissed her forehead and lips, and said to her:

"Remember, Queenie, whatever comes, my love for you will remain unchanged; for it is not the love of a day or year, but love till death, and after, too, if such a thing can be. Good-by! I'm going now."

And he went swiftly from her, while she watched him with a throbbing heart; and neither of them guessed just where or how they would meet again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PHIL GOES AWAY.

Mr. Beresford was alone in his office when Phil came in after his return from Hetherton Place, and asked, abruptly:

"Have you seen Will Granger about going to India?"

"Not yet; no, I thought I would wait till to-night," Mr. Beresford replied, and Phil continued:

"Don't see him, then; I will take the place. Write so to your uncle at once, or perhaps I'd better write myself."

Something in the tone of his voice made Mr. Bereford turn quickly and look at him.

"Why, Phil," he said, "what ails you? What has happened to make you look so white and strange?"

"Nothing," Phil answered—"that is, nothing of any consequence to any one but myself." Then, moved by a sudden impulse to tell somebody, Phil burst out: "Beresford, I can trust you, I know, for you have always been my friend."

"Yes," faltered Mr. Beresford, thinking remorsefully of what he said to Reinette, and wondering if Phil would think that friendly if he knew.

"I must tell somebody—talk to somebody, or go crazy," Phil continued. "The fact is, I have made a fool of myself and been rejected, as I deserved."

"You rejected! By whom?" Mr. Beresford asked, although he felt that he knew perfectly well what the answer would be.

"By Reinette, of course. What other woman is there on the face of the earth whose no is worth caring for? I asked her to be my wife, and she refused, and made me know she meant it; and now I am going to India, for I cannot stay here."

"What reason did she give for her refusal?" Mr. Beresford asked, feeling like a guilty hypocrite, and Phil replied:

"She had three reasons, each of them good and sufficient in her own mind. First, she did not love me that way, as she expressed it; second, I was her cousin, and, with her Roman Catholic notions, it is an unpardonable sin to marry one's cousin; and third, she could not marry a man with no aim, no occupation, no business, except to loop up dresses and run a sewing machine. That's what she said, or something like it, and that hurt me worst of all, for it made me feel so small, so contemptible; and after she said it, I knew how impossible it was for her even to respect such a dawdling, effeminate Sardanapalus as I must appear to her."

At the mention of Sardanapalus Mr. Beresford started violently, for that was the name he had used when speaking of Phil to Reinette. Had she told him? It was not likely, else he had never come there with his confidence, which seemed so like a stab to the conscience-stricken man, who at last could bear it no longer, and as Phil went on with his story, showing in all he said how implicitly he trusted him, he burst out:

"Stop, Phil, stop a minute, while I make a confession to you, and then you may not think me so much your friend, though Heaven knows I am, and that there is no man living I like as well. But, Phil, I went back on you once, and in a moment of weakness said things for which I blush. I, too, have offered myself to Reinette Hetherton."

"You! When?" Phil exclaimed and Mr. Beresford replied:

"Only last night, and when she refused me, and said she did not love me, I accused you of being my rival, and in my mad jealousy said things of you which only a coward could have said of his friend. I sneered at your idle, aimless life, and said that women generally preferred a Sardanapalus to energetic, strong men, or something like that."

"You said this of me to Reinette, and I thought you my friend! I would never have served you so," Phil said, and in his eyes there was an expression which hurt Mr Beresford cruelly, and made him think of the wounded Cæsar when he cried out, "*Et tu Brute!*"

"Yes, I said it, Phil, but I took it all back, and made what amends I could. Queenie will tell you so, if you ask her. She flew in my face like a yellow-jacket, and defended you bravely. Forgive me, Phil, I am greatly ashamed of myself."

He offered his hand to the young man, in whose eyes the tears were shining, but who did not refuse to take it, though he was still smarting under this new pain.

"I can forgive you," he said, with a faint smile "because Queenie defended me, but it's very hard to bear. You say she refused you and gave you no hope?"

Mr. Beresford thought of the year's probation he had insisted upon, and spoke of it to Phil, but added.

"She told me, however, that it was useless, for at the end of the time her answer would be the same, so you see there is hope for me either;" and this he said because he saw how utterly crushed and heart broken Phil was, and he would not add to his pain by confessing that away down in his heart there was a shadowy hope that Queenie might change her mind, especially with Phil away, for he was going. He had made up his mind to that, and before returning home he wrote himself to the firm in New York, accepting the situation, and saying he would be in the city the next evening, as he wished for a few days before sailing in which to post himself with reference to the business.

"But why go to-morrow? There is no such haste necessary," Mr. Beresford said, when he heard the contents of the letter, and Phil replied:

"I must go before I see her again; the sight of her might unman me and make me give it up."

So the letter was sent, and when Phil went home to dinner at night he startled his family by telling them that he was going to India for a year, and possibly longer.

"To India!" both mother and sisters exclaimed, and then Phil explained it to them.

The former opposed the plan with all her strength, for life without Phil would be nothing to the mother who loved him so much. Mr. Rossiter, on the contrary, approved it. It was no way for a young man to hang on to his mother's apron strings all his days; he said Phil ought to do something for himself. This was only a repetition of the old story of idleness and ease, and confirmed Phil in his purpose. He would make something of himself—would show that he was capable of higher occupation than devising trimming for dresses and running a sewing-machine. He was very sore on the subject of the sewing machine, and very reticent all through the dinner, and when it was over excused himself to his sisters, saying he had letters to write and some few matters which must be attended to. It was very sudden to them all—his going away—but, as he said, he was his own master and must act for himself, and when his mother tried to persuade him to give up going, he answered:

"No, I have staid with you too long. You are the best and dearest mother in the world, but you have done wrong not to send me away before this and make me stay away, too. I should have been more of a man among men. I see it now, and must take the first chance offered me. A year is not very long, and I shall write to you every week."

So Mrs. Rossiter gave it up and bustled herself with various preparations for his comfort, and said she should go to New York to see him off, and tried to seem cheerful and happy, and tried with his sisters to fathom the cloud which overshadowed his face, and made him so unlike himself. What had happened to him, and was Reinette in any way connected with it? They thought so, and when in the morning he said he was going to bid his grandmother and Anna good by, and they asked if he were not going to see Reinette, too, he answered:

"I saw her yesterday, but give her this letter when I am gone."

They were sure of it, and for the first time since they had known her, they felt a little vexed with the girl who even then was watching from her window for the rider coming over the river, across the causeway and up the long hill as he would not come again, for when later in the day the express train for New York stopped at West Merrivale, it carried him along toward the new life which was to have an aim and occupation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW QUEENIE BORE THE NEWS.

She saw the long train as it came across the plains from East Merrivale—saw it shoot under the bridge, past the station, and glide swiftly on by the river side until it was lost to view in the deep cut by the old gold mine, and she remembered afterward that she heard the whistle as the train stopped at West Merrivale a few minutes and then went speeding on to the west. But she never dreamed that it carried with it a young man whose face was pale as ashes as he sat with folded arms, and hat pulled over his eyes, seeing nothing of what was passing around him, and thinking only of her, listening even then for the sound of his horse's feet coming up the hill. For Queenie felt sure he would come back to her, and that in some way they would make it up, and assume their old, delightful relations with each other. And she watched for him all day long, and was beginning to get restless and impatient, when about sunset, the Rossiter carriage came slowly up the hill and into the yard.

In a trice Queenie was at the door, feeling certain that the recreant Phil had driven over with his sisters as he sometimes did. But only Ethel and Grace were there, and it struck Queenie that there was something a little strange in their manner, while Grace had evidently been crying.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said, as she led the way into the house. "I have been so lonely to-day, with not a person to see me except the Major and Anna, who were here a few moments this morning, and who are so absorbed in each other as to be of no account to any one else. I do believe he is in earnest, and means to marry her; then won't we have to bow to my Lady Rossiter! Where's Phil, and why hasn't he been here to-day?"

"Phil has gone; you surely knew that, or, at least that he was going; he was here yesterday," Ethel said; and in her voice there was a hardness, as if her cousin were trifling with her thus to ask for her brother.

But she knew better when she saw how white Queenie grew as she repeated after her:

"Gone! and I knew of his going! You are mistaken; I know nothing. Where has he gone?"

"To India!" Ethel said.

And then Reinette grasped the chair near which she was standing with both hands, and leaning heavily upon it, asked, in a half whisper, for something was choking her so that she could not speak aloud:

"To India! For what? And how long will he be gone?"

As rapidly as possible, Ethel told all she knew of a matter which had taken them so by surprise, and which had so affected her mother that she was sick in bed.

For a moment Queenie did not speak, but stood staring at Ethel, who, sure that she was in fault, went pitilessly on:

"We thought you had something to do with it; that you sent him away, for it was after he came from here yesterday that he decided to go; he had given it up before."

"I sent him away!—sent him to India to die, as he will! No, no; I did not do that," Queenie cried, piteously. "I said I could not marry him, and he my cousin; and I could not, any more than you could marry him, he being your brother. But I did not think he'd go away. Oh! what shall we do without Phil?"

Reinette was sobbing passionately, and Ethel and Grace were crying with her, for Phil had made the happiness of their lives, and without him they were very desolate.

"Did he speak of me?" Queenie asked, at last. "Did he leave no word? no message? no good-by?"

"He left this for you," Ethel said, passing the letter to Queenie, who clutched it eagerly, but would not read it there with the sisters looking on. That they blamed her, and held her responsible for Phil's India trip, she was certain, and she felt glad when they at last said good-night, and left her to herself and her letter—Phil's letter—which she read in the privacy of her room, and which nearly broke her heart.

"Dear Queenie," he began, "I am going away—for a year certainly, and perhaps, forever, for men of my habits, who have never been accustomed to hardships of any kind, die easily in that hot climate."

"Oh-h!" and Reinette groaned bitterly, as she thought, "Why did Phil say what will make me feel like his murderer, if he should die out there."

Then she read on:

"I am going to India on business for a firm in New York, of which Mr. Beresford's uncle is the head. The salary is good, and the duties such as I can perform, and so I am going. Mr. Beresford made me the offer this morning, and with my usual indolence I declined it, but I did not know then your opinion of me; did not know how you despised me for my effeminacy and laziness. Queenie, I do believe that hurt me more than your refusal of me. I might live without your love perhaps, but not without your respect, and so I am going to begin life anew, with some aim, some occupation, and you shall never taunt me again with my idleness. But oh, Queenie, how I love you, and how I long to hold you in my arms as my own darling. It is a strange power which you have over us men—a power to hold us at your will by one glance of your eyes, or toss of your head. Other faces may be more beautiful than yours, some would say that Margery La Rue's was one of them, but there is something about you more attractive than mere regularity of feature or purity of complexion, and men go down before it as I have done, body and soul, with no hope or wish for anything else, if you must be denied me. May you never know how my heart is aching as I write this, my farewell, to you, and yet to have known and loved you is the dearest thing in life, and the memory of you will help to make me a man. I know you will be sorry when I am gone, and miss me everywhere, but you will get accustomed to it in time. Some one else will take my place; and, just here, although I do not pretend to be so good or unselfish that it does not cost me a pang to do it, I would say a word for Mr. Beresford. He knows why I go away. for I told him, and like the splendid fellow he is, he confessed what he said of me to you, and asked my pardon for it, and I forgave him, and you must do so, too, and not be hot, and rash, and bitter against him, as something tells me you may be, when you know I am gone, and that possibly Mr. Beresford suggested to you the words which made me go. He told me of your refusal of himself, which he will not take as a refusal yet, hoping time may change you; and if it does—oh, my darling, how can I say it, loving you as I do?—if it does, don't worry and tease him, but deal with him honestly and openly, as a true woman should deal with a true, honest man. And now, good-by, and if it is forever—if I never come back again—remember that I love you always, always! and I shall carry your image with me wherever I go, and so, in fancy, I put my arms around you and hold you for a moment as my own, and kiss your dear face, [illegible]ng sure that if it were really so, that I was saying good-by to you forever and you knew it, you would kiss me back once at least, in token of all we have been to each other."

"Oh, Phil, Phil, yes, a thousand times would I kiss you, if you were back again! and I am so sorry for the nasty words I said about your idleness," Reinette cried, as, with Phil's letter clutched tightly in her hand, she lay upon her face sobbing bitterly, and wondering what life was worth to her now, that Phil was gone.

"I couldn't marry him, I couldn't, for he's my cousin!" she said; "and I do not love him that way, but he was so much to me, how can I live without him?"

And then there began to creep into her heart hot, resentful things toward Mr. Beresford, who had put it to her mind to taunt Phil with his idleness.

"I hate him—I hate him!" she said, stamping her little feet by way of emphasis, but when she remembered that Phil had forgiven him, and still held him as his friend, and wished her to do so, she grew more calm and less resentful toward him, but declined to see him when, next morning, he rode over to Hetherton Place and asked for her.

"Tell him I am sick," she said to Pierre, "and can see no one, unless it is Margery. Ask him, please to call at her door, and tell her to come to me, for I am in a great trouble."

With a suspicion as to the nature of Queenie's trouble, Mr. Beresford rode back to town and delivered the message to Margery, who went at once to her friend and tried to comfort her. But Queenie refused to be comforted. Phil was gone, and what was there now for her?

"You can bring him back. The ship does not sail for some days, you say, and a word from you will change his mind," Margery said, caressing the bowed head resting on her lap.

"Do you think—do you believe he would come back if I were to write and beg him?" Queenie asked, quickly, lifting up her tear stained face.

"I've no doubt of it," Margery said; "but, darling, if you do that he will have a right to expect you to marry him. Sending for him to come back could mean nothing else, nor would anything else satisfy him."

"Then he must go," Queenie answered, with a rain of tears. "I cannot marry my cousin; that is a part of my religion. It would be hideous to do it. Phil must go but my whole life goes with him. Oh, Phil, I am nothing, nothing without you. Why were you so silly as to fall in love and so spoil everything?"

That night, as Margery sat with her mother over their tea talking of Queenie, Mrs. La Rue said to her,

"If Mr. Rossiter were not her cousin, do you think she would marry him?"

"I have no doubt of it," Margery replied "She fancies she does not love him in that way, as she expresses it, but if the objection of cousinship were removed, I believe she would feel differently. Poor little girl, she is so cast down and wretched, thinking she has driven him away to die as she declares he will."

Mrs. La Rue had listened intently to all Margery told her of Reinette's distress, and there were tears in her eyes as she cleared away the tea things, and busied herself with her household cares.

"Poor little girl," she whispered to herself. "Would her love for him outweigh everything—everything. I wonder is it higher than her pride?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BERLIN ASSIZES.

A Large Number of Seduction Cases—The "News" Mulcted in a Libel suit.

BERLIN, Sept. 29.—The Fall Assizes for this county, Honor Justice Osler presiding, which opened on Monday last, closed here to-day.

Mr. John Crerar, of Hamilton, was Crown Counsel, but there were no criminals for trial, a fact which was favorably noticed by his Lordship in his charge to the Grand Jury. His comments on the civil docket were less flattering, there being, out of a list of eight records entered for trial, no less than three actions for seduction. Two were assessments against unmarried defendants, who did not appear. The case of Feather v. Dechert was against a married man, who was mulcted in $500 damages. The jury, in answer to a question by the learned judge, found that the seduction was accomplished by force. Andrew and Durand for the plaintiff, Bowlby & Clements, for the defendant.

BECKNER v. SCOTT.—An action for slander against a very old widow woman for calling the plaintiff a thief, the plaintiff got a verdict for one cent damages, but no certificate for costs. Durand & Andrews for the plaintiff; Mr. Dingman, of Listowel, for defendant.

Re VITZER v. BLOCK.—An action for malicious arrest of the plaintiff for selling the goods comprised in a chattel mortgage from the plaintiff and another to defendant; the plaintiff was non-suited.

In MCGUIRE vs. BIRMINGHAM, an action by a son-in-law against his father-in-law for slander in charging plaintiff with arson. There was a verdict for plaintiff of one cent damages, and no certificate for costs.

FISCHER *et al.* vs. MOYER, was an action by E. R. Fischer, of Formosa, and his wife against P. E. W. Moyer, editor and publisher of the Berlin *Daily News*, for damages for a libellous article which appeared in defendant's paper last December. The article, which was written by defendant himself, narrated the proceedings in two Magistrates' cases—one of assault, in which the male plaintiff was complainant, and the other against this plaintiff for keeping a house of ill-fame in Berlin. Both plaintiffs were charged by the defendant in his article with being notorious blackmailers, etc. The defendant pleaded justification. He was asked, both before the action was brought, and in Court in the course of the trial, to retract and apologize, but refused. The jury gave the husband $10 and the wife $200 damages. J. King for plaintiffs; Miller & Lemon for defendant.

This was the first occasion on which Mr. Justice Osler appeared here in his judicial capacity. On Monday evening he entertained the members of the Bar at dinner at his quarters at the American Hotel, and his demeanor and conduct on the Bench gave the highest satisfaction. The learned Judge has secured for himself the thorough confidence as well as the favor and respect of the legal profession and people of the county.

MORMONS BY THE THOUSAND.

How the Church of the Latter-day Saints is Recruited—An Average of two Thousand Converts Arriving From Europe Each Year—The Attitude of the German Government—Talmage's Sermon.

(New York Star, Sunday.)

It is announced that Rev. Dr. Talmage will preach to-day about "Utah and the Mormons," and no doubt the Brooklyn Tabernacle will be filled with fully as large an audience as that which convened on Sunday last to listen to his discourse on "The Chinese Question." Whether he will be in favor of giving the Mormons a chance to live and flourish in the United States or not remains to be seen. It is thought by some that as he "stood up" for the Chinamen and deprecated what he considered an unjust persecution of the representatives of the Celestial Empire, he should on the same ground plead for equal rights for the "Latter-Day Saints." The probability, however, is that Dr. Talmage will condemn the Mormons on account of their "immoral tendencies."

While the public are waiting for the Tabernacle Preacher's opinion regarding the followers of Joe Smith and Brigham Young, some facts about the Mormons which have been obtained by the reporter of the *Star* at Castle Garden and the New York Agency of that peculiar class of people will be of interest to the reader. The New York Agency is established in a little 7 by 9 room on the second floor of No. 8 Battery Place. Mr. W. C. Staines, the gentleman in charge, is a Mormon Elder. He is regarded by the Saints as one of their particularly bright and shining lights. As he has been a faithful believer in the doctrines of Joe Smith and Brigham Young for twenty years, he has a thorough knowledge of the rise and growth of what has become a large and flourishing sect.

An agent was found by the reporter last week and interviewed as follows:

"What do you think of the future of Mormonism?"

"It has a grand and glorious future in store for itself," was the reply.

"Then you do not believe that it is destined to die out?"

"I know the truth of what I speak when I say that Mormonism will never become extinct as long as the world shall stand. The glad time will come when the Saints will inherit the glories of the New Jerusalem."

"Do you not consider true Christianity antagonistic to your doctrines?"

"No, sir; our religion is the essence of Christianity. We have faith, hope and charity."

"How do you obtain your converts abroad?"

"By simply explaining to the people in Europe the leading features of our belief. We make many converts among the Welsh, Icelanders, Scotch and Hollanders. The number of arrivals at New York per year is 2,000 and the prospect is that within five years the average will be doubled. It has been stated that the German Government has taken measures to prevent the preaching of Mormonism in that country; but it would be a very difficult task to hunt up the missionaries and drive them out of the land."

"Will Mormonism be secretly preached in Germany?"

"No, sir; we never do anything in secret. Our operations are open and above-board. Several months ago, Mr. William M. Evarts, acting in a semi-official capacity on behalf of the United States Government, sent out a circular letter to all of the principal European Governments, asking that something be done to discourage or prohibit the bringing of Mormons to the United States. I presume that the Germans are paying some attention to Secretary Evarts' letter."

"Are you making a special effort just now to secure converts in Germany?"

"Elder Cummings, one of our leading men, is a German, but he pays no more attention to people of his own nationality than to others. The Germans pretend to be a liberal people, and if they refuse to give the Mormons a chance they will not be sustaining their reputation for fairness. Now I believe in civil and religious liberty. If a man sees fit to worship his dog I would not interfere with him as long as he minded his own business and did not interfere with mine."

The agent has in his possession a large number of extracts, clipped from newspapers, in regard to the Mormons. Among these extracts were some interviews had with the Consuls of the leading foreign countries, from which Mormons came to the United States. Mr. Schumacher, the German Consul-General in this city, was surprised when he was informed of the reported action of the German Government in regard to the Mormons. He said that he thought there must be some mistake in the matter. In fact, he doubted the authenticity of the cable dispatch. According to his idea the German Government had more important business on hand than paying attention to a few missionaries who were making a small number of converts. Mr. Edmund Breuil, Consul-General of France, when interviewed on the subject, said: "We never had any trouble with the Mormons in France. In fact, there are very few French people who have any inclination to join the Latter Day Saints. France is a Republic where civil and religious liberty prevails, and if the Mormons can get any converts there they are welcome to send their missionaries and make the trial."

At the office of Mr. Archibald, the British Consul-General, the reporter found one of Mr. Archibald's chief assistants, who said that the Government of Great Britain had paid no attention whatever to the letter of Mr. Evarts requesting that Mormons be prevented from coming to the United States. He added: "The British lion, you may be sure, will never put his paw upon the Mormon missionaries, who do nothing more than preach their peculiar doctrines. If any of the British subjects see fit to leave their native land and take their chances with the Utah saints they will not be prevented from making the experiment. A man's religion is his own personal affair, and he is at liberty to think and act as he pleases if he does not break the laws of his country and keeps within the bounds of propriety. Conversations to Mormonism have been numerous in different parts of Great Britain for several years, and will probably continue to be for some time to come."

The system adopted by Mr. W. C. Staines for forwarding the foreign Mormons who arrive at Castle Garden to Utah is so complete that the people cannot be imposed upon by ticket agents and sharpers. He sees that their wants are provided for, that they have suitable food and lodging while in the city, and does not relax his labors in their behalf until they are safe on the train that is to bear them westward.

Very few of the Mormons who come to America tarry any great length of time in the Eastern States. Their great desire is to reach Utah as soon as they can. There are about 100 resident Mormons in Brooklyn, where they hold services under the direction of Elder Bywater. Small branches of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints are located in Queens County, L.I., and in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

POVERTY'S GRIP.

The annoyances to which a man without money can be subjected are almost without number, but it is seldom that two acquaintances are in the same box at once. On Congress street yesterday one man said to another as they met:

"Ah! you miserable liar, I'd break your nose for a dollar!"

The person thus addressed opened his wallet, but it was empty. He wanted his nose broken ever so much, but he couldn't raise the cash. Then he remarked:

"You gray-headed poltroon, I'd lick you for fifty cents!"

The gray-head felt in all his pockets, but he found no half dollar. He was cast down over the condition of his finances, but managed to say:

"I'll give you a boss licking for just five cents!"

The other went down into all his pockets, but no nickel could be discovered. Disappointment sat enthroned on his face as he replied:

"Give me two cents and I'll roll you in the gutter!"

The other couldn't raise it. Even when they offered to lick each other for a cent the money could not be produced, and both went their ways realizing how keen the grip of poverty can be tightened. — *Detroit Free Press.*

—The French Exhibition palace of 1878 has been bought by the city of Bordeaux for $260,000. It must be removed by the 15th of May next.

—Of the twelve Oxford first-class men in honors who entered the House of Commons last April, only one, Mr. Bryce, has made his mark as yet.

—The fine weather in August worked a great improvement in the French wine crop, which is now expected to be up to the average in most districts.

—On Sept. 4 the thermometer in England reached the highest point this year, 87.2°. Such temperature is almost unprecedented there in September.

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

SMITH & GEARING, BARRISTERS, Attorneys Solicitors, &c. Offices—Opposite Grand Central Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
R. SMITH. J. GRAYSON SMITH
F. W. GEARING.

DRS. DILLABOUGH & D[illegible]MAN, Physicians, &c. Offices—Over Livingstone's drug store. Dr. Dillabough's residence, corner Main and Livingstone streets [illegible] an's residence, cor. Dodd and Pe[illegible]

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

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Granite Monuments, English & American Grave Stones.

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

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

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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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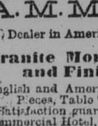

RED CROSS TEMPLE Royal Black Preceptory, Royal Black Knights of Ireland, encamped at Listowel. Regular night of meeting last Friday in each month.
DR. J. A. BURGESS
Registrar.

LISTOWEL MARBLE WORKS

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